

KITTEN GARGLE

The Annual Non-Appetence of the *Campus Times*

VOLUME XXIV, No. 26

LAVERNE COLLEGE

Tuesday, March 29, 1932

COLLEGE NOW RICHEST IN WORLD

DR. WOODY TO BE IN OLYMPIC GAMES

OLYMPIC COMMITTEE
HONORS LAVERNE MAN

A great honor has just been conferred on Dr. Woody by the United States Olympic Games Committee. As all students and alumni of LaVerne College know, Dr. Woody possesses a marvelous voice. The wonderful quality and distinguished power of his voice have now become famous, and it is doubtful if any other voice, with the possible exception of the late Caruso, ever received such public acclaim. Dr. Woody is very modest, and refused to make any statement other than that he had accepted the invitation of the Olympic Games committee and would do his best to uphold the honors of the good old U. S. A. We are sure that all of Dr. Woody's host of friends and admirers will extend to him their congratulations. It is with great pleasure that we are privileged to announce that Dr. Woody has accepted the call of his country and will uphold the honor and fame of the United States in the hog calling contest at the 1932 Olympic games in Los Angeles.

DANIEL VOLTAIRE MAHONEY'S SPEECH AT MOUNT NEBO

If I were to ask you what a truffle is, you would probably say that your wife used to wear them on her shirt waists in the old days. As a matter of fact, you are a cock-eyed liar. But let that pass. Let us take down that handy volume from the third shelf and turn to page 345. Unfortunately, there is no page 345 in the book and anyway it's a book about engineering, so here is a Webster's dictionary, which is always a safe bet. Aha, here we are:

Truffle: A small comical doo-hickey which grows under the ground in France. Try and find it.

Now that we have a working definition of truffles let us see what they are and how they are captured. The process of obtaining truffles is known as "rooting for truffles" and is effected in the following manner: A pig is given a nice hot bath, manicured and dressed in a warm woolen sweater with a turtle neck, with the school initial sewn with a stout

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DON'T READ THIS

April 1 may be April Fools' Day, but there is no fooling about Beach Day for Friday, April 1.

Friday will be spent in swimming, playing ball, exploring, etc. Bring your own lunch and meet in front of Founders Hall 8:00 a. m. Friday. Dinner will be served around the bonfire that evening by the Junior class. After dinner there will be a program under the direction of the Sophomore class.

Those who wish transportation see Amos Ikenberry immediately.

Whoso neglects learning in his youth loses the past and is dead for the future.—Euripides.

NO BOOKS OR EXAMS FOR NEXT SEMESTER

PRES. STUDEBAKER TELLS
GARGLE FUTURE PLANS

"There shall be no books or examinations next semester." This startling statement was issued by President Studebaker to a member of our staff. He stated that the faculty and official board of trustees reached this conclusion only after a tedious discussion. The reason for this change in curriculum, he continued, was to prevent our extremely ambitious student body from contracting a nervous breakdown due to overwork. Mr. Studebaker said that the faculty unanimously agreed that the students certainly deserve a let down in studies in view of the fact that they have achieved such a splendid record in examinations and class discussion during the past year.

It has been rumored, however, that the real reason for discontinuing the use of books and exams is due to jealousy that has arisen between the faculty and the students. The faculty contend that their students are becoming too far advanced for them to teach; therefore they are asking for the temporary suspension of books and exams in order to remedy this serious situation.

THE MYSTERY OF THE GAS OVEN

Last evening Eleanor Shepp added ten years to her life. Today she felt rather wretched, remorseful and miserably old. Old? I should have said ancient. "The cause of all this," you murmur, "is what?" Thankfully, I turn to you to relate the dreadful thing that has torn her heart in two, sapped her energy, and made her very existence a nightmare.

