

The Campus Times

VOL. 6 No. 16

LA VERNE COLLEGE

Tuesday, May 12, 1925

FAREWELL! OLD ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

CHIMES OF THE COLLEGE BELL

I am the college bell, corroded and disused in my old age but still able to ring. From my watch tower I have observed many interesting changes. I have seen this town growing from infancy into village maidenhood, changing her name after the manner of grown up maidens from Lordsburg to La Verne and becoming a lovely little city; and yet more remarkable, I have seen a fashionable hotel develop into dear old La Verne College. Oh, I am a wise old bell. It happened like this.

Long ago when Sunny California was young, a chain of white elephant hotels was strung through the country touching at Claremont, Lordsburg, San Dimas and Glendora. They tell me the project was launched to boom the country and attract credulous easterners. When the first enthusiasm cooled the company found that they had a sure enough "white elephant" on their hands and they looked about for relief. Not all of the gay tourists were as fickle as it would seem. At least a few people from the Eastern Brethren Churches had come to stay and they had visions of a college in the "heart of the orange empire." In 1891, a group of men purchased the building for \$15,000 and its destiny was decided.

In those days I was shiny and silver toned and from my heights I saw D. S. Garst ascend the steps as the first president of the institution. After that the presidents came and went, loyal, steadfast men, who gave their best to the cause of Christian education. High in my tower, I could see, and the pigeons would tell me their names. There was E. A. Miller 1893-99 under whom the lower grades were dropped and the academy enlarged. Prof. W. I. T. Hoover held the office for two years and under his administration the institution gained in dignity with the enrollment of a few college students.

In 1901 the school ceased to operate because of financial difficulties and I held my breath not making so much as a single tinkle all summer long. Was the dream to fail? No. For there were yet men of faith. And I pealed merrily at the opening of another school year in 1902. Professor Hanawalt had leased the institution and he became its president. He remained for five years during which time he enlarged the campus to nearly twenty acres. In 1908 the school came under the district ownership and a complete re-organization was made. There were more of the

Continued on Page Two

X Y Z SPECIAL PLAYS

On the evening of May 1st, the climax of the career of the X Y Z's for the year occurred. As a result of much hard work, one of the cleverest programs of the year was presented to a well filled house.

Holding first place in the interest of the evening was the unusual musical scene presented by the Clarion Four. This was the first time they have attempted a musical skit, but all hope it will not be the last.

Lucille Beckner's dramatic reading was not far behind, neither were the solos by Lloyd Emmert.

A Pantomime "Those Old Sweethearts of Mine," and the play "Putting it Across," added still to the pleasing numbers. All was worthy of the advertisements and completely fulfilled all expectations. To the organization goes the credit and they shall surely give a large portion to Lola Shirk, the president, whose task was not easy but who put it over anyway.

JUNIORS AND SENIORS PRESENT PLAYS

"Joint Owners in Spain"—To be sure things were complicated at first but "All's well that ends well." True to life? Yes. Just like two old ladies and their whims. At any rate it shows that a person is never too old to learn and change.

"Mansions"—Moral—Hold not to old traditions and boast not of the greatness and goodness of thine ancestors to the extent of obliterating thine own chance of doing good in the world.

"The Teeth of the Gift Horse."

Aunty was a charming old lady, and again one might say "All's well that ends well. Moral—value a gift not for the gift itself but for the motive of the giver.

Yes, Juniors and Seniors, they were good and were well presented. The audience enjoyed them and at the same time received a lesson not soon to be forgotten.

ACADEMY SENIORS ENJOY DITCH DAY

At four A. M. on April 28th the Academy Senior Class assembled at the home of Harriet Woody to leave for a day's outing at Balboa Palisades. Arriving at the Palisades, breakfast was called for and soon a fire was crackling away under pots of coffee and bacon. As the morning wore on, some decided to see how cold the water was and plunged in. All were enjoying a good swim until John Ebersole came in very close contact with a naughty stingeree. He was rushed to Huntington Beach to a doctor and was later ready to try the water again. A delicious dinner was enjoyed by all. The afternoon was spent in a base ball game, in boating and in several games of Rook. Before the happy party started for home, more eats were served and then everyone seemed ready to "get in" and go again. At Santa Ana the bunch took in an entertainment, then loaded up again for the final stretch of a happy day.

GOING-- BUT NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN

Gradually the old building has given way to the wear and tear of time, the elements, and human hands. The earthquake of 1918 severely tried her timbers and towers. The topmost turret, which reaches almost 100 feet above ground has become weakened through the years of ringing its heavy bell. Bannisters and railings and decorative carvings in wood have gradually been removed here and there but the architectural outlines of the building are still almost perfect.

It would be hard to tell of all the changes in the rooms of the building.

The heating system was put in at an early day, and gas lights were used up until about 1916. Probably few of the students in school know that the present Biology laboratory was once used for the chapel, that the Expression room was the pantry. The Physics room was for a long time the dining hall.

The students and college officials owe a great debt of gratitude to the town-folk and especially to the Ladies Aid of the Church of the Brethren for their efforts, summer after summer, in trying to keep the building in a liveable condition.

Dorm life in the old building was varied and but seldom monotonous, being punctuated quite accurately by snipe hunts, watermelon feeds, society rushes, etc. Many were the pranks played in the old building. Water above doors, pins and burrs in beds, and strings to doors were not unusual. When the old building is gone, "those days will be gone forever." ??

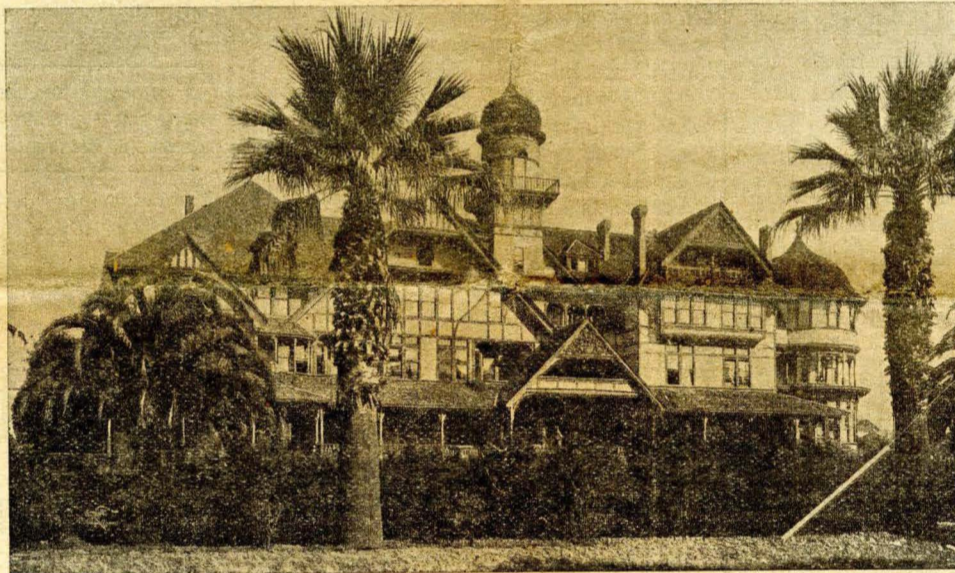
Although there will be mingled emotions at the going of the old building, the desire for a new building with new and better associations will be uppermost.

