

THE TRUTH AT LAST!
WUXTRA!! WUXTRA!!

Weather Forecast

COOL
UNLESS
WARMER

THE COLIC

SPRIG
IS
SPRUG

THE PAPER FOR THE MANY THOUGHTLESS THOUGHTFUL

VOL. STEAD

FOOLED—THIS IS APRIL

NO KICK

DR. EMMERT DISAPPEARS! CITY THROWN INTO UPROAR

WHOLE AFFAIR SHROUDED IN DEEP MYSTERY AS PROF. FAILS TO COME HOME AT USUAL HOUR

The whole town of LaVerne was thrown into a state of intense excitement this morning when the public was advised of the strange disappearance of Professor J. B. Emmert.

Although Professor Emmert's disappearance was known as early as last night, the public was not informed as it was thought that he might have been called away on some important business. However, his son, Lloyd, denied that the professor could have left on account of business affairs, so several searching parties were sent out. After several hours of fruitless search they returned and after some consultation it was decided to send to our neighboring metropolis of San Dimas for a pair of their low-gearred, but nevertheless efficient, bloodhounds.

Dr. Hoover was despatched post haste on his bicycle to bring the dogs over, but after he had gone only a short way his rear tire blew out and he was compelled to walk the rest of the way over.

This caused a slight delay because Doctor Hoover developed a severe blister on the large toe of his left foot and was forced to limp most of the way home. When he arrived with the dogs, they refused to trail. All manner of things were tried to induce them to function properly but they refused to leave Dr. Emmert's house. Finally, Professor Arnett decided the only way to make them trail was by means of a "dog eat dog" process. Twenty-five feet of hot dogs were then purchased and after each dog had consumed twelve feet and six inches he immediately began to trail.

Both dogs took a westerly course and at last report were swimming six miles off shore in the Pacific Ocean. It seemed improbable that Doctor Emmert had attempted the trans-Pacific swim as he had refused an offer of \$25,000 to swim the Catalina Channel, so search was continued on land. However, the LaVerne Chamber of Commerce called the authorities at Honolulu, H. I., to be on the lookout for any swimmer that might arrive with a pair of bloodhounds at his heels.

A searching party was sent out to comb San Dimas canyon for traces of Dr. Emmert but altho each member of the party carried a fine-toothed comb they were unable to locate anything unusual with the exception of one of our most prominent Ford roadsters from LaVerne College which had apparently run out of gas leaving several of the college students just stranded. Nevertheless they must have just imagined they were out of gas as they started off without any delay at the sight of the posse.

Searchers hunting among the hills south of town heard rumors that a man answering the description of Dr. Emmert was seen dodging around playfully among the cactus, but the searchers were unrewarded as they found that it was Prof. Hollenberg who had gone out on a field trip in which he was trying to capture that shy little animal, the rare, four-toed angletail and also a species of ding bat, the rarest of the bat family.

Everyone had given up hope when Slim Presnell and his famous dog, Spot, came up and volunteered both his and the dog's services. Some of the group turned away with disgust, but a few of the more far-sighted decided to give him a chance. So

OTHER REASONS THAN KINDNESS FOR NOT HAZING FROSH

Limps, quite pronounced in some cases, were noticed by the co-eds at the college one morning. Various solicitous inquiries failed to bring forth the name of the prevalent malady, and it gradually dawned upon the anxious women that members of the Soph class alone were the injured ones.

The secret was kept grimly for several hours, when, unable to stand the strain longer, one man sat down on the steps with a low groan and gingerly removed the casing from his pedal extremities, displaying upon the heels thereof twin blisters of enormous size.

The cause of the painful locomotion was solved, but it remained for a complacent Frosh youth to furnish the reason.

"Sure, they thought they could haze us, but we fooled 'em. Made 'em hike ten miles for home before we finished with 'em." All of which probably explained the footsoreness of a number of husky Sophs.

It seems that the sophomores, attempting to chastise the Frosh for not wearing the green and orange caps to the rally the night before, got the worst of the argument. Once the bombardment of rotten oranges, loaded on a rattletrap car, had given out, the Sophs were at the mercy of the horde of youngsters.

