

!!! GREAT GOBS OF GOOD GOSSIP !!!

A Y E

PTYRRHMN PAYPURRH

PEPPY PARTICLES OF PHONEY PHOOLOSOPHY

VOL. CANO

LA VERNE KOLLEGE, MARCH 32

NO FOOLIN'

THE CAMPUS TIMES VOL. IX, NO. 26

LA VERNE COLLEGE

Tuesday, April 3, 1928

THE SEASON'S BEST SCANDAL

Faculty Gets in Dutch

DR. FRANTZ STAGES WILD PARTY

Saturday night LaVerne was thrown into an uproar by the party held at the home of Dr. Frantz. It was a stag party for all the faculty men and a few outsiders. About 9 o'clock, just as things were beginning to warm up a bit, the wives of the guests organized to find out what was going on. They found Professor Haugh in the act of serenading the eight-year-old daughter of the neighbors, who was hanging out of the window, thrilled to pieces by his rendition of "America" and "Clementine." Professor Hollenberg was out in the chicken house hunting lice, and the rest of the men were gathered around Dr. Hoover, who was expatiating on the shortcomings of the younger generation and the fickleness of the female gender. The women made their invasion by way of the front door, proceeding to break the still which had been set up in the kitchen and poured all the hard cider down the sink. After eating all the pretzels they marched the culprit husbands home to bed, where they stayed until Sunday School time the next morning.

Hollenberg Barely Misses Great Fame

Saturday—day before April Fool—LaVerne almost got on the map through the efforts of Professor Hollenberg, our revered bugologist. The great event was his discovery of a new kind of potato bug. As every one knows, all proper potato bugs have dirt-colored stomachs and red and black striped backs, but this bug of Professor Hollenberg was a very different-looking specimen. He had rather long hind legs and rather short front ones, and they were all striped orange and green. The lower part of his body was a dirty khaki color and the upper part was striped orange and green. His head was round, hard and brown. His actions were also very queer. He would run up and down the field, making queer noises and sounding as if he were trying to get very excited about something. Every once in a while he would take a dive, light on his chest and grapple with the dust. Professor Hollenberg was afraid he would hurt himself before he (the p'fesser) got a chance to observe him very much, so he dashed out onto the field. (The events heretofore described took place on Arnett Field, and were observed by Prof. Hollenberg from his laboratory window by means of a telescope.) So the professor grabbed the huge bug by the neck and lifted him up, only to discover that it was Fred Mahoney, one of our promising young Sophomores, out practicing on the tackling dummy so he could get on the varsity football team next year.

There is no such thing as an April Fool Day for those that have a Savings Account with us. BE WISE—START ONE NOW!

THE Farmers and Merchants Bank OF LA VERNE Commercial Savings

Heap Big Blowout Coming

NATIONAL CONFERENCE COMING!

For a number of years, LaVerne has felt the need for membership in some organization which, by national assemblies, many serious problems might be solved. Some problems involve local interest particularly, but others need the advice of national figures. At last, these desires have culminated in an organization and a national conference is coming to LaVerne. It will meet in Charter Oak city hall, in order to get away from LaVerne confusion. The date is April 17, at 2 p. m., in whatever year is satisfactory to Charter Oak officials.

Some of the topics which will be discussed will be:

Can loud colors be distinctly heard? Can traffic jam be spread? Can a man love more than one woman? If a cow-slips, will a window pain? Can you make tea from dog bark? If eggs are rotten in Denmark, what are chickens good for?

If a rabbit's hide is worth twenty-five cents, how long will it take a mule to kick an elephant's ear thru a hey-hole?

Speakers of world renown will be present. Pewee Lathrop will be general chairman, speaker, and moderator of the meeting. His poise in public is excellent, and his deep thoughts bring out excellent choice of

Frosh Treasurer in Terrible Mess

MACARTHUR CHARGED WITH EMBEZZLEMENT

"LA VERNE, March 29. — Harry Macarthur was arrested here today charged with taking money from the Freshman class treasury. It was discovered late yesterday that \$100,000 had mysteriously disappeared from the treasury recently and circumstantial evidence pointed to Macarthur as the thief.

Mr. Macarthur was taken into custody here early today by Officer Clarence Brubaker and Deputy Click. He was taken immediately to the police station, but he refused to give out any information until some time later when he was faced by Miss Hazel Perry, prominent member of the freshman class, in court. When Miss Perry entered the courtroom, Macarthur broke down and confessed. In the presence of Judge Pobst and other court officials he sobbed out his story.

"I had to have money," he moaned. "Why?" asked the judge.

"Because—because I had to buy a little house. We were going to be married." With these words, Mr. Macarthur broke down completely and cried like a woman. Miss Berry could hardly be restrained from rushing to him.

"It was my fault—my fault," she screamed. "He did it for me. I let

CALENDAR

April 2—Lice Seeum Korse number by Miss Katharine Hanawalt, impersonator and vocalist. She will be assisted by an accompanist, Ralph Fesler, who is a noted Parisian harpsichordist.

April 3—Sorority dance in Gymnasium, April 4½; Midnight Social in room 17 of Miller Hall. The matron will be the honored guest.

April 6—Show in history room. Miss Muir will ask for a show of hands concerning completed term papers.

April 7—Mamas and girls band quilt.

April 9—Women's Track Meet, featuring Glenna Betz in the buckshot-put, and Edna Brubaker in the discus throw. Esther Dickey will throw the butcher knife and Marie Tingle is going out to win the 440. Margaret Williams and Pearl Niswander will be chief hurdlers.

CUNNINGHAM AND WEYBRIGHT ENJOY VACATION

Students around LaVerne College are glad and surprised to hear of the safe return of two of their prominent class mates, Vernon Weybright and Ed Cunningham. These men have

Hoover Goes Romancing

LaVerne, April 1.—The population of LaVerne's "Fifth Avenue"—Fourth Street—was scandalized recently by the fall of one of its most highly esteemed citizens. Doctor Hoover had decided that he had been respected long enough and that it was time he shook off the shackles of respectability and started in search of romance. He did not have to go very far afield. His ethics class contained one member, Willie Long, who impressed him as being the very romance for which he sought. Of course Wilma was only too glad to break a date with Homer for Friday night to plan the elopement.