LYRIC CLUB GIVES PROGRAM AT POMONA

The Lyric Club was royally entertained last Wednesday evening in the dining hall of the Church of the Brethren in Pomona. The Ladies' Aid served a delicious banquet to about one hundred people with the Lyric Club as guests.

After the banquet the diners went up to the auditorium where the club gave their program. Every number was well received by the appreciative audience. The club members with Professor and Mrs. Haugh felt well repaid for the effort expended in putting on the program.

If you intend to work, there is no better place than right where you are.



OLD ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

NEW COMMISSION IS INSTALLED

On Friday, May 8th, the new commission appeared before the student body for the first time. As they followed the retiring commission on the stage, there was great applause from the Student Body.

The new commission was duly installed by Dr. Hoover after which the old commission gave up their chairs to the new officers.

The first item of business to be conducted by the new commission was the presentation of commission pins to the out going officers by the new chairman, Mr. Hoke. Mr. Royon was given a pin with a guard signifying two years service on the commission, while Mr. Jamison received one with a guard signifying chairmanship.

Mr. Hoke, speaking in behalf of the new commission, closed the session with a few words to the student body, asking their help and cooperation throughout the coming year.

Give money to the building fund.

THE BUILDING FUND IS GROWING

The readers of the Campus Times will rejoice with other friends of La Verne College because the success of the campaign for a new administration building is practically assured, evidence of which is indicated by the fact that the faculty, students, and citizens of LaVerne have to date subscribed \$48,000.00 and, what is more, this amount will go still higher. In addition to this sum Reverend Harrison Frantz, who is soliciting in Northern California, has reported subscriptions which total nearly \$6,000.00

The solicitors for this program, who have been working the city of La Verne, will extend their work immediately to the surrounding communities.

THE CLARION FOUR

The Clarion Four gave their program at Inglewood on Thursday evening and at Pasadena on Sunday evening of last week. On Friday evening they sang for the evangelistic services at Hermosa Beach.

VOLUNTEERS INSTALL OFFICERS

The Student Volunteers gathered at seven o'clock on Sunday morning, May 10th, and went to Inspiration Point in Ganesha Park to install their new officers for the coming year.

The group sang some songs and Dr. Emmert gave a very inspiring talk based on Ephesians 4:11. With proper ceremonies he then installed the following officers: Howard Hoff, president; Ruth Emley, vice-president; Nellie Hylton, secretary; Lois Miller, chorister; and Gladys Larimer, chairman of the social service committee.

After this inspiring service in the early morning hours, and at a place from which practically all of the surrounding territory could be seen, the group went down to the picnic tables in the park and had breakfast.

Pearl Whitecher (in dining room) "When I grow up I am going to marry a preacher."

Mark Lehmer (hesitatingly)—"I am going to be a preacher."

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CALENDAR

May

13—Lyric Club, Church of the Brethren.

14—Junior-Senior Banquet.

21—Eisteddfod contest at Pomona High School.

25—"Exams" begin.

ORANGE BLOSSOM

TODAY!

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TO YOU, OLD BUILDING

Old Building, as we are drawing near the end of the school year and the end of your faithful service to La Verne College we dedicate this issue of the Campus Times to you.

You have been a grand old building in your day and you have served your mission nobly, but time and the elements and human hands have worked upon you until you have now passed your day of usefulness.

You have been the noble birthplace of La Verne College, and you have bravely sheltered her spirit and her young people within your walls as best you could. You have witnessed many battles fought and won, many dorm pranks played by youth with overflowing energy, numerous classroom lectures, and numerous gatherings for the betterment of the human body and soul.

You have seen many young people enter your halls without a definite vision or purpose in life and you have had the pleasure of seeing those same young people go out from your halls with a real vision and a definite purpose to serve God and humanity. These transformations have been performed by the noble instructors, the good old La Verne spirit, and by the students themselves. To look at your outside, a person might not see the wonderful spirit and atmosphere that has grown up within you, but the most of us who have passed through your halls have caught that spirit and we are going out to give it to others.

You will always be remembered in the hearts of those who have entered and left your halls and we say good-bye to you with mingled feelings of joy and sadness as we move into our new and better equipped building.

COLLEGE BELL CHIMES

Continued from First Page

loyal presidents, W. F. England, 1901-1911 and Edward Frantz, 1911-15.

One May evening in the year 1913 there was great excitement among the bats and pigeons and moonbeams in the belfry and I, myself, could hardly refrain from ringing. The first college graduate, P. J. Weibe, had received his A. B. degree! It was a great event.

The next administration, that of Prof. S. J. Miller, saw many changes in the course of study to conform to the standard of other institutions. The college was becoming a first class institution.

The pigeons began to bring in rumors of a building campaign and in 1917 it was launched with a successful beginning. But the World War put a stop to it. After the war, as much money as had been acquired, was put into use. With a glad heart I watched a spacious white Ladies' Dormitory being erected across the way and later I saw a splendid gymnasium slowly materialize.

Every one for miles around La Verne college has caught a gleam of the vision now. They are going to build a new administration hall. For with President Studebaker at the head of the campaign and all the students and faculty back of it, it must go across. Sometimes at night when all the town lies sleeping the beautiful spirit of La Verne College comes into the belfry tower and we talk together; the shadows and memories and the pigeons and I, of the things that have been. And I ring for them faint chimes of the long ago. But mostly we speak of the splendid future. I feel no fears or sorrows, at the thought of making a

EARTHQUAKE OF 1899

At about 4 o'clock on Christmas morning, 1899, an earthquake, with its center in the San Jacinto mountains, shook La Verne (then called Lordsburg.) This tremor was strong enough to shake some bricks from several of the tall chimneys on the college building. The building itself trembled and creaked considerably, and every student in the dormitories was awakened.

There was a large tank of water in the attic over the east wing. Some girl got excited and shouted that the tank was spilling over. Instantly every girl rushed from the east wing into the main hall on the south, preparatory to getting out of the building by way of the stairs or porch roof. By this time the quaking had ceased, and the girls went back to their rooms none the worse for their scare except that sleep was banished from their eyes for the remainder of the morning hours.

The boys on the west wing made considerable noise in calling back and forth to the excited girls. Needless to say, the earthquake served as a common topic of conversation for the next few days.

W. I. T. Hoover.

A FINE MOTTO

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; In feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. —Selected

new building and discarding the old. We have served our day, and, besides, I am just sure they will find a place for me in the new building.

CHAPEL CHIMES

The folks that sit around and tell about what their grandfather did, need to.

The purpose of a new College building is to build great characters. The center of a great life is God; never lose sight of that center. Your life can be as great as your mother or father wants it to be. Are you going to take anything with you when you go out to satisfy the needs of the world?