"The last we saw them," chuckled a jubilant freshman, jerking his thumb at one of the disabled sophomores, "they were hiking down the long, long trail for home."

Spot was turned loose by Dr. Emmert's door. He sniffed three times then walked into the room, where he proceeded to bark by the side of the professor's bed until Slim looked under it where he found Dr. Emmert trembling with fear.

Slim pulled him out and when everyone had been informed about the glad news Dr. Emmert was asked to give an explanation and he said that he had been reading "Little Red Riding Hood" and had become frightened and crawled under the bed in his terror. When he was assured that a woodchopper had saved Little Red Riding Hood, Dr. Emmert's fear left him and he proceeded to eat a hearty breakfast consisting of one orange and a glass of water.



This is the last photograph of Dr. Emmert whose sudden disappearance startled the people of LaVerne.

"Mamma," said little Marjorie, "Do men ever go to heaven?"

"Why, of course, dear! Why do you ask?"

"Because I never see any angels with whiskers."

"Well," answered mother thoughtfully, "men sometimes go to heaven but they get there only by a close shave."

ON WHISKERS

Pauline Smith (entering barber shop): "Barber, how long will I have to wait to get a shave?"

Dee (after a glance at Paul's face): "Oh, about two or three years."

HOOVER MAKES DATE

Doctor Hoover: Sit down, Ruth, or I shall have to ask you to step out.

Ruth Wilkinson: Thank you so much, Doctor Hoover, but I already have a date.

IMPOSSIBLE

Kittie: Mamma, is papa going to heaven when he dies?

Mother: Why Kittie, who put such an absurd idea into your head?

AND THAT'S A GIRL

A little iron—a cunning curl
A box of powder—a pretty girl.
A little rain, away she goes,
A homely girl with a freckled nose.

FILL IT

Ruth Stoner: "The dentist told me I had a large cavity that needed filling."

Owen Gible: "Did he recommend any special course of study?"

WISE BOY

Reatha R.—"Are you trying to make a fool of me?"

Lloyd E.—"No, I never interfere with nature."

WHAT'S A PROF?

Mrs. Merritt: "Do you think you are a member of the faculty?"

Chet Shirk: "No ma'am."

Mrs. Merritt: "Then why are you acting like an idiot?"

NOW CHET!

Miss Muir: I don't want any shirks in my room.

Sparky rose excitedly!

Miss Muir: Sparky, are you a shirk?

Sparky: Er-er-not yet.

MID-NIGHT DORM PARTY!

At some time or other all of us have heard tales of how dormitory girls escape the matron's sharp and scrutinizing gaze and turn lights off just in time for her to think everyone is in bed. However interesting the stories might have been they are not any more interesting than the party in Mary Messamer's room Wednesday nite.

Wednesday was Mary's birthday so she received a large angel-food cake from northeastern Iowa.

When all lights were out and everything was quiet and the matron was supposedly in bed asleep, Katrina Straight, Green Brub, and Er-r Saladenfer started down the stairs tip toeing and bare-footed, and all seemed perfectly safe and Kat gave the glad sign—a smile—when lo and behold—there stood the matron. Kat forgot the glad sign and dashed back up the stairs and hid under an umbrella.

Everyone waited patiently and a

few minutes later started down the stairs again. All reached there safely—what a relief! But it wasn't all over. All the girls dressen as Chinamen and otherwise sat Chinese fashion on the floor. The one little candle burned steadily on, when, "Oh, 'sh-h-h, she's coming!" and the candle went out. It was all a joke—no one was in sight, so the last match was used to light the friendly little candle once more.

Never did a cake taste any better than that one, and lemonade so delicious that everyone cried so loudly for more when the kettle was empty that it was feared Some One would come.

In the midst of all K. A. T. Straight and Ely Shep were married—and such a lovely couple!

In spite of all the forebodings the guests had no difficulty, wishing Mary many more happy birthdays tiptoed off to bed at the unthinkable late hour of eleven (11:00) o'clock.