Late last night, she returned home after a hearty banquet at the home of a friend. As she groped her way with key in search for the keyhole, a horrible premonition of a ghastly nature crept over her very being. A cold sweat broke out on her face as she opened the door and sensed the atrocious stench of burning flesh. Cautiously she crept to the kitchen, but each squeaking board betrayed her progress. The odor was now almost unbearable, even though long before this she had tied her handkerchief around her nose and mouth to protect herself. With an unexpected display of courage, she opened the oven door to find her Angora Cat roasting to a crisp. Faint and nauseated, she shut her eyes to obliterate the picture of her pet and its inglorious death. Presently she felt a soft wet piece of velvety smoothness being rubbed against her face—a contented purring noise greeted her ears. It was then that she awoke to find the sun streaming in, and her cat laying beside her playfully pulling a lock of hair as he purred his "good morning" into her ear.

"What makes the world go round, pop?"

"Myron, how many times must I tell you to stay out of that cellar?"

DR. BRANDT AMAZES SCIENTIFIC WORLD

EINSTEIN AND MILLIKAN
MARVEL AT DISCOVERY

Dr. Jesse Brandt, LaVerne College science professor, last night revealed his philosophical elucidation of the physical phenomena of successful interplanetary communication. His theory was disclosed only after the most thorough and methodical research by an assemblage of world-renowned scientists.

This group of scientists, which included many significant geniuses, such as Dr. Einstein and Dr. Millikan, were exceedingly skeptical concerning the contingency of intercourse between the planets, but after being convinced by the indisputable and unapproachable veracity and indubitable certainty of the accuracy of Dr. Brandt's hypothesis, they agreed that the theory was one of the most incorrigible and momentous since the exposition of Professor Einstein's theory of relativity.

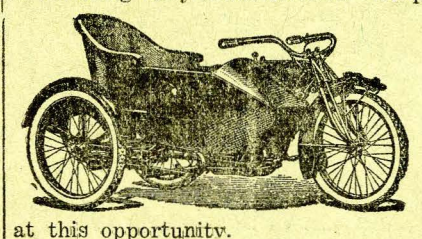
Brandt's method of making corporeal contact with whatever might be on the planets was ultimately perfected after years of deeply-seated concentration on the idea of interplanetary communication. His intellectual and physical efforts were never perfunctorily performed. His study of the incessant fundamental facts of the macrocosm guided him to many new and unequivocal physical phenomena that Dr. Brandt contrived his amazing new theory which is perplexing the entire scientific domain.

Late last night, in one of Dr. Brandt's private rooms in LaVerne College's new science hall, a model of the proposed interspatial conveyance contained by implication in the theory of interplanetary communication, was presented to the group of scientists for examination and inspection.

(Continued on Page Four)

LEAPING SANKA SIX

The Leaping Sanka is high in quality—it's high in everything. It takes all roads in high. Its powerful springs put it ahead of other cars by leaps and bounds! You'll hit the roof with delight in Leaping Sanka and your joy will delight the neighbors! A bouncing baby could drive it! Leap



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(Full of Bounces)

Prancing, Michigan.

THE POLICY OF THIS
PAPER IS TO DO THE
POSSIBLE—PLEASE NO-
BODY, BLAME NOBODY,
BUT HOLD SOMEBODY
RESPONSIBLE.

DR. STUDEBAKER FINDS MILLIONS IN GOPHER HOLE

L.V.C. TEAM DOWNS
MULES IN THRILLER

I have nothing but the highest praise for Coach Harrison Frantz and his great football team which yesterday defeated the great 11-Mule team from Mack's Stables, 16 to 14, for the first defeat suffered by the Jackasses in three years.

A team that is losing 14 to 0 as the fourth quarter begins and comes back to win deserves all the credit that



I or anybody else can give it. And because of this victory I take off my shoes to them.

The strong finish, which netted the small margin of victory, was due, I think, to the excellent generalship of Bill Hoover, as well as his line plunging. (His beard also helped; it kept him from getting hurt, as the opposing players couldn't get close to him.) He seemed able to detect holes in the line and run through them with much success.

Zechariah Gilbert comes in for much praise for his work. The little quarterback accounted for considerable success.

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JONES REGRETS GREAT NEGLECT OF HIS PAST

POOR OLD JONES! No one had any use for him. No one respected him. Across his face I read one harsh word—Failure. He just lived on. A poor worn out imitation of a man doing his sorry best in the world to try to get along with his fractured knee, broken jaw, and weak heart. If he had realized just one thing he could have made good. He might have been a brilliant success.

