archive

CAMPUS CHIMES

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Audience Enjoys Chi Delta Chi Play

LAST FRIDAY NIGHT witnessed the performance of the "Bird's Christmas Carol" by Kate Douglas Wigen presented in the spirit of the Holiday Season by the Chi Delta Chi. This was the first time in several years that the Chi Delta Chi has undertaken a production entirely by the students. A great deal of credit for the performance should go to Miss Ruth Bates, the director. She is a senior in L.V.C. and is remembered particularly as Victoria in the "Double Door". Not only has she shown her talent in acting but the "Xmas Carol" bears witness to her talent as a director as well.

June Walker, the program chairman of the Chi Delta Chi was in charge of the entire program--especially the Christmas carols which were sung and played between the acts.

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U.S.C. PROFESSOR SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

D. Welty Le Feven, professor in the Educational department of U.S.C. and alumnus of LaVerne College, was the speaker at chapel last Tuesday morning. He was introduced by Dr. Hollenberg. The two men were class mates at L.V.C. a number of years ago.

In commemoration of the centennial anniversary of the birthday of Mark Twain, Mr. Le Fevre gave a book review and excerpts from two of Mark Twain's less known books. In his introductory remarks he stated that although Mark Twain is known the world over as a humorist, his note as a philosopher and thinker is less widely recognized.

HAVE A
MOST ENJOYABLE
VACATION

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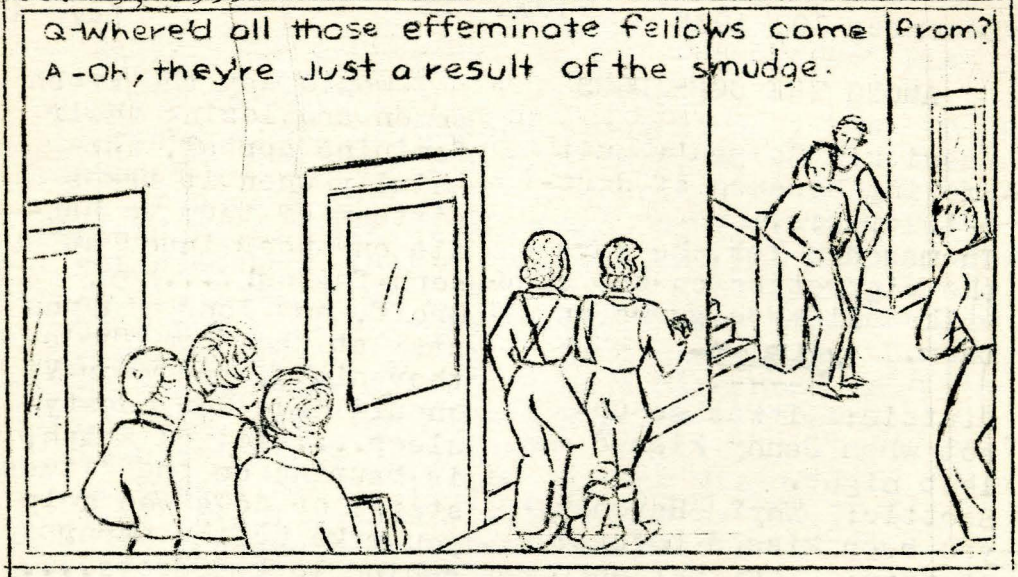
EDITORIAL

Let us forget for a few moments all of our immediate troubles--the smudge, school work, examinations, finances, jobs, and the like--to meditate upon the season of the year. Christmas is near of the looks of things. Community Chest placards, Red Cross emblems, postage stamps, store decorations, varicolored windows at night, yea, and even the smoke predicts the advent of Yuletide. So let us, as adaptable students, join the merry crowd both in our actions--the giving of gifts--and in our spirit--and the giving of love and kindness. Also let us remember as loyal Christians, students of a Christian college, and members of a Christian church, that Jesus Christ was born under the Star of Bethlehem to bring helpfulness, kindness, appreciation, consideration for others, humility and love into the world.