Saturday morning at 4 o'clock Dr. Hoover honked his hoopie out on front of Willie's and almost awakened the family, but Wilma was ready and they flew the coop in haste without too much noise, and headed for Death Valley.

When Mrs. Hoover, armed with a cup of water, entered the doctor's room at 7 a. m. to rouse him, she found him gone. Amidst much wailing and gnashing of teeth she called Vera and they searched the room for traces of the thief, in spite of the fact that they could not believe any one could be so heartless as to tear the worthy doctor away from his beloved institution and its chapel marches. However, when they discovered that Dr. Hoover had taken his red necktie, his knickers and his golf clubs, they realized that he must have gone voluntarily, as he always kept these treasures in a very secret and inaccessible hiding place, namely the chandeliers. Fearing some disaster as he had taken neither of them for a chaperone, they soon had Earl Epperson on the trail.

Papa Long had also discovered the absence of his daughter Willie, but no one thought to connect the two events until the guilty ones were found by Mr. Epperson, calmly breakfasting in San Berdoo. The hoopie had suffered a blowout and the old romancer had suggested that they appease their hunger by partaking of ham and eggs. Dr. Hoover was torn from his bride-to-be and left to drive the hoopie home while she rode off happily with Mr. Epperson. She was returned to her fond parents safely some time that night. Both participants in the escapade have agreed that they have had enough romance for awhile, and they are quite willing to settle down with their old stand-bys.

Here the people, that is, the three-legged, one-armed, four-eyed beings, lived in holes which were left when the wind blew the comets off of Venus—just like our Santa Anas. It was rather difficult for the men to land in this kind of a place, but since their machine isn't very big, they landed safely.

Vernon and Ed, not wishing to spoil their record at Sunday school and church, decided to hunt up a church, so they might know where to go the next morning, which was Sunday. They found that these people on Venus went to church on Saturday. (Continued on Page Six.)

!!FACULTY SCARED STIFF!!

STILL COMING

words which will sink deeply into the hearts of knowledge seekers.

Other prominent speakers will be Robert Woodard, who will present Irish viewpoints. Dwight Dubois will represent the world chamber of commerce. Roland Brownsberger will again relate his horribe experiences as liberator of China. Earl Longeneckers, Daniel Stern, Joe Burger and Clarence Brubaker will expostulate profoundly on the topics first mentioned.

Great interest is being aroused and more is sought, as it is felt that this conference will be a means of winning many souls for the national brotherhood.

IMPORTANT NOTICE FOR DUMB STUDENTS

Any students who desire to leave school for any reason whatsoever may do so by presenting a slip tomorrow saying that they have been sick. Now, folks, this will not be true, but this is the only excuse that gets by, therefore do not take any chances and give the old standby that you "had a headache." The administration will thank you kindly for doing this.

STILL CHARGED

him. I wanted him to."

April 1, 1930 has been set for the date of the trial. Mr. Macarthur will be held in the LaVerne city jail pending trial. Attorney Lathrop will represent Mr. Macarthur and will try to prove that he is insane. It is understood that Misses Gladys Ikenberry, Margaret Williams, Katherine Hanawalt will testify as to this fact.

Mr. Macarthur's confession disclosed the fact that Dale Stutzman, Frosh class president, was also implicated in the affair. The fact that Miss Esther Dickey is wearing a diamond is looked upon with some suspicion. Due to the fact that Mr. Stutzman is at present in the mountains on a "necking" party with aforementioned girl, he has not yet been taken into custody. However, he is being closely watched.

A supply of powder, rouge and lipstick, eyebrow and eyelash beautifier has arrived in the book room. It has been stated that the girls of L. V. C. are not using enough cosmetics. Just think, girls, how much more beautiful you would be if applications of this sort were made, oh, say two or three times a day. Support your school, girls, right now, by buying these cosmetics.

spent their vacation touring the universe in a skyrocket named the Mosquito. This skyrocket was designed and built by Mr. Dale Stutzman, one of our well known inventors and scientists. He was assisted by Joe Roy-non.

These two daring and loyal students did not wish to ditch class the day before vacation, so they waited until 3:45 to start on their adventure. They took off from the roof of the administration building amid the shouts and tossing of hate of the loyal and admiring freshman class, which turned out one hundred per cent.

They took two sandwiches, a boiled egg and a bottle of hot chocolate each as nourishment in case they should get hungry. They had a safe journey until they were within a few miles of Venus, when they nearly met with an accident. Mr. —?— from Florida had found his favorable conditions in a bottle floating on the water and was also arriving at Venus. Both skyrockets were trying to light on the same ground at the same time. The accident was averted by the skillful manipulation of the machine by Mr. Weybright.

They finally landed in an odd country, if country you would call it.

?DR. FRANTZ IMPLICATED?

IF YOU DON'T LIKE THIS, SEE
WHETHER YOU CAN DO
BETTER

PUT FORTHER'S GAB

Aye Ptyrrhmn Paypurrrh

(Supplement to Campus Crimes)

Published Very Weakly.

By the Frosh, of the Frosh and for the Frosh. Others may read by special permission.

STUFFERS

Head Man	Ed Slicingham
Leading Lady	Ruth Bawlingurl
Noose Eddietor	Kay Kries
First "Thing" Eddietor	Myrtice Butteroll
Characteristic Eddietor	Kenneth Dormduff
Sass Eddietor	Martha Bare
Physical Eddietor	Dale Stutzie, Vernon Sosmart

SIDE KICKERS

Lucile Funny	Glenna Bets	Esther Rickety	Isaac Bunk
Marge Bills	Gladys Icanbury	Pearl Nicewander	
	Florence Blubaker	George Bug	
Busy End			Joe Onion

A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT

A new school teacher in a country school once said: "Tomorrow each of you bring an original fable containing a moral; and Fred, if you miss your lesson again you'll get a whipping."

When she corrected the papers, she found that Fred's read:

"TEACHERS

"Last yeer we had a awful big teecher. He whipped me cause I missed my lesson, but paw seen him about it. Paw beet him up so he cudent teeche skule an he limped for a week. Paw said no teecher better not whip me agin. I spose you see the moral.