This old world is in greater need of an ideal than of loaves and fishes. Do you have that ideal? Sit alone with God some day until you get it. Somebody must bring the science of living up to the same plane with the science of business.

—Chancellor Bradford.

* * * * *

We have plenty of time to do things if we don't get into too big of a hurry.

Expand yourself and concentrate the world. It takes only thirty-seven words to tell what Methuselah did and a third of those are conjunctions.

Little things shrivel up and sour; good things get big and keep sweet. Smile and congratulate the one who defeated you.

When you stand at the head of your class, smile at the other end. We are known by two things—our conversation and our associations.

When you're defeated, smile; when you win be charitable. Books that have an outward, upward, forward look are splendid companions.

Far greater the man who conquers by love than the man who conquers by force.

Don W. Nichols

S. V. CONFERENCE AT REDLANDS

The Student Volunteer Conference which was held at Redlands, April 24-26th, was one of unusual interest and inspiration.

The conference was planned so that there was not an idle moment during the entire time and each minute was filled with high ideals for the development of the soul and the body.

Whittier, S. B. U. C., U. S. C., C. C. C., Occidental, Redlands and La Verne College were the institutions represented by delegates at the conference—each one there for one purpose and that to push forward in Christ's work.

The personnel of the conference was especially inspirational to all. Every speaker had a message from God which has been a dynamic force of service in his own life.

Among the speakers were our own Dr. Emmert, Dr. Fieldsbrave, Hindu representative on the Pacific coast; Dr. Atherton, missionary to Africa; Gale Seaman, Y. M. C. A. worker; Dr. Durbin, missionary to China; and Miss Holmes, missionary to India.

L. V. C. was represented by Ruth Emely, Kathryn Harshbarger, Nova Leonard, Lillian Neher, Dimond Hartman and Velma Noll.

MR. T. E. JOHNSON SPEAKS

On Monday, May 4th, the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. had a joint meeting.

T. E. Johnson, of Pomona, an interior decorator, gave a splendid talk on interior decoration of the home. He spoke of harmony of color, placement of furniture, and the personality of the housekeeper in relation to an artistically arranged home.

Let's go! New building.

Student Body Passes Resolutions

April 30, 1925

Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly father to call our friend and brother, George E. Glick, out of his happy home with his family into the larger life, we deem it fitting that we pay him a tribute of respect and express our trust in Him who does all things well: Therefore be it resolved—That by his death, we, the students and the faculty of La Verne College, feel the loss of a genuine friend whose interest was the growth of La Verne College and the training of his family for the largest usefulness in life.

Resolved—That we express our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved wife and her family and that we commend them to Him who cares for those who mourn.

Be it further resolved—That we express our hope for the speedy recovery of all the family involved in the accident.

PRAYER CIRCLE

Although every student likes fun and excitement, it isn't always that part of school life that is remembered longest and has the greatest influence. The morning prayer circle has meant much to many and still means much. Although different plans were used, perhaps the most successful was that in which, at the rising bell, the boys donned their bathrobes and met in a room. There followed ten minutes of real prayer and meditation. These meetings had a stabilizing influence on the student body and settled many knotty problems.

H. L.

Give a thought to the homeless bats when you destroy the building —The Humane Society.

Work on tearing down the old building began at an early date—the dorm boys.

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KOLLEGE KNEWS

Modena Minnich, Alida Larimer, Lloyd Studebaker, Byrl Harper and Mr. and Mrs. Ovard Barlow were in Big Dalton Canyon Sunday afternoon, May 3rd. The most interesting part of the trip was apple pie and a steak fry.

Ruth Massey was at Laguna Beach with her friend from Pomona, Sunday afternoon, May 3rd.

Lois Martha Miller spent last week end as a guest of Florence Landis. Pearl Witcher was with the girls Saturday night.

It's quite a calamity for our jolly Pearl not to be able to smile—but due to a boil on her chin she must remain as sober as a stick.

Saloma Lapp was entertained Tuesday night at dinner, in the home of Reatha Rensbregger.

Dr. Hoover was at Redlands Tuesday, April 29th. He acted as a judge of a debate between the University of Redlands and the University of Southern California on the Japanese question.

Thelma Glick spent Wednesday night of last week with Ruth Blocher.

Prof. Sargent with his chemistry class spent Monday, April 27th visiting the soap factories and gas works of Los Angeles.

John Ebersole had the misfortune of being stung by a stingere while at the beach with the Academy senior class last week.

Lelah Irwin entertained at her home Sunday, May 3rd, at dinner, Olive Pobst, Wanda Carl, and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Moomaw.

The latest fad for Olive Shirk is curling her eye-lashes—Its pretty dangerous, Olive.

Prof. Sargent returned from Kansas where he was called on account of the death of a friend.

The botany class accompanied by their instructor, Prof. Hollenberg, spent Monday afternoon of last week roaming the hills in search of wild flowers.

Vada Zug visited in La Verne, April 26th.

A number of students attended a missionary play entitled "The Awakening at Elm Groove" presented by the young people of Santa Ana at the Church of the Brethren at Pomona, Sunday, May 3rd.

Viola Neher and Dwight Welch were in Brawley, Sunday, May 7th, as guests of Eve Brownsberger, who has been teaching school there the past year.

Ceach Arnett, Alvin Marshburn and Levi Dickey were lucky fishermen in Etiwanda Canyon, Friday and Saturday, May 1st and 2nd. They say the camping was as good as the fishing.

Martha Brubaker and Bernice Hepner visited college friends and schoolmates in La Verne last week end.

Mabel Royer entertained Velma Noll and Elsie Booth at dinner on Sunday, May 3rd.

Vi and Dwight are to teach in the same school next year at Azusa—What will be next?

SOCIETY

THE JOYFUL NEWS PROCLAIMED

"It never rains but what it pours." But what a delightful downpour it was!

Lucille Beckner casually invited a group of girls "over to her place" in honor of Martha Brubaker, on Saturday afternoon, May 2nd. While the girls were having a pleasant time on the lawn a little fairy named Doris Beckner slipped out to them with a basket full of Orange Blossom corsages which she gave to the girls. Upon a hasty examination they were found to contain these words on tiny paper butterflies:

Bethrothed

Viola Mae Neher
Dwight O. Welch

The girls recovered in time to gasp, "Oh, Vi." The bride-elect took it all very calmly.

All were then led into the dining room where a "magic wishing well," made of yellow crepe paper, and with ten streamers, crowned the table. Each girl was told to make a wish for Viola and then all were to pull their streamers together from out of the depths, so that the wish would come true. Then all wished and pulled together, and lo, on the end of each streamer were fastened two paper hearts. On one of the hearts was a picture of Martha Brubaker, and Benjamin Hepner and the date August, 1925, while on the other side was a picture of Lucille Beckner and Raymond Root and the date June, 1925.

At last it was out—a triple announcement party!!! Many good wishes were expressed for the three girls who are so bravely planning to enter the strange sea of matrimony. Looking over the guests, Wanda and Dena made the startling discovery that they were the only unclaimed blessings left, and that they were literally the last two leaves on the tree. Delicious refreshments brought the happy affair to a close.

