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CAMPUS TIMES

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1936

L.V.C. SCANTY CLADS BEATEN BY WHITTIER

The La Verne Leopards bow before the Whittier Poets only after playing two games that kept the basketball fans sitting on the edge of their seats. The games were filled with thrills and excitement. Both games ended with almost the same score at the half and finish. The Whittier game here ended 28 to 26, over there, 29 to 26.

Babe Eisan was the outstanding player, both defensive and offensive. He was also the high point man at both games.

Every Whittier shot that bounded off the backboard was met by Glenn Thomas, an excellent man on defense.

Bill Butterbaugh and Bannister were also men to be watched. Both are good scoring men. They are also good on offensive and defensive.

Walt Anderson showed the fans that he could really handle himself and the ball

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LEAP YEAR PARTY SUCCESS

The age old practice of Leap Year was initiated properly at a scavenger hunt Monday evening, given by the Frosh Class to the Juniors, when the girls of the respective classes called for the boys.

After the crowd had congregated, Patricia Packard, who officiated at the party, gave each group of eight a list of articles to be secured before ten O'clock. With dismay the participants read--"pair of flannel underwear, old door knob, ice sign, button hook," and other such outrageous things, the top of the list being headed by an egg with Coach Garry Arbelbide's signature on it!

The groups scattered, and an out-of-towner would have thought that the students had succenly gone crazy if he had heard some one yell from one block to another, "I found a Christmas tree

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EDITORIAL

The main purpose of attending La Verne College is to find the truth. Only by a broad-minded method, one which will enable a student to see all sides of every question, can truth be reached. As a student paper we shall attempt to present all points of view upon any controversial question. Furthermore, we shall make it a rule to give free expression, for all ideas connected with the welfare of society.

In obedience to these rules that we have set up for our paper, I would like to give a list of what I think are advantages of College Footbball. The injuries and effects of football are exaggerated. There are many more injuries relatively, from auto accidents than from football. Football exemplifies a good example of cooperation. A good team must have cooperation. Like most other sports, football develops coordination of the various organs of the body. Later in life a fellow may be able to save his life from knowing how to fall. Friendships are made on a football team which would not be made in other ways and which will last a lifetime. Also there is no doubt about the fact that it is thrilling to play before a great crowd of people.

Probably one thing that lures more football players than any other thing is the social prestige which is gained from being a good, all-around player. Then in later life, the publicity one may have had in football will help him to get a job. Football unites

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at school sometimes when nothing else does. By building up a goal for students to fight for, a supreme loyalty is created. And lastly, many educators thru'out the country, especially coaches, sincerely believe and advocate football as the greatest "character builder" in the world.

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Dear Editor:

The editorial on football last week has provoked much discussion--or was it "cussin"? Football was attacked from the standpoint of physical injuries and finance.

I played five years of football. The fifth year I got hurt so badly that I haven't been able to play since, although for two years I started the season and lasted a few days until my injury recurred. I shall be handicapped the rest of my life.

I realized the danger in playing football and so should everyone who plays. I don't care a whoop if anyone wants to go out and break his neck as Paul Clay did. But what I do abject to is the public opinion that forces players back into games without giving their injuries sufficient time to heal.

Bud Grady dislocated his knee. In two weeks he was playing again. It was hurt the next week. Next season he was injured in the first five minutes of the first game. Bud Grady will always have trouble with his knee. Examples could be multiplied indefinitely. If football is to survive as a college sport we must realize that no game is worth a physical injury that handicaps the player for more than two or three months.

Football has not yet reached a commercial stage in La Verne, and it can't in most small schools. But unless commercialism is stopped in the large schools which determine the drift of the sport, football will certainly fall into disrepute.

--Roscoe Vaniman

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To the Editor of the C.T.

In your editorial conc-

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erring football, you violated the editor's code of ethics by the omission of the name of the authors of several rash statements which were quoted. It is my humble opinion that football is today just what commercialism has made it. Every type of entertainment similarly affected is suffering, "Remove the profits and raise the standards." L. Adron Way

Ed. note. The men referred to were: Dr. Harold Bosley of Iowa State; and Dr. E.R.Hilgard of Stanford.

To the Editor of the Campus Times--Dear Sir:

Upon reading the editorial of the edition of January 9, I wonder if the writer knew what he was writing about. It had the appearance of being a series of quotations by an individual that was either sore at some coach, or school, or was a member of a team that had gone through three seasons on the wrong end of the scores.

As to the Stanford professor who made the statement, "that all his school was interested in was the money." What, may I ask has that to do with the boys who play the game? They receive none of this money. It is easy to see that all the professor was interested in was the assurance of his "ole" monthly check, which even the professors of La Verne like to receive. Boys played football before there was such a thing as a gate and will be playing it long after. I wonder if the writer stopped to think what he was saying when he called the game putrid? My, what a lot of putrid lovers this country has!