There are thousands of men like Jones. They, too, could be happy, successful, respected, and even loved. But they can't seem to realize the one big factor—that practically everything worth while depends upon STRENGTH—upon life, red-blooded, he-man muscles.

Everything you do depends upon your strength. No matter what your occupation is, you need health, vitality and clear thinking, which only big, strong, virile muscles can give you. You need these big muscles at the office, while lying on the lawn, in the ping pong game, while talking to the best girl friend, and while in the class room; they will pull you through. Friends, let's develop our muscles before it is too late. Remember Friend Jones. His advice is, success in later life depends on your muscles—build them up.

LaVerne College is the wealthiest school in the United States, according to a recent announcement made by President Studebaker. In accordance with its distinctive position the school is making plans for some of the most remarkable developments in all history.

Ever since Dean Hoover presented his valuable bamboo walking stick, a gift of the Maharajah of India, to the school to be sold to alleviate the pitiful condition of our social hall, Pres. Studebaker admitted that he has had the intuitive feeling (although such a feeling is a woman's gift) that some great good fortune would be the lot of the school. He confided his hunch to no one, for he thrilled to its certainty with vibrations which left him speechless.

Several evenings ago while making a short cut across the block in front of the school, he dropped a fountain pen. Stooping, he found that it had slid into a gopher hole. Accordingly, he removed his shoe and began scooping the dirt away so that the polish of his recently secured manicure might not be scarred by the harsh earth. But presently he became fascinated with mere digging as he had often done years before in an effort to reach China by burrowing thru the center of the earth.

About six feet below the surface he came upon a huge box resembling a coffin, and he muttered in his stomach lest a vocal shriek disturb the dead. His nervous fingers, clutching his shoe shovel tenaciously, beat a swift, uncontrollable thump upon the lid and altogether unintentionally it slid off.

He paled and almost became invisible in the ghostly glimmer which arose from what he saw—gold rubies and diamonds in a vastness of wealth exceeding Henry Ford's fortune many times. Dazed and stunned he gazed at them rapturously. Then an idea pierced his immobility joyously. "The great good fortune has come," he repeated over and over to himself.

He removed his coat and covered the chest against any possible marauders and crept swiftly home to his chicken coop for a wheelbarrow because his car was suffering from stripped gears, and a squirt gun for protection. He loaded the treasure onto his improvised means of conveyance and trudged it slowly homeward, for

(Continued on Page Four)

TOURING CAR REVIVAL

Everywhere there is evidence of the revival of the touring car with the top let down sufficiently to let the cool seaside breezes bring the glow of health to their owners' cheeks. They may be observed on any Saturday or Sunday, cluttering up the ditches, astride fences, and decorating telephone poles. The automobile manufacturers predict a big year.

Professor Brubaker: "God Almighty couldn't make 95 on that test, and if he did I wouldn't give it to him."

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Student StoreSAD CASE OF DAN
STOVER, ALIAS FERD
FOOP, OF APOLLOS

Say, boys, what do you know? Last night I was cleaning up my den and putting up some new pennants, and I ran across a picture of some of the boys I took down at Coney Island last summer. The boys were Deacon Dan Stover and Deacon Heckman, and the girls were two dames they hung around with. Heckman and Stover and I worked together in the foundry, and this Sunday we all went down to Coney early in the morning with the this Sunday we all went down to kiddie you ever saw and was getting off some hot ones all the time. Like when we went in a side show and was standing in front of one of those electrical wizards who was doing tricks with batteries, and Danny pipes up, "I bet he's a live wire, all right." The crowd nearly went off its head laughing. Then another time when we was all eating HOT DOGS, Dan says, as solemn as a judge, "Say, if I eat any more of these I'll turn into a Hot Dog myself." No flies on that boy, believe me."

Afterwards we went in a Chink place and got some CHOW MEIN, and Dan gave the girls the time of their lives showing them how to eat Chow Mein with chopsticks. Then we bought the girls some baby dolls and went to some more attractions. Everybody was getting kind of hungry by now, so we bought some POTATO CHIPS and HOT DOGS and ORANGEADE, and filled up. Dan doubled up trying to catch potato chips in the air with his mouth. Then we went on the Shoot the Shoots and the Roller Coaster, and the girls screamed fit to kill because Dan kept standing up in the car when it went around curves.