FRESHIES DEFINED BY CLASSES

This week's word is Freshman. It is pronounced Frosh, Freshie, or '30, and has the following meanings as expressed by the various classes:

Sophomore—"They're the biggest nuisance in college—the main drawback to LaVerne's progress."

Junior—"Sombdoy to be pitied."

Senior—"An insignificant piece of humanity who doesn't know any better than to study continually."

Faculty—"One of a group of students that the college can't get along very well with and can't get along very well without."

Freshman—"The Class."

A TRAGEDY IN 4 ACTS Author—Never Telsa Lye

ACT I.
SCENE ONE—

Sophomore (Visiting freshman who has pet woodpecker): "What do you feed him?"

Freshman: "Oh, he just eats a stick of wood a day."

SCENE TWO—One minute later.

Sophomore: "Say, take this woodpecker off my head, and no insinuations, either!"

Freshman: "No, no, of course not. But you can't fool a woodpecker."

ACT II.

Sophomore at dinner table after great revelation.

Father: "Have a toothpick?"

Sophomore: "No thanks, I'll just split a sliver from my ear."

ACT III.

Ten Years Later

Former sophomore is searching frantically around room.

Friend (picking up walnut shell): "Hum-m, looks like somebody's been eating walnuts in here."

Former sophomore: "Oh, thank you! Found at last! I had lost my hat."

ACT IV.

Six Months Later.
The End of it All.

MAGGIE AND JIGGS CLUB

MANY MEMBERS JOIN POPULAR CLUB. HOPE TO RAISE STANDARDS

Rules Intended To Force Members To Follow Happy Life of Maggie and Jiggs

The latest organization formed in LaVerne College is a "Maggie and Jiggs Club". It appears that this will be a great help in raising the morals of the students because of the following rigid rules that all members must live up to:

Rules for the "Jiggies"

1. All male members must learn the art of climbing stealthily up the squeaky stairs without making a sound.

2. They must obey the every wish and whim of their "Maggies" or pay the penalty for same.

3. It is necessary that they be very proficient at making extemporaneous excuses.

4. Said members will promise to be subject to any other laws that the more important half of the club should choose to impose.

Rules for the "Maggies"

1. All women members must be experts at wielding the rolling pin.

2. They should be good as detectives in order to be aware of the whereabouts of their husbands.

3. The Maggies must pretend to abhor corned beef and cabbage.

4. They must be fond of dukes and lords and entertain them in their homes.

5. Above all—they must be able to rule Jiggs with an iron—rolling pin.

Members of the Maggie and Jiggs Club are as follows:

Cloyie Carroll and Gerald Miller, Ruth Massey and Clarence Wheeler, Lillian Sonner and Harold Brubaker, June Hershey and Jack Armstrong, Violet Wolfe and Don Miller, Blanche Maust and Donald Snyder, Laura Shaver and Ross Heminger, Verda Brubaker and Ernie Carl.

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Proprietor

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STOODENT DETH



SOME PEOPLES IDEA OF LIFE

HOLLENBERG, HOOVER, MERRITT, MUIR, BRANDT

THE LOG OF THE GOOD SHIP
(LET ME ANSWER THE QUESTIONS THAT ARE PUZZLING YOU)—SIGNED—VIOLA SMITH.

In all my years of experience in writing on the problems that face young people of either the lesser or greater sex, it has appeared to me that the question most frequently brought to my attention and the perplexing problem involved may be illustrated in the following letter received only yesterday:

Dear Miss Smith:

All of my life I have been famous for my unassuming modesty. I am quite happy—but oh! Miss Smith, for your eyes alone I must here unburden my heart. I am most distressingly in love. It is such a panicky, wildish emotion—this love—yet, I am in a state of most constant depression. I am sadly afraid that my love is not returned—and I have tried everything. I dress in my most becoming and slenderizing frocks, I laugh at his most empty jokes, and I stand by the door every nite to watch him pass, and give him plenty of opportunity to make an advance.

The other nite at the steak-fry I even saved him a piece of my steak. So you see, I must have advice. I will do anything to capture his affection. Please write quickly.

Very earnestly,

ALBERTA MAUST.

Prof. Brandt: What's the smell in the library?

Dee and Willie: It's the dead silence they keep there."

