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NARANJADO

1922

COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC

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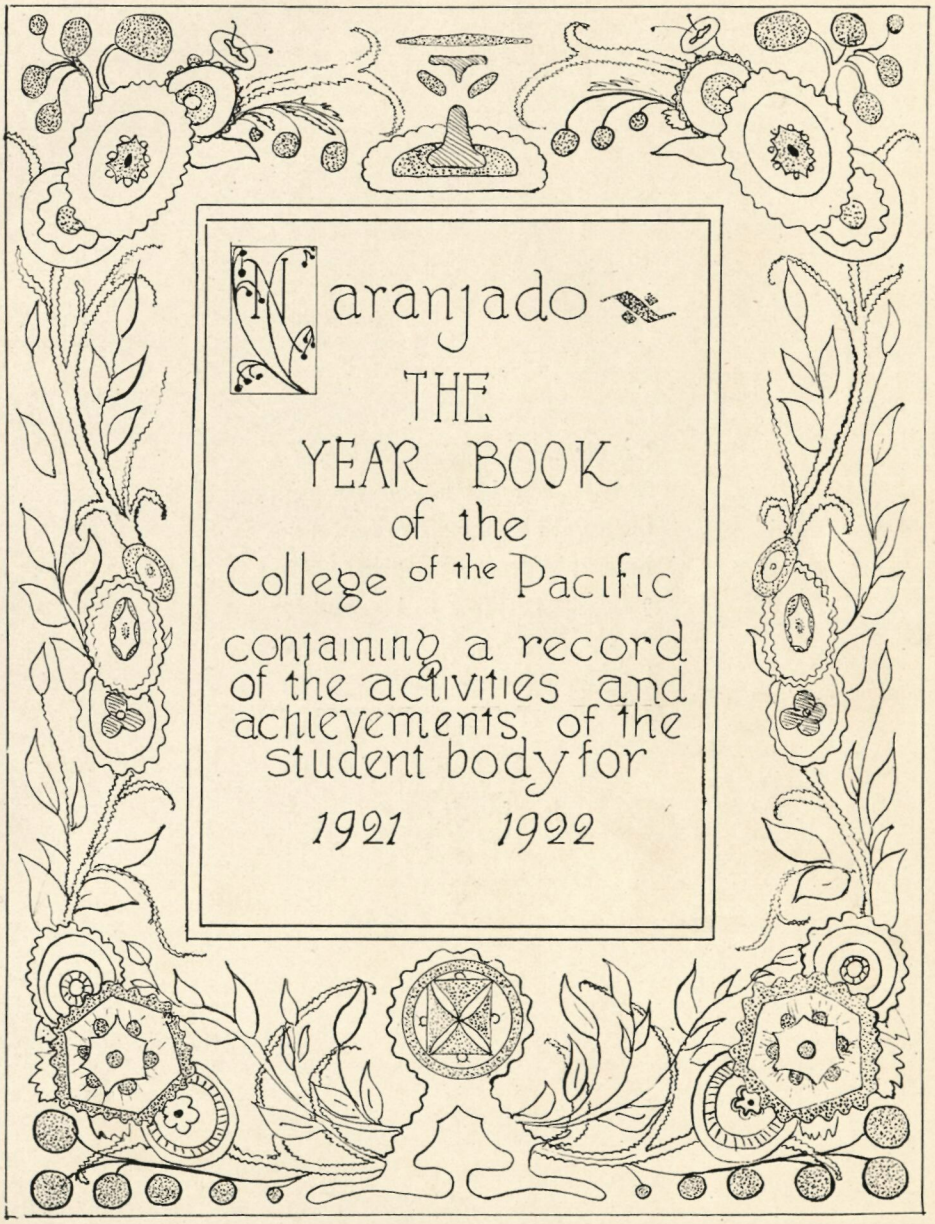

Naranjado
THE
YEAR BOOK
of the
College of the Pacific
containing a record
of the activities and
achievements of the
student body for
1921 1922

To Professor Louis S. Kroeck,
in tribute to his vital outlook on
life and in honor of the continua-
tion of twenty-six years con-
structive teaching in the College
of the Pacific, is this issue of
the Naranjado dedicated.

Table of Contents

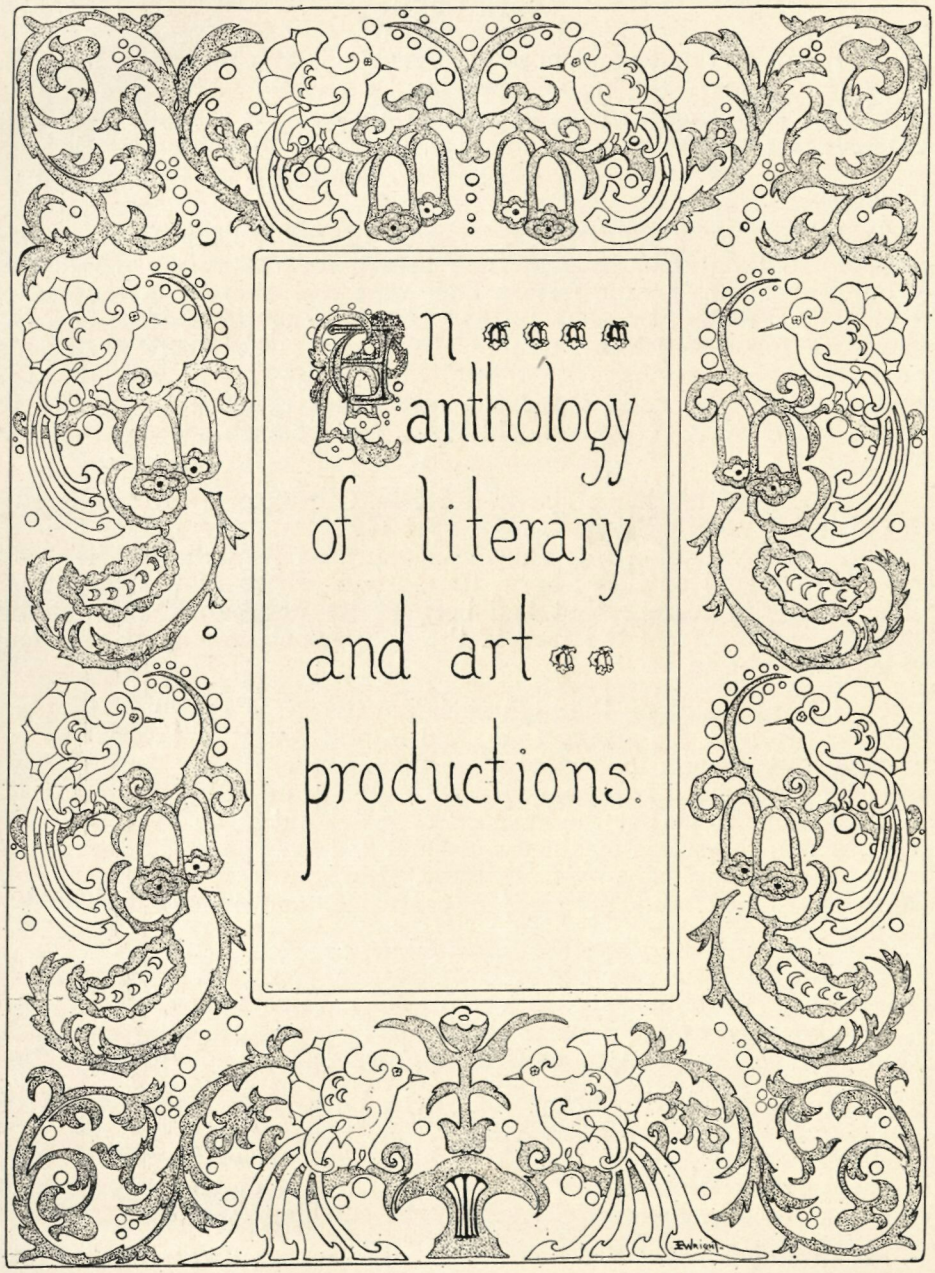
	PAGE
Cover Design—De Marcus Brown	
Frontispiece—De Marcus Brown	3
Dedication and Portrait of Professor Kroeck—Aline I. Kistler	4
Motif by Elsie Wright	8
Design by Elsie Wright	9
Gran'pap—Richard Houghton	10
Midnight (verse)—Pauline Ayers	18
Winter Moonlight (sketch)—De Marcus Brown	18
Three sketches: A Fable for Moralists—Frank Lamons	19
Potion (verse)—Ralph Westerman	22
Between Heaven and Earth—Lucia Plant	23
Fire Pictures (verse)—Frances Wright	25
Evening (verse)—Earl Van Lanen	26
Outdoor Sketch—Evelene Flanagan	26
Impressions of Kathleen Parlow—Aline I. Kistler	27
Mockery (verse)—Pauline Ayers	28
Sunset—K. Tanida	29
The Modern Girl (essay)—Emma Wuerth	30
Portrait of a Little Girl—John Uppman	30
The Day She Touched Him—Fred L. Farley	31
Heartaches (verse)—Raymond Moore	33
A Desert Night (verse)—Raymond Moore	33
Ghosts—Walter Winston	34
A Quotation from Gerald Stanley Lee	35
Motif—Rebecca Bray	36
Design—Rebecca Bray	37
The College Year	38
Arbor Day	38
Campus Scenes (snapshots	39
Associated Women Students	40
Pacific to Move to Stockton	40
Sophs Again Win Annual Rush	40
Student Body Reception	40
Rhizomia Watermelon Feed	41
Archania Open Meeting	41
Inter-Society Party	41
Sunday Afternoon Teas	41
Hallowe'en Party	42
Mrs. Ball's Christmas Party	42
President Knoles Attends New York Meeting	42
Rockefeller Grants Pacific $250,000	42
Some Illustrious Groups (snapshots)	43

TABLE OF CONTENTS (Continued)

	PAGE
Honor System Instituted	44
Washington's Birthday Celebration	44
Students Visit Stockton	44
Naranjado Show	44
Jerome Shaffer Entertains	45
Chapel Addresses	45
Lectures	45
Library	46
Honors	46
The Dramatic Year	47
The Dramatic Club	47
Four One-Act Plays	48
The Prince Chap	50
You Never Can Tell	52
The Debate Year	53
The Conservatory Year	54
Chorus and Orchestra	54
A Capella Choir	55
Festival of American Music	56
Dean Hanson	57
Undergraduate Recital	57
Kathleen Parlow	58
Faculty Recitals	58
Associated Students	60
Associated Women Students	62
Naranjado Staff	64
Pacific Weekly	66
Student Board of Control	67
Student Affairs Committee	68
College Quartette	69
Men's Athletics	70
Football	70
The Team	72
The Football Season	72
Basketball	76
Tennis	80
Baseball	80
Girls' Athletics	82
Basketball	82
Motif—Dwight Cunningham	84
Design—Florence Owens	85
The Board of Trustees	86
The Faculty	88
Seniors	92
Juniors	104
Sophomores	106
Freshmen	108

TABLE OF CONTENTS (Continued)

	PAGE
Alumni	110
Motif—Alma Smith	112
Design—Alma Smith	113
Academy	114
Student Body	114
Naranjado Staff	114
Class Will	115
Senior Records	116
Class Records	118
Athletics	119
Cartesia Adelphia	120
Hypatia	122
Motif—Alma Smith	124
Design—Constance Bertels	125
National Honor Fraternities—C. M. Dennis	126
Phi Kappa Lambda	127
Mu Phi Epsilon	128
Theta Alpha Phi	130
Archania	132
Rhizomia	134
Emendia	136
Sopholectia	138
Philomusia	140
Athenaea	142
Omega Phi Alpha	144
El Campo	146
Les Barboulleurs	147
Le Cercle Francaise	148
Y. M. C. A.	150
Y. W. C. A.	151
Student Volunteers	152
Helen Guth House Government	153
La Tertulia	154
The Classical Club	155
Filipino Students' Club	156
Die Zukunft	157
The Cosmopolitan Club	158
The Forum	159
The Faculty Club	159
Motif—Katherine Rauscher	160
Design—George Burcham	161
Humorous Side of College Life	161
Academy Snaps	185
Calendar	186
Design—Katherine Rauscher	191
Editorial	191


An anthology of literary and art productions.