In regard to the people losing their voices, by yelling or ruining said voices--that's a new one for Ripley. I greatly doubt if Lawrence Tibbet would do much yelling the day before he was to sing in an opera, but we aren't all opera singers. It would be just too bad if some one-hundred and eighty pound truck driver went

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SUPPORT OUR TEAM
SEE THE
NEXT BASKETBALL GAME
ON SATURDAY NITE
AT ALHAMBRA

SUPER SNOOPER

Beware all ye muscle bound men, today you are the weaker sex! These thirteen fair Amazons are just what their names imply. . . Well Bert, we see you made yourself right at home the other night at the frosh-junior party. Hick. . . Some of the fellows were telling me of Barbara Bolling's strength and will power, but poor Lucille and Mildred kind of broke down. What a little piece of mistle toe can do! . . Travis and Jessie Iles kind of stole the show; we thought they were Marg. and Jack at first. . . . Listen, Hal. Michael, don't let Bruner see you in a dress. Why? Well just don't!! These Frosh and Juniors must have had a mighty good time Monday nite. If "Lindy" Landis is going to go around kissing tall fellows like Boaz, she'd better buy a step ladder. Even "Little Willie" got on the war path and was almost ready to go to town when the party broke up! What a time!?! That's the way to go, Moon. Give her the right training. Every now and then I see Moon and Leona down in the student dining club. Impress upon her mind, Dick, that the quickest way to your heart is by your stomach. . . .Robin "Jiggs" Swihart has turned to be quite a lady killer--so Robin says . . Cranford took a couple of girls out the other nite. He sort of ran short of ready cash and had to borrow some from one of the young ladies. Has he paid you back, Mildred?

Well that's all, pals and gals! Boy, have I got double trouble? See you next week.

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GUESS WHO

Senior boy:

In class he keeps things lively by always disagreeing with the teacher, and in one afternoon class, he keeps us from going to sleep. He is never without his brief case, and once in a while he wears a tie. He has blond hair, which even with the best of efforts to keep it down will stand up on end. His eyes are blue to go with the blond hair, and all in all he is a likeable chap, and fun to talk to, for his conversation always makes me think.

Junior girl:

She almost always smiles when you meet her, and one

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can always count on her for she is rarely upset. We have known her to have flat tires (she drives a car) and not be upset. She is brunette, and says that men in their heart of hearts really prefer 'em that way. She has a mind that can be applied to anything, especially math. In her math class her teacher has a time to keep one page ahead of her. She is not tall, but neither is she short, just a happy medium. She is new here this year, but when a very young adolescent, she roamed the streets of La Verne, munching suckers or scooting on a scooter. She is choosy about her gentlemen friends, inclining toward brains rather than brawn. We all like her and La Verne should consider her an asset.

Sophomore boy:

He is not extremely good-looking, but he has that certain something that is called personality which draws people toward him. People may like him in about the way they did Will Rogers before he's seventy. He is very prominent in class affairs, in fact, you can always count on seeing him as big chief in all class affairs. He is a wonderful singer, and we can remember once when he wound himself around a fake mike, and sang something about the moon. It gave us shivers of the spine. His hair is wavy and sandy, and at a party recently he was made up to resemble a girl, and no one could tell the difference.

Freshman boy:

He is always well dressed, usually wearing a blue sweater. He drives a late model car, but he hasn't gone so far as to wear clothes to match the color of the car. He studies, too, but not to the point of being a bookworm. He is blessed with blond wavy hair and blue eyes and he's good looking, but not to the point where he would be hired to pose for a collar ad. He is a one-woman man so the rest of the girls are out. He really is what one would call an all around American boy. He is quite popular among his classmates.

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The answers to the "Guess Who" will be printed next week.

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WATCH FOR THE SURPRISE ON FRIDAY

Cont. from P.1 PARTY

and a live frog," and the other would answer, "I have an empty Golden Glow beer bottle, and an old bone!"

At ten, the groups were back in the dining hall, and the articles counted, and approved and tabulated by Johnny Landis, the judge of the contest.

A group headed by Robin Swihart and Howdy Glover won the contest. "Howdy" secured the autographed egg.

After delicious refreshments were served, the boys were escorted home and all that remained of a grand and glorious evening were various and sundry Christmas trees, old rusty teakettles, empty snail shells, and one lone derby hat.