The guests included the Mesdames Olive Barlow, Viola Neher, Martha Brubaker, Alida Larimer, Lucille Beckner, Cathryn Byerly, Reetha Studebaker, Pauline Shirk and the Misses Modena Minnick and Wanda Carl.

LOST—A fountain pen by a Senior with a cracked top.

How does a bald-headed man know where to stop washing his face?

HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY

On Sunday, April 26th, Edythe Miller was most agreeably surprised when she discovered that she was only one of eight guests at the home of Inez Eshelman. But that was only the half of it! The climax of the dinner was reached when there appeared unannounced, a pretty cake with nineteen little candles on it—then Edythe knew!

Those girls who enjoyed watching Edythe struggle with the "cake cutting" process, but who enjoyed still more the cake eating process, were Saloma Lapp, Reetha Rensberger, Mildred Stayer, Ethel Drescher, Harriet Woody, Alberta Maust, Lottie Stayer and Olive Throne.

HARRIET'S BIRTHDAY SURPRISES HER

"Sh", Don't make a sound", said Daddy Woody, and all were very quiet as they crept to the front door of the Woody home. The door bell rang and Harriet went to answer it—and found them. After much laughing and joking, out door games filled the time until weariness overtook the guests and they betook themselves once more into the house where they enjoyed inside games such as fortune telling scenes, singing and being sung to. Then Merle and Harriet served ice cream and cake.

Mr. and Mrs. Woody were thanked by the following for arranging such a delightful party: Lola Ramsey Lois Ruth Miller, Olive Throne, Doris Welch, June Hershey, Cecilia Shaffer Pauline Dunker, Ruth Blocher, Lillian Neher, Mina Throne, and their respective escorts with few "unique exceptions."

COOK SURPRISED

The girls who work in the kitchen had it all figured out! They would bake their cake Monday while the cook was at Bonita, then Tuesday noon they would send her back to her room and then go back and surprise her. The cake was baked all right, but even with all the commands favors and wishes everyone asked of Mary, she just wouldn't leave that dear old kitchen Tuesday. No other way was left, but to surprise her in the kitchen, and surprise they did. "The first one in my life" she affirmed. A picture, and then, "yum yum"—So ended another happy surprise.

YUM! YUM!

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buD's LeTter aBout boB

La Verne, Kaliforniuh, Mae 5, 1925.
 Deer Bill:
 The uther da Iwuz ovr in Bob Willyumzes store. It shure is a dandi grosergy. I nevir saw sech a stoar befour. It aint lyke old Zeke Skinner's grosergy at hoam. Theer wuz no kat sleepin in the dried peeche's barel and no wurms in the prunz. Everything is kept sanytary. Bob sais it duzent pay to kepe any uther kind of a stoar. He is out fer the pertickler traid and he gits it two.
 While I wuz in there leenin ovr the sho case lukin at the kandy and chewin gum all uv a sudin I herd sum straynge farin talkin, and I thot a Sowth Ameri-kun revolushun had broak out but it wuz onli sum Mecksikuns talk-in. Perty neer awl the Mecksikunns in La Verne traid with Bob. He is their frend and kin tawk their langdwage. Bob is strong on this Amerikunizashun stuff. He beleeeves in yewnity in moar ways than win. He sais "In yewnity there is strength enuf to beet old H. C. His stoar is called the Yewnity Stoar.
 Sumtimes Bob's serves coffey and fude of verius sorts to ad-dertyse. Yu bet Bob's koffey done nede frutches and his chees aint awl skipped out lyke that Zeke Skinner sells. His buter wud stand no chans in a hundred yard dash. Its bin kept in a refrigger-ater. Awl his stuf is Oh Kay and so is Bob.

Last yer Bob openud up one of them thear cash en Kerry Stoars, He calls ut the Bobeteria. Sum of the knew Kollege Kids went in thar fur a hair Bob. Old Bob he sez "We don't cut nothin' but prices in here." He shore does that Bob's reel name aint Bob. Its Thermusbolil Hotdog Wilyums or sum sich hy soundin naim. Bob sais it wont dew for biznes and so he tuk the naim Bob. Bob is knon fur and wyde. He is a grate friend uv the Kollage and boosts awl its aktivitys. In fakt he is everyboddys frend. His stoar is downtown hedquartirs fer La Verne.

Yures irrespectivly,
 BUD '23

ATHLETICS

COLLEGE BASEBALL

Coach Claude Arnett's baseball Leopards went on a slump due to the absence of Captain Glick on Wednesday, April 29th, and lost to the Pomona Sagehens by the lopsided score of 11 to 0. Whether it was for this reason or some other, the La Verne men decidedly reversed form and handled the ball as if it were soft butter.

Don Holsinger, Pomona's star port sider, pitched the first seven innings of the fray and delivered a good brand of ball. The other two innings were pitched by Shaw, the Soph twirler, formerly from Claremont High. The Pomona team, too, has taken a turn in form of playing but evidently in a different direction than the La Verne team.

However, had the La Verne men played up to the form that they have shown in several contests they would have given Pomona a good race for their money.

The Pomona game marked the end of the athletic season for this school year. Due to the absence of Captain Glick, a captain to lead next year's team has not as yet been elected.

Mark Lehmer, star all around athlete, made the highest batting average of the season and will be presented with the trophy to be given by Coach Claude Arnett.

His average for the season was .368 and Glick second with .341.

The averages of the team are as follows:

Team	AB	H	Ave.
Lehmer	38	14	.368
Glick	44	15	.341
Boots	33	11	.333
Bohn	41	12	.273
Brooks	48	13	.271
Kreps-Root	19	5	.263
Root	36	9	.250
Betts	32	8	.250
Landis	47	10	.213
Harold Hoff	22	3	.136
Howard Hoff	15	2	.133

ECHOES FROM "BILL"

I will pay tribute to the old "barn" that has endeared itself to hundreds of souls. Many fond memories linger with me and cause me to have respect for it.

There are many as well as varied experiences which I recall. Some caused anxiety on the part of 'Profs' as well as disturbed the student atmosphere. Then there were those that affected just a few of the gang. Here is one:

Late one Saturday night my room mate, Ed Stewart, was playing Rook in the Flory boys' room. As I craved sleep and wanted my roommate's presence, I shouted loud and long down the hall for him to come "home"; but he was too busy to respond. About that time Johnnie Brooks came along and we grabbed the fire extinguisher and a gallon pail of water and raced for Flory's room. Stewart saw us coming and made for a window that opened on the roof of the south porch. My pail of water went wild. Some one shut the door but we turned the fire extinguishers on the transom which was open.

Nevertheless, Stewart, the one I wanted to soak, was gone. I hunted until past one o'clock trying to find him. I looked from the dark pits beneath to the spooky attic above, always with a bucket of water—but no Stewart. Finally I gave it up. Later he told me that once the night before, after I had made a difficult climb from one roof to the edge of the round room and peeked in the window, hanging with my hands clamped on the window sill and my feet dangling down the side, that he felt my breath against his face and saw the "whites of my eyes." He lay curled up under a bed by the window through which I was spying.