Therefore, as followers of Jesus, let us take up the torch that He has so nobly started; let us remember those who are not as "well off"as we are, and on the other hand, let us rejoice and be thankful for the opportunities which we do enjoy. Let us join the merry crowd in exemplifying the "spirit of Christmas."

Dear Lord, we ask thee to receive our thanks for the endless gifts Thou hast bestowed upon us this year. We humbly and reverently pour forth our gratitude.

Amen.



SUPER SNOOPER

For some reason I am reminded of popular people, so here goes some popular songs which I heard while sneaking around to find who was humming what. . . Here's what I heard. Monday morning--"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes", sung by most of the LVCco-eds, while the fellows were singing, "We won't Be Home Until Morning". . . Roy Smith singing, "Yes, We have no Bananas". . . Never mind, Roy, we knew it was your nose all the time. . ."When the Moon Comes over the Mountain", good ole Leona. . . "Santa Claus is Coming to Town", by Dayton Dickey . . "The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else" by Al Eisan (meaning whom, Al?) . . . "Just Me and My Shadow", Jack Fogle and Margaret Haymes . . . Bob Willman is getting kind of home sick "For his Girl Back in Indiana". . . Well, that's all you gals and guys, just note--keep hummin!

So

OVER-HEARD

So the football boys want blankets instead of life passes to football games, We don't blame them, you might not live long enough to use the life passes, but if you die you can always be wrapped in a blanket.

AMONG THE CORRIDORS

Messick: So you'v quit smoking because of doctor's orders.
Thomason: Yes, he says the cigarettes on the sidewalks all have germs on them.

Stutzie: I was so upset when Banny kissed me last night.
Scottie: Why? Haven't you been kissed before?
Stutzie: Yes, but not in a canoe.

Harriet Strate grinds her teeth at people who bring up class averages --and leave her was down there.

Bob Willman likes to imitate hens and Bigg Chrosby, singularly or together on request. Those wishing either, will please line up in a telephone booth.

Tom Carter likes ladyfingers--the confection, he hastily adds--but we wonder?

I've often wondered how it felt to be popular? When I get enough courage, I'll ask Galen P.

I would say the Frosh women are losing their feminine appeal, especially when it takes sixteen of them to handle one poor innocent soph fellow!....Hey, Groff, how long did you stay at the dorm the other night, remember Vi should have her beauty sleep....And you Ralph, is Maurine on the "Times" staff, or does she help you make up the paper behind locked doors.... I wish Marjorie Miller would make up her mind ....Lucille Packard said "How should Johnnie know? ....Ulmer wants to appear in this column, so help him out, girls, give the guy a break.

WONDERING.....

1. Why coach's wife did not attend the football banquet.
2. What Kay Groenwalt and boy friend were gazing at in the window of a Pomona jewelry store Sat. p.m.
3. How Willard "S.P." (secret passion) McDaniels rates with our vivacious Mary Kneeland.
4. If "sleepy Joe"Burkhart still attends L.V.C.

BEYOND THE HORIZON

by Norlyn Dull

Frank B. Kellogg, Nobel Peace prize winner and co-author of the Kellogg-Briand peace pact, declared last week that inclusion of oil, iron, steel, and other war materials in the American embargo policy and unnecessary interference with our "legitimate commerce" might "increase the causes of war"; this almost simultaneously with Pres. Roosevelt's statement that a new neutrality law would be sought from Congress.

The Anglo-French peace proposal very calmly divides the territory of the billigerents without apparent success. With both France and England having a great deal at stake both in policy and possessions, it would seem that each could find a way for a more equitable distribution of raw materials which would not only solve the present difficulty but also remove the cause of certain future disagreements.

The sympathy of the entire student body of La Verne college is extended to Mrs. Arkle in her recent bereavement.

(CHRISTMAS PLAY)

Variety was given to the atmosphere by the auditorium itself, which was uniquely decorated by Dorothy Frantz and Don Verbeck. Dick Bell and Dan Mahoney engineered a difficult act with the meager stage equipment by transforming the luxurious Bird home into the Ruggles' kitchen.