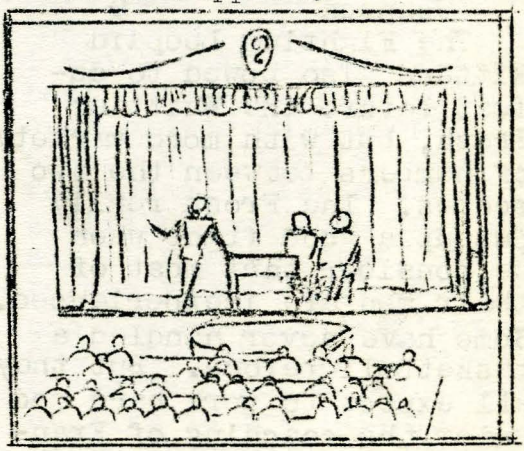
CHAPEL PROGRAM

The last two chapel meetings were both unique and interesting. On last Thursday Mr. Van Kirk read most entertainingly from William Shakespeare's play, "The Merchant of Venice".

On Tuesday we were greatly pleased with a community sing lead by Tom Carter, with Travie and Boaz at the pianos. We like programs which are different. Let's have more like these.

FORENSIC TOURNAMENT

Have you seen four Freshmen girls going around the college with a rather worried look and busy attitude? They are Clella B., Frances K., Frances G., and Kay Greenawalt, who will represent La Verne College in the women's conference debates to be held here this Saturday. The tournament will include colleges and universities such as USC., Redlands, UCLA, Glendale J.C. and Los Angeles J.C. The question to be used is the Supreme Court versus Congress question. The first round will begin at 9:00 o'clock Sat. morning and the second at 10:00 o'clock. Anyone interested, come on! Let's hear the debates and give our girls a lot of support.



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at both games. Stuzman and Dickey showed unusual ability both on offensive and defensive.

Johnson, although he didn't play much, was right at home when it came to defensive work.

All in all, the basketballers put up a scrap that made the Whittier Poets realize the endurance and courage of a fighting Leopard. Coach Arbelbide's excellent coaching showed up plainly in both games. The players were:

Stutsman	F
Dickey	F
Elgan	F
Bannister	C
Anderson	C
Butterbaugh	G
Thomas	G
Johnson	G

The Fighting Leopard kittens also bowed to defeat before the Whittier Frosh, but with more variety of numbers between the two scores. The Frosh really put up a good fight when we consider that most of their men are inexperienced. Some have never handled a basketball before. But they all expect to work hard and under the coaching of Frankie Elder, they expect to show us some victories

Girls are playing Speedball

At the last speedball practice, the upperclasswomen elected Laura Cheesman as their captain, and lower class girls elected Lois Meyer.

When the girls met for practice, on Wednesday afternoon, it was decided to see which had the stronger team, the upper class or the lower. The former won 3 to 0

The girls are again trying to kill each other. At least that is the way it seems, and in case you doubt this statement you should have seen the game. Every girl who plays speedball has black and blue spots and bruised shins.

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before the season is over. The players are

Fox	F
Fisher	F
Willman	F
Crites	C
Landis	G
Crawford	G

NEXT GAME---SAT. NITE
ALHAMBRA

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See the 1913 Hoopsisters in action, Friday morning in the gym. Surprise, Surprise, Surprise??????????

LEOPARD CHATTER

By Wallace Raley

If anyone could be interested in giving the writer of this column any dope pro con or otherwise drop it in the editors box in the Campus Times room. If you are for something in sports say so. If you are agin' it say so. Enyhoo unburden yourself. . . Seen in the last issue of this paper, the word putrid in regards to football. Remember Deah old Havad descended on Ted Husing's neck like the ancient guillotine for using the word putrid. . . After all football is for those who like it. . . If you don't want to strain your tonsils, stay at home. . .There are plenty of others that want to strain their tonsils. . As for the so-called football player that only broke two ribs etc., he was a piker. . .Maybe he went to some girl's finishing school. . . Or could he have been a debator? About last foot ball season here. . . We will only lose two players next year--Capt. Glover and Jackrabbit Thomason. . . After the Spartan game this year Capt. Glover said he had played 8 years and all that time he waited to intercept a pass and run for



those wild Inter-class games

a touchdown, but in the Spartan game he got the pass and ran 64 yds, and was tackled 1 yd. from the goal line. . that's tough. . . What I can't figure out is why Glover was left off of the All-Conference selections. . .Probably the other coaches were sore at him for spoiling so many plays for them. I think that Glover was the best defensive back that ever played on a Leopard team. Well that's enough for today. . let's see those contributions come in, after all it's your paper. Unburden yourselves. Someone around this institution ought to wake up. The only place that shows any signs of life is the library where it should be quiet.

. . . . . .

SOCIALITE

Mrs. Brandt entertained Mary Shick, Frances Grober, and Lucille Gregory at a dinner, Sunday afternoon, in honor of Mary Shick's birthday.

In the afternoon, Galen Price, Cliff Frantz, and Dick Moon were invited and a birthday cake was served.