Gran'pap

HOW fortunate and how unfortunate is the man who lives his dreams! Hoping and praying he goes down the long trail of life with the vision of success always just a step before him. He may never reach his goal, it may be but an empty picture; but the vision is always there, always ready to lure him on with hope.

To such a class did the earlier men of the Golden West belong. Disappointed time after time in their search for the yellow metal they yet hung cheerfully to the forlorn hope that just ahead was the end of the rainbow. Many strange tales had birth among them, tales of fabulous riches found and lost again in the wilds of the lonely mountains. Men gave their lives, gave them willingly, to the god of romance, and searched valley and canyon for the lost mines of their brothers. Of such was the spirit of the old, old West, and of such was Gran'pap of Lone Canyon.

The name of his home speaks for itself. Hidden away in the rugged California mountains it was the spot for legend and tale of the old, gold-seeking days. Man was almost unknown on its unhospitable, rock-strewn, brush-covered sides; or in the bottom, where rushed the uncontrolled mountain torrent that had been at its work down through the centuries, carving from the face of the once smooth mountain this long and lonesome chasm.

Only in places along the high sides did the grass find a sunny glade to render green in the spring time, and in still fewer spots was the soil deep and clear enough to support more than sparse, thorny brush. Down beside the stream tall redwoods vied with granite bowlders in making the way impassable to all but the hardiest of feet. But in between these two extremes was a section of steep woodland and brushland that seemed to cling to the mountainside by main force. Here graceful firs, picturesque madrones, rugged oaks mingled in confusion, and here Gran'pap had built his solitary cabin.

For the first time that year Gran'pap entertained a visitor for supper. Rocky Tibbit, he called himself. No man so young, Rocky could not have been over twenty years of age, had ever before essayed to penetrate as far up Lone Canyon as Gran'pap's cabin.

With the inquisitive nature of youth Rocky was interested in the quest that had brought his old host to this remote locality so inacessible to his brother men, and in what kept him here year after year throughout the terrible winters. Gran'pap told him it had been twenty-eight years now since he had moved in from the outside world.

So, after the guest had helped wash the supper dishes in the water the old man heated on his rusty stove, they both sat down before the hearth to enjoy a quiet talk. In halting words and phrases, for Gran'pap

was older now than when he had rolled down those mighty stones for that fireplace, the story unfolded.

According to legend, somewhere in this canyon was a lost mine. A certain prospector, in the days when Gran'pap was still a boy, had set out across these mountains to meet his family. On his way he had chanced upon a rough canyon upon one of whose sides was a peculiar tree whose branches had grown together in the form of a cross. In the water of the creek he found gold in fabulous amounts, and carried enough home to prove his story and to induce other men to return with him later. The expedition had been ready to start, when the prospector suddenly became sick, and died. He had been able, however, to give a clear description of the place; clear enough so that the party went on without him. They never returned. Gran'pap determined to take up the quest as soon as he grew to manhood.

The time had come at last, and in all that long wait the lure of the lost gold had not weakened. After years of searching he and his partner, Joe Tibbit, found the canyon to the cross and took up the hunt for the treasure in earnest. It had been a wild country, so wild and inaccessible that men called the place Lone Canyon. Hundreds of hardy men had become infected with the gold fever and had swarmed to the vain search. After a year had passed all had returned to their homes save two: Gran'pap and his partner. Finally, too, Joe Tibbit became discouraged, and left. Gran'pap, though chided by all who came to learn his story, plodded on and on.

Here was Joe Tibbit's son, come to see the old man whom his father no longer had the strength to visit in the rocky fortress of his canyon home. Joe Tibbit had been young and strong once. He, too, might have dared the journey years ago. But as Gran'pap looked back he could recollect no visit from his one-time partner—no recognition of the tie that had once bound them.

He looked up from his contemplation of the embers. "It's been a useless life, young man. You are young and strong. Never let the greed of gold control you. I've panned every foot of creek below that cross, I've scratched every spot of ground in this canyon, but still I'm going on. I've spent too long a time here to give in to failure. I've lived in this canyon twenty-eight years. I aim to die here. For twenty-eight years I've watched the sun rise over that dead tree across the canyon: a little to the south in winter, a little to the north in summer. For twenty-eight years I've lived alone in a canyon no other man has dared live in. I've not deserted my post. I never will. I know the lost mine's here, and I aim to find it—or die trying."

The young visitor stirred in his chair. "This is no place for a man of your age. I know these mountains. In six months you'll be snowed in."

Gran'pap snorted. "Listen, stranger. I don't know what your business is here, but it hasn't brought you the experience that has come to

me. You are the one who needs help, more than I. I have cared for myself all these years. I was brought up to care for myself in the mountains. You've been brought up to care for yourself in the cities. I aim to stay here. You should aim to stay there."

"But you have not much longer in which to live. You can't hope to hunt and trap enough game to keep supplied till you die. Why not come down to the town and stay with friends?"

"I'm an old man, a left-over from the old, old West. I can't face all those eyes that have seen me waste my life. They think nothing of me. They're not my friends—I have none. If only I could find the gold I could justify my life and live among men in peace."

His face was stony and set, proud old fellow that he was. No one, not even his partner's son, could have told from those brief glimpses, that in his real life, the life that kept him eleven months out of the year hidden in Lone Canyon, tears of bitterness sometimes stole softly down the leathern cheeks, now hollow with age.

"You're mistaken," pleaded the young man, earnestly. "You have friends down there, real friends. They want you to come back. Leave this gold business. Don't put so much faith in it. Come with me when I go back tomorrow."

"So this is what you came for?"

Rocky nodded his head as though ashamed. "Yes, that's why. I know it's tough on you. You're true blue, Gran'pap; I know that now. They gave me the wrong idea. Even father called you 'A queer old duck;' I know different. They don't know the kind of man you are. But they're right. You belong down there now."

"They can't be true friends and say such things about me. Where do they expect me to live if I do go back?"

"We-ll," mumbled the young man—and stopped. Gran'pap fancied he saw his face beginning to color in confusion. The smooth young hand wandered idly over the deerskin that served as a chair cover. "I—I, well, you see, they couldn't very well—there's no home where thy could take you in; and I suppose you've got no money to take care of yourself. They'd planned to let you live in the Home."

"In the Home!" Gran'pap paled.

Unconscious of the depths of feeling he had touched the young man nodded his head.

Gran'pap rose and turned his back to the fire and to the son of his one-time partner—the partner that had forgotten. "Let's not talk of this any more tonight," he said in a husky voice. "It's time to turn in. You'll find a bunk in the other room."

There was silence for a moment before the old man heard his visitor rise and pass through the doorway. Not until then did he trust himself to turn back and fall, with his face buried in his hands, into the

chair. He sat there while the fire slowly died down, the darkness settled closely about him, and the night wind took up its mournful tune around the lonely cabin.

It must have been along toward midnight when the old man rose and struck a match against the rough wall. He lit the lantern that hung on a peg beside the doorway, and passed out into the cool air.

The moon was just rising over the eastern skyline of the canyon. It seemed to rest on the cross formed by the dead tree upon the distant ridge. Perhaps it was a good omen. With the lantern in one hand and the gold-washing pan in the other Gran'pap followed the winding trail downward, toward the redwoods.

He was oblivious to the low lying branches that swept his face, to the thorny bushes that intruded into the path. The moon cast pale shadows upon the leaves and danced through the branches of the trees. The sky was filled with the hurrying clouds of approaching winter. The bite of frost was in the air.

Down he went, until the foliage overhead became denser and the smell of the redwoods more intense. The light of the moon was shut off and only the faint glimmer of the smoky lantern served to point the way.

At last the trail flattened. It had reached the bottom of the canyon, and the rushing creek lay just ahead. Working his way out between giant bowlders Gran'pap came to a sandy bar and knelt beside the water. He placed his lantern upon a convenient rock and went to work in the pebbles and gravel of the stream.

But, try as he would, Gran'pap could find no gold in the pan. He washed it round and round. The light glinted only upon the hard white crystals of the creek bottom. Faster and faster he spun the worn old instrument, worn by the twenty-eight years of washing to which he had subjected it; and, as he spun, the gravel thinned until the bottom was clear. The last grain went over the edge, back to the creek bottom where it belonged—but there was no gold. Gran'pap sighed and eased his creaking frame erect. With a last backward glance he picked up his lantern and made his way slowly and painfully back between the rocks.

For two hours he journeyed up the creek, stopping every few hundred yards to test the gravel. He met no success. What right had he to expect success? For twenty-eight years he had gone over this territory and seen no sign of gold. He was working with the never-dying hope of the true pioneer; hoping to the last that success would be just around the corner.

He was washing the gravel near the point of a long rock extending into the stream. At his side the lantern cast its faint light upon his fruitless work. He sighed as he washed the pan clean and prepared to return home. Why keep up this hopeless search?

There was a pang deep down in his heart that could not be conquered. Those words of his partners, "A queer old duck," stirred up the smoldering fires of a smothered life.

In his irritation he knocked over the lantern as he rose. It fell with a splash into the water, and the flickering light went out.

The accident did not at first seem serious. Gran'pap thought he had explored every foot of this canyon. He should have no difficulty in finding the way back to the cabin. But, on examining his surroundings in an effort to find some clue or landmark, he was forced to admit to himself that he had come farther than he ever had before. He had never traveled far from that cross upon the hillside. It was the landmark that had lent him all his hopes.

But tonight he had failed to keep track of which branch of the stream he had entered, and the best he could do now would be to follow downstream until he encountered a familiar spot.

He set off savagely, hoping that the young man would be gone by the time he arrived, yet realizing that he himself should leave this canyon where he had spent his life. In a way he could not blame the boy. He was right. An old man had no place in a wild country.

Old Joe Tibbit had not been so far wrong after all. He certainly had proven faithful for a good many years. Not until he had fallen in love with a city girl and married into a family of town people had he ever been false to Gran'pap by the slightest word or action. Possibly his later life had not been desertion of his old friend. The duties of a family man were many and pressing.

And the boy was going to amount to something. He had risked the dangerous journey to save the life of an old man, a stranger. It was the protecting instinct of the young and strong toward the old and weak. Ahead of the boy lay a lifetime that could be completed as it had begun, or that could be squandered as Gran'pap had squandered his own. Gran'pap sighed again. Yes, it would be best to go to the little town and spend the last days of a useless life under the sheltering wing of charity.

He came into a little clearing on the west side of the water and paused for a moment. Although he was unable to determine just which part of the canyon he was in, as he looked up toward the eastern hills he saw a tree, in the form of a cross, silhouetted before the moon.

At first it appeared the one with which he was familiar. Then he noticed that the tree was alive, not the dead stick that stood across from his cabin. In feverish haste he knelt down upon the sand and reached out into the water.

He remembered perfectly the words of the old prospector who had first brought the story of this lost wealth: "On the eastern bank of the stream, up on the side of the hill, was a tree naturally grown into the form of a cross. Below it was the gold." The old prospector had been wrong. No coincidence of nature could have produced a pair of perfect crosses scarcely two miles apart. Perhaps they were the relics of a forgotten people.

Whatever else the subsconcious mind of the old man may have considered was eclipsed by the one thought of the discovery. The hand that spun the pan trembled with hope and eagerness. Now he would be able to look the world in the face! Now he could go with the boy—to a home of his own! For, with the spinning of the gravel the worthless rock fell off and revealed gold, gold in amounts that the old prospector had never hoped for, not in his wildest dreams.

In a daze Gran'pap scooped it up and filled his pockets. Again and again he refilled and re-emptied the pan. Again and again he put handfuls of the precious metal away into his clothes. He had achieved his dream! The end of the rainbow had been reached.

Vaguely he realized that he had nothing more to live for. His dream life was ended. But, no, the greatest thing would be to show those doubters, those scoffers and scorners who had not had the backbone to keep up the search, that Gran'pap had succeeded. His partner would at last realize his worth.