FROSH 23RD PSALM

The professor is my shepherd and I am in dire want;

He leadeth me to distraction with his exam questions.

He shaketh my resolution to get a college degree;

He leadeth me to make a fool of myself before my classmates.

Yea, though I burneth my light until the landlady howleth,

I fear much evil; for he is against me. His teachings and his ravings frighten my wits from me.

He assigneth me extra work as punishment for mine enemies;

He annointeth my quiz papers with red pencil marks

And my zeros filleth whole columns. Surely theories, themes and passages will follow

Me all of my college life.

And I will dwell in the bughouse forever.

P. S. His name is Otis Whipple.

The only satisfactory advice I can offer to this poor little girl is the advice my mother gave me when a very young woman: "If," said she, "he won't have you the way you are, then change. If you are plump, diet until

BUNCO PARDY

"Tother day Miss Laura Shaver gave a pardy for a few of her most intimate friends. De first pard ob de evening vus spend in playing bunco, the second pard was spend in talking bunk pro and con and the third part was spent in singing Co-Bunk, and last but not least, they all sat down to eat their dainty refreshments which were served by tiny little maidens dressed in delicate, filmy gowns of scarlet. The guests were much delighted and all went home grinning from ear to ear saying that it was the bunkiest, most bunky party they had ever attended.

Those present were:
Ross Heminger & Co.

The Bank that helps
the man who helps himself

First National Bank of LaVerne

I GET YOU THERE,
I GET YOU BACK

No kidding it's better'n walking

JOHN R. HUIE

Ford Dealer

APRIL FOOL!!!

RUTH MASSEY MAKES NEW RESOLUTION

April Fools Day Ruth Massey suddenly became serious—a queer day to become serious, but that isn't what matters—what does tho' is that she really and truly was, and why?

Ruth was talking confidently to a friend and no one else was supposed to hear but I heard and this is what she said:

"Yes, Van, I've cut out the slang stuff. Gee, but my talk was getting fierce! I'd worked up a line of fable material that had George Ade backed off the map and gasping for wind, but I've ditched all of that now. I seen it was up to me to switch onto another track, jammed on my emergency brakes one day and says to myself, 'You never will land a Johnny Boy that's enough gray matter in his cupulo to want a real, bang-up flossy lody for his kiddo instead of a skirt that palavers like a brain storm with a busted steering gear! Any girl can talk like a lady, even if she never gets closer to one than to stretch her neck when some swell dame buzzes past in her gas wagon I says 'to yours truly': It's time to reformate your grammar, little setter, you betcha sweet life, I've cut the custard."

your proportions diminish remarkably. Grow taller if you are short, and learn to cook if you don't know how already." This, according to my enlightenment, is strictly common sense. If he doesn't like you now—then you must change.

Another letter which gives me untold sorrow, and rouses my heartfelt sympathy, is the pathetic epistle I will here quote:

Dear Sister Smith:

Please tell me what a fellow can do when some bozo runs off with his sweetie? The gal I loved was took by the pal I once loved but now the geezer I would enjoy feeding tamales to. Of course my lost love is tall and red-headed and good-looking, and I don't blame him none for drifting toward her window in Miller Hall.

I'm so blue! I've ditched every class for the past three weeks. "How can I get her back?" is my only plea and prayer.

Yours, heartbroken,

CARL RUPERT.

To answer this lad whose life is broken because of this early tragedy, I must say, after expressing my deepest regrets: "Nothing can be done. Woman's love is not ruled by logic, neither is it troubled by the suffering of man. If being glad won't win her—being sad never will. If sending flowers won't move her, how can pouting win the bill?"