When we got off everybody had an appetite, so we got some PEANUTS and CHOCOLATE BARS and BUTTERMILK and we all felt prime. After that we went in the Eden Musee and nearly split our sides laughing when Dan crawled in with the wax dummies and posed there with them. Dan said he still felt kind of hungry so he bought a big box of PEPPER-MINTS and some ICE-CREAM SANDWICHES and SALT WATER TAFFY. Then we went back to where Heckman's flivver was parked, and Dan got a couple more HOT DOGS and ESKIMO PIES to chew on

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SHREDDDED WHEAT

A STORY WITH A MORAL

I am sitting comfortably in a barrel half full of molasses on the brink of a precipice 3,000 feet high as I write these words. Can you picture me sitting here with molasses in my eyes, on my nose and in my hair? I really don't feel very nice, but then I don't care, there is no one here to see me, at least I really don't see anybody just now. I cannot get out of the barrel, for the minute I move it topples back and forth on the brink of eternity; especially with molasses in my hair. How I got here is a very long story, much too long to tell in a few words, and as my vocabulary is quite limited, like an express train, I couldn't tell it if I tried, and besides it probably wouldn't interest you anyway; but if at any time you are in the neighborhood and see a man sitting in a molasses barrel on the brink of a 3,000 foot precipice you'll know it's me. If you don't see anybody sitting in a molasses barrel you'll know that I toppled once too often.

MORAL—Keep out of molasses barrels. We sell it \$1.25 a pint at the Student Store.

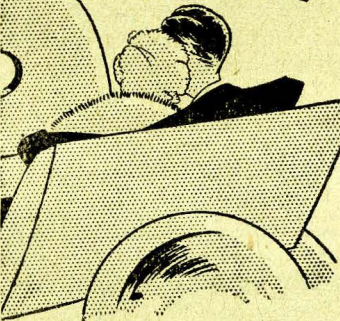
the way back. Everybody was feeling swell, and we sang all the way back, and Dan played his uke. But toward the end of the trip Dan got kind of silent, and I asked him what ailed him and he said he must have 'et something that disagreed with him.

Yes, sir, Dan was a great boy. You should have seen the flowers the boys sent him a week before he died.

The funny thing about it was that the Doctors never found out what had made him sick. He just sort of pined away, I guess.

Deacon Will Jones.

The University Co-eds of Tippera, India, are being held as the murderers of a magistrate there.

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PRETTY

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wonder why other
Young Men rate so
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discover

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... you'll never be sat-
isfied with anything
else.

Suits
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\$50.00

JOHN P. EVANS

Society Brand Clothes
Pomona - California

EPILAUGHS

Deacon Glick, a hot headed youth
The safety-first signs oft neglected,
But strangely enough at a crossing
one day

He was found to be cool and collected.

Montgomery had heard that bumble-
bees

Would pour from a punctured nest;

He worried till he found a stick

And gave the thing a hurried test—

They poured!

Forney noticed that the gas

Was low, and so in manner deft,

He struck a match and peered inside

To see if there was any left—

There was!

"Wet Paint" sign hung limply there;

Snell stood idly by;

He leaned against the paint, because

He thought it must be dry—

It wasn't!

Brother Faw one night last week

Dispatches say, was goaded;

He looked into a old shot gun

To see if it was loaded—

It was!

Rothrock heard that rags of red

Would fill a bull with fighting vim;

So, just to see if it were true,

He waved a flag in front of him—

It worked!

Heckman heard he could hit a cop,

The law would curb retaliation,

And so one day he took a swing

At one from Pomona station—

He erred!

L. V. C. WINS

(Continued from Page One)

able yardage through the Mules' line,
particularly on spinners and reverse
plays. He accounted for the second
LVC touchdown on a lateral pass
much similar to the one the Mule
used in scoring its second marker.

For the 11-Mule team the work of
John at left halfback and Jack at
quarterback was outstanding. In the
line, Juan, Juan Mulo, Capt. Asno,
and Burrico played commendable
football.