How sad that instead of the teacher being the goat in our case it is the poor student. Term papers are due again soon, and all must write without an exception. History, English, Psychology, and on and on, a never-ending line of term papers. But listen, all of you poor students; the time to start them is now before you lose the ambition—that is, if you ever had any. Term papers are something that cannot be avoided, and since you have had fair warning you can be a Fred Smith, although it is advisable not to state a moral similar to his. But remember, a word to the wise is sufficient.

LET'S BE SERIOUS

This paper may not be all you expect it to be. It may be that you are extremely disappointed in our weak efforts at trying to be comical. This paper may go cross-grained with some student's temperament, or it may scorch pretty close to some professor's beard. However, we have done the best we know how; we have made a desperate attempt to be funny, so please do your best to cooperate with us and strain every effort to laugh at some of our witticisms. It will make us feel better, even if you don't mean it. Laughing is cheap anyway.

Then again, we sincerely hope that we have hurt no person's feelings. We offer hearty apologies for everything you find in our paper that is not true, and we think there is very little untruthful material in it. If the joke is on you, we are sorry that you made such a fool of yourself.

Please warn us ahead of time if our lives are in danger. We at least ask for a jury trial before the sentence is passed.

THE STAFF

We're Not Yellow We Support the Orange Blossom

Don Struts

HIS STUFF

The eminent writer of LaVerne College, and well known typist in the library of the institution, recently won the laurels of the most artistic typist in the National Woodpeckers' Union contest.

On March 32, a telegram from Mr. R. G. Hoover, president of the organization, announced that Mr. Don



Miller was awarded the prize of six silver taps for being the swiftest, and at the same time the most artistic typist in America.

Students of LaVerne College congratulate their fellow student in his success. They remember the endurance test of their concentration in the library at his practice periods, but it has proved worth while.

His wrist movement had gained perfection and it was the subject of much comment and interest. Mr. Miller will demonstrate his art before Mr. Coolidge before he returns to his studies in LaVerne.

CHAPEL NOTES

Thursday in chapel the students enjoyed Professor Spoozum's lecture on "Cigarettes as an Aid to Athletics and Morality." Prof. Spoozum stated that for unparalleled football teams, Camels are the thing, but Chesterfields are better for those interested in swimming. For ladies, Old Golds are probably the most desirable, and anyone who aspires to fame and fortune on the stage should smoke Lucky Strikes.

Dr. Hoover supplemented the lecture with the usual comments and concluded by saying he thought cigars were preferable for professors as they promoted brain power, which is a thing all professors need badly.

BOBBY WOODARD TRIES SALES-MANSHIP

Robert Woodard always has been timid, but at last after reading a few uplifting articles, he screwed his courage up to the sticking point, took an agency for aluminum ware and started out to canvass. The first house he timidly approached, he rang the door bell and a frowzy, red-faced woman came to the door.

"Y-y-y-you don't want any aluminum ware, do you?" faltered Bob.

"You sure said a mouthful, kid," the women replied, slamming the door in his face.

Now Robert has a job as lemonade boy in the Page Department Store.

Leopard Spouts

EGOTISTICALLY SPEAKING

Time comes and goes. When it is here we say it has not come, and when it has went we wonder where is it. In other words opportunity knocks and to save the door we must open it.

Every dog has its day. There is a time to bawl and a time to laugh. My lot has been to laugh. I came from laughing stock. Other people came from bawling stock—sounds like a calf barn at feed time!

Men live to laugh or laugh to live. Both livelihood and laughableness are indispensable. Nothing grows gray hairs quicker than an anti-laugh mood, and nothing brightens the corners where we ought to be quicker than a good wholesome hee-haw.

The best remedy that I can put forth for the terrible turmoil and unrest, and international ill will existing in the extremely modern world is for every nation to think about the foolishness of it all and then all lean 'way back in their easy chairs and laugh till their sides ache. A good laugh rolled out of the system at the proper time, when everything seems disgruntled and out of fix, will give you the world by the tail.

For what is life without foolishness! Biill Shimmyjavelin said, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women are merely passengers. We have or coming outs and our going ins, and our acts are seven rages."

Be that as it may, Bill lived back in the good old days when folks married for love and the greater the love the bigger the brick, and probably he knew what he was talking about. Let's hope he did. I never could figure it out!

Just the same, life is full of foolishness and above all, college life is full—not half full but clear full—of foolishness. Final exams, discipline, order, chapel, oleo, 7:40 classes, collateral reading, textbooks, etc., are all unnecessary and foolish. The faculty, though unnecessary, would not be classed as foolish; they are luxuries. Term papers, on the other hand, out-strip them all. They are outlandish and the camel that broke the straw's back.

That's enough—now let's be serious, folks. Here's the whole trouble: This is April Fool's jubilee month. So they have turned us fool freshmen loose on the public. Well, you do the suffering, not us!

But, saith the preacher, "All is vanity." (Eccl. 12:8.) If the preacher says that, what does the undertaker have to say? Selah!

The topic of the day is war and peace. But there is such a war going on about this war question, and so many pieces are written that tear the piece question all to pieces, that I think I'll go "far from the madding crowd" (Ben Jonson or Bryant or some of those old fossils) and write about something else.

Another good topic is about "vests and vestments in foreign countries being protected only by the governments of the countries in which the vests are worn." But that isn't so good, either. That has been hashed too much already. The best thing to protect vests anyway is some sort of patent windshield wiper, whether at home or abroad, so why worry about government protection?

Another big topic is "Crime." But there is too much crime going on already without adding my little bit.

Then I could talk about school spir-

it, etc. But there's hardly enough around most schools to talk about.

Then there are the freshmen. They would make a first-class subject, but everyone is talking about them as it is, so with them eliminated what is left for us to write about?

Well, let's come at it from a systematic angle—let's get at the root of the affair and find us a subject. Let's see, who's the president of LaVerne College? Oh, yes; Dr. Studebaker. And let's see, Studebaker is the name of a car, isn't it? Ah, now things are clearing up fine! Studebakers are made in Detroit, aren't they? Now we're coming—Detroit is along the Great Lakes. Their names are Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, Ontario. Niagara Falls is near Lake Ontario. That's where they make shredded wheat, and now how's the wheat crop? Let's see, that is harvested in June and July, and this is March—no, this is April. Well, I'll declare, this is April Fool!