When Stewart and I are together we always relate this incident and indulge in an old time visit about the days we spent at L. V. C.

"Bill" Riddlebarger.

If you look for trouble, as for any thing else, there is no doubt that you will find what you are looking for. Resolve to discover the pleasant things of life.

HELEN KELLER VISITS POMONA

The people of Pomona Valley were privileged to hear Helen Keller at the First Baptist Church in Pomona on Thursday evening, April 30th. Miss Keller, the world famous deaf and blind woman and her famous teacher, Anne Sullivan Macy, each addressed the large audience. Mrs. Macy explained in detail how she started teaching Helen Keller when she was just a few years old. Through her untiring efforts Miss Keller now speaks and is able to talk with her fingers as rapidly as an ordinary person speaks. She graduated from Radcliffe College with honors and is now spending her time helping the American Foundation for the Blind of which President Coolidge is honorary president.

Miss Keller is a remarkable woman and she has accomplished a great deal in helping other unfortunate people like herself to see the light.

When asked what her favorite scripture and she said, "The 23rd Psalm". She gave as her idea of religion. "Love ye one another," and her idea of the best road to success as "A smiling face and a well balanced head."

WHITNEY BOYS' CHORUS

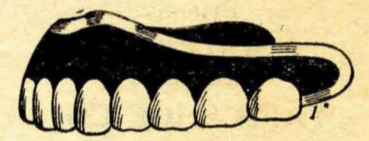
The La Verne people were somewhat surprised on the afternoon of Sunday May 3rd, at the things boys can do in the line of music. The Whitney Boys' Chorus which visited La Verne and sang in the College auditorium showed that boys can sing and will sing if they have the incentive. Mr. Whitney, the leader, has groups of such boys all over the United States and those who were here are just a part of the big chorus in Los Angeles county. He has started a branch group in Pomona, and some La Verne men are contemplating organizing one here. This is a wonderful way to get the boys interested in finer arts and in spiritual life. The Whitney Boys National Chorus is surely worthy of support. La Verne could well be proud to add about twenty-five boys to this movement.

Mrs. Haugh (in dramatics class) "Shall we put our plays on in the afternoon?"

Miriam S.—"No it's too hard to get a good spirit in the afternoon."

Mrs. H.—"There is a spirit in the matinee."

Miriam—"Yes, but it is dark in there."



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ISHMOKA STOGI

Dear Miss editoress of Campus Times.

For sum timely I are been seriously consider a trip of explorations to the upper regions of your hon. administration building. For to collect me some datas on the archeology of above mentioned edifice but untill latey I are too muchy afraid of the natives. But as they are now reduced to nothing more harmless than bats and pigeons I are become bold and assail front steps with much Insurance and brave attitude and girded about with note books two (2) pencils and detective Hawkshaw brand magnifying glass to say nothing of rubber soled shoes. I first ascend stairs to second story in search of inscriptions of intrest but to my great disappointments those on second story of any age have been entirely obliterated but never the lessly I are have the good fortune to encounter some contemporary art including very striking portraits of faculty members which are very highly conventionalized. I assure.

I then bring myself to attempt third floor and are assailed firstly with formidable scent of bats which I assure are almost overcoming but soon forgotten when I spy group of good inscription on wall. The third story are very rich I assure in inscriptions leading one to the status of civilization and the habits and by words of the earlier days. Among world noted notables I found as follows. Adam and Eve 12000 B. C. Eat, etc., 5000 B. C. Christopher Columbus 1492 A. D. also many names of former students which I are inclined miss editoress to believe much more authentic than the formerly. They are as follows: J. H. Rhodes, Ralph Netzly, George Holenberg, Clyde W. Royer, Oct. 2, 1909, Ed Simmons, Oct. 17, 1899, Dave Bomberger, Beryl Harper, and many other notables of former times

Also I find in several places portraits of peculiar animal bearing this inscription "Baaa Goat" 20-21 also skull and crossbones labeled "Pedro" In one room I find sign reading thusly "The Philo society is the best and directly below "The Alphians are the best" such a strang argument I should say to be left as the memory of the two great institutions.

In one very dark room I were able with the aid of much pains and Hawkshaw glass to read the following pathetic last testament of two unfortunate people "Dec. 21, 1898 V. R. P. frozen 170 below zero. S. P. S. dying withouty any fire in room, are those not pathetic I require miss editoress?

One other lament which I regret to say are unsigned read thusly 8 english compositions 2 book reports zoology report, latin review and examination" This person shurely were in hard straits indeedly miss editoress.

Hoping you are the same I remain
 Ishmoka Stogi
 Nova Leonard (entering kitchen) Oh, I just know that it is going to rain. My corn is just hurting like "Sam patch."

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LA VERNE

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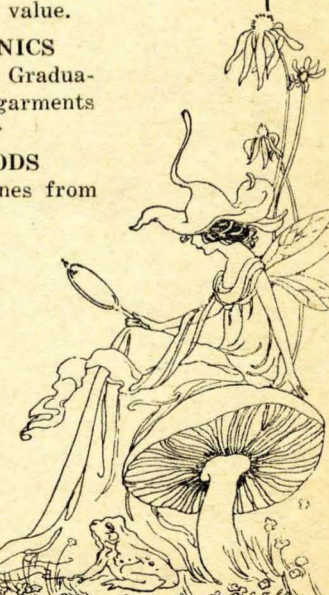
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Memories of the Old Building

ALAS! WHY THE WHITE THREAD?

Once upon a time (while the girls yet resided in the east section of the dorm) a certain professor, who lived in the dormitory, was in the habit of arriving home from his weekly visit to his lady friend late Sunday night, or, to be exact, early Monday morning. On one of these occasions a group of dorm boys gathered together after church in the evening to plan a surprise for him on his return.

A narrow board twenty feet long was suspended about six inches from the ceiling of the hall. On this board was placed a row of tin cans, secured from the tin can box, each tied to the one next to it by a six foot length of string. When the first can, which was connected by a string to the door of the professor's room, would leave the board it would bring all the others in regular succession after it, producing a noise greatly resembling a machine gun in action.

A large bunch of cans were suspended over the front hall by a string leading to the bedpost in the room next to the professor's. To one of the inhabitants of the third floor was entrusted the care of the shot which was to descend at the first sound of the triumphal entry.

Two young Paul Reveres awakened the second and third floor when the street car arrived at 1:30. Many ears were strained to hear the first sound of approaching footsteps. Finally the stairs creaked in succession. Suspense! Silence! More suspense, and still silence. How could he have entered his room without touching off the artillery?

Determined that the girls' side of the dorm should learn of the coming of our professor, a boy crept out and pulled the trigger. The noise was all that could be desired. But, of course, half the fun was gone.

If we had only used black thread! And so it turned out that the joke was on us. "Vanny" had gotten a glimpse of the string in the moonlight and had climbed into his room through the window.