The first three quarters nothing in-
teresting happened. The 11-Mule team
got two touchdowns, making the score
14 to 0.

A Prophet

Following the second 11-Mule
touchdown, Travis returned the kick-
off to the Mule 45 yard line. Leland
Eisan smashed the middle of the line
for 5 yards and Mule was off-side on
play. Gilbert added two more yards
at right tackle, Eisan rammed into
left tackle for another yard and Mule
ganged on him so viciously that Le-
land's nose was broken on the play.
Protesting vehemently, Eisan was led
from the field commenting that "they
can't win playing that kind of foot-
ball." Leland proved to be quite a
prophet, even if he couldn't be in on
the killing.

(Continued on Page Three)

PALS OF COLLEGE LIFE

Cal was a swell room-mate. I was
sure that I would like him. Cal went
to work and gave the room a thor-
oughly good cleaning. I thought Cal
was going to be all right. But I
spoke too soon. For that night I
came home and found Cal putting on
my best clean shirt. He remarked
that he would do something for me
some day.

All my shirts fit Cal and he found
it out. So I had to move. George
lived across the hall, he asked me to
move in with him. I moved. I found
that George was very friendly; in
fact, too friendly, for he used my
socks and neckties too frequently.

I moved again, this time with Bozo
on the first floor. He had plenty of
shirts, plenty of neckties, and suffi-
cient socks. What could be better?
Again I was wrong. For my roadster
was missing from its customary park-
ing place that night. After two hours
of worrying Bozo came, telling me of
the joke he had played on me. But
it was a joke that lasted; night after
night I found my roadster gone.

Finally I decided to get a job. I
saved \$550 and I'm going to buy Cal
three dozen shirts, George ten dozen
pairs of socks; and Bozo a roadster.
Then I'm going to return to college
and seek an education.

THE GHOST OF
MILLER HALL

Black clouds veiled the moon. The
wind howled piteously around the
rattling window frames and some-
where in the echoing corridors of the
empty building a furnace pipe
groaned.

It was Wednesday night and every
occupant of Miller hall had gone to
the S. V. meeting except Eleanor
Shepp, who had stayed home to sew
on the little white satin wedding dress
she was making and dream of happy
days to come. For a moment she sat
with her hands folded in her lap, lost
in a delightful reverie. Suddenly she
heard echoing footsteps in the corri-
dor above. It was a slow, unfamiliar
tread. It was not the hop, skip and
jump of Eileen, nor was it the prim
pit-i-pat of Hester, and it couldn't be
the lithe shuffle of Charlotte or the
measured beat of Edith. Who could
it be? Eleanor was sure every one
was gone, because each girl had
signed out as they always did. They
had even registered who they had
gone with, when they would return,
and what they were going to do.

The steps continued towards the
stairsstairs, with a slow dragging
sound.

Eleanor stood up—the dress fell in
a shimmering heap at her feet. She
kicked it aside. This was no time for
feminine fancies. She strode to the
door, grabbing a hickey stick, a tennis
racquet and a political science book as
she went. Silently she opened the
door and started down the hall.

Outside a crash of thunder rocked
the sullen heavens. The lights
trembled a second like a guilty con-
science before the cold, accusing stare
of Dean Hoover—then all was dark.
The dragging footsteps were now
halfway down the stairs—there came
a groan like a lost soul crying for
mercy in a Philosophy test. Eleanor
advanced silently to the foot of the
stairs and waited. Suddenly, between
herself and the dim light of the win-
dow she saw a dark object—a vague
silhouette of some monster.

With a steady hand she thrust the
hockey stick across the bottom step.
There was a cry of pain, then a dull
thud as the monster fell heavily on
the cement floor. With lightning
like swiftness the tennis racquet de-

(Continued on Page Three)

JUST TAKE A LOOK
AT THOSE EASTER DUDS

And see if they don't need a little cleaning.

NO FOOLIN'

We don't fool with clothes. We clean 'em!

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KITTEN GARGLE

APRIL FIRST EDITION OF

The Campus Times

Published weekly by the Associated Students of LaVerne College. Entered at the Post Office at LaVerne as second class matter.