MARK'S FORD

Blessing on thee, little car; Gears all stripped and seats that jar. Knocks are many, springs are few, Chassis broken, far from new, With thy two speeds—slow and stop; Cutout open, darn the cop! Lively pickup as it whirls— Picks up tacks and Junior girls. Paint all gone. Now girls, don't scoff. You'd look worse with your paint off.

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POMONA

Read 'em
and weep

THE FORD

The Ford is my auto, I shall not want. It maketh me to lie down in its shadow; it leadeth me into much trouble. It draweth on my purse; I go into the paths of debt for its sake. Yea, though I understand my Ford perfectly, I fear much evil, for the radius rods or axle might break. It has a blowout in the presence of mine enemies; I anoint the tire with a patch; the radiator boils over. Surely this thing will not follow me all the days of my life, or I will dwell in the house of poverty forever.

Moral: Equip your Ford with one of the new cuckoo clocks. When the thing reaches twenty miles an hour the bird will come out and sing, "Nearer My God to Thee."

BLOOMING IDIOTS

Whenever and wherever absent-mindedness is discussed in LaVerne, you will doubtless hear about Prof. Sarafian, who put his wet umbrella to bed and stood in the sink all night, or about Prof. Griffing, who went out to milk late at night, hung the milk pail on a peg in the cow stable, and milked into his lantern. You will also hear about Prof. Frantz, who went out camping until he was utterly bitten up by chiggers, mosquitoes, flies, ants and sand fleas, and who, on his arrival home for breakfast, poured maple syrup down his back and scratched his waffle; and about Dr. Emmert who, feeling the pangs of hunger, boiled his watch for five minutes while he gazed intently at an egg.

BLOOMING IDIOTS

Dr. Hoover, in chapel: If that hissing from your direction doesn't stop at once, I shall order the whole chapel to be cleared.

Harold Brubaker: It's not hissing, sir. It's this fellow behind me. He's got asthma.

Stranger: Sh-h-h-h! Where can I find a speak-easy?

Joe Roynon (after one semester under Merrit): My good man, don't you mean speak easily?

Howard Frantz, to Carl Rupert: If you have a cold in your head—that's something.

Guide (to Rusty, touring the Ford plant): Do you know what would happen if that man on the right side ever missed a day at work?

Rusty: No; what would happen?

Guide: Twenty-two hundred and sixty-one Fords would go out of the factory without springs.

Rusty: He must-a been sick the day mine was made, then.

The more a man claims to know about women, the more he demonstrates that he doesn't know anything—look at Chet Shirk.

The Seniors were born for great things,

The Sophomores, I guess, for small.

But can anyone tell us the reason Why Juniors were born at all?

—Freshmen.

A PERFECT EXAMPLE

She doesn't like a shady joke,
She doesn't hike, she doesn't smoke,
She doesn't swear, she never flirts,
She doesn't wear those shortened skirts;
She doesn't dance, she doesn't sing,
And goofs in pants don't mean a thing.
She doesn't use those beauty salves,
She doesn't refuse to show her calves.
You ask her name? Well, that's a "wow!"
She's not a dame; she's just a cow.

The boy stood on the sinking wreck;
He didn't want to go.
He'd caught a new one on his set—
Its letters he must know.

His father called; he would not flee.
The water reached his ears,
And as he sank he cried with glee,
"By heck! I had Algiers."

FORMS - FIGURES - SHAPES

PILLOWS PROVIDED FOR DEAN HOOVER'S ROOM

Dean Hoover's classes are fortunate in having pillows provided for them. He agrees that Ethics is rather dull and that if a student wants to sleep he should be allowed to sleep in comfort.

Friday, the first day since this has gone into effect, Dot Temple snored so loudly that she kept the rest of the class awake. However, through the process of elimination, Dr. Hoover believes that all will be able to sleep more peacefully in the future.



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With your "secrets"—we won't tell, honest!

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Your Jeweler Friend in Pomona, 120 East Second Street
Announcing for our "radio" College friends. We are tipping off a secret rumor.

IT CAN'T BE DID

Polly—"I hear that LaVerne Dora is goin' to marry that poor strugglin' young man in Pomona J. C."

Fannie—"Don't you worry, no use in him strugglin." (It can't be did)—get away from her.

Just so with our watch and jewelry repair service and our young College friends. Call on us; see our line of fine watches, etc.

F. W. ALLEY, Your Jeweler

NOTICE! NOTICE!!

The editor will give a large reward to the person who will give the name of the party caught walking under the arch of his mouth to cross the bridge of his nose so that he could sit in the shade of the palm of his hand and feed the corn on his toes to the calf of his leg while he had his shoulder blade sharpened.

Answer: I have caught the party you want, but he will not give his name. However, I can describe him, so you will know him when you see him.

While wearing the cap of his knee, he plays on the drum of his ear. He carries a whip made from the lash of his eye, and a key to the lock of his hair. When he was last seen he was shingling the roof of his mouth with the nails of his fingers and toes. He has killed all the hares of his head with the bow of his legs. His favorite sports are spinning the top of his head and rolling the balls of his eyes. There are waves on the strands of his hair.

N. B.—As he has no more corns on his toes he now feeds the calf of his leg on the roots of his hair.

DATING DELLA SAYS:

The best way to be the light of a man's life is to keep him in the dark. The best part of any parting is the parting.

In this age, leap year is as unnecessary as mistletoe.

When a girl gets her dates mixed, she finds that li-ability is a real asset.

When approaching the Christmas season, boys, shop, look, and loosen. That the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, is all the bunk.

This Paper Would Like to Know
Why Peewee never steps out?
Why the Seniors can't keep in step?

It Isn't
THE FUNNIEST THING IN
THE WORLD

To have your books out of balance or to get behind with your records, but it's
A GENUINE PLEASURE
For me to straighten them out, bring them up to date or revise your accounting system.

Leroy Minnich

Public Accountant
Phone 1901 LaVerne, Calif.

Everything You Want

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Breakfast, Dinner and Supper

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FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING

With Charley T8 K8 made a d8
For which she w8ed until l8.
Then when she heard him slam the g8
Her little heart was filled with h8,
And I am merely here to st8
(Although 'tis painful to rel8)
She b8 the p8 of that poor sk8
Until he ran at fearful r8.
When he his lungs could not inf8
Down on the road he sadly s8
And said, "Gosh, how she can ber8!
She'll never, never, be my m8."