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If your wife
can't cook,
keep her
for a Pet

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Gas—Oil—Tire Repairing



IDIOTORIALS



THE COLIC

(YE CAMPUS TIMES)

Editorialed by the Frosh

LA VERNE COLLEGE
LaVerne, California

WHO WE AREN'T:

"Andy Gump" Anderson

Jay Myers
Milton Brownsberger
Orville Brooks
Hazel Studebaker
"Bert" Maust
"Happy" Long

Earnest Carl
Chet Shirk
Alton Kurtz
Mrs. Merritt
Professor Hollenberg
Amos Ikenberry

STIFF:

Here lie the Most Beloved Friends of the Frosh Class

"Period" Miller	Growing Pains
"Shooty" Sheets	Brain Fever
"Willie" Long	Chillblains
"Dee" Dellenbach	Barber's Itch
"Nomy" Metzger	Cosmetic Poisoning
"Fat" Shepherd	Hay Fever
"Overholtzer" Platt	Love Sicks
"Wally" Heminger	Ingrown Toenails
"Mushy" Myers	Hookworm
"L. A." Frantz	Hiccoughs
"Canada" Weddle	Cramps
"Chink" Rothrock	Delirium Tremors

PLEASH EXCHUSH

Perhaps, in this, the Frosh edition of the Campus Times of LaVerne College, we have hurt some one's feelings or have in a thoughtless way said something which some people do not like. Or, perhaps, we have said too much about the faults of our more mature college friends.

Please forgive us for our mistakes, if we have made any, oh brilliant upper classman and wise college professor, for you must remember that our wisdom and our brilliance can't be expected to reach yours. You know we are only freshies, but some day we will know more about what we should or should not do. So don't be too critical for one day you were just as young and foolish as we are and if you got over it there is surely quite a chance for us.

MANY PEOPLE PUT TO SLEEP BY NEW METHOD

After years of research work science may work out great fundamental truths, but it is on even rarer occasions that we unwittingly stumble upon such an amazing theory as has just been brought to likht. One of our modest, unassuming students has finally been persuaded to enrich civilization with a revelation of a theory that he has stumbled upon, not realizing its great value at the time of the discovery.

The name of Mr. Owen Walmer Gibbel will go down through the annals of history as the sponsor of the Gibbel Sleep-Inducing Theory. To the sufferer from insomnia this theory will prove priceless when put into practice as Mr. Gibbel has proven by personal experience. Upon consideration of untold thousands of dollars Mr. Gibbel has granted us the exclusive rights to publish his method.

Lying in a prone position on a feather bed (chicken feathers preferred) rest lower jaw on chest, place right elbow against right side, cross pedal extremities at an angle of 360 degrees and make a yapping sound (employing upper and lower jaws) simulating a yawn.

Now let the mind (or whatever substance fills the cranial cavity) wander to pleasant things such as the rippling waves of a moonlight lake or of a hennaed head. Smiles—smiles are always effective—in fact, thoughts of anything from which you have recently derived pleasure will be helpful.

The sign that indicates complete success will be a sound like that of a buzz-saw in action issuing thru the nasal passage. Selah.

The following are a few testimonials which we have secured from Mr.

Gibbel's friends:

Dr. W. I. T. Hoover of LaVerne College writes:

"For years I had suffered from insomnia. Life seemed to hold nothing in store for me. After trying countless remedies I had given up in despair. Mr. Gibbel then urged me to try his method. From that day till this I sleep like a hibernating cinnamon bear. Each night I drop off to sleep like a lamb as I let my mind dwell on the last touching romance I have read in 'True Stories.'

Mr. Wilbur Hoke testifies:

"It would be impossible for me to say all I wish in praise of the Gibbel Sleep-Inducing Theory.

"Falling asleep used to be the most exhausting task of my life but now, altho I suffer considerably from rheumatism, I have no difficulty in crossing my limbs to the required degree, for during the entire process I fluently recite German poetry, and the buzz saw soon gets into action."

Exposure of the Most Sickening Society in our College

Down through the countless ages we have had notable groups of three. When we scan the Bible we read of Jonathan, David and Goliath. In romantic literature we have the "Three Musketeers." The clothing advertisements of our time are incomplete without the names of those three famous Irishmen, Hart, Shaffner and Marx. This year our college is favored with a combination of three. For friendship they have Jonathan, David and Goliath backed off the map.

For romanticism the "Three Musketeers" are left trailing in the dust.

For business-like methods and the ability to put across a great line, they far exceed the most ambitious hopes of Messrs. Hart, Schaffner, and Marx.