GARBAGE DEPARTMENT

CHEFF.....HAROLD HYLTON
ASSISTANT CHEFFS.....DEACON JONES, KATHRYN BLICKENSTAFF

DIRTY WORK

Garbage Mixer.....Rulin Bruesch
Garbage News.....Helen Heisey
Garbage Smoothers.....Beulah Fillmore, Margaret Pobst

GARBAGE COLLECTORS

Lowly Frosh, Lowly Frosh, Lowly Frosh, Lowly Frosh and Lowly Frosh

HONOR

Honor is defined by Webster as being able to be held before the students of LaVerne College as being worthy of respectful regard; esteem; worship; reputation; exalted rank; fame; magnanimity; scorn of meanness; self-respect; chastity; an outward mark of high esteem; glory; one of the highest trump cards in whist. Now I'm sure that many of the students have never thought that they could be a person of honor. That is wrong. It just takes determination. Yes, that is all, just determination. Some in our midst have become honorable and here is a good policy.

In class discussions always avoid the question asked and bluff your way by talking about something else that you have heard somebody else talk about. During examinations sleep good the night before so that you can read your neighbor's paper with ease and also be sure to sit beside a person who knows more about the exam than you do. If by any chance this does not work, be sure to have a few notes written very small on collateral cards so that you can glance at them while the honor system is working while the teacher is out of the room or when she or he is looking out the window. Remember this also, always look wise and dignant during your honorable work. In brief, always cheat as fair as possible. Then when you get your exam paper back look carefully for all your mistakes so that you will not repeat them again should you be asked.

To be honorable in the estimation of athletic heroes, a good beginner should follow the advice of the coaches and captains of the teams. That is, when in training, just try to train; if you are to be in bed at the hour of ten thirty, it won't hurt you stay out till past twelve or a little later. Besides, the coaches will like it better and will let you play more. If you are to eat regularly and are not to eat pie, cake or candy—don't believe it; that is just customs handed down from previous years. You can eat as much of anything you like when you like. It will in reality do you good to eat lots of candy, pie, and sweets during your training season. Just be wise and don't let anybody kid you into depriving yourself of your liberty.

Then if you want to be honorable in school functions and school responsibilities, all you need to do is promise the leaders who ask you to do something that you not do what they ask of you, then on the last day come in without your assignment and you will certainly be honored. And you will be adored for your great achievement; probably you will be asked again to do something of honorable mention. I think most of the people of high standing will agree with me in my estimation of being held in high esteem before the people of LaVerne College, especially if nobody knows nothing of your affairs. So, fellow students, why not be honorable, for after all, what is greater than honor?

JOHN P. EVANS ANNOUNCES

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A MIGHTY WASTE

One of the biggest wastes in this country is the waste of revolving doors going around partially without passengers. It is no uncommon sight to see a big four-section revolving door going around with only one person in it. If I did not have a lot of more important things to do, I would figure out exactly what this waste amounts to in the revolving door season, and I dare say the data would be astounding. At any rate, we will take it for granted that it would be astounding.

This is perhaps a problem that should be presented to the Interstate Commerce Commission, except that it is none of their business, ninety-eight per cent of revolving door traffic being intra-state traffic. (So few of our doorways in big buildings are on state lines.)

The solution of the problem lies almost entirely, then, with the individual. More laws that it is difficult to decide what kind of liquor to drink and who to rob next. What is needed now is an educational campaign, a stimulation of the individual conscience. Each of us must resolve to do his might in 1932, 1933, 1934 and 1935, to keep the revolving doors from going around empty. By that time, maybe, the normal increase in the population will fill up the empty segments of our whirling portals. If not, we must then turn our attention to increasing the population.

Resolve for one that you will never enter a revolving door until there are three other passengers ready to go through with you. And make up your mind not to leave a revolving door until there is somebody waiting on the other side to take your place on the return trip. Empties on the return trip are just as wasteful as the empties going.

I gave considerable time last summer to designing a revolving door with upper and lower berths, so that they could hold eight people instead of four. Stairways went up on each side. I even thought of putting merry-go-round horses for children in the upper berths. We tried this eight-passenger door in a large office building, but we nipped off too many arms and legs and decided that the experiment was a little visionary. Perhaps the world will be ready for these double deck doors in a few years. One advantage of it may be to permit smoking on the top deck.