SHE WHO HESITATES
IS LOST

Don't Be Lost

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Sale

Offers unusual values in
Spring Dresses, Suits and
Ensembles

This Week and the Next

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Coot Y. Gurgles

Miss Muir again refused to make an assignment for the freshman history class. She declared that the freshmen needed more time to study their other lessons and that play was more important than study.

Ed C: So you actually don't hate anybody in the world?

Dale S: Not a soul, but listen: I've got a fellow all picked out to begin on if I do start hating people.

S. S. Teacher: Now what, boys and girls, is the golden text for this Sunday?

Hardware Dealer's Son: Repaint, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

Little Johnny, a city boy in the country for the first time, saw a cow being milked.

"Now you know where the milk comes from, don't you?" he was asked.

"Sure," replied Johnny. "You give her some breakfast food and water, and then drain her crankcase."

Miss Muir (in restless history class): Not a person in this division will be given liberty this afternoon.

Isaac F: Give me liberty or give me death.

Miss Muir (angrily): Who said that?

Isaac (weakly): Patrick Henry.

Dr. Emmert (in Bible Class): Mr. Weybright, what can you tell me about Aaron?

Mr. W: His name was the first in the telephone book.

"And what in France," asked a friend, "did you enjoy the most, Miss Muir?"

"Well, I think," said Miss Muir, "it was the French pheasants singing the Mayonnaise."

Dr. Frantz: Your equations should be balanced so that even the most stupid person could understand them.

Hazel Rothrock: Yes; what don't you understand?

Mrs. Flickinger declares that she will no longer attempt to keep order in the library. She says that the students can study in a noisy room just as well as in a quiet room, anyway.

Sophomore and wise Frosh in a garden:

Richard P: Freshie, is that parsley?

Charles M: Yes, Senior, that is parsley.

Mrs. Merritt is explaining the merit system to the Freshman English Class:

Vernon W: How long did it take you to get your Merritt?

Mr. and Mrs. Robert and Kathryn (Hanawalt) Woodard are celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary tonight at 8 o'clock in a secret romantic spot on the old college campus.

Will trade one chemistry quarterly term paper, last year's model, in fairly good state, for a grade in trig for this quarter. Will accept a 3 if in good shape. Apply at Don Miller's office.

Twenty-four hours of sleep lost. If you find them, please return to owner, Everett Calvert.

Sylvia S: How long did it take you to learn to skate?

Erma S: Oh, several sittings.

H. Blickenstaff (with Margaret watching a famous artist paint a landscape in San Dimas Canyon: Gee, that guy's poor.

Margaret: Why?

Harry: He hasn't even enough money to buy a camera.

The foolish senator fed his fat face with fricaseed fowl Friday forenoon and for fully five fearful hours felt frightful feelings, and he flatly flunked from the effects.

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Hez. 14:2.

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POPULAR COUPLE WED

LaVerne and its inmates were pleasantly surprised Friday morning to learn of the wedding which had taken place the evening before. Lois Rupert, sophomore in this institution, and Ivan Edmister, Freshman, were joined in the bonds of holy matrimony at 6 last evening by the Reverend Avery Dunning. The wedding took place at the home of the groom's parents, which was beautifully decorated in red geraniums and wild oats. The bride was charmingly gowned in black satin with a black crepe veil. She carried a bouquet of black calla lilies. The groom was dressed in white ducks and a white collegiate sweater and he wore a forget-me-not in his buttonhole to make him remember where he had put the ring. The bridesmaids were lovely in green and orange sweater shirts and track pants. They all carried bouquets of mustard flowers. They were none other than Neva Snell, Mary Platt, Crete Heiny and Vivienne Wyne.

Marie Tingle and Ellen Edmister

Lloyd Cunningham and Marie Tingle spent Sunday at Narod Beach.

Merle Butterbaugh, after spending some days in a clown school at Pomona, has just joined the circus. Mr. Butterbaugh intends to spend at least a couple of months with them for the experience.

One hundred per cent of the students have subscribed to the Orange Blossom. What's wrong with the rest?

Marie Tingle has recently signed a contract to be the leading star in the latest picture, taken at Hollywood. The title of the picture is "The Last Dawn (Don)."

LaVerne city and the college in particular were very much honored this week when Miss Muir, our elevated history teacher, was awarded a Pulitzer prize on her editorial, "The Shortcomings of the European History Class," and her novel, "Giggles in the Rear."

Miss Marie Tingle spent the week-end at her home in LaVerne.

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had fought so over the position of maid of honor that Marie had to marry Don Miller so she could be matron of honor and let Ellen have the coveted position. Meanwhile Ellen had been scouting around for herself, and had married Jay Fyock, so she could let Marie be maid of honor. Since there could not be two matrons of honor, the two were again facing the problem of one giving up. However, Ellen solved it by divorcing Jay and becoming grass widow of honor. Both were dressed in beautiful bur-lap gowns and carried bouquets of red pepper berries.

Mr. Fyock had the honor of being best man. The wedding was prolonged by the objections voiced by Dwight Dubois when the preacher said, "Speak now or forever hold your peace." After an hour of argumentation the questions, which were of no consequence whatever, were settled and the ceremony was completed with no interruptions except when the groom had to take off his shoe to get the ring, which he had hidden therein. The couple will reside in the fire hall after their return from their honeymoon in Claremont, and points east. We wish them all happiness but are rather doubtful about it.

WE EXPECTED OVERHOLTZER PLATT MARRIAGE

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THIS
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Emphasis

on the

Doubtful

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MUSIC GRADUATE GIVES RECITAL

A harmonica recital, featuring Miss Hazel Perry, took place in the college auditorium on Thursday evening, March 22, at 8 o'clock.

Miss Perry is a senior in the LaVerne College harmonica department, and is a pupil of Professor Daniel Sterns. She holds the distinction of being the first, youngest and most entertaining pupil to graduate. She presided at her post with ease and dignity. The audience greatly appreciated her syncopation, which they showed by the great number of bouquets which they presented to her.