Particularly outstanding acting was done by Dorothy Frantz as the frail Carol who made not only her family--but the whole audience happier for having been there. Also Roscoe Vaniman made a lovable and interesting Uncle Jack. Merlin Eisenbise as Carol's father was a perfect representation of the aristocratic business man. And Mrs. Ruggles (Marguerite Deal) kept the audience roaring over her difficulties with her children.

These were able supported by Bertha Thomas, Ila Brownsberger, Frances Kutchback, Roland Shamblin and John Cullen.

WITH THE ALUMNI

Members of the La Verne College class of '35 are scattered all over California, with Miss Helen Heise in Lewis town, Pa., where she has employment. Twenty-two have teaching positions in the public schools, nineteen full time while Gladys Kittenger is a supply teacher at Pomona, Ida Kinney Swihart at the Yucca Valley School, and Ruth Waites at Duarte. Those teaching full time are Pearl Bailey at La Verne City Lincoln School, Jay Bessey at Tipton, Kenneth Brownsberger at Exeter, Lorena Buck at Corona, Fred Butterbaugh at Fallbrook, Kay Ellsworth in San Bernardino County, Mildred Hostetler near Bakersfield, Alice Strate, the Maple Grove School near Strathmore, Paul Clay at Colton, Ernest Swihart at the Yucca Valley School, Hope Thorkildson at Placentia, Dorothy Vickers at Niland, Elwin White at Waterford, Ray Williams at Strathmore, Howard Nordstrom at Indio, Mrs. Ruth Hollock at Pomona Glen Moore at Costa Mesa, Howard Green at Anaheim, and Paul Beaty at Ocean View.



John Dickey is teaching in a military academy in South Pasadena, and Gerald Jarvis at the Culver City Military Academy. Three of the class are assisting in their alma-mater; Everett Myer as graduate manager, Katherine Noll as instructor of girls physical education, and Adrian Wright as assistant coach of the football teams, making a total of twenty-seven of the class of forty-three who are in the teaching profession.

Marian Steves Singer, besides being a homemaker has organized and directs a children's choir at the La Verne First Brethren Church. Mrs. Edith Eisan is doing clerical work at San Francisco.

Six of the class are pursuing higher education, Robert Williams and Verne Crane at Claremont College; Rulin Breusch at the Northwestern University at Chicago, Leroy Gemmel at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Chicago, and Ward Tobias at U.C.L.A.

Four have turned to salesmanship. Harold Hylton is selling life insurance, Gerald Hershberger is in

DORM CHRISTMAS PARTY

Santa Claus visited the dormitory, Monday night, at the party given by the girls' club.

The main feature of the evening's entertainment was the revealing of the girls mystery pals. This was done in various clever ways after Santa, Laura Cheeseman, had distributed the gifts from under the Christmas tree.

Mrs. Holsinger was presented with a nice bath robe by the girls in place of her other one which mysterious disappeared some months ago.

One feature of the evening was the reading of the dorm paper which brot out a lot of scandal--also a little playlet depicting "Lovemaking at La Verne". Participants were Mildred Young and Barbara Juckett, the young couple; Pat Packard, the crank and engine of the car and Mary Lou Jackson, Esther Myers, Marian Sullivan, and Lucille Gregory, the tires of the car.

The lobby of Miller Hall was decorated in holly and red berries with red and green rope draped across the room. A tree stood in [illegible] tinsel on it. Sandwiches, sake, candy, and tea were served at the end of the party.

Glenna Mc Clean, accompanied Frank Saylor to Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Los Angeles, Sunday nite, where they saw the recently released picture, "Rendezvous", starring William Powell and Rosalind Russell.

Carl Dutcher, with a group of friends, went slumming in the China town of Los Angeles. In the course of the evening they had dinner at one of the Chinese Restaurants.

Helen Brownsberger entertained a group of girls at a surprise party given in honor of Janet Brink on her birthday, Saturday nite. The party was in the form of a slumber party and during the nite, the girls popped corn, gossiped, and played games about the Christmas tree. A nautical table lamp was presented to the honoree during the evening.

In the morning waffles were served. (Cont. P.8

Alumni Cont.

[illegible] Marvin Bollinger is [illegible] of the shoe dept at J.C.Penney's in Pomona, and Volney Faw was called north several weeks ago to take over a position in a [illegible] at Delano. Samuel Rothrock is assisting his father in his publishing house at Pomona.