Another waste that has worried me almost sick is the tremendous number of empty telephone booths in all our cities at any given moment. Of course many booths are full most of the time, but lots of them are empty hour after hour. The situation is quite a worry to me.

I wonder if it might not be possible to combine these two worries and get a positive. I mean, could we not have telephone booths abolished and have telephone instruments put in revolving doors, four to each door? This would at least keep the doors filled up. OF COURSE the constant revolving might in time twist off the telephone wires so I don't know whether this idea is 100 per cent practical or not. If four people happened to get busy lines in the same door at the same time, it might make necessary the formation of a line of four or five thousand people desiring to enter the building and this might involve the employment of more police, so I don't know just how the thing would work economically. I wish I had the courage of my reformation theories like some people I know. If some people had this idea, they would have it universally established in a fortnight (the English term for three weeks).

Another economic reform I would like to suggest is that the space above revolving doors be used for posting smart remarks like this. "She sure is dizzy, her mother was frightened by a revolving door." So long.

L. V. C. WINS

(Continued from Page Two)

When Eisan went out Hoover came in and this casting much reflection on Leland was a blessing to the LVC cause.

Gilbert and Bill Hoover proved to be far more effective as a combination than anything that even USC has sent into action.

Gilbert Goes Over

The team called on Gilbert again and into right tackle he went, there being hardly room enough to run the play. Referee Isaac Woody finally got the inhuman pretzels untangled to find that the ball was still ten inches from a touchdown and even closer to the sideline than ever. Back came the Ball to Gilbert again. Bang, he went into the line and after an hour's waiting the crowd was informed by the flashy referee (Woody) that the ball was over.

The next touchdown came from an 89 yard pass from Studebaker to Jesse Emmert. Jesse just took one step and fell from exhaustion, but he was over the line. Travis converted, making the score 14 to 13, with only 300 seconds to play, in favor of the Mules.

(Continued on Page Four)

GHOST OF MILLER HALL

(Continued from Page Two)

scended on his head. At the same instant the lights flashed on. Eleanor screamed as she beheld the weird object sitting on the floor with a happy dazed expression on his face as though he were listening to the far away chirp of many little birds. It was Russell Frantz, who sat there, his head through a tennis racquet frame and with the strings tangled around each ear. He was thin and hollow-eyed. Frim his dissipated appearance one might think he had been out as late as 10:30 for two nights in succession.

Eleanor politely asked in her characteristic timid voice, "Was there something you wanted?"

Russell only groaned. "Please," said Eleanor, "tell me all about it. I can help you—here, let me take that tennis racquet off your head." Stooping, she carefully unwound the tangled strings, even removing the one looped around a tooth.

"Now tell me," she begged. "Well, it was this way," he began, rubbing the shin that had splintered the hockey stick. "I came into the dormitory the other day by the back door."

"A bad thing to do," stated Eleanor. "Oh, I assure you it was a business call."

"The more reason you should have used the front door. Go on."

"Well, as I stood in the parlor—I saw—I saw—Oh, I was frightened!" he broke off shuddering.

"What did you see?" demanded Eleanor.

"I saw a fair maiden dancing down the hall with a towel over her arm and a bar of soap in her hand."

"Applesauce!" quoth Eleanor. "Don't get poetic. What did you do?"

"I ran!"

"Ran?"

"Yes, she was coming this way. What else could I do?" he asked wonderingly.

"Nothing, of course—where did you go?"

"I kept following the stairs until I got on the roof—and didn't dare come down again. Who knows what I might have met the next time? But I knew this was Wednesday and every one would go to S. V. meeting." He looked at her accusingly. "Why didn't you go?" Eleanor looked guiltily at the floor.

"That's all right," Russell said. "I won't tell if you won't tell you saw me here."

Eleanor agreed, and the entire occurrence has been kept a dark secret ever since.

Liberty exists in proportion to wholesale restraints.—Webster.