Now this little group is made up of the fairer sex, which makes it doubly, yea, even triply dangerous to the male population. In fact, they are so dangerous that the writer of this article knows that in so doing he is sacrificing his life, for their vengeance will wax mighty when they see their dastardly organization exposed to the public.

The motto of the organization is: In Applesauce there is Strength. Their slogan is:

The public likes to be fooled, so it's up to us. Each of the members is active and the leader among them is the one who succeeds in feeding everyone "the largest string of bologna" per week.

Laws and by-laws:

1. Each member shall believe in

WHAT WE STAND FOR IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS

WEISSPRINTS ORATION

SUBJECT: DOES THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER STILL WAVE?

Address Greeted with Hearty Applause by Large Audience

I, Lorrell Weiss, do print herewith my oration for the Keiser Oratorical Contest so that other students will not be backward about entering the contest but will feel assured of winning a prize. The oration follows, written with variations and double stops:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

There is a song which we Americans sing at patriotic assemblies to show our loyalty to our country. One part which seems of great significance to me is the line—"Oh, say does that Star Spangled Banner still Wave?" Does it still wave? That is a vital question in America today. The main reason for my appearance before you today is to convince you of the fact that it does still wave, and will continue to wave as long as the wind blows hard enough. Now, for instance, when one of these Santa Ana winds comes up, the flag sometimes waves very vociferously. Why should citizens be worried for fear that the flag does not still wave as there are so many talkers who furnish enough hot air to make its waving possible?

Well, now, it seems that my audience must be convinced of the fact that the Star Spangled Banner still waves, because they are leaving one by one, so I will close with the emphatic statement that where there is wind there is wave, and where there is wave there is proof of the fact that the "Star Spangled Banner still waves."

Hollenberg Wins Noble Prize

The Noble Prize, which is a prize of more than most people have, given to the individual doing the greatest amount of valuable experimental work in science, was awarded recently to Professor George Hollenberg of LaVerne College for properly naming a zoological specimen.

The specimen was found by I. D. Yoder, business manager of the college, while on a vacation trip to the South Hills. It is none other than a petrified earthworm. It is reported that Prof. Hollenberg said upon first seeing the specimen: "We will call it celluloidus hairpincus."

The authorities who gave the prize to Professor Hollenberg returned the specimen with the prize, enclosing the following remarks: "We congratulate you upon your wisdom, Mr. Hollenberg, in correctly naming this specimen celluloidus hairpincus, for it is none other than a celluloid hairpin."

the tenets of the Ananias Club.

2. No member shall have but one (1) date per week with any one man. (However, all three may step out with a certain college man as often as they can talk him into going.)

3. Each member shall preach her doctrine wherever and whenever possible.

Now these little girls are members of the Sophomore Class which makes them unaccountable for all the things they do, so fellow college students, let us bear with them and avoid harshness in our dealings with them. This nbalanced behavior will doubtless pass off in time. I agree with you that at times said behavior is almost insufferable, but remember that after a while they may grow up. It seems that some girls must go thru this stage, which of course, in this case is extreme.

This article would hardly be complete without some clue to the identity of these girls, so I will give you their initials which are: Bert Maust, "Happy" Long and Hazel Studebaker.

Life and Letters of Ross Heminger

The life (up till press time) and letters (from A to Z inclusive) of Ross Heminger.

Editors notice—The Colic is always on the alert for new and novel literature and has gone to the considerable expense to have Mr. Heminger relate the interesting story of his life. It was with great reluctance that he consented and did so when we promised to put his name in the paper.

I was born at an early age.

In fact, my birth was one of the outstanding features of my first day on earth.

I was a great disappointment to the folks.

For some time I had no hair on my head.

I began making wise cracks at an early age. For instance:

I got my hands quite mixed up in the fly-paper.

"Why, you naughty boy," said my mother. "What's all this?"

"Goo," I exclaimed.

I received several cracks other than wise for this.

Three days later when I was again able to sit down to meals, I decided no more wise cracks from me for awhile.

As the years went by I grew older. At the age of three I completed my first literary effort.

The folks thought it was a futuristic painting.

Another year went by and I was a year older.

It was on my fourth birthday that I experienced my first love affair.