He let his fingers wash about in the water. The pale moonlight shone upon the nuggets of precious metal. It was wonderful. Gold was there in such quantities as he had never heard of. He let it run idly between his fingers as he dreamed of the fulfillment of all his hopes.

With a joyous swing that belied the hollow cheeks of old age Gran'pap flung the pan far out into the swirling water. It sank with a gurgle and sent little bubbling waves up to the pebbly beach, the beach pebbled with gold.

Then he set off downstream with the joyous stride of youth. He cared not where he went, for he knew that although he passed by numerous tributaries and branches of the stream, he would eventually arrive below his cabin. It made no difference if he lost the way; he need never return, for he carried enough wealth in his pockets to prove his story and to make him rich.

He came once more to familiar ground and passed up the trail toward his little dwelling. At an open spot, a huge rock that overlooked the whole canyon, he paused and surveyed the dark mountains. Somewhere up there in that black gorge was the treasure. It would never again be discovered. Men might give their lives to the task of locating it; but Gran'pap knew now that it was only by accident that it had been found, and that it would be only by accident that it would ever be found again.

The cabin door was open. The interior was dark and silent. Gran'pap struck a match and lit the candle. How he would have liked to have awakened the sleeping boy, to tell of the wonderful discovery! But he contented himself with stealing softly into the next room and leaning over the bed. Rocky was sleeping the sound sleep of youth. Gran'pap realized that no matter how much gold he might find, he could never buy back the spirit of his boyhood days nor have the chance of living life over again.

After all, what had he gained by his wealth? What would he gain? For a few short moments he would have the pleasure of seeing the surprise of the doubters, and of the partner who considered him crazy. But he had waited twenty-eight years for that very thing. It would be ample recompense for the lifetime of toil. He thought back over the years. They had not treated him harshly. He realized now that the hope of success, the vision of the lost gold, had led him on and given a romance and joy to his life that was absent from the lives of many other men. He sighed, and went back to the other room.

On the table he spread the gold, all in the form of nuggets. Quite a pile there was in all; perhaps a hatful. He began estimating the wealth that this would bring; but it was a difficult task to his unaccustomed brain. He had never thought of gold in quite that way. To him it had always represented the means of justifying his life. His fellow men thought him insane, a man who was wasting his life because of a dream that had risen out of his own mind. The little pile of metal meant the justification of all those dreams and hopes he held dear. This was more than mere wealth could mean; it meant a whole lifetime rendered clear in the eyes of the world.

Such a precious substance must be made secure. Gran'pap looked around the room in an effort to locate something that would contain and conceal it from prying eyes. It was peculiar that in all his search for gold, during all the time he had been hoping to discover a fabulous treasure, he had never provided an ample means for its protection should he be successful. On the shelf above the fireplace was an earthen jar which had been used for salt. He set it upon the table and poured the gold into this.

As he went to bed for what few hours remained of the night, he thought of the future and what it would hold. In less than a week he would be successful in his highest aim. He fell asleep to dream in troubled slumber.

The morning meal was eaten in silence. A great doubt had begun to spring up in the mind of the old man: the boy was still undecided what to say.

After the dishes had been washed and put away in the box upon the wall the young man ventured to speak.

"I'm going back early this morning. What have you decided?"

"Before I answer let me ask you a question."

Rocky looked up in surprise and some misgiving.

"I believe in every man is the same desire for romance that called the men of the West into these wild mountains. Each one of us is affected by the lure of lost gold. Would you not, yourself, if you had been in my place, have done just as I did?"

The young man smiled. "Gran'pap, I was thinking that very thing last night. Suppose I had heard the story as you had heard it? It would

have seemed so easy, so worth while, that I am sure I would have given my life just as you have given yours."

"And if I had discovered the place again and lost it, would you not be willing to go back and hunt for it?"

Rocky's eyes shone. "Do you really mean——"

"No; I mean nothing. Let's pack up and go."

For a moment Rocky stood there; his eyes shining. Gran'pap realized that it was the call of adventure, the promise of romance, that had awakened the young man's spirit. Another life might be wasted, another life sacrificed.—But the gold meant so much to Gran'pap.

After all, was there not something vastly wonderful about youth? Did not this boy remind one of Old Joe Tibbit, when Joe had been young and strong? Unencumbered by false ambitions, undeceived by vain hopes the boy might plod his way up to success and do for the world what two old men had, in so large a measure, failed in doing.

"We've no time to lose. It's a three-day journey on foot to the town. We'd best be getting ready." The old man went about his work with a smile upon his lips. But the smile was fixed. It did not lighten the sadness of the face.

At last the pack was full of all that Gran'pap needed—few things. He could not carry much, for his old legs were trembling and his eyes were dimming as he turned to survey for the last time the little room where he had spent so much of his life. He realized that he had lived happy years here. Never again would he be as happy.

The last thing he did as he was about to step out the door was to raise the heavy earthen jar from the table and caress it in the fold of his arm. He held it there tightly as he locked the creaky door and stepped out after the young man on the downward trail. He could feel the weight pressing against his heart, like the burden that was on his soul. It was breaking his spirit as it was bending his body.

They came out upon the rock that overlooked the canyon and halted to watch for the last time the sun rising over the dead cross upon the eastern horizon. The blue haze of distant mountains, lightening now into the purple and gold of new life, was stretched before them.

The old man drew the earthen jar from the close embrace and stepped forward. Below him the stone dropped sheer for a hundred feet.

"A farewell gift to Lone Canyon," he said. "May it never feel the touch of another foot bent upon the mission that called mine."

With a trembling sob Gran'pap parted his arms, and heard his dreams crash on the hillside below. Then he turned and strode down the trail without a word, out of the life that had found happiness in the visions of the rainbow.

The End.

—Richard Houghton.

Midnight

Out of my window
I can only see
A patch of blue-black sky,
A luminous cloud,
A cloud almost white—
No star to give the
Light it holds;
Only reflection from
The earth's own ray.
I wonder
Is it true that
Some great hand
Sends out those
Clouds that we
May lighted be by
Our own ray
Until the
Dawning?

—Pauline Ayers.

WINTER MOONLIGHT

Three Sketches

(A Fable for Moralists)

Written in the year of modern intelligence, 1922 A. D. (after Damnation), to imitate and illustrate a certain current philosophy of "bruised egotism", prevalent among such writers as ..... (We will allow the reader to supply the names). The reader may call this anything from pure literature to nonsense. I shall call it a Fable in Three Sketches. With contempt to George Ade and his slang twisting tribe.

Warning: This effort has a moral.

Sketch I. Village of Anywhere.
Sketch II. City of Everywhere. Many years later.
Sketch III. Same as in II.
Character: A superior mind.
Setting: The Cosmos.

Sketch I. Introduction.

He called himself a painter. The people of the village gave him many names. Some persons called him a fool, some, a clever young man, and one well known person went so far as to call him a genius. An old lady who had grown up with the little town and absorbed its superstitions and scandals said his queer conduct was caused by a strange hereditary disease which made him look upon things darkly.

He drew faces, and those who sat for him always went away frightened and ashamed. He claimed that he loved art better than people, and his mind seemed to cut down through the living tissue and bring out the most sensitive parts of their being. He made the things they wanted to forget and keep from other people, shine on his canvas. Some sat for him at first out of mere curiosity and others followed from pure bravado, declaring that they had no secrets to hide from him. At last they spurned him when he showed nothing but indifference to their criticisms. They burned the pictures he had made of them and left him alone with his art.

When he could no longer draw people and there was no chance of further study in the village he went to a large city to continue his work.

Sketch II. Production.

Upon a couch which rested in the corner of the room a man reclined.

His face was pale like that of an ascetic who for many days has not seen the sun. The lips, tinged with blue, were

drawn tightly over the teeth, attesting a life of constant repression. The chin had also suffered from contraction by leaving it fleshless and mummy-like from a too conscious evidence of the bone beneath. The eyes were wild and staring. When they looked at objects there was a quiet, piercing anger in them as though irritated because the object of his investigation held back the answer of its meaning.

The room he occupied was cold and almost barren. Towards the center was an easel, and on a table close at hand were pencils, brushes, and colors. The only decorations on the walls were sketches of weird shapes, presumably created with the purpose of bringing out the horror and ugliness of human bodies. They were in the nude and no effort was made to portray physical beauty, but only to go beneath the surface and reveal what the artist saw there.

One sketch at the side of the bed was larger than the others. It seemed to take in the horror of all the pictures and dominate them. Its eyes were much too large to be natural, yet there seemed something in them that brought out a hidden truth inherent in every human eye. Line and symmetry were both sacrificed to unveil what the author saw and felt. The whole mien of the face tried to disclose at one single instant the entire gamut of its emotions: inquisitiveness, desire to know and control, hate of a thwarted spirit, potential kindness turned to cruelty through unresponsiveness, were drawn with terrible exactitude.

From the window opposite the couch a dull light came in. The sketches stood out in the dimness and one might easily imagine that they were animated.

The occupant on the bed stirred and drew his white hand, with the prominence of the joints plainly visible, across his face. For a moment he pressed it tightly to his forehead and then turned his gaze to the picture. As he looked, he became restless, and a new light came into his eyes. The resemblance between the man and the picture could not be doubted by the most unlearned. Anger, mingled with pride and a certain wild elation were written boldly. He breathed heavily and the angry expression changed to one of feverish joy as he looked at it.

"Ah yes," he said to the picture, "you look down upon me from the wall. You stare at me with your eyes lit with anger because I have created you. I made you with a pur-

pose. Do you understand? I worked with you for years and years. I thought I would make you beautiful. For a long time I thought you were only testing me when you revealed what you did. You tortured me with horrors. I listened to your voice when you told me things. You urged me, made me restless and dissatisfied. When people turned against me you offered forbidden joys and I swallowed them. Then came revulsion, nausea, and I turned to art. You showed me the sunset and punished me when I could not paint it.

"Men call you the soul and I have painted you there in your true likeness, except that I gave you eyes. Ha, Ha, ha! I have given you eyes, yes eyes, glaring, terrified, and horrible, so you can see, you are my soul, the thing that tortured me, but the soul is really blind. I have painted you for one reason. I want you to live, and see, when I no longer live.

"I painted what you showed me, and people said I was mad. Men say you are beautiful yet fear you. I am not afraid of you now, for I have conquered you. You are sealed within the four walls of a canvas. You have eyes and can see the thing you have created and controlled. You will remember, but after today I shall know nothing.

"You were an aching thing that would not let me rest. You made me search for a thing called Truth which you said works through art. I placed art and truth above everything—God, man, and so-called love. I drew people's faces true to my own conception.

"I hate you and curse you, but I find joy in knowing that you exist."

Torn by the exertion of his emotion, the blood rushed to his pale cheeks and seemed to burn while it coursed beneath his skin. He sank back motionless on the couch.

Sketch III. Deduction.

The light coming in at the window has driven away the shadows. The sketches on the wall appear as unreal distortions of the imagination. On the easel is a canvas with a few lines which have not taken any definite form. On the couch is a man whose face has the color of cold marble. The picture which usually hangs above the bed is gone. There is a torn canvas which presumable held a human face hanging in shreds upon the body. The thing he had hated and cursed in life, had been clasped to his bosom in death.

Moral: Too obvious for repetition—OBLIVION.

—Frank Lamons.

Potion

I

On the shore of the moon-white ocean,
Where the souls of lost ships rest,
Sits a witch-girl brewing a potion,
A boy-child held to her breast.
Her eyes are mad with the dancing
Of weirdly whispering waves;
Her lips are apart her devil-kissed heart
Is black as the deep-sea caves.

II

The ship-souls stir; lo! they tremble;
Their ghost-sails stare at the sea;
The witch-girl's armies assemble,
And cover the shadowless lea.
Each soul-shape, each sin-spotted spirit,
Bears a cup in its claw-twisted hand,
Which it fills from the potion, then
turns to the ocean,
And embarks for a faraway land.

III

On the streets of a million-lipped city
The ghost-gray armies stand
Each face askew with mock pity;
Each with a cup in its hand.

—Ralph Westerman.