Assisting Miss Perry was Miss Esther Dickey, who performed with real ability on the jews-harp. Little Earl Longnecker very cleverly gave two humorous readings. Among the numbers rendered by Miss Perry were: "Down on the Farm," by Jersey Kowski; "At the Dentist," by Pullatuskey; "Meet Me in Dream-land," by Sleepyeyeski; and "Little Brown Jug," by Kaskawhisky.

Miss Perry will doubtless be the last harmonicaist to be trained by Professor Stern, as he, in the future, will confine his work to giving accordion lessons. Our heartiest wishes float out to wish Miss Perry and Prof. Stern for success in their work.

A large number of world-famous alumni have made reservations for rooms and board to rent or insure during the world Annual Conference of the Brethren, held in LaVerne. These are: King Wayne Allen, of Samoa; Prime Minister Ralph Fesler, of Kentucky Co., Kansas, Italy; Queen Lucile Forney and her attendants, Flossie Page and Grace Nay; President Dale Stutzman, of Turkey. They will all meet at Charter Oak, June 3d, and an underground railway has been provided to drag these honorable impersonations to the following cozy homes: Virgil Brook's ham house, Roland and Aileen Brown-berger's apartments, Onis and Hazel Leonard's portable cook (on wheels) wagon, Stanley Weddle's bachelor trolley car home on L. V. train tracks, Howard and Dorothy Frantz's retired freight car home, Ivan and Lois Edmister's playhouse, and Fred and Marie T. Mahoney's cave under the new dam. It is the fond desire of all LaVerne's population to give them a warm reception.

HOW SAD—TOO BAD!

We regret having lost two of our students, Ruth Dickey and George Anderson, who were taken to Norwalk yesterday after having almost murdered each other in a grizzly hug.

Ed Cunningham, a well known cook in the freshman class, has established a hot dog cafeteria in Los Angeles.

Baseball was evidently flourishing in the Bible days, as we find that "Eve stole first," Adam got "put out" (of the garden), David "struck out" Goliath, the prodigal son made a "home run," and Moses "slid in" the Egyptians at the Red Sea.

Social circles around the college were very surprised Sunday evening when Myrtice Butterbaugh and Kathleen Shaffer announced their engagements in a very clever way. At the end of the C. W. hour just before the benediction, collection plates were passed containing small slips of paper. Each person took one, supposing that it was some request for money. But most of them were blank. However, it was not all for nothing. Edie Brubaker discovered upon hers the fatal words "Myrtice-Pete and Kathleen-Re Pete." The Campus Times staff joins the student body in hoping for the best.

ALUMNI

Don Miller, former student at LaVerne College, was elected president of the United States at a meeting held in Washington on Sunday evening. The students of LaVerne College wish to congratulate him, and

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OPEN EVENINGS

hope he will be very successful with his administration.

Vernon Weybright has just accepted a pastorate at the Chino Church of the Brethren. He spent some years in preparation at Fresno Technical School for Bad Boys.

Joe Roynon, who graduated from LaVerne College in 1919, spent the past two weeks with an old friend in LaVerne.

Chester Shirk, a member of the class of '27," was elected vice-president of the new Chino University.

A week-end trip to Europe was enjoyed by Ernest Carl and his cousin, Glenn Vaniman.

Harriett Woody, well known evangelist, was the guest of Miss Verda Brubaker of LaVerne.

BRAIN FOOD

See the forest on these hills
Destined for the paper mills.
Pause amid these woodland scenes;
Here are future magazines.
There a sturdy giant falls—
That will be the new McCall's;
Here's some timber for a dry jest
In the Literary Digest.
See that hemlock in the canyon?
That's the Woman's Home Companion.
There's a fellow cutting spruce;
Let us ask him for whose use.
What! It's for term papers for history?
Woodman, woodman, spare that tree!

MUD, BLOOD AND OTHERWISE
WE SOW 'EM—
YOU REAP 'EM

WHAT HAVE YOU

Doings of Congress

A new bill has just been introduced into Congress asking for the repeal of the Law of Gravitation. This bill was introduced by Lorell Weiss, a student of philosophy of LaVerne College. In a recent speech to Congress, Mr. Weiss very clearly defined his objections to the present law, which was enacted centuries ago. He says that the passing of this law was very illegal, and that the instigator said law was under the effects of strong wine at the time. In his speech he pointed out the unnecessary of this jurisdiction over us, the people of America. Following is a portion of his heated speech, delivered before Congress:

"* * * Why should we Americans, who claim ourselves to be democratic in every respect, be subjected to this sort of a law that was made just because of a mere whim of this fellow Newton? As we all know, while he sat in the shade of an apple tree, one of the fruits of the aforementioned tree came his way and landed on his dome. Now Newton was an influential citizen, so in his anger he caused this law of gravitation to be passed which said that all free-moving bodies must fall earthward. Fellow citizens, why should we have to live under such a pernicious law that is detrimental to mankind?

"I appeal to your sympathies, if you have such. Think of the burdens we carry because of it. It seems that in every walk of life we are made to face its enforcement. Whether we step out of doors on an icy morning; whether we stay at home minding our own business, or if in some other place doing ditto, a banana peel has full authority and is empowered to cause our downfall in a very few seconds. Can we stand for such as this? No, I've seen it happen too often.

"This is not the first attempt for the repeal of the Law of Gravitation. The first attempt was somewhat successful, but look how long they had to work to gain any concessions whatsoever, and these concessions were just for a chosen few, namely, those who could successfully operate aircraft. Many years were spent in getting this bill through so that aircraft could be put on a working basis. As I said before, they succeeded with severe limitations. If this law can be legally disregarded by a few, why can't we as American citizens succeed in having the law completely repealed?"

This is a very small example of

When grandma was a youthful miss,
She didn't paint her face;
She never smoked a cigarette,
She always knew her place.

She didn't wear her dresses
Well up beyond the knees;
She didn't shock the world at large,
She didn't chase the he's.

She didn't go on auto rides
'Way back in 'eighty-seven;
She didn't do a lot of things
To keep her out of heaven.

She didn't stay out late at night;
She didn't roll her socks.
She didn't dance the Charleston;
She didn't bob her locks.

She didn't do these little things—
She didn't, we'll allow.
But, if she didn't do them then,
Why does she do them now?