Other than this the alumni scribe is unable to say exactly what the other members of this class is doing.

LITTLE AND BIG SISTERS

[illegible] girls in the dormitory directly after dinner the other night, Mon. The Buds of the Y.W.C.A., the little sisters of the College Girls, sang several Christmas Carols and they gave their big sisters bouquets of red berries in vases they had made.

WASHINGTONIANS

The Washingtonians Club entertained with a Christmas party at the home of Marguerite Deal, Sunday night. Rook took up the main part of the evening after which gifts were exchanged among the members of the Club.

DEBATING JUDGE CONTESTS

There are always three phrases to a real debate: the affirmative, the negative, and the judges. Our students know all sides now. They have debated both sides of our question; last Thurs. they took the third side. That morning Mr. LaFollette, Don Verbeck, and Clement Lapp judged a debate between two high schools. The question was Resolved: that California should adopt a unicameral system of legislature. Clement said that it wasn't his vote which gave the decision to San Bernardino.

In the afternoon Frances Kutchback, Frances Grober, and Paul Groff judged a similar debate at Covina High School. T This time the judges agreed unanimously to give the decision to Cov.

Club. Guests were Opal Burnette, Marguerite Deal, Ila Brownsberger, Janet Brink, Frances Grober, Mary Shick, Glenna McLean Lucille Gregory, and Lois Myer.

ATTIE KENT

I am sitting alone in my room and it is night. It seems hours that I have bee been here, bent tensely over a wooden table. My rumpled hair is haloed in a circle of light which illuminates an oilcloth weighted down with a turbulent array of books; two, broken, rejected pencils; and, hoveled dimly in the far background, the saml1 cheery face of a dilapidated radio.

The little radio (I call him Attie Kent) seems singularly out of place in this heavy, busily silent atmosphere; but I am weary from studying. My head swims from a tumult of words and figures playing a bewildering tag in my brain, and the cramp of a lead pencil has run shooting pains through my arm. With a sigh of resignation I lean back in my chair and flip Attie's ear. Absently I fumble with a few small knobs and then close my eyes.

First dimly, then in growing swells, the waves of music drift to my ears. Half asleep and half awake I fell my worries and fatigue being swept before the strains of irresistible music. So it always is with good old radio.

I can remember the way Attie looked on the day that I adopted him. He grinned at me through the window of a second hand store, and immediately I knew that he andI would make warm companions. I brought him home, and when I hooked him up I proudly invited my friends to see my "find".

Never will I forget the day t day that Attie became ill. He first developed a flickering cough, then a sore throat, and finally weak lungs. Patiently I bought him tubes and doctored until he seemed to recover. But always in a few months he would become sicker that ever. At tense moments of a drama he would lose his voice completely, and I would spring from my chair and press my ear to his rusty mouth in hopes of catching a few whispered syllables. On one occasion I forgot my temper and rushed at him whith flying fists. Mercilessly I snapped his knobbed noses to the right andleft and thundered repeated blows into his ribs with clenched fists. But dear old Attie never once rebelled or lay down on the job. He merely spit out a few

coughs, cleared his throat, and with a supreme effort raised his tone to such a volume that the peace of the neighborhood was threatened.

There was no denying that Attie Kent was growing old. I became ashamed to ask the crowd to attend his recitals. We always went to hear Bill's new all-wave and my Attie, shabby little Attie, stayed at home, neglected.

Not even today is he the subject of admiration and interest. Even I prefer to listen to Bill's radio. But in spite of this, no one will ever know how much I still depend, and always will depend, on my Attie Kent. What weaknesses he might have are of no account against his value to me. I always know that when I am tired and need a companion to my moods and thoughts, when other friends will not satisfy, there is old Attie--patient, dependable old Attie, who is ever ready to serve me more faithfully than any friend I have. In my present tired mood I need only give him a beckon; and, for a few minutes, he peals forth sweet music as lustily as he did in his youth, just to prove that for old time's sake, he is still my servant, my jester, my most faithful pal to the end.

J.G.B.--A student of L.V.C.