Between Heaven and Earth

A green parrot cocked his eye thoughtfully at the god that was carved in the ruined wall of the temple. The bird admired this figure that was so aloof, so indifferent, and though fashioned like the chattering humans in the valley far below was yet of another world. He never moved nor spoke, but always sat there immobile gazing with sad eyes and a twisted smile into the distance———a distance of greater depth than either man or bird could see.

The morning flights of this parrot carried him by here, and late afternoon brought him back, and yet in the bird's short span of life the Unknown God had been the same, and would be for always.

The forest was still and quiet, with that expectant silence of mid-afternoon that comes before the sun finally sets and blackness hurries in. The parrot suddenly gave a shrill cry, and flapping his wings flew over the idol's head.

Two men had climbed up the narrow, torturous stone pathway, and now stood facing the ruined wall.

"In the name of all that's horrible," exclaimed one, "who'd ever sacrifice to a thing with a face like that?"

His companion made no answer. He was a rather young, well-built man, with a firm jaw and keen eyes. He paused and stared direcently at the idol for a moment, then fumbling at the loose tiling of the floor with his feet, he said:

"I wish you hadn't brought me up here to discuss business, Thompson, this is er-a- hardly the place!"

"I don't see why is isn't" Thompson answered with a shrug "Much better than the rest of the ruins, for we are alone. Isidore can't hear us, and Don Gaetano can't climb—too fat."

"Yes, I know they aren't here, yet I can't somhow feel alone." He stopped, and gazed intently at the carved face of the god.

"Lyman————what!" Thompson started forward in alarm, but when he saw the other silently regarding the idol, a relieved, if rather sickly, smile spread over his face.

"Oh, you mean **that,**" he said in a jocular tone." Well, I guess that old boy's days are over. He can't hurt us. Say, I wouldn't look at him so long, his face is enough to upset even me. Let's get down to business—all you have to do is to sign, and I'll see that the mahogany deal goes through ship-shape. Don G. and company can't lift a finger. Here are the papers." And he took a small bundle out of his pocket.

Henry Lyman turned away and walked to the edge of the small terrace that overlooked the city of the Dead Past.

"Has it ever occurred to you, Thompson, what might have happened to these people? Think of it! No man knows their fate. People lived here—walked and talked on this same terrace—oh, you needn't start so!

"Down there lived a king, rich—perhaps he had a daughter—she doubtless came here to worship. Probably she was beautiful——" "Oh, yes, oh yes, of course she was—they always are!" the other broke in nervously. "What's it make me think of? Kipling's I think it is—Oh, yes, I've got it:

"Wasting Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot——" that's all I can remember, anyway, it probably fits the case."

Henry Lyman paced across the crumbling tile.

"Thompson, it makes me **think**, as I have never thought before. I wonder now that I hadn't found it out long ago. It's so high—so far from that busy bickering life you and I know. These great silences—this dead city clutching on this mountain now, as it did centuries ago. It gets me, I can't let go of it. Somehow it has a spirit—a spirit of its own that one is forced to meet and either succumb to it or fight. A powerful mind, a memory of what has been—."

His companion shook out a large handkerchief, and drew it slowly across his face.

"Look here, my friend, all this may be very fine, but I brought you up here to sign that contract where old weazel-eyes wouldn't see you. You said yourself that you preferred he didn't."

"Yes, of course." But Henry Lyman seemed to have forgotten this earth.

"**Lyman**, come out of it! Are you stalling for time?"

"No—no." Yet he was paying no heed to the other's words, "Priests used to vow that their idols had strange power over the man that would be guided, and it is said that the departed cling to their gods and their loved haunts.

"I feel a strange presence, these broken walls are not alone, those passageways not empty, but filled with the spirits of this forgotten past, they stand watch over the city and guard it; and t h i s God that Was broods over all."

"Lyman, sign these and let's go." Thompson was in a panic of horror.

"No, not now. Think of the power this idol had over the lives about here—what wonder that after all these centuries he should wield influence now? Somehow, I am filled with a peace, one too big—it is a link between the past and the present. It smoothes away the worries of now by the sense of the futility of what has been. Relentless fate—relentless as the stars, and everlasting. Peace, a great peace——." The man had placed his hand upon the figure's shoulder and looked away—Away past the forest, the valley, the gigantic hills beyond, and past, so it seemed, the boundaries of the sky itself.

Thompson's voice was low and husky. He approached his companion, and gingerly took hold of his arm.

"Listen, come on let's go. I don't know what it is, but this place fills me with the creeps—gets on my nerves, and I've never had any **nerves** before! I—I'll be seeing ghosts in a minute, can't stand this stuff, you know. This is my first visit to a collection of defunct buildings like these **and my last!** Even you can't haul me back once I get out. Are you coming? **Gone Looney?** Excuse me, I'm going. I'll leave the papers —sign 'em when you come to." And thrusting the papers under a stone, he clattered down the pathway, stumbling and clutching at the crumbling mortar.

A deep quiet settled over the forest. In the valley far beneath the sun still flung out brilliant patches of sunlight, and flocks of birds, homeward gound, grew silent as they passed over the Sleeping City. The

pungent odor of the growing vegetation grew stronger as the approaching night drew out its many perfumes.

Henry Lyman stirred restlessly. He must leave before dark. He picked up the papers the other had left, and read them through slowly, with a sense of neglected duty. A sharp cry tore from him.

"What has happened? Are these the same ones I read before—they must be, same seals—writing—what a swindle—I did not sense it before. I might have known. Thompson! Where is he? Gone! Wh—What have I been doing——." He glanced sharply about and looked back at the idol, and slowly there spread over his face and into his eyes a queer look of understanding.

"Odd—odd how these places strung mid-way between heaven and earth make one think. Yes, I've thought and felt as I have never done before. I cannot sign these papers—I cannot sign these papers—."

He repeated this as a singsong chant and in company to it he slowly tore the documents in two. A happy light spread over the face of Henry Lyman, and whimsically he placed the torn pieces on the altar stone before the Idol of that Forgotten Race. And he weighed them down with an orchid plucked from a limb of a tree that seemed hanging out of the sky.

And as he turned to go it seemed to him that the twisted smile on the carved face straightened and grew deeper, for in the High Places between Heaven and Earth it is given the Departed Spirits to have a weird power over the thoughts of man—so chant the natives of Pachacamac.

—Lucia Plant.

A Fire Picture

Pink smoke in volumes curled and spread
Above the lashing flames so red;
While myriad sparks resplendent, bright,
Rose up and up, and out of sight.

Long licking tongues of angry flame
A shining scarlet hue became,
In dizzy joy—abandon'dly,
The brilliant mass danced crazily.

—By Frances Wright.

Evening

Oh, the calm of a summer evening,
When the labor of day is done:
The sweetness that floats o'er the valley
In the wake of the setting sun:

The peace that is mine at twilight,
The calm after days of pain;
Quiet and rest after labor,
Left with my mem'ries again.

—Earl Van Lanen.

Impressions of the Concert Given by Kathleen Parlow

I

Miss Parlow.

Masses of green and blue, cut with highlights of green, scarlet and purple form a background for a flame-colored figure, vibrant with energy. A tousled mop of uncontrolable hair suggests the spirit of life as it rests on the angular stalk of reality so that the outburst of notes from the violin but express more fully the struggles and joys of the deep laid soul.

II

Goudenow Concerto—A Minor

The poignant blue becomes the distance and enchantment of the vast north with its fiery rim of brilliant color emphasizing the stark coldness of the region. Then comes the consciousness of the small figure of man. Huge giant-born mountains enclose the valley of life from which he emerges in the struggle toward the heights. Up and up through the purple mists he rises—struggling—almost vanquished by the great white silence but triumphant as he glimpses new avenues of light and greater vista possibilities.

Throbbingly, the voice of the people rises from the valley. It is the cry of humanity laying the foundation for civilization. The man hesitates—

But appealingly comes the call of the mountains urging him upward. At last he struggles out on the topmost peak where the night with its vivid cold purples has settled close about the heights which now form but the horizon line of his vision.

One wild paean of joy—of freedom—again the insistent call of humanity and civilization. Vanquished in his moment of triumph man returns to a dull resignation to the world's duties—trivial—wearing—monotonous.

III

Chacome—Vitali.

A flame colored juniper tree—trained in resistance to life's forces—stands on the edge of the world. Throbbing wildly in its battle against the winds of chance—swaying

and writhing in the tensity of the struggle—it emerges joyous because of the triumph wrested from life.

IV

La Gitana—Kreisler.

The lights lower to mere colorful shadows. In full intensity comes the warm rich hues of the southland as time turns back two hundred years to the reign of the Moors in Spain. Soft shadows—sharp moonlight cut by arches—the wild joy of an impassioned heart—the gay fluttering response from the balcony where faint perfumes escape the folds of tremorous veils—are the phantoms breathed by interlacing themes.

V

The Cuckoo—Daquin-Manen.

It is day in an old English garden—green and gold in the sunlight. The old stone bench in the crook of the ivy clambered walls has been rediscovered by lovers. Nearby the cuckoo is calling—calling—calling plaintively.

—Aline Isabel Kistler.

Mockery

Into the grey smoke perfumed air
Of the old stone temple, dazed I come
Up the steps, unto the bier
Where he lies, wax-white and dumb.

Daibu, hear my cry!
Life-god, let me die!

Senseless jabbering, the reply
From an ape in the samyan tree—
Then silence hammers upon my ears,
Driving me mad with its mockery.

Daibu . . . .

—Pauline Ayers.

Sunset

I have no chance to see the sunset in the horizon when I am in the city. It is very lonesome for me. I feel sorrow. That golden color of sky can never be forgotten. The glorious sunset, like a dying hero, never goes away from my memory.

I stand on the mound or in the field, where modern civilization never touches. It is the place of nature, where I stand. I see the sunset and yearn for it. I feel as if there is an ideal kingdom beyond the horizon.

"Today is going. Today never comes forever." Thus the sun cries as it is sinking. At this moment, I have no idea except the pathetic scene of the sunset and the loneliness of my feeling. I feel as though left alone. I like to follow the sunset as it departs. The loneliness at the moment cannot be expressed in words.

The sun is no more. I awake from my dream. The cool breeze touches me. Yet, the whispering noise of tree and plant does not amuse me. The noise makes me more lonesome than before * * *. And when I really realize that I am a human being and do not belong to the wonder of nature, I begin to think that I must love people. Now, I cannot stay. I run down from the hill to a lodge on the plain.

I sit down and lean upon my table. Still, the panorama of the setting sun will not leave my mind. I feel as if I had left my beloved sweetheart.

In the city I see the black smoke cover the sunset. The sun sets under the roofs of houses. The golden sky is no more. Oh! I yearn for the sun to set in the horizon.

—K. Tanida.

The Modern Girl

What a phrase and what pictures it brings to mind! Knee-length skirts, bobbed hair, a cigarette—does it mean this to you? Or does it call to mind a vision of a bold forward woman carrying a banner, "Votes for Women?" No doubt the words bring to each of us a different picture, but, nine times out of ten, is not this picture a rather disgusting one? Does it not bear with it a note of elastic morality or over-stepped freedom?

These conceptions are distorted ones and unjust to the modern girl. You go to the open fields, find flaming yellow poppies studding there, and delightedly exclaim to your friends upon your return, "The fields are just yellow with poppies." Truthfully speaking, there is more green background than poppies, but it is the poppies which have attracted your attention. You walk down main street, see two young persons with sleeves rolled up and stockings rolled down, working their jaws overtime by trying to chew gum and converse in the latest modern slang at the same time, and you sigh, "What are we coming to?" You did not realize how many modestly dressed and well-mannered young women passed you unnoticed. If the girls you did notice, represented the average modern girl, they would not have attracted your attention.

Stop for a moment and compare the modern girl with the girl of fifty years ago.

Consider her health: The modern girl does not sacrifice her health for the sake of her form as did the girl of yesterday. Modern fashion decrees that her figure be natural. Her recreation is healthful exercise in the open air in which her grandmother was not permitted to indulge.