D. W. L.

LOYALTY TO DUTY

One splendid characteristic of the dear old building was its loyalty to duty (and to the pocket-books of its inhabitants.) Never did a window or a door or a bedpost on the second floor battle line succumb before the onslaughts of the enemy but that a recruit from the third floor was ready and willing to take its place. As it happened, the new recruit did not always fully replace the loss of the scarred veteran, but it did the best it could.

The writer remembers at least two such occasions.

A party of brigands, but lately returned from a water pouring expedition, lay besieged behind a heavily barricaded door. An attacking party of avenging spirits was encamped across the hall. Becoming weary of unsuccessful attempts at dislodging the enemy, the attackers massed themselves in front of the door and, with shoulders down, ran at full speed against it. Instead of forcing the lock as they had hoped, they found themselves passing through the middle of the door, scattering splintered panels on all sides.

Hostilities ceased at once. Reverently and with many signs of genuine grief the battered door was carried to its last resting place. A third floor door was transferred from camp to the scene of battle. One thing at least could be said of it, it filled most of the space between the door jambs.

The other incident occurred during a bombardment of the writer's outdoor sleeping porch. One morning after sleeping until ten o'clock, he was awakened by a barrage of oranges. Beating a hasty but dignified retreat, he climbed through the window of his room. In attempting to close the window he pulled it directly across the path of a well-aimed and juicy orange.

Alas, another faithful window gone! The recruit from the third floor was not as tall as his departed comrade so that forever after a cold draft of air came gleefully in to wander up and down the writer's spine.

D. W. L.

ROOM INSPECTION

"Snap it up, Joe, the girls inspect the rooms this afternoon."

"Where will I put these boots, fishing tackle, and this other junk?"

"Put it in the closet. We'll put everything we don't want seen in there and lock the door."

So went the process. The custom of the annual exchange of inspection

of rooms between the girls and boys was an event variously enjoyed. Certain pictures must be on the mantel, and certain pictures must come down. With the curtains fixed, the floors swept, the rugs cleaned, and flowers on the table, the old rooms looked almost like new.

This event assured the cleaning of the rooms annually.

H. L.

STACKED

The night was dull and boring, And the dorm was dead and still. At ten P. M. my roommate cried My kingdom for a thrill; Of all the spots in all creation, This is dearest of the dead; At night there's nothing doing, And they all go right to bed.

If this awful silence does persist I'll swear I'll go insane, We haven't done a thing this year Our rep is without stain, Let's stack the rooms to-night, old chap, And start a little fun; We'll stack them well, we'll stack them all, Nor leave a single one.

So thus was born the purpose, As we sang the "old dorm blues," And mattresses and pillows, Went out as did the shoes, Then we gathered up the ward- robes, The books and stuff galore, And made a heap most glorious, In the center of each floor.

The rest can be imagined; As the gang came straggling in, They pounced on me and then on Bill, Who lied and did a sin; "You foolish stiffs, you imbeciles Why think we raised the Cain? We just came in and found our room, All hung out in the rain."

And then they looked at me and said, "What did you do it for?" And I began to stutter, I was tickled to the core, 'Twas then I busted out and laughed. And then the fight was on, Old Bill and me against the bunch, And thus we fought till dawn.

We tried to hold our doorway, We made our room a fort, Using fists and chairs for powder And we thought it all good sport, I got it on the "coco", With the corner of a chair, And Bill got soused with water, And then we fought for fair.

Bill, you know, is English, A strappin' big Canuck, And he says says he to me, "Eres to our bloody luck," The odds are all against us, Excitement was their want, And now that they have got it, Their innocence they flaunt.

But my glory is in battle, And I say my dear old thing, Since they've got so bloomin' funny We'll essay to take a swing, I'll take me on that runtling, That abominates our door, And I'll wipe his bloomin' visage Into the bloody floor."

And Bill was not just kidding, For upon the runt he sate, But dear Runt was not so easy, And 'twas then we saw our fate. As they dragged us to the bath- room, And tried to wet our skin, I heard my Billy gurgle, "Runt, your also comin' in."

"It's worth a bloomin' ducking To see the fight and fun, But I say your coming in old dear Before the thing is done." So thus it was we stood the bunch And fought till nearly light, And even though we got the worst It well was worth the fight.

Then they got us on the carpet, For we nearly were tracked. And we nearly got our trunks packed, Because some rooms were stacked.

Stacked, stacked, stacked, Tracked, tracked, tracked, And we nearly got our trunks packed, Because some rooms were stacked.

Claude C. Carl.

PRIMUS ET FINUS

On or about April fool night of 1923 a reception was given the Academy Senior class by the College Department.

After the affair was over a number of senior boys, Scoop, Ovie, Sage, Chub, and possibly others of the tribe—gathered in Pesquandero's room before dispersing for the night. Somehow in the progress of the evening, at about the midnight hour, the gang discovered in a box of Pesquandero's junk some old well-dried stogie cigars collected at a charivari many moons before.

Perhaps it was the lateness of the hour, or the gayety of the crowd, at any rate something conspired to make one of the group—far be it from me to reveal his respectable name—to violate the rule, "The use of tobacco in any form is positively forbidden", printed in the list of regulations tacked on the door of the room.

Now the young gentleman in question was not a smoker, as a matter of fact, this was his first cigar. The dry old stogie made him dizzy and he soon sought his springs and mattress. But slumber would not come and in response to an inward urge that would not be denied he lurched unsteadily toward the bathroom. Too late! The journey was never completed. Right there in the hall the late lamented refreshments refused to stay down.

There was considerable scrubbing to be done but the baleful odor refused to be eradicated.

Incidentally it was the Senior's last cigar. C. E. D.

THE MATERNITY WARD

Elice had just gone to bed when she screamed out, "Bessie, where are you? There's something in this bed. I feel it between the top covers with my feet!" Investigation revealed Old Tabby from the kitchen and two tiny kittens. After congratulations, the covers and the cat family were gently lifted to the hall floor. By the next

morning another pair of twins had arrived in the Cat family and all forenoon an unbroken procession of feminine students filed to the third floor to pay their compliments to Tabby and her offspring, and wish them well. Bessie King Fox

SCANDAL—1912-1913

The academy Freshmen had heaped much wrath upon their young heads following the disappearance of the Sophomore pennant which had been left unfinished in a third floor room. Because of the dearth of Freshmen boys, three hard-boiled Freshmen girls induced Harper Frantz, a Junior, to assist them in hoisting their 1916 class pennant of royal purple and white one night after ten o'clock.

The band of patriots composed of Pauline Miller Brooks, Isabelle Eby Johnson and the writer, accompanied by the brave pilot gained forced permission from the matron, and stealthily crawled up into the spooky recesses of the creaky old tower. Finally enough barpins, ribbons, belts, safety pins, etc., were salvaged from the inexperienced Freshies to fasten the pennant to the rope.