Ancient Record Revealed

A page from the Childhood History of Mrs. Merritt:

While reading in a book of history I discovered the following article, which is doubtless of great interest to students of LaVerne College.

... "And when she was a wee thing of about seven years of age, she wandered into the fields on a bright day with a lump of sugar for her pet pig. While the little Dorothy Titus (she was not then united in holy matrimony with the Honorable "Fuzz" Merritt) was walking through the tall grass, her eyes fell upon a small worm squirming near her little bare toes. Having a great sympathy for animals, little Dorothy picked the poor thing up. As she held it in her little hand, she said: "Poor 'little sing, ain't got no mama (she was not an English professor then), ain't got no papa, ain't got no 'spression on your face, ain't got no eyes, can't see nobody," and as she said "Want to see God?" the poor little worm was reduced to nothingness between her chubby fingers.

QUITE PERSONAL

Florence Brubaker hereby announces her love to Dwight DuBois. No questions asked.

Mr. Weiss' fiery speech, delivered in his usual persuasive manner. At the end of his speech, all Congress was so convinced of the truth of his words that a young riot took place, with slogans of "No gravitation or fight," and "Away with Newton and his sore dome." In a few minutes the whole country was alive with riots. Many were tarred and feathered because of their beliefs that the law was just, its ratification legal and that it should be retained to keep down the American citizens. Rioting extended far into the night, and news of revolts have spread all over America.

Now that the repeal of this law is so imminent because of the far-spread favor it has gained, we are led to believe that it won't be long now.

Merritt Gets Results

In the freshman English class this semester, Mrs. Merritt has aroused interest in "modern" literature—free verse, poetry and what not. Many intensely interested students have read extensively on this literature—and some have even taken the writing craze, and astounding results have been seen. Even Mrs. Merritt herself is exceedingly pleased—and some other deep minded professors did not think such deep seated thoughts could be found in freshmen—much less be brought out on paper in such a forceful way.

A club has been organized and the members are going to devote their time to writing. Just a very few of these verses are ready to be printed, but upon reading these, many will be anxiously waiting for later publications.

Here are a few of the verses already submitted:

Eggs, eggs, rotten eggs—
One thrown against the side of a barn
Makes one think of spattered sunset
on the painted sky.

Clothes, Clothes, dirty clothes,
Soused in water—
The wringer squeezes the little water
molecules out—
Down into the waiting tub.

Cars start—stop—start—
Go fast—faster!
Men's bodies sail with them—
In earthly realms;
Then man's soul—drifts—
Drifts into realms unknown.

The Irish two-eyed like us,
The Irish bring spuds into pictures,
The sprouts make worms on the
brown surface.

Bugs, bugs, bedbugs—
The little creatures creep at your
pillow—
When once you mention his presence
to your friends
Your rep is gone forever.

This summer's a hummer—
That's all till fall.

LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE

Dr. Hoover was last week lecturing on charity, virtue, and the psychology of doing good to others. In order to get his point across better, and in order to add interest for his class by examples and incidents, he told this personal experience:

As he was returning home one evening, at the corner of Fourth and F Streets he saw several mischievous urchins cruelly beating a poor old donkey. He approached the boys and by his gentle, persuasive way, made them stop mistreating this poor, dumb donkey. Then Dr. Hoover said: "Mr. Mahoney, what virtue did I show in doing so?"

Fred quickly replied: "Brotherly love."

KAY'S ELEGY WRITTEN TO A SOPHOMORE'S BRAINS

Full many a dunce with head as hard
as rock
The dark, unfathomed halls of
learning bear;
Full many a good thought glances
off his block
To waste itself upon the heavy air.

For them no more the test papers
shall be,
Nor busy shall they burn their
midnight oil.
Nor evermore shall they behold an E,
For them always the everlasting
toil.

Oft did the teacher call their ignorant
bluff;
Their stumbling answer oft he
laughed about.
And though upon the students this
was tough,
The prof enjoyed it until school was
out.

May he at last find rest in peaceful
death
When the hard trials of this life
are o'er.
And may he never waste his feeble
breath,
Or pour upon the ground his gooey
gore.

Amen.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

"Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art—"
—Rom. 2:1.

Real Estate

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is over and now that you're
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Bobs and the Bobeteria

MUSCULAR EXERTION

MAIL MEN OF THE FACULTY DELIVER THE GOODS

THE THIRTEEN TOWN TUTORS
TRACKED TODAY

The second track meet with the Institute of Funerology was held today at Clod's Field. The field was in good shape, being prepared by the 6 merit class of 1930, and the event was the howling success of the ages. No other such attraction has been staged by Pile since the Hebrew Race held in Babylon. The Thirteen Town Tutors narrowly nosed out the Funerologists

by 62,759 to 62,758. The final standing was uncertain until Dr. Emmert proved to be the "Blew Nag" of the meat. Against barrels of dope he cast the javelin for an unbelievable distance to win by the width of a chin whisker. Doc no doubt acquired his ability to hurl the spear through his profound study of King Saul.

As thrilling as was the close of the meat, so was the beginning.

Hoover took the pole vault by reaching a most noble altitude, where he discovered fillisophically that the wind blew through his whiskers just the same. However, under this handicap he undauntedly ascended to the top.

Claude Arnett had more tough luck than a centipede with corns, but nevertheless he established a new world's record in the 99-yard gallop of 2 hours and 37 seconds sharp, during which time he picked up his fallen arches approximately 99 times. He was awarded a tin metal for the cycillogical effect of his victory on the human race.

The wait men of the institution brought forth some startling records. Yoder hurled the hammer with a precision acquired only by passing out bills. "Harp" Frantz, a diminutive heavyweight, threw the shot and discus with an equilibrium that was not easily disturbed or reversible. "Harp" is not as young as he used to be, but he still can hold his own.

Sarafian, the hurdle man, perfectly well suspended his anatomy over the fences in 17 different languages. Kevork landed with such force that the concussion of his brain completely destroyed two hurdles. The injuries obtained did not phase Sarafian as he led the field to the tape.

Hollenberg almost proved a sensation in the 881. He was trailing behind when he saw an extentortugerilla fly fly past. He rapidly increased his stride and was soon at the head, but alas for the institution, this peculiar species of bug changed his mind and reversed his direction. The last news heard were unfortunate. He ran himself to death after the ornery bug.