Consider her education: The girl of yore learned a little about a great many subjects and became "finished." The modern girl learns food values, household arts, and household economy that she may be more efficient in the natural realm of woman—the home. She studies sanitation, the care of infants, and sex hygiene that she may be a better wife and mother. Women are for the first time making a scientific study of the things which since time immemorial have been called woman's work. And yet they are called unfeminine!

Consider her dress: Is not the present mode of dress more sanitary than the germ-collecting type which swept the floor and street? Is it not more economical, more convenient, and more natural than the exaggerated hoop-skirt?

Consider her activities: The unmarried girl of today spends her time in some useful occupation. The world is better off and she is better off than if she remained idle, dependant upon her parents, as did the girl of yesterday. After she is married, she is censured for leaving her home to attend clubs; but modern conveniences, in the home, make this possible; she is quick to grasp any opportunity to help in the uplift of humanity; and it is through clubs that she has this opportunity.

Say what you will about the modern girl, but answer this: Is not her life more natural, more wholesome, and more useful than the life of the girl of fifty years ago?

—Emma Wuerth.

'22

The Day She Touched Him

A New Telling of an Old Story

NOBODY seemed to understand her. They liked her, and yet there was something they couldn't quite comprehend. She seemed so capable and so good in many ways, but there was no denying the fact that sometimes she was not a very good wife, nor a very good mother, nor a very good neighbor.

It was a little community where she lived, in a modest little cottage over on a side street. There was a garden in back and a green spot in front. The houses were near and the women wanted to be neighborly. The schoolhouse was over yonder, and the children raced back and forth. The father's work was far away, and he hurried away in the morning and trudged home again at night.

And it broke his heart, those days that the little mother wasn't up to her best. He wanted to help, but his hands seemed so clumsy and his mind so uncomprehending. He didn't think she ought to worry so; he thought she might control her anxieties better if she would try; he half thought it was her own fault. He didn't know that after all the trouble was that—well, a man simply couldn't understand.

And the children couldn't understand what made her so petulant sometimes. They didn't know that they did any differently those days. They thought they were just as good, just as quiet, just as quick to obey. They couldn't see why she was so unreasoning sometimes. They didn't know; they couldn't know, being children.

Maybe some of the neighbor women could have helped a little, but they had gotten in the habit of just letting her alone when she was glum, and morose, and unneighborly.

And so it went on for weeks and months. Nobody seemed to understand her.

Then one afternoon when the children came home from school, they couldn't find mother. Only a stillness followed their insistent, shrill cries. They would rather have heard the weary, "Now, don't be so noisy! No, don't do that! Go outdoors and play." They sat disconsolately until the father came home, bent and tired, carrying the empty lunch-pail.

"Daddy! We can't find mother!" He remembers to this day how the words cut through his consciousness and infused into his whole being an unthinkable horror.

He found the note which the children had not seen, on the dining table. "Dearest husband," he read, "and darling children: Don't worry about me. I'll be back to you, but I have to go away for a little while. You'll forgive me; I just have to go away. I love you all dearly." And the signature was there: "Mother."

"She loves us," he whispered as he drew the kiddies to him for a moment's love. "She loves us and will come back to us." And these were the words that continued to ring in the ears of his heart as he puttered about trying to attend to the little details which had already seemed so trivial, but which seemed so hard for him to accomplish.

So it went on for a few days. Then she came back. As suddenly as she had gone, thus suddenly she was at home again. The return from school had not been so rollicking during these days of loneliness, and on this particular afternoon the gate was swung open slowly and wistfully.

Then they saw her. She was sitting behind the vine on the little porch. They stood and looked at her. Her sewing dropped to her lap and she held out her arms. They saw there was a new light in her eyes. It awed them and yet it filled their child-hearts with the old love they had had for their real mother, their mother when she had really mothered them.

The father saw it, too, when he came home. He saw that she had been changed. No word of explanation came, but the father and the children knew that mother was different, that now she was the mother of their dreams.

A week passed by, and then one evening as they were all sitting around the lamp after supper, the father spoke.

He said, "Mother, we can't keep quiet any longer, the children and I. Can we?" They smiled and shook their heads. "We know you've had some wonderful experience, mother, for you're so different. And we want to know about it. You're so good to us, mother; isn't she?" They smiled and nodded their heads. "And we want to learn how to be good. Won't you tell us how it all happened?"

She dropped her hands, still holding a bit of sewing, into her lap, and leaned her head back in her chair. She smiled quietly and said, "Yes, I will tell you." She thought a moment, and then told the story.

"I was sick. You didn't know it. You didn't know that I couldn't help being so nervous and worried. You knew that I wasn't as good a wife and mother as I ought to be, but you didn't know what a physical struggle my whole life was. And, oh, how I wanted to be different, but I didn't know how.

"And then I heard of a great man who I thought could help me. I felt sure that if I could only tell him about myself he would cure me, so that I could be a better mother and a better wife, a better woman.

"So I started out to find him. Before I got where I thought he was I heard that he had gone, and I had to change my journey and travel a hot, dusty road, in hopes of seeing him as he traveled. I remember how tired and thirsty I got on that road."

It was here that one of the boys came over and gave her such a passionate kiss on the cheek. She smiled at him and went on with her story.

"Then suddenly I met him. Or rather, I found him, for I could not get close to him on account of the crowd. So many people were going along the road with him, following him and listening to him. But after coming all that distance I couldn't be disappointed, and so I pushed into the crowd. I remembered how hard it was. They all looked at me so strangely, and tried to push me back and keep me away. I was so tired from my long walk, and I was so sick. I thought that if he would only look around and see me and reach out his hand to me, I would be so happy. But he didn't see me, and I kept on pushing and elbowing my way into the crowd.

"Oh, how I strained, working my way slowly in between the people who were packed so closely together, swaying to and fro on the hard, dusty road. And then, I got almost to him, and I remember how frantically I pushed aside those who were near him.

"And then when I was about to speak to him, my courage failed me. He seemed so intent on what he was saying to his friends, and the men around me looked at me so curiously. And I lost hope. And as I felt myself being drawn further from him, I said to myself, 'Oh, if I could

only touch him, I believe it would inspire me!' And frantically, I reached out through the crowd and with the tips of my fingers I could just touch his clothes."

Suddenly she sat straight in her chair and her eyes shone. "And what do you think?" she said. "In the instant that I touched him I felt a thrill go through my whole being, and I realized that I was well, and that I could come home and be the woman you have wanted me to be.

"But then, as I was starting to push my way silently out of the crowd, something so strange happened. For he stopped and said, 'Who touched me?' And one of the men said, 'Why, how can you ask that? With such a crowd here, many of us touch you.' But he said, 'No, somebody touched me particularly. Who was it?'

"And I didn't have the courage to tell, but he turned and looked straight at me. And, oh, he seemed to look through my whole life, and as he looked I felt so sorry that I had ever been below my best with my dear ones. And then he smiled, and reached out his hand, and I reached out mine, and he took it. Oh, just think of it, he took my hand in his firm grasp, and he said, 'Poor lady, you have been so sick, haven't you? But now you are well, and you will go home and be the wife and mother you have longed to be. Because you touched me, and I have helped you.'

"And that's my whole story."

And as they drew together, smiling through their tears, they knew that the touch had transformed them all.

—Fred L. Farley.

HEARTACHES

Alone, and footsteps passing,
Silence, and sounds in the distance,
Heartaches, and love through the windows;
Alone, and a soul's cry.

—Raymond Moore.

A DESERT NIGHT

Night, and the star-lit canopy of heaven,
A face upturned, and the mist of worlds,
Silence, and the desert stillness:
O God, for a human voice!

Night-winds springing, sighing,
Night-winds of the wild
Night-winds of the waste
Night-winds of the void
Night-winds of the vast,
Night-winds dying—

Silence, and the desert stillness:
O God, for a human voice!
Dawn—Breezes soft and slumbrous:
Light and God!

—Raymond Moore.

Ghosts

Several summers ago my chum, Dewitt Haney and I were driving through the mountains of Arkansas, camping out wherever we happened to be at nightfall.

One particularly hot day we had been traveling for several hours through a low valley, where the road, winding through the heavy timber with its rank underbrush of vines and creepers, was a dark canyon between living, crawling walls. We were both somewhat worried, for it was getting late and we were anxious to find a suitable camping place for the night; but the farther we went, the more dismal the outlook became. Finally, just as we had decided to camp in the road, we came to a small clearing, and could see the dark hulk of some sort of a house looming up about fifty yards away from the road. Stopping the car, we went up to the house and hallooed. There was no answer, so taking our pocket lights we walked closer and flashed them on it, revealing a vine-covered brick wall against which leaned a wide delapidated porch. We climbed up on the porch and threw our lights toward a door at the rear, which was standing half open; then after listening a moment we advanced and knocked loudly upon it. As the sound echoed through the house we heard scratchings and rustlings from the blackness within but nothing else.

"I guess it's deserted," said Dewitt. "Let's see if we can find a place that's fit to sleep in."

So we pushed open the sagging door and entered. The damp, musty smell, which is common to swampy places, prevaded the air, and our white beams of light seemed to search out the dark, slimy streaks on the plastered walls where the rain had leaked through and run down. The floor was covered with a miscellaneous assortment of trash—an old hat, a pile of old clothes, some rusty tin cans, and bits of broken wood and glass scattered over all—while rising from the center of this was a wide staircase leading toward the upper story of the house. Thinking that we might find a dry spot up above we climbed the creaking stairs and found ourselves in a large hall. Five or six doors opened out of this into as many rooms and we explored all of them, finding everything in a more or less dilapidated condition. One of them had a large fireplace and seemed

fairly clean and dry so we decided to spend the night in there. Dewitt went back and drove the car up to the house while I collected some wood, and in a few moments we were eating our supper before a cheerful fire.

We were about half way through when we suddenly became aware of something walking around downstairs, and with our hands poised in mid-air and our mouths open, we listened to the soft footsteps start up the stairs, then die away, leaving absolute silence. A cold shiver ran up my spine and I looked at Dewitt. We both grabbed our guns and the flash-lights and slipped out to the head of the stairs, but the lights revealed nothing but the dark, mysterious walls. Feeling somewhat foolish we crept downstairs and searched through several of the rooms, but finding only bats and toads, we went back and finished our supper.

Being very tired we rolled up in our blankets and went to sleep immediately, but it seemed to me that I had scarcely fallen asleep, when I awoke with a start, for something cold and clammy had touched my face. The fire had died down, leaving only a faint flickering light which accentuated the ghost-like shadows of the room; so that I imagined a dozen terrible things in the few seconds that it took me to locate my flashlight. But when I pressed the button no light came, and as I was frantically endeavoring to make the connection I heard those same steps ascending the stairs and approaching the door. I yelled, and my chum jumping up cried, "What's the matter?"

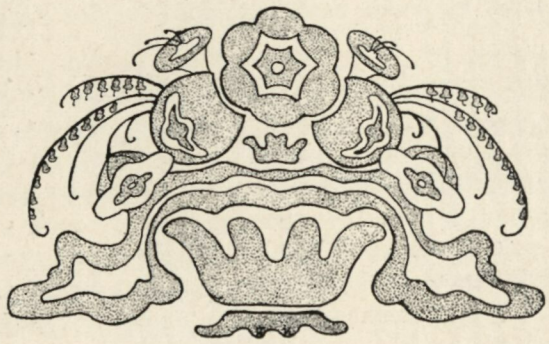
Just then my light flashed out through the room, revealing a toad on the floor near me, and another one in the door way.