But the hour is late and time for four-year-olds to be in bed.

More about my love affair and life

later.

Next week if the editor permits.

Not much chance.

It will be in a different place.

For those locating it in the shortest space of time the Colic will award a prize.

The prize will consist of a copy of this work autographed by the author.

Miss Muir: Have you done your outside reading?

Fred Mahoney: No, it's been too cold.

YOUR FEET

are your

SUPPORTERS

CORRECT SHOES

—at—

CORRECT PLACES

Casey Curtis
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FULL GUARANTEE
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AN APRIL FOOL'S SUIT

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Easter is just around the corner, so dress up

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"STYLE HEADQUARTERS"
Pomona, California

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are noted for
Fresh and Fine
Things to eat.

In fact
everything is Fresh
here except the
Clerks and the Boss.



ELECTRICITY SHOCKS
Our prices don't

O. W. Clemmer, Prop.

CULINARY ATHLETICS

THE MAN TAKES THE WHEEL

A young bride asked her husband to copy off a radio recipe that she wanted. He did his best but got two stations at once. One of them was broadcasting the morning exercises and the other the recipe. This is what he took down:
Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and mix thoroughly in one-half cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one-half teaspoon of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hard-boiled eggs in a sieve. Exhale, breathe naturally and sit into a bowl. Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll the whites of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from the fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish sauce.

MANUSCRIPTS WRITTEN BY GREAT WOMEN

- "True Love" by Edyth Miller.
- "My Art of Reducing" by June Hershey.
- "Chester and His Whereabouts," Vol. I, by Nova Leonard.
- "Lloyd and His Whereabouts," Vol. II, By Laura Shaver.
- "The Art of Choosing a Man," by Mrs. Merritt.
- "Young Love's Awakening," by Mary Messamer.
- "How to Make Noise at a Basketball Game," by Blanche Maust.
- "Excuses I Have Written," by Ruth Brooks.
- "Seniors," by Marie Tingle.
- "The Man I Adore,"—Miss Muir.

Tough April 1st

IS HERE

NO ONE IS FOOLED

—at the—

IDYLL WILD

Pomona

NO FOOLIN'

APRIL 1st ONLY

Notice to College Students

All Root Beer you can drink 4

2 + 2 + 1 cent

LaVerne Drug Store

G. H. HERR

Day phone 1281

Emergency Calls

INDIVIDUAL STAR

Annual Track Meet Lost to Strange Beach Team

STAR SHINES

The sophomore class hails in their midst a hero, a hero of whom the whole school is proud to own. As all heroes are, so is Paul Smith. Paul walks the halls undaunted, he does not stick his nose into the air or fail to notice anyone. He has taken the fruits of victory calmly and undaunted.

The 220 yard dash which Paul ran was a wonder, a marvel, the kind which are few and far between—it was sponduious. Everyone should have seen it. It was a wonderful start, Paul taking the lead from the beginning. The sophomores noticed his good form but his home stretch was the thriller to all. Around the last curve swung Paul, determination written on his face. His muscular legs flashed back and forth like lightning, the muscles rippling and playing up and down his legs like strings on a harpsicord, his mighty chest heaving like the waves of a disturbed ocean, as with a last effort he threw himself at the tape. Due to the lack of strength the tape failed to break and he fell back into the arms of the waiting crowd. (Aileen Rothrock being the lucky young lady) Paul drew a sigh of relief and fell asleep. Time was called before the next race for a breathing period.

The LaVerne Athletic Club wishes to thank very heartily the efforts of Mrs. Dorothy Merritt as official time keeper, starter, field manager, judge and pacifier of all general disturbances.

Three places were all that were given at the track meet as there were only four participants. The Smiths figured mainly: F. Smith (Spadra B); L. Smith (Spadra B); O. Smith (S. B.) and P. Smith (LaVerne Sophs).

The time for the events will not be printed below due to the lack of enough space. Space will be left though to be filled with your imagination.

100-yard dash—Won by F. Smith, (S. B.); (2) L. Smith (S. B.); (3) O. Smith (S. B.). P. Smith (LaVerne) failed to place. Time: —.