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CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

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April 1, 2

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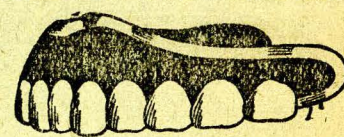
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ODDS PLUS ENDS=HASH

DR. BRANDT AMAZES (Continued from Page One)

Dr. Brandt is desirous of concealing the details of his interstellar machine until the actual one in which the final tests are to be made is completed. He stated that the tests will undoubtedly be made some time next month.

Concerning the theory of interplanetary communication Einstein says: "With Dr. Jesse Brandt's wonderful new theory this world of ours is entering upon a new era of scientific thinking and dealing. What was once thought impossible can now be realized because of the years of study put forth by Dr. Brandt in the search for the fundamental interstellar truth."

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L. V. C. WINS (Continued from Page Three.)

The team worked its way down the field in a floating motion. Gilbert made several good jumps which were made possible only by his great ability as a fence and window jumper. They got within just 60 yards of the goal to find there was only one minute left to play. What should they do but pull Crawford Brubaker from the line and put him in receiving position. The ball was passed to him. He looked at the ball and then at the goal. In his eagerness to be off he dropped the ball and in trying to pick the ball up with his toe he stumbled, kicking the ball straight over the goal for a field goal. The ball had hardly touched the ground when the roar of the LVC "sure go" cannon ended one of the most exciting games that was ever played in this newspaper.

Left End.....Benjamin Haugh
Left Tackle.....Ray Cullen
Left Guard.....Harper Frantz
Center.....Jesse Emmert
Right Guard.....Jesse Brandt
Right Tackle.....Dale Glick
Right End.....Crawford Brubaker
Right Half.....Ralph Travis
Left Half.....Ellis Studebaker
Quarterback.....Zachariah Gilbert
Fullback.....William Hoover

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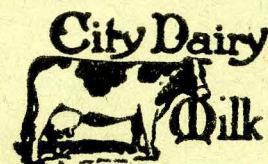
COLLEGE BECOMES RICH (Continued from Page One)

it was of immense weight. His house was locked and he had no key and not wishing to disturb his gentle spouse, he heaved his load into the hen house where he sat and guarded it all night with his little pistol loaded with water.

While sitting there too exalted to grow weary through the long hours of the night, he made plans for LaVerne College so that its atmosphere would accord to its new financial position. (For of course he had decided unselfishly to give his come-true dream to the school.)

First of all his salary would be increased to equal that of the chief executive of our nation. He would have an expensive green limousine upholstered in orange and a liveried chauffeur. He would furnish the classrooms with mohair chairs. He would bind all library books with French morocco bearing the LaVerne emblem. He would hang the dormitory with fine orange and green silk draperies and provide daily maid service for the inmates. He would secure a squadron of Japanese gardeners to take care of the grounds. He would alleviate the unemployment of Los Angeles county by building the largest stadium in all history. It will be large enough to accommodate 130,000 visitors easily. The seats will be steam heated in winter and air cooled in summer. Already he has engaged an architect to draw the plans.

At the present time he is dictating letters ordering the other benefits which he has planned. When he wearies of dictating, he exercises his body vigorously so he will have the sleek young figure of a wealthy intellectual. However, when he becomes more accustomed to the conveniences of wealth he will even disdain to play ping pong.



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DANIEL VOLTAIRE MAHONEY

(Continued from Page One)

thread on the front. He is given a new shiny megaphone and is ready for his task which is to run up and down the side lines where the truffles are concealed and shout vigorously, "Rah rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, Truffles, Truffles, Truffles!" After five minutes of this any self-respecting truffle will crawl out and die, but the truffle is a hardy member and as tough as a fraternity dance. Generally the truffle rises to his feet and gives prolonged cheers, even rusing unto the field and tearing down the goal posts at times. But finally he is exhausted and falls an easy prey to the keen-eyed "Porker."

Truffles are used widely in this country as stuffings for pillows and as such are highly esteemed. They are also occasionally used as verbs, as for instance, "Can I truffle you for a match?"

A number of homely sayings have sprung up about the humble little truffle, such as "As tough as a truffle's ear," and "Don't trouffle yourself, kiddo, they's other pebbles on the beach." More and more truffles are replacing men in industry, and the assercion is that a truffle's place in the home is now seen in its true light. Gentlemen, I give you the health of the truffle!

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