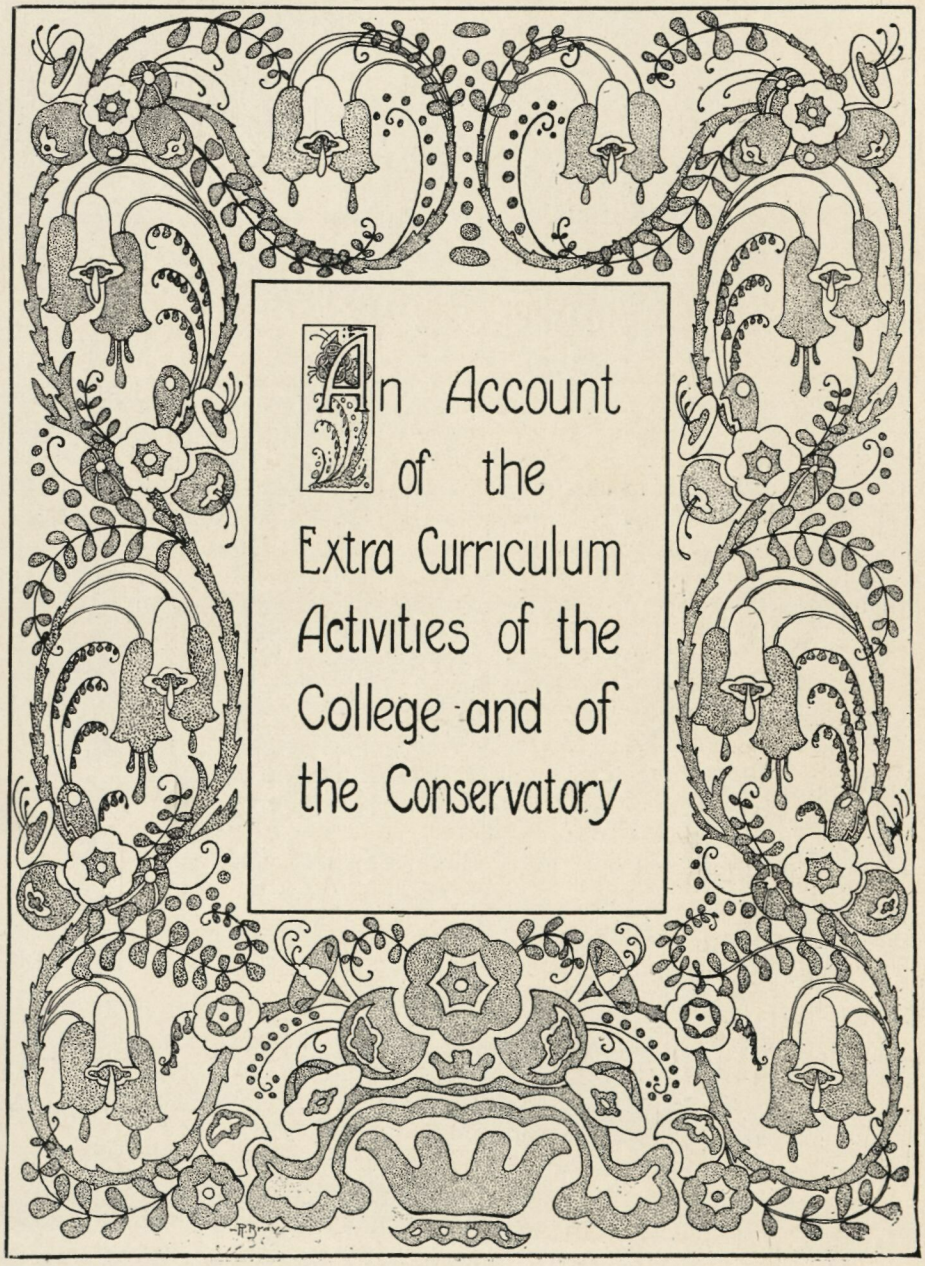
—W. L. Winston.

Four men stood before God at the end of the first week, watching Him whirl His little globe. The first man said to Him, "Tell me how you did it." The second man said, "What is it for? The fourth man said nothing, and fell down and worshiped. Having worshiped he rose to his feet and made a world himself.

These four men have been known in history as the Scientist, the Man of Affairs, the Philosopher, and the Artist.

—A quotation from Gerald Stanley Lee.




An Account
of the
Extra Curriculum
Activities of the
College and of
the Conservatory

Arbor Day 1921

Arbor Day, the one day of the year when students and faculty alike stoop to the menial task of beautifying the campus, was heralded with a few baptisms and sprinklings. Hoes, rakes and shovels, used to a good advantage by the husky males, cleared the campus of weeds, rocks and other rubbish an hour before noon. Lemonade, served by the women, quenched the thirst of those who missed the occasional duckings. The hoisting of a flag to the top of the Conservatory mast by the Sophs hastened the traditional Sophomore-Freshmen battle which culminated in a victory for the class of '24.

A delicious luncheon was served at noon to all. The annual Rhizomia-Archania debate held the attention of the assemblage during the first part of the afternoon, while the remainder of the time was given over to the conclusion of the tennis tournament, to concessions, and to the sale of Naranjados. Confectionery stands sold short orders to the hungry groups at six o'clock. Under the supervision of a committee a vaudeville show of excellent character was presented in the evening.

East Hall.
The Gym.
Seaton Hall
El Campo.
Mrs. Ball making us feel "Christmasy."

Helen Guth.
Entrance facing University Ave.
The Conservatory
South Hall.
Christmas spirit in the dining Hall.

ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN STUDENTS ORGANIZED

During the latter part of the year the women of the College and the Conservatory organized themselves into one body politic and elected their officers for the coming semester. Four committees, students' affairs, senior advisory, social and athletic, head the four departments into which the association is divided. An executive committee consisting of the officers of the association, the dean of women, the house president of the dormitory and all women holding office in the A. S. C. P., will carry on all of the business of the A. W. S.

PACIFIC TO MOVE TO STOCKTON

With the opening of the fall semester President Knoles announced that the $3,000,000 project for the moving of the College of the Pacific to its new site in Stockton, was well under way and that providing the plans matured, as anticipated, the College would be located in the San Joaquin Valley within the next two years. Stockton has offered the desired financial co-operation, and with the aid of the Board of Trustees, acting for the conference, the campaign for the $750,000 needed for the erection of new buildings, will progress rapidly.

SOPHS AGAIN WIN ANNUAL RUSH

Still tasting the sting of defeat from the previous year the class of '24 followed the example set by the preceding class and tied, painted and ducked the Frosh during the annual inter-class rush on West Lawn on the first Saturday afternoon of the new year. Five Frosh made their appearance on the lawn at 2:30 to mete out revenge to the Sophs who had been their only source of trouble during their first week in College, the rest of the Freshmen being content to spend the afternoon resting in the Santa Cruz mountains by request. The fight, under the supervision of the Board of Control, lasted the allotted twenty minutes and was concluded with the traditional ducking of the vanquished.

STUDENT BODY RECEPTION

Pacific's annual Student Body reception was held in Seaton Hall in October. President Knoles welcomed the new students, a short program was given by the older students, and light refreshments were served. Songs, yells and a social hour provided entertainment and an opportunity for getting acquainted.

RHIZOMIA WATERMELON FEED

The Rhizomia Literary Fraternity held its annual open meeting for the new men of the College on October 3 in Social Hall. Following an interesting program the assemblage adjourned to the football field where a half-ton of delicious watermelons met their fate. The fruit that escaped the first slaughter was taken to the girls' dormitory where the women present paid tribute to the carvers. Pres. Knoles and family received their customary serenade and share of melons.

ARCHANIA OPEN MEETING

Pacific students and faculty members were the guests of Archania on the evening of October 5, in a combined open meeting and house-warming party. A short, humorous program was followed by a tour of inspection of the new quarters. A dainty luncheon was then served by the hosts, assisted by some of their women friends.

INTER-SORORITY PARTY

On the evening of October 7 the new women students of the College and the Conservatory were entertained by all the women's societies at a reception and program. Two numbers, either of a musical or mirthful nature, were presented by each of the different societies—Sopholechtia, Philomusia, Emendia and Athenaea, and provided a splendid evening of entertainment. The reception was a success and did much to acquaint the new and old students and to bring them to a more perfect understanding.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON TEAS

On Sunday afternoon, October 16, Helen Guth Hall, decorated most attractively and wearing its brightest colors, was the scene of Pacific's first "tea party." The idea was instituted so as to enable the young women to entertain their friends on a Sunday afternoon as they would in their own homes. The dormitory has appeared cozy and homelike on all these occasions which are conducive to greater satisfaction among the women students.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Ghosts, imps, goblins and all other freaks of the mysterious answered the invitation of the faculty to an evening of hilarious and mirthful pastime, on October 28, when Pacific students and faculty members united in their annual

Hallowe'en masquerade party. Unwary students stumbled over the gloomy and death signifying passages in East Hall (?) and the rear of the gymnasium. After the hair-raising experiences in the gym a more enlightening program was presented in the auditorium. Again the haunt-like creatures dispersed to the gym where refreshments, fortune telling, games and hearty conversation occupied the remainder of the evening.

MRS. BALL'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Christmas spirit was noticeably prevalent this year and the Yule-tide season was made more enjoyable in Pacific by Mrs. Ball, matron of the dining hall, who, as usual, decorated Seaton Hall with garlands of evergreen and the masses of toyon berries. During the two weeks preceding vacation delicious dinners were served at the different tables nightly. On the evening before school closed Mrs. Ball entertained the students with a bounteous Christmas dinner.

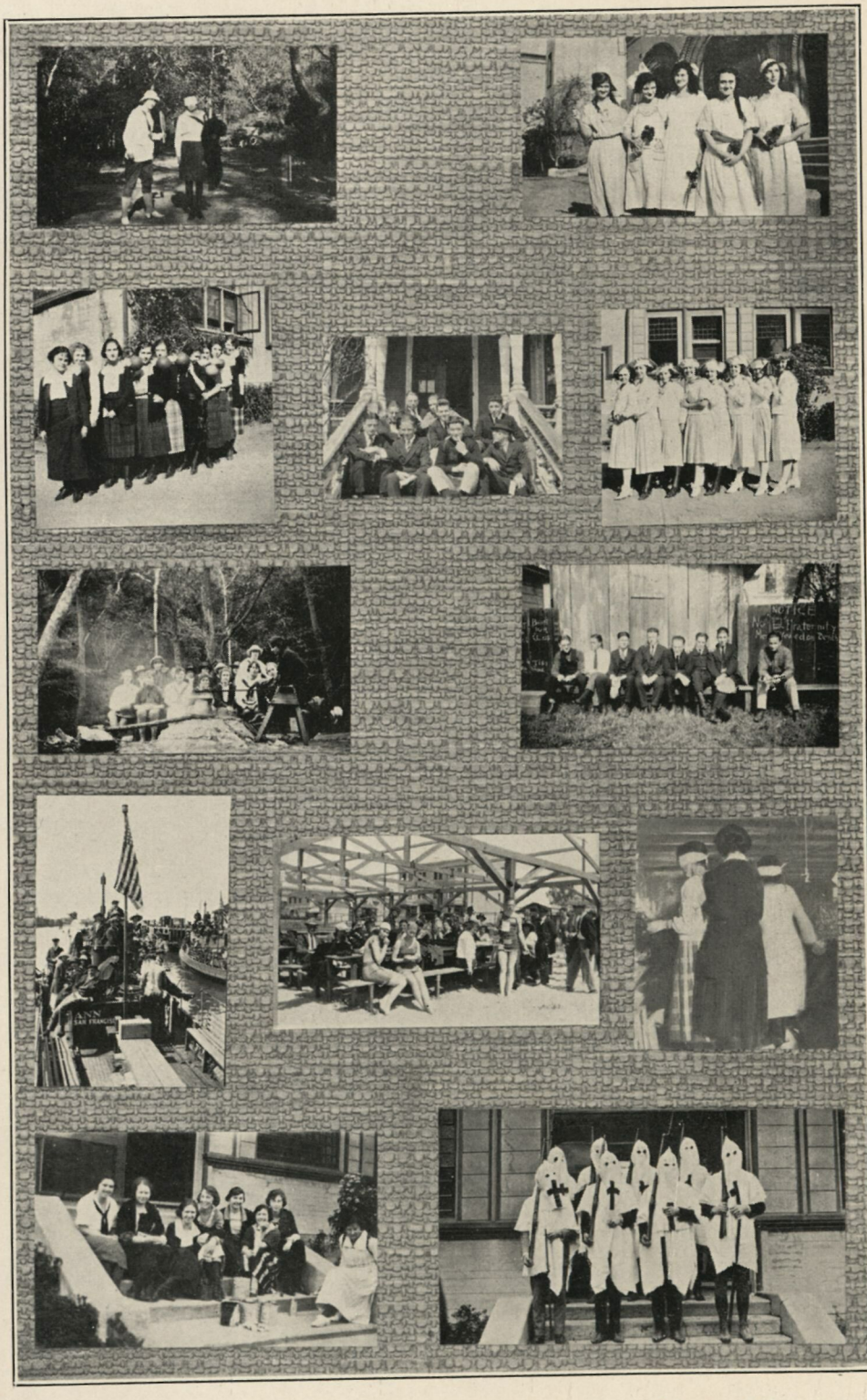
The fifteen tramps who stopped at the kitchen on Christmas day had reason to know that the matron of the dining hall was possessed of a truly Christian heart, for each one in turn was heartily fed before he left.