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One of the fastest sports was viewed by Dorothy Frantz Saturday night at Winter gardens, when U.S.C. and U.C.L.A. competed in a game of ice hockey.

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Bert Thomas spent the week-end at Kingsburg with Howard Nordstrom's family who were celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

Bert sang at the celebration.

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Kay Greenwalt with a friend, Delton Waye, spent Sunday in Los Angeles and in Long Beach.

While in Long Beach the couple toured the pike along the ocean.

SMART SOCIETY

"A party day is waiting
for your highness,
Rouge your lips and powder your nose.
Come with us and leave
at home your shyness
For we know you're mighty
like a rose."

was sung to the tune of "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise" by the Cecilian quartette(Alias: Don, Jimmy, Bob, and Mark) as a serenade to the four "Campus Cuties" Betty Fisher, Beverly Willman, Barbara Stortz, and Jeanne Thornton, preceding the Leap Year party, Mon. night.

Lovely corsages, crepe paper skirts and hair ribbons completely transformed the former huskies into dainty damsels. The four temporary escorts occassionally forgot their roles but succeeded in getting their ladies home before mamas became frantic.

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A picnic lunch was enjoyed after a hike to San Dimas canyon, Sun., by Martha Jones, Jesse Iles, Marjorie Miller, and Dorothy Head.

home with a little cough. Yet on the other side, did the writer stop to think of the thousands of men and women that work inside five and six days a week, and get their only out-of-door activity and amusement at this game the writer calls putrid?

I might state that the P.J.C. player spoken of is a personal friend of mine and when I asked him if his football days were over he stated, "Hell, NO."

I might refer the writer to Mr. "Bob" Luppke of the University of Illinois, a coach and an artist of no mean ability or to a statement made by the former President of the U. S., Theodore Roosevelt, in regard to the game of football.

My own attitude toward the game is that you can fool the people on Sundays and holidays but you can't fool a million people on a Saturday Afternoon.--Carl Bruner

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It is too bad we have no more space. More letters next week.....

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REMEMBER: It ain't whar y'are, It's whar you're gwine and how fast!

To the Editor of the C. T.

The editorial on Football has caused much discussion pro and con. I write from a girl's view point. Too much emphasis placed on the injuries acquired in football tends to lead one to the conclusion that fellows do not play football because they are cowards--because they are afraid of getting hurt! I think there are some fellows who truly like football so much that there is no risk too great. They should play football. There are others also who would rather put their time and energy on other activities, but because of social pressure choose football instead. It has come to the place where a fellow is nothing around school if he doesn't go out for football. It is the girls who help create this situation They cheer and root and praise the football fellows, so you can't blame them for following the sport. I think the girls should back the fellows in all intercollegiate activity, not only football, but the other sports, and all other forensics as well.....L.V.C. Coed.

LIT-LITES GRIM FAIRY TALES

Oncet dere was an ole man named Noah w'at had three sons. Dair names was Ham, Pork Chop, an' Beef Roast. Now Noah was alivin' in a wicked city w'at was very sinfu'. An' every time Noah walked down de street he was insulted. So de Lawd said to Noah, he said, "Brothah Noah, dis city is very sinful. Ah'm gonna bust de levee an' let de river flood ovah it."

An' Brothah Noah says, "Please don', Lawd. Ah don' want to drownd."

An' de Lawd says to Noah, "Brothah Noah, yo' go build a boat like yo' ain't seen befo'."

So Brothah Noah went an' built a boat as big as all de steamboats in de world. Then he says to de Lawd, "Wha' fo' do yo' want me to do now?"

An' de Lawd says, "Brothah Noah, tomorrow ah'm gonna staht it rainin' fo' fo'ty days and fo'ty nights an' de levee will bust and everybody in town will be drownded. You all get Ham, Pork Chop, an' Beef Roast, an' yo' wife an' pickaninnies an' dair wives an' pickaninnies an' put 'em in de ark an' Ah'll staht it rainin'."

So they all got on de boat but Pork Chop stole a chicken an' took it on de boat under his coat an' it stahted rainin'. An' one day de Lawd said to Pork Chop, "Brothah Pork Chop, Ah's mad at youal fo' stealin' that chicken."

An' Pork Chop says, Plis Lawd, don' hurt me! Ah didn' mean to do it."

So de Lawd says, "Throw dat chicken out de window."

Then Pork Chop threw de chicken out de window an' it flew away an' come back totin' a sack of sweet taters. So one day de Lawd says again, "Throw dat chicken out de window" an' Pork Chop did an' de chicken nevah came back.

Den dey all looked out de window an' de flood hed went away. So dey all got out an' built a cabin an' Noah says, "Lawd, ah'm glad youal washed de sin away." An' dey all got on dair knees and sung a song.

An' dat, chillun, am how Noah built de ark.

----Diplodocus.