With many speculations as to what the hostile Sophomore's surprise would be on the morrow, the descension was fearfully begun. Peace seemed to reign below. But alas!—there was something rotten in Denmark. Some unfriendly dorm louse had bolted the door, our suspicious fell heavily upon John Overholtzer. Nail files, button hooks and hair pins failed to coax the stubborn lock. What if we would have to spend the night in the cobwebs—and in the dark? Our lantern was burning dimmer with every quickened heart beat.

Finally our illustrious Junior had the idea. He quickly and quietly kicked off enough plaster from the ceiling of a desolate room of the third floor back, to drop gracefully to the floor beneath. The feminine trio, huddled closely at the door, were soon released and they have never been able to decide precisely on whom the joke fell most heavily. Ruth B. L.

STUNG!—1921

The academy sophomores had pulled the junior pennant down from the flag pole on top of the tower and great was the wrath heaped upon them. It had been decreed that the classes take definite weeks for their pennant, and much class rivalry was aroused.

The academy seniors turn came late. Joe and Ernie decided that their pennant would not come down so a bed was made at the top of the stairs in the attic. The resolute defenders retired with their pennant waving proudly. The next morning, to their amazement and chagrin and the delight of onlookers, a pair of pajamas waved in place of the pennant.

Moral—Security is man's greatest enemy.

H. L.

MYSTERY

Why all the meetings in the halls and on the second floor?? Why so much scrubbing of the office? Answer—a night visitor and lots of excitement.

The goat never understood why his pals deserted him. A great many understandings and misunderstandings, and the event passes.

H. L.

CIVIL WAR (MODERN)

Place—Second floor—old building. Time—1918

Act I

Scene I

J. O. C.'s dressing for party. Exit. Scene II

Enter Hustlers. Surprised at first then idea takes form—even up old score. Exit.

Act II

Scene I

J. O. C.'s return very happy from party given by Altruistics. Ejaculations of surprise and wrath at demolished rooms, stacked and strewn with feathers. Small groups confer. Scene II

Hustler, before hidden, appears. Quickly grabbed by J. O. C.'s and placed gently in bath tub. Other Hustler's and J. O. C.'s appear. Free for all. Individuals from both contending parties mingle freely in the tub. Quietness.

Act III

Scene I

Short Discipline Committee meeting. A few hours later all is tranquil.

H. L.

FIRST "HOME SWEET HOME"

In 1904 a North Manchester speech instructor consented to accompany a McPherson College music professor as his bride to the land of perfume and flowers—Sunny California. This bride and groom established their first "Home Sweet Home" on the 2nd floor of the old college building and there lived cosily for three years.

Old building—various emotions flood our souls as we look at you in your last days. Sometimes we hate you, for you are so dilapidated, so mean in appearance, and so unaccommodating. At another time we pause in thought and almost admire you and reverence you as a dear old home. Another time we stand silent as in the presence of departed spirits.

All in all, we are ready to drop a slow curtain on the acts just closing and having you as their setting, old building. To adjust ourselves to the shift of scenes we will quietly meditate a brief moment and then at the lift of the curtain we will lustily cheer at the appearance of a stately new Administration building.

Mrs. B. S. Haugh.

SENTIMENTS

I spent five years at La Verne College and I believe they were the happiest years of my life. Four of these years I roomed in the old building and I had the same room all the time. I am glad to see the new building coming, but somehow there comes a feeling of sadness to see the old building go because it seems as though it is as the passing of an old friend. Mrs. Grace (Moore) Hill

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SILVERWOODS, Inc.

SIXTH AND BROADWAY

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Reveries of the Old Administration Building

VALE

Old Building, the tragedy of life is seen in thy passing. We rise to a place of influence and power, we do constructive things, we are a factor in human progress. Then comes the day when our efficiency begins to decline and at last we are a liability instead of an asset. Finally we must pass off the stage, giving place to another. So has it been with thee.

But, Old Building, while the hour of thy departure is at hand, we shall reverently remember your contribution to us. You shall have a place in our memories that no other shall ever take, for some of life's finest lessons were learned within thy walls and some of our happiest experiences came to us there.

We bow our heads at thy passing and our hearts beat high with joy because within thy walls was fostered a GREATER LA VERNE COLLEGE SPIRIT which will bring forth thy worthy successor. Verily thou hast fallen into the earth and died, but thou shalt be clothed upon. The bare grain which thou hast sown shall be given a new body of beauty and power. The sting of thy departure is removed and thy passing is a victory both for thyself and for us, thy children.

C. Ernest Davis.

RESURRECTION DAY

While I was on the train one May morning in 1901, I read a short editorial in the Gospel Messenger announcing the closing of Lordsburg College indefinitely. That moment I resolved that it should not be so. Upon my first opportunity I went to Lordsburg, talked matters over with the trustees, and on May 6, 1902 made an agreement with Henry L. Kuns by which the college building was to be turned over to me for five years—I to pay taxes, water, light, and all maintenance.

The school had been buried deep, very deep, but not as deep as was the hope of its resurrection. So many wished that it might rise, but those that believed it would were hard to find. Outside of our little forty, Henry L. Kuns and his sainted mother believed with us that it would rise, not from its ashes but from its sepulchre.

Then began the cleaning of the building. The writer, with the help of his wife, Harvey Hanawalt, Grace Hileman Miller, and Gertrude Thomas, cleaned the living rooms, and a few class rooms. Among other things we took out pole-cats from the basement, bats from the upper regions, and layers of dust and waste material by the shovel and tub full from all over the building.

After much sweeping, scrubbing and remodeling, we finally got a few class rooms ready to open school about the first of 1902.

W. C. Hanawalt

UNCLE EZRA SEZ:

The other night I wuz a passin by the old college buildin' jest about sunset an I guess sum kids wuz a foolin around. At any rate all on a sudden I heard the old bell ring out again like it uster when i wuz a youngster a goin to college myself an I couldn't help a stoppin and a lookin again at the dear old place an I felt sorto sad an happy too when I thought that it had ter go pretty soon.

Frum the practical side theres no doubt thet its a mighty good thing. But nevertheless I couldn help a thinkin as I stood there an watched the swallers a cuttin fancy circles in the air a catchin flies an a building their nests under its eves thet probably they never would season another year under its protection an sum how the golden light o th sunset a reflectin on its tower an roofs, made the old thing look a lot deferent t' me an I alwis want ter remember it a lookin like thet. I wisht I wuz a painter. I'd paint a pitcher uv it that would be kept forever but I aint. Jest as I started away I heard the old bell ding again jest sort o fraid like as if sum one wuz wantin to pull th rope an dident dare an a walkin home I jest couldnt keep th lump outo my throat. I suppose ime a silly old fogy but if they kant keep nuthin else uv the old buildin I think they at least ort t take thet bell out and hang it some wheres where it cn be rung every day at least once if fer nothin else than t please sech old fellers as me.

MY MEMORIES

One Sunday afternoon, while I was rooming in the old building, I had just lain down to rest and was almost asleep when the building began to tremble and sway. I jumped up and ran down the hall just as there came the sound of falling bricks and various other peculiar sounds. Although there were three shocks, the earthquake lasted but a few seconds.