PRESIDENT KNOLES ATTENDS NEW YORK MEETING

President Knoles spent the second and third weeks of January in New York where he attended the fifty-third annual meeting of the Board of Education of the Methodist Church. The two most interesting phases of the work of the board are the distribution of student loans to the various colleges and the appropriation of funds to needy institutions. President Knoles holds positions on two very important committees—the committee on student loans and the committee on courses of study for Methodist ministers.

ROCKEFELLER GRANTS PACIFIC $250,000

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the largest single grant of money every received by the College of the Pacific, was contributed to the College on February 28, by the General Educational Board of the United States, which is a branch of the Rockefeller foundation. The grant came as the result of an application filed last year and a visit to Pacific by the president and secretary of the General Education Board, who found that the College was entirely out of debt and that the service rendered and the location chosen were entirely satisfactory.



Aline making a new Emendian watch (?) her step.
New Emendians.
House Party at Walker's.
Archania-Emendia Tug Ride
Weary Laborers.

A wild bunch at El Campo.
Philomusia-Archania Joint.

Athanaea initiates.
Sopholechtia initiates.
Epsilon Simga Kappa.
(El Smoko)
New Sopholechtians being tortured.
Rhizomia joins the Ku Klux Klan.

HONOR SYSTEM INSTITUTED

Pacific took one more step in advancing her scholastic standing among other institutions of the United States when on December 14 the Honor System in examinations was declared to be in force constitutionally. The system provides for the disposal of all cases of cheating in examinations by means of a committee of upper-class students properly elected. All charges are to be dealt with secretly and no person can be convicted on mere circumstantial evidence.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

One of the big social events of the year was held on the evening of February twenty-second, when the members of the faculty entertained the students at the traditional Washington's Birthday anniversary program. Instead of holding the entire affair in Seaton Hall, as usual, the program was given in the College Auditorium and was followed by the customary banquet in the Dining Hall.

STUDENTS VISIT STOCKTON

On the afternoon of February 23 one hundred and seventy-five students and faculty members commandeered two dozen automobiles and journeyed to Stockton to look over the site of the proposed new campus for Pacific. At the invitation of the city of Stockton a well arranged program was given by Pacific's representatives and delegates from the Stockton Chamber of Commerce. The affair did much to root Pacific more firmly in the hearts of the people of Stockton.

NARANJADO SHOW

Under the direction of the Naranjado staff one of the cleverest vaudeville shows ever staged in the Pacific Auditorium was presented on the evening of March 2. The program was of a musical nature and exhibited artistic talent that had hitherto been undeveloped.

JEROME SHAFFER ENTERTAINS

Jerome Shaffer, the different entertainer, lived up to his reputation as a humorist when, under the auspices of Rhizomia, he presented his program of music, art and foolishness on the evening of March 10. In order that the treasury of the A. S. C. P. might be replenished, one-half of the proceeds were turned over to the students.

CHAPEL ADDRESSES

Too much credit cannot be given Dean Abbott for the success he has achieved in obtaining chapel speakers throughout the year. He has shown rare judgment in getting men of note to speak on subjects historical and current which were of great interest to the students.

Some of the more important addresses of the year were:

"What Causes Cancer?" by Dr. Blair, "My Travels Through Europe," by G. Harold McMurry, "Psycho-photography," by Mr. Wipel, "The Near East," by Lincoln D. Wirt, "China," Miss Inez Marks, "Why We Need the American Plan," S. G. Tompkins, "In Defense of the Closed Shop," Grant Bennett, "Social Construction," Edward T. Devine, Dr. Campbell and Dr. Vermilia. Besides these chapel talks members of the faculty were at times the speakers of the day.

LECTURES

J. Stitt Wilson, working under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. in the interests of Constructive Christian Democracy, gave a series of three lectures to the students and patrons of Pacific on January 12 and 13, on the subject of "Self Versus Others." The themes of Mr. Wilson's talks were based upon "Truth."

LIBRARY

AS usual Miss Boss spent the greater part of her vacation period in Pacific's library and as a result several innovations in book cataloguing and filing have been incorporated into the library system. Several new shelves, tables and counters were added for the convenience of the students and more assistants have been secured to take care of the rooms and their contents. The "browsing tier," a place where all new books are filed for one week before being placed on their permanent position, is a new feature. The latest improvement is the placing of two hanging racks for special groups of magazines.

PACIFIC STUDENTS HONORED

During the past year three Pacific students have received notable honors in the literary world. G. Harold McMurry, '21, won perhaps the greatest distinction in being awarded the first and only prize given by the Italian-American Society in a contest open to all university and college undergraduates of the United States. His essay, "Italy's Contribution to Civilization," gained for him a tour of Europe, including Italy, France, and England.

The acceptance of two poems for publication in the Boston Authology brought honor to two Pacific students and thereby to the College. The poems were "Youth," by Ralph Westerman, and "The City of Hidden Knowledge," by G. Harold McMurry.

Ruth Brown was also fortunate in winning a prize in a short story contest conducted by the Epworth Herald.

Dramatics

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

IN 1919 the Dramatic Club of the College of the Pacific was organized under the direction of Miss Willian Hinsdale. The same year the club presented three one-act plays in the auditorium. These plays despite the many inconveniences and inadequacies which had to be confronted, were a success, from an artistic point of view. The three initial plays produced, "Embers," "The Hour Glass," and "Martha's Morning," are representative drama which may be staged under the Craig plan. Drapes and flats only were used to replace the painted scenery of the commercial theatre.

The second group of plays, "America Passes By," "Addio," and "In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy," was presented December 2 of last year. The Dramatic Club had by this time accumulated new stage necessities. An excellent lighting system was installed; new draperies were purchased and other up-to-date devices were installed.

On March 11 four one-act plays of a more ambitious type were staged. The plays chosen were "Scales and the Sword," "The Very Naked Boy," "In 1999," and "The Traveling Man."

The first group of this year's plays was given December 2, when the Dramatic Club produced "The Boor," "My Lady Dreams," "The Open Door," and "The Constant Lover." These productions, splendidly staged and well acted, mark a new era in the Art Theatre in Pacific. No one could see these plays without appreciating the artistic motive behind them.

To commend separately each individual who has aided the Art Theatre movement in Pacific, would be impossible in so brief a history, but one feels justified in stating that the untiring patience and superior ability of Miss Hinsdale as a dramatic coach are synonyms for success. Mr. Ed Malone should be given recognition because of his efficient lighting arrangements. Mr. Malone has spent much time in perfecting a system by which drama may be made more effective through proper stage lighting. Then, too, the many clever actors, which are being developed through the medium of the Dramatic Club, have given invaluable support.

The Dramatic Club should not be looked upon as a parasitic organization; it has contributed to Pacific materials for stage settings, and other permanent fixtures.

The Dramatic Club aims to sponsor true art. Its chief ambition is to produce the "different" kind of play, to advance and accept reasonable criticisms, and to encourage the Art Theatre movement.

The Dramatic Club

OF THE

College of the Pacific

PRESENTS

FOUR ONE-ACT PLAYS

FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 2, 1921

THE BOOR

Anton Tchekoff

Helena Ivanova Popov ..... Lucy Woodhouse
Crigoriji Stepanovitch Smirnov ..... Charles Martin
Luka ..... Velma Broughton

Scene: The Estate of Mrs. Popov.

MY LADY DREAMS

Eugene Rillot

Lady ..... Grace Conner
Marie ..... Una Raffety
Little Old Lady ..... Ethel Rand
The Other Woman ..... Pauline Ayers
Blonde Child ..... Betty Kroeck
Brunette Child ..... Barbara Kroeck

Scene: A luxurious boudoir.

THE OPEN DOOR

Alfred Sutro

Sir Goffrey Transom ..... Chas. E. Blydenburgh
Lady Torminster ..... Gwendolyn Chapelle

Scene: Lord Torminster's cottage by the sea.
Time: Two a. m. of a fine July night.

THE CONSTANT LOVER

St. John Hankin

Evelyn Rivers ..... Marjorie Morris
Cecil Harburton ..... George Watt

Scene: A glade in a wood.

Under Direction of

WILLIAN HINSDALE

Staff

Stage Manager ..... Edwin Malone
Stage Decorator ..... Marcus Brown
Mistress of the Wadrobe ..... Eva Darling
Business Manager ..... Francis Spradley
Stage Crew: Price Webb, Russel Shiras, Robert Baldwin.
Musicians: Evelyn Adler, violin.
Bonnylee Stewart, piano.
Rose Van Valin, cello.
Walline Knoles, baritone.

"The Boor" (Anton Tchekoff)
"My Lady Dreams" (Eugene Rillot)

ONE-ACT PLAYS

"The Open Door" (Alfred Sutro)
"The Constant Lover" (St. John Hankin)

The Associated Students

OF THE

College of the Pacific

PRESENT

THE PRINCE CHAP

By Edward Peple

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS, JANUARY 27-28, 1922

William Peyton, American Sculptor.....George Watt
Jack Rodney, the Earl of Huntington .....Francis King
Marcus Runyon, Serving Man.....Charles E. Blydenburgh
Ballington, Yadder, Fritz } Artists { .....Hugh Van Bergen / .....Ralph Westerman / ..... John Uppman
Truckman ..... Russell Bodley
Claudia ..... Jewel Smith
Una Rafferty
Pauline Ayers
Mrs. Arrington .....Frances Schwab Hill
Phoebe Puckers .....Lucia Plant
Alice Travers .....Velma Broughton

ACT I Scene 1. Apartment in studio of Mr. William Peyton in London. Time: Evening.
Scene 2. The curtain will be lowered for a minute to indicate the passage of an hour's time.

ACT II. The same two years later.
Scene 1. Five days before Christmas.
Scene 2. Christmas Eve.

ACT III. Sitting room in Mr. Peyton's apartments eight years after close of act 2.

Under the Direction of
WILLIAN HINSDALE

Staff

Stage Manager .....Russel Shiras
Electrician ..... Ed Malone
Stage Decorator.....Aline Kistler
Costumers .....Eva Darling, De Marcus Brown
Property Managers .....Ray McClintic, Gene Madsen
Business Manager .....Lester H. Quinley
Musicians: Bonnylee Stewart, piano
Evelyn Adler, violin
Rose Van Valin, cello
Byron Morgan, violin

You Never Can Tell

April 28, 1922

Under the able direction of Miss Willian Hinsdale the College presented "You Never Can Tell," by George Bernard Shaw, April 28.

The cast was as follows:

The Waiter	Ralph Westerman
Mr. Valentine	John Uppman
Finch McComas	Hugh Van Bergen
Mr. Crampton	Price Webb
Philip Clandon	De Marcus Brown
The Young Waiter	Virgil Howard
Mr. Bohun	George Boardman
Mrs. Clandon	Eva Darling
Gloria Clandon	Gladys Stockton
Dolly Clandon	Evelyn Nidever
Parlor Maid	Lucia Plant

The Staff:

Stage Manager	Edwin Malone
Business Manager	Lester Quinley
Prompter	Aline Kistler
Director of Music	Evelyn Adler
Wardrobe Mistress	Elsie Wright

Debate

R. Bernreuter
C. Wagner

J. Germino
W. Owens

R. Couchman
L. McKaig

P. Webb
L. Harris

From the viewpoint of one who thinks in terms of the future, Pacific's debate season for 1922 has been marked by unbounded success. In the terms of judges' decisions, the future holds the final judgment.