ROWDIES

You rowdies who whistle, yell, shout and scuffle around the halls better lie low and stop the horse play, or you may wake up and find yourselves lying on the lawn soon! I don't know whether it was the supernatural power in Doctor Hoover's eyes that stimulated the "College stumps" to "scram", or whether they could read his mind; at any rate when the Dean appeared in their midst last week, they moved quickly, and without a word. Also, you water throwers, if you aren't caught soon, you should be --you're going to ruin some little girl's dress; I heard one remark, "we can't wear clothes to school without getting them ruined", they even cried about it. What do you think boys? Are you going to make it harder on them? It would be a calamity if George Steele dropped a sack of water out of a window then peep out to seek his accomplishments, and lo

cont. on p.12

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE
La Verne College 1935-36

Dec. 19	Pasadena "Y"-	here	7:30
Jan. 10	Whittier	here	8:00
Jan. 11.	Whittier	there	8:00
Jan. 15	Glendale A.C.	here	7:30
Jan. 18	Alhambra C.C.	there	8:00
Jan. 22	Alhambra C.C.	here	8:00
Jan. 25	Pomona	here	8:00
Jan. 29	Chapman	here	8:00
Feb. 1	Chapman	there	8:00
Feb. 7	Occidental	there	8:00
Feb. 8	Occidental	here	8:00
Feb. 12	Woodbury	here	8:00
Feb. 15	Santa Barbara	here	8:00
Feb. 21	San Diego	here 8	8:00
Feb. 22	San Diego	here	8:00
Feb. 28	Redlands	there	8:00
Feb. 29	Redlands	here	8:00

P.J.C. WINS TWO QUITS

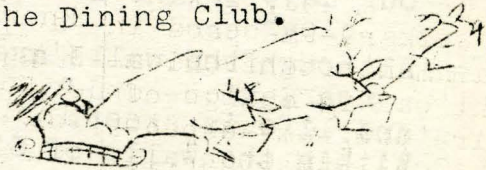
On Dec. 11, Pomona J. C. girls wanted to play two basketball games with the LaVerne College girls. It was agreed by both teams to have two games; but when the time came to play the second game, Pomona didn't care to play. This was probably due to the fact that they won the first game and did not care to run the risk of losing the second. This was the first time the girls, had been on the floor for four weeks. Although they lost, they had played a good game.

DINING CLUB

In a true Yuletide spirit, with holly-decked tables and soft candle light the Student Dining Club held their Christmas dinner Wednesday night.

Miss Wilma Lambeth introduced Rube Callisan, Frances, Dr. Hollenberg, and Mr. Cooper, who furnished the program.

Mrs. Khyl and Mrs. Miller were presented with gifts from the members of the Dining Club.



FOUND IN A LIBRARY BOOK

I've sat by the fire
In the Arctic land
Where the wind blows
cold and shrill,
In Siberia.

I've stood in the hazy
moonlight,
I've slept in the cozy
moonlight.
I could live in the sel-
ver moonlight.

There was a gay night
in June,
And under the silvery
moon
A gal and a lad
Without anyone's Dad
Decided to sit and spoon.

OF SING-SING

I will Sing a song of
Sing-Sing,
While my heart doth
start to ring, ring.
This jail life I adore,
I yearn for more and more,
My friends, they are
so near
I never have a fear
Our days are bright and
clear
Although the walls are
near,
and life is sweet.
Within the walls of Sing-
Sing.

It was a prison cold and
As they stalk across
the barracks,
In the greeny-grayish
dawn
There's a stigmatistic
fury
Penetrates me to the
core.

It's the mystery---
There's the jury:
Where's the warden?
Gone a fishing.
Whoops, boys
WE're free!

(ROWDIES)

and behold found his father staring him in the face.

Another row was started in the halls, so I listened in to seek its contents, and to my surprise I heard the familiar voice of "Fletch" Hornbaker. He stated, "Listen here you urn dum you newspaper men talking of my sparkling beard in Smeltzer's newspaper. I'm gettin' down sore of my beard in--a man has no freedom--I'm from New Mexico--understand, I want stopped." O.K. "Fletch". Signed

I'm yours forever or never.