220 yard dash—Won by P. Smith (LaVerne). No other athletes indulged. Time: —.

440 yard dash—(1) F. Smith (S. B.); (2) L. Smith (S. B.); (3) O. Smith (S. B.). P. Smith (LaVerne) failed to place. Time: —.

The 880 yard dash—Not run due to lack of breath.

Mile—Not run because Paul again sleeps.

Two-mile—Athletes too tired.

220 low hurdles—(1) F. Smith (S. B.); (2) L. Smith (S. B.); (3) O. Smith (S. B.). P. Smith (LaVerne) failed to place. Time: —.

120 high hurdles—Were not run because they were too high.

Shot put—(1) F. Smith (S. B.); (2) L. Smith (S. B.); (3) O. Smith (S. B.). P. Smith (LaVerne) no place. Distance: —.

Discus—Was not thrown because athletes strained arms in shot put.

Other sophomore athletes who went along but who did not take part because of headache or other sicknesses coming upon them at the last moment were: Amos Ikenberry, Jay Myers, Lorrel Weis, Hazel Studebaker, Florence Long, Francis Crites, Katherine Rothrock, Norval Caywood, Aileen Rothrock, Glen Vaniman, Chet Shirk, Harriet Woody, Alberta Maust, Cecelia Shaffer, Ruth Wilkinson, Orville Hollinger, Russell Frantz, Ernie Carl, Milton Brownberger, Orville Brooks, Hilda Brubaker, Doris Welch and Lillian Sonner.

The sophomores state that many did not enter events due to the lack of supporters.

We all sympathize with them.

SOPHS WHIPPED BY SPADRA

S P E R T S

TENNIS COURTS RENOVATED

CITIZENS DONATE IMPROVEMENTS FOR SHARKS OF NET GAME

A tennis court with lines that can be seen is the latest addition to the college. LaVerne citizens have always been noted for their public spirit and this achievement proves the fact still further. A group of LaVerne residents have lately paid for the paving and re-fencing of the court which has so long been the sorrow of tennis sharks.

Whoever the people were, LaVerne and cause a great commotion. College students appreciate the interest they have taken in the improvement of the college and its surroundings.

But after all is said and done, we regret to say that this is only an April Fool joke!

Well, between tire fixing, running out of gas, losing hats and all such pleasant occurrences, our progress was painfully slow. Yes, painful in every sense of the word, because it was our first experience in this California sunshine.

My "chauffeurs" had the habit of trying to drive in their sleep. One time, can you imagine it, the train just kept on coming when we were crossing the tracks (the sleepy chauffeur driving) and came within an inch of reducing our car to worse than a coupe.

Well, anyhow we arrived, much to the regret of LaVerne College. "And, says I to myself, "I think I shall sit me down in LaVerne and there remain to the end of my days if that is what traveling is like." And so I did.

A WASHINGTONIAN'S VIEW OF TRAVEL

NO, TRAVELIN' ISN'T THE BEST OF SPORTS SOMETIMES EVEN IF HOBOES DO LIKE IT

Ramblin, ramblin' on—yes, that's about all we did. Rambled out of Washington and all the way to La Verne. (Don't tell anybody, but I was sure scared I wasn't going to get here). You know, we started out in a touring car, but I thought sure it would be a coupe before we got here. It just ran when it felt so inspired (and that wasn't very often). Honest, it just had a habit of stopping in the most outlandish places, usually right in the middle of town—and there we would sit, surrounded by sunburn and baggage—the main attraction of the city. "Oh, well," says I to myself, "how can I ever hope to become a movie star if I'm afraid for folks to stare at me." So I just sat up with my head in the air and said, "Look me over. I'm in the process of becoming a LaVerne College student." (Te hee! Maybe LaVerne would have been ashamed to claim me, though.)

PIES

SAN DIMAS

German Style

Varsity Lunch

Virgil Brooks, Prop.

P. SMITH INDIVIDUAL STAR

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Fool Your Pal

by wearing

Spring Patterns

For College Folks

See them at

TRIANGLE SHOE STORE

Anson C. Thomas

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Married Couples

We aren't good

on love making,

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