Many were the jokes we played and many were the trials gone through and conquered inside those old walls. The boards in the floors squeaked so that the matron always knew when some one was running around, and we could always tell when she was coming too, so "out went the light and quiet reigned."

The old auditorium has been the scene for many affairs, both social and otherwise, and I have gained many helpful thoughts of advice and council from those who stood before us as examples of noble lives.

May La Verne College grow to be a leading and necessary factor in the lives of the young people of the church.

Mrs. Grace (Moore) Hill, Acad. '18

TO YOU, OLD BUILDING

Here's to you, grand Old Building,
A place we hold so dear,
You'll linger in our memories, Old Building,
For many a coming year.

Many a tale, dear old Building
Each of us could tell
So 'tis with feelings of regret, Old Building,
We bid you a last farewell.

Without you, stately Old Building,
A new one could not be.
You served us well, Old Building,
We pledge our love to thee.

So here's to you, Old Building,
You paved the way for the new.
After all, with happy hearts, Old Building,
We say goodbye to you.

Mrs. Mae Miller

OUR OLD BUILDING

As you stand there in your vanishing beauty, Old Building, what kind of tales would you tell if you could speak? Would they be of the days when you first lifted your towers skyward so proudly, or would they be of the later years when the voices of youths and maidens rang through your halls?

You could tell us, perhaps, of thoughtless boys who made marks on your clean, white walls, and we could tell you in return of those same boys who are now making their marks in the world. You could tell us, no doubt, of youths who carved initials in various and sundry places on your woodwork, while we could tell you of these youths who are now signing their initials to important papers and documents.

Did you hear the secrets of the lads and lassies as they whispered to each other when they stood by the Alphan desk, or in a corner of the library or at the foot of the stairs?

We could tell you of happy homes where little children gladden the hearts of fond parents.

Yes, Old Building, there are many sacred memories that cluster about you, from your topmost tower to your basement, from your furthest-most east wing to your extreme western room. And why? It was within your walls that many a boy and many a girl found a real purpose in life, a mission to fulfill, an incentive to make a contribution to the world by way of the school room, the business world or, perchance, on the mission field.

Old Building, many hearts will be stirred as the word comes to them that at last, you will be razed to the ground. There will be a feeling of sadness as for the departure of an old and valued friend and a feeling of gladness because your exit means the entrance of a much longed for new era.

But for you, we could never have a greater La Verne College; so you will not feel badly, will you, Old Building, when we tear you down? May each of the students and faculty members who have passed through your halls fill his place in the world as nobly as you have done.

Mrs. Mae Miller.

MEMORIES OF THE OLD BUILDING—QUOTATIONS

I lived at the end of "Hog Trot Alley" Room 18—Fred H., 1914

I don't like cake from room 14"—G. Conrad, 1914.

Gas lights off at 10 o'clock except when I have a date—John Stover, 1914.

College cats live in fruit closets—John Rhodes, 1914.

The dorm boys need milk, lets bring in a goat—Royal O. & Co., 1921.

I could sleep soundly in the old attic—Lee Bashore, 1916.

It was some hangout—Chas. O. 1917.

Attic cobwebs were my undoing—John Hilton, 1918.

Back in the expression room—B. U. & E. T. 1918

We shook some of this from the old green carpet.—uh uh!

WHAT THE OLD BUILDING MEANS TO ME

Every true friend of La Verne College is sincerely rejoicing at the proposed new building. Yet there is a sympathetic feeling for the old shell that has served its purpose so well for thirty-seven years.

To me, La Verne College will ever be identified with the rambling old frame structure. The first true ideals and traditions of our institution which have developed within its walls make it dearer to us. Yet those same ideals and aspirations are building the new building, and they will become a part of it as surely as the same fine type of christian people who are carrying on its growth.

We have so often said "If the old building could only talk, what tales it would tell of the trials and successes of the school it sheltered." It cannot talk but the lives of those who have been a part of it can speak, and they will show to an ever increasing circle of friends of La Verne what their College has done for them.

There is a certain advantage in the old structure becoming only a memory. Time and distance lend enchantment. We will all forget the ravages of time and elements on windows, railings and roof and will remember it as the picturesque monument of some romantic architect, the birthplace of La Verne College.

I sincerely hope that a large picture of it will be hung in the new building, and in the years to come we shall doubtless all declare that it was the most beautiful building ever beheld, and wrapped in a cloud of loving memories it will be true.

Maurine I. Miller '23.

A FAREWELL

Folks say its days are numbered now,
And soon twill fall—

To earth, and then they tell me how
Another hall

Will take the place where it has stood,
So many years.

It brings the tears.
How many lives within its halls
Have raised their goals?

How many loves beneath its walls—
Have welded souls?

How many men have fought for right
And noble won?

I wonder oft at fall of night,
When day is done,
And pigeons seek their belfry home
And sun is set

When gabled roof and tower and dome,
In silhouette

Stand out against the glowing moon
And starlit sky,
T'is hard that we must bid it soon
A last good-bye.

Justa Frosh.

A TRIBUTE

'Twas late autumn at that hour before sunset when the visible earth and the unseen realities meet to whisper together golden harmonies. The dying sun, the flaming heavens, the breathless trees, and the beautiful inquisitive faces of the flowers upturned to catch a glimpse of the glorified splendor caught and held me where I stood before an old castle-like building. Yes, old it was, and worn by the rain, the wind, the chilling cold, and the burning heat of many seasons. It seemed a very part of the hushed scene, a part of nature itself for it added to the unified whole a soft and mellow touch as the mists that bathe the ocean wave or the tears that soften the eye.

Oh, to me you hold a meaning old building! Else before you I could not stand with head bowed and feelings o'erflowing the soul, carrying the thoughts heavenward. In the mouldering enclosure of your scarred walls my slumbering spirit was reborn and now stands in profoundest reverence before the revealed beauties of God's truths. From your brave and sturdy fight I've caught a spark of fire, which, rekindled by Divinity, will fight my future battles! As the smoke of your battle clears away, in my vision I see you, too, reborn in solid structure which will victoriously withstand the rain, the wind, the chilling cold, and the burning heat of many seasons.

H. F.

THE OLD BUILDING

Pleasant memories are mine when thinking of the old college building and the varied experiences of my own which centered there.

One summer when Dr. S. J. Miller's lived in the north rooms of the east wing, I spent many afternoons with Maurine, our chief occupation being that of talking. On one occasion our main delight was to watch a kitten of hers play with my long string of blue beads. We used often to tat as we jabbered together, and sometimes would change our positions after doing a certain amount of tating, seeing who first could be seated in every chair of the room.

Another memory, of which I believe I am almost the sole possessor, is that of my Grammar School Graduation program which was held in the college auditorium in 1915. Much time was spent there on the platform rehearsing songs, class history and prophecy, and even a little play.

Various class sessions, class meetings, play practices, music lessons, socials, committee meetings of all kinds and other pleasant activities leave memories which will never be erased from my mind, as long as I look back with joy to the eight busy years spent under the roof of "The Old College Building."

Vera M. Hoover

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