Harry Frantz's experience as a field manager stood him in good stead. Through his agility in crossing fields and obtrusive obstacles, he unconsciously limed into the loomlight to capture without the aid of a gun first

KITTENS CLEAN UP NEIGHBORS

FROSH HUMILIATE CHAFFEY
HIGH

The Frosh humiliators humiliated the Chaffey expectorators to the tune of 6 to 5. As the team left the diamond, the roaring crowd of spectators showed their appreciation to the nine by standing—as they could not go home seated.

Tommy pitched a good game, with a number of strikeouts to his credit. Timely hits by Lathrop and Brubaker pulled the game out of the fire in the last half of the last inning. Due to lack of experience, the outfield jugglers were not quite perfect. If they had been provided with fly swatters it might have helped, but they managed to catch a few insects anyway. However, the outlook for the future is bright, with the lineup probably as follows:

FINAL RESULTS OF THE LADDER
TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Funk stumbles into the championship of the institution's Ladder Tennis Tournament. He played a remarkable set, winning his last set over Nindy Keel 6-2, 8-6, 6-1. His stroke was even and accurate throughout the match. In fact, his paralytic stroke was perfect. It ended in an ideal funeral.

Bob Woodard the fighting Irishman amazed the large crowd of spectators with his daring maneuvers, and swung his catstrung implement to the howling tune of a base (third base) drum to win third place in the tournament.

Other entries for the ping pong title were Calvert, Shepherd, Armstrong, Newcomer and McArthur (honorable mention). The awards will be given when they tie on the nose-bags at Miller Hall next Tuesday evening.

Doyle Montz, a recently retired street sweeper, quitting because of old age theories, met Harry McArthur, a leading insurance holder, on Sunday afternoon:

Doyle: Harry, I'm so sorry about your fire and loss of your store.

Harry: Oh, thank you, but you are mistaken. You are mistaken, dat vasn't me. Dat vas mine brudder. Mine's next week!

place in the 'cross country struggle. The judges gave him first place as he was the only man entered in the race.

B. S. (Back Spacer) Haugh, revolutionary high jumper, ran up the scales and dropped over on the other side of the cross bar, singing the hurdle song, "I Can't Git Over a Girl Like You."

Dwight Fever mechanically unwound to educate the judges so that he captured sixth place in the 222 hop, skip and jump marathon.

Van Cleave was scheduled to do the broad jump, but he was unable to attend because of sick dogs.

Studebaker, commander model, showed plenty of power and beauty, and with perfect ease controlled the event. In fact, Ellis did not shift from second until the last lap of the 5,280 foot race.

Griffing, Frosh advisor, had many difficulties in the two-mile grind. As he approached the limit, it moved to infinity in an effort to mock our gallant mathematician and physicist. As the focus of his hyperbole approached zero he attempted to painlessly extract the two-mile root, but his knowledge of dentistry was insufficient. He was also affected with asymptates and so he was unable to measure the distance from his goal by the avoirdupois law—and was forced from the conflict. But such heroism will go down through the ages in the athletic history of La Verne College. During the day many records were broken; so many, in fact, that the judges disqualified the funny-graph.

Chess, Checkers, Etc.

STUTZ HONKS WEYBRIGHT'S
QUEEN

In the finale game of the tri-city chess championship, Stutz won after 92 hours of play.

The game opened with Stutz charging with his cavalry. He savagely galloped his horses into enemy territory and stormed a castle, capturing the fair princess. Weybright retaliated by sending his bishop to see Stutz's queen. After six hours of deliberation the king awoke and threw the bishop off the board into the box. Weybright muttered curses known only to chess players and admitted he was ruined. However, Weybright planned an attack, but the wily Stutz was too smart for him and when the smoke cleared from the battlefield, both of Weybright's horses were dead.

VANIMAN GOES EAST ON THE RUN

LaVerne has good reason to be proud of herself and of her loyal sons in the last few days since one of our number has carried off such honors in the recent Los Angeles to New York marathon.

We wish to congratulate Glenn Vaniman on winning the first prize, a neversharp pencil. As you all know, Mr. Vaniman was unable to start until two weeks after the other racers, because he had a date for "The Tightwad." However, on Friday morning Glenn started out and with the help of his long legs, passed all the other racers in Iowa the next Tuesday. By the time he reached Illinois he was a day ahead of the rest, and he came into New York on the next Sunday, three days ahead of them. Sunday evening he was entertained at a banquet by the New York Old Maids' Club, but all to no avail, since he carried the picture of his certain freshman girl over his heart.

After a week of celebration in New York, he will return to LaVerne to resume his studies in our institution. We are sure that his new Neversharp will help him immensely in his studies and we will all be out to welcome him back to our fair city next Saturday morning, as we expect him to bring home more bacon for our school.

Cunningham and Weybright Enjoy Vacation

Continued from Page One

day, so they were too late for services. They found, however, that the people on Mars had church on Sunday, so this solved their problem. They ate sparingly of their food and then crawled down in one off these holes to go to sleep. The next morning they hailed a passing comet to Mars. They did not go in the Mosquito because it got so hot going up to Venus that it hadn't cooled off yet. They enjoyed the services at Mars and in the evening came back to Venus.

They report that Mars is very similar to Venus, and if it were not for the huge electric sign saying it was Mars, they would have thought someone had played a trick on them.

The next trip they made was in the Mosquito, when they went up to the Big Dipper to fill the radiator of their skyrocket. They rested here a while and sailed on. The next and only other stop they made was to visit the Seven Sisters. They stayed here until Friday evening.

Of course, the only natural thing happened. They fell in love with two of the sisters. After several rides down the Milky Way, which is known as Lovers' Lane up there, they persuaded two of the sisters to come home with them. They were not sure their skyrocket could go as fast with four passengers as with two, so they started home early Friday morning. The Mosquito made the trip safely because they are all safe at home. These two sisters are very shy and bashful, so they may be seen only after dark on any night but Sunday night from the south window of a certain house on D street.

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Don't forget to have your cleaning and pressing done by your old
established Home Town Man.

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Caps for Spring

We are showing for your
approval new fabrics and
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one-piece crowns.

\$1.50

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For College Men