The first debate was held on the evening of Monday, April 10th, the College of the Pacific being defeated by the western tour team of the University of Denver. Robert Bernreuter, Price Webb, and Leonard McKaig upheld the affirmative for Pacific, on the question, "Resolved, That the Principle of the Closed Shop is Justifiable."

Teams have been chosen to represent Pacific against the Southern Branch of the University of California, and also against the University of Nevada.

Due to the efforts of Coach Oliver E. Norton, a larger number of men have turned out for forensic than have for some years past.

—Robert Couchman.

Chorus and Orchestra

The chorus and orchestra are the two organizations in Pacific, which although they are primarily part of the Conservatory, welcome any members from College, Conservatory, and Academy. Chorus attendance is compulsory for all students of the Conservatory. This year the members of the Chorus number about one hundred and fifty, and the Orchestra boasts thirty. Both organizations take part in annual concerts both local and in neighboring communities.

The Chorus, under the direction of Dean Howard H. Hanson, gave a splendid performance on Sunday, December 11, as part of the Second Annual American Festival of Music. The concert consisted of a group of representative American Choral works, the solo parts of each being sung by Miss Mima B. Montgomery of the Conservatory faculty. After Dean Hanson's departure for Italy, the chorus resumed its work under the leadership of acting Dean Charles M. Dennis, and presented on Easter Sunday a performance of the well-loved "Messiah" particularly well done. The soloists on this occasion were Miss Nella Rogers, Mezzo-Soprano; Mr. Marsden Argall, Baritone, and Mr. Hugh S. Williams, Tenor. The chorus also assisted in the annual Blossom Festival at Saratoga, April 1 and 2.

The orchestra was especially fortunate in having as its leader Mr. Miles A. Dresskell, who took Dean Hanson's place as wielder of the baton. Mr. Dresskell for several years was a member of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and has taught ensemble playing privately and in schools for several years. Miss Virginia Short has been a most efficient concert master. The orchestra has done splendid work, giving one performance in the regular chapel hour and lending most able accompaniment for all chorus productions and for concertos at Commencement. The orchestra also played at the Saratoga Festival of Music.

A Cappella Choir

The A Cappella Choir, under the able direction of Professor Charles M. Dennis, has done some splendid work this year. Although the personnel includes several new members, consistent practice has welded the voices together and A Cappella is preparing more difficult programs than ever before attempted. The first performance of the year was given on November 11 when the choir sang in chapel at the usual Armistice Day commemoration.

The Christmas program consisted of three groups of carols of French, English and German origin, and one more elaborate work, "Born Today," by Sweelinck. The program was given at various schools, clubs and churches, here and in near-by communities, and was finally presented on the College platform on December 15 at the chapel hour.

The spring program consists of beautiful choral works of the Russian, French, and American schools, as well as of the old masters of the Palestrina type. The choir gave its first spring recital in the far-famed Stanford University chapel on April 23, presenting its full program for the first time. On April 30 the choir took a trip to Stockton, when three public programs were given on the opening day of the College's campaign for funds.

A series of interesting programs before community organizations, and an extended trip through the San Joaquin valley are scheduled for late in May to round out the year's work. The purpose of the trip is to arouse interest in the College and in the choir in that territory, which is to be the future home of the College of the Pacific. In the spring of 1921 the choir also journeyed into the San Joaquin valley. During the four-day trip concerts were given in Modesto, Fresno and Visalia.

Festival of American Music

THE most important musical event of the school year was the Second Annual Festival of American Music, Dec. 8, 11, and 12, directed by Dean Howard H. Hanson. The Festival is the first of its kind in the United States and was established through the efforts of Dean Hanson in 1921, for the purpose of developing in the minds of the public an appreciation for American ideals in music and also a spirit of musical and artistic independence.

In the first concert, prominence was given to chamber music works; part of the program consisting of songs.

Three choral works, "The Broken Vine," by Violette; "Land of Our Hearts," by Chadwick, and a "Hymn of Thanksgiving," by Lutkin, were performed by the College chorus and orchestra in the second concert.

Orchestral works performed by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, with Alfred Hertz conducting, was the third and last concert. The feature of this program was the performance of two works, Symphonic Legend and Symphonic Poem, "Exaltation," which the composer, Dean Howard H. Hanson, conducted. Eugene Field Musser, of the faculty, was the soloist in the last number.

This concert was noteworthy in that it was the last public performance of Dean Hanson before his departure for Rome.

The first Festival of American Music was successfully presented by the students of the Conservatory, together with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, in a four-day program in the spring of 1921. Rossiter Cole's "Rock of Liberty" was given Sunday afternoon, May 22, by the College chorus and orchestra under the direction of Dean Hanson. The California Ladies' String Quartet, A Cappella Choir and a men's string quartet gave a concert of chamber music the following evening. The third concert on Tuesday evening was a program of vocal and piano solos by members of the faculty of the Conservatory. The final concert of the series was presented Thursday evening by the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra with Dean Hanson conducting the playing of his own composition, "Symphonic Rhapsody."

Dean Howard H. Hanson

Not a little of the nation-wide reputation of the Conservatory of Music at the College of the Pacific has been due to the genius of Dean Howard H. Hanson. Further recognition of Dean Hanson's abilities came last November when it was made known that he had been awarded the Prix de Rome for his symphonic compositions. The appointment was made after an examination of the work of hundreds of American composers. Three scores of Dean Hanson won the highest approbation of the musical jury of the American Academy in Rome. The Dean was elected to a fellowship in the Academy. The duties of the fellowship call for six months of the year to be spent in active composition, while the other six months are to be spent in travel through European musical centers, conducting performances of his own compositions and meeting distinguished foreign musicians. The appointment is a notable honor for the Dean.

Tearful farewells were said early in December, and the last classes held before the Dean left had not a dry eye in them all—the Dean himself being carried away by tender sentiment for school associations to express himself to his classes by pianoforte. Not a member of his classes those days will ever forget the brilliance, the pathos, the gripping tenderness and humanness of those few temperament-expressive hours. Dean Hanson will return at the end of three years to resume his work at the head of the Conservatory.

Under-Graduate Recitals

A series of seven under-graduate recitals was given during the month of March, and each recital proved anew the merits of both the faculty and student work in the Conservatory. Many promising singers and pianists were heard, as well as some especially fine violin programs. Much credit is due the faculty for their sympathetic help to the individual students. Pacific looks forward to hearing great things of her group of young artists.

During the spring semester it is the custom to hold a solo class one afternoon of each week. These recitals are well attended, and prove especially interesting to the students.

The Senior recitals in voice, violin and piano will be heard in May and June. Arias, concertos and other large concert forms will be given by those students graduating from the Conservatory this year.

Kathleen Parlow's Concert

On the evening of February 3rd, a concert was given in the chapel by Miss Kathleen Parlow, who, since the death of Maud Powell is universally accepted as the greatest woman violinist of the world. Miss Parlow was the only professional artist to appear on the college platform this year.

It is interesting to know that, while Miss Parlow was born in Canada, most of her girlhood was spent in California. Since 1905 she has been the violin sensation of two continents, appearing in all the countries of Europe, and being in America one of the principal soloists with the leading symphony orchestras. She has won the unreserved praise of critics.

The program presented here was enjoyed by a large crowd of local music lovers. It proved to be the musical event of the year for San Joseans. Her mellow singing tone, her unusual mastery of the intricate and numerous devices of technique, her accuracy of intonation, the elasticity and freedom with which she handled her instrument, and the fine temperamental fervor of her presentations all combined to make the program a memorable one.

New Faculty Members

This year Pacific has added to the faculty of her conservatory two new members of whom she is justly proud. Mr. Miles A. Dreskell of Cincinnati, Ohio, succeeded Mr. Nathan Landsberger as head of the violin department, and Miss Mima B. Montgomery took the position of voice teacher, left vacant by the resignation of Mrs. Ethel Miller Eaby. Miss Montgomery was for four years head of vioce department in Wellesley College, has an enviable reputation in New England, and has proven herself a valuable addition to the musical profession in the west.

Faculty Recitals

Mr. Dreskell's first performance before the student body was the main feature of the first faculty recital of the year. He played two groups, first, the Vieux temps "Concerto in D Minor," the second a group of charming modern selections. Mr. Dreskell displayed a beauty of tone and rare musicianship that was truly inspiring. Mr. Eugene Field Musser on the same program played in his usual brilliant style Dean Howard H. Hanson's new symphonic poem "Exaltation," and a group of short concert numbers. Dean Hanson himself opened the recital with his "Prelude and Double Concert Fugue" with Mr. Musser at the second piano. Both of Mr. Hanson's compositions were received with hearty appreciation by his audience. Pacific was pleased with the first recital and eagerly awaited the further offerings of her faculty.

The second recital presented Miss Miriam Burton, pianist, Miss Clarissa M. Ryan, violinist, and Miss Nella Rogers, vocalist. Miss Burton and Miss Ryan played with sympathy and musicianly appreciation the D major sonata by Handel and the A major by Caesar Franck. Miss Rogers sang with her usual charm and poise, a group of delightful songs and an aria. The program was thoroughly artistic, being well balanced and especially well fitted to the performing artists.

The third recital was made particularly interesting by contrast in the numbers. Miss Jessie Moore, pianist, played with equal perfection Bach and Debussy and then treated the audience to a wonderful performance of Felix Borowski's Concerto in D minor. Mr. Charles M. Dennis sang a lovely aria and two groups of songs. Mr. Dennis possesses an unusually rich and well-trained baritone voice, and his repertoire was well calculated to exhibit the richness and training he possesses.

Miss Montgomery, who owing to sickness, did not appear in a regular faculty recital, sang the solo parts of the American Festival of Music and "Messiah" choral productions and proved to the delighted audience her exceptional artistry.

The Associated Students

COLORS—ORANGE AND BLACK

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PROESSOR FARLEY (Faculty) RUSSELL BODLEY
JEAN MADSEN WILLIAM GREEN (Academy)
WARREN J. TELFER.

THE Associated Students of the College of the Pacific were fortunate in securing as President, for 1921-22, Robert Breeden. He has not only been a real executive but a constructive leader as well. The most notable advance made in his administration has been the creation of the Student Affairs Committee. Pacific has long been in need of an active Honor System. As a result of having adopted it the Associated Students can now exercise a branch of student control that is a legitimate field of Collegiate activity.

The Board of Control has been a steadying and helpful factor in all Student Affairs.

Dr. Knoles, during the year, has further proved himself a real friend to the individual students and to the Student Body as a whole.

The socials, entertainments, and athletics of the organization have been exceptionally successful. To the Undergraduate Manager, Erford McAllister, belongs the credit for the carefully arranged schedules and the superior management of student athletics. Mention can well be made of the Executive Committee for the earnest way in which it applied itself to the solution of the problems of the Associated Students. The rearrangement of the financial system and the clearing of the debt is an example of their endeavor. In this respect we must return to the membership of the Student Body as a whole. Never before have the meetings been so well attended and such complete support and co-operation been awarded the officers. Pacific can well anticipate a bright future.

Associated Women Students

OFFICERS

BESSIE LUNDY ..... President
VIRGINIA SHORT ..... Vice-President
ETHEL RAND—EDITH BEAN ..... Secretary
THELMA RIEDLEBACH ..... Treasurer
RUTH BAUN ..... Athletic Manager
RUTH WINNING ..... Song Leader
GENEVIEVE BURCHAM ..... Exchange Bureau Representative

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—Aline Kistler, Jean Madsen, Clara Engblom, Frances Wright and the foregoing officers.

ONE of the most important organizations to make its appearance in college life for many years is that of the Associated Women Students. Realizing the necessity of a separate organization in which the women of Pacific might carry on their own activities, the women of the College and Conservatory organized into a body whose aim is to work as a unit in co-operation in school activities.

In order that the A. W. S. might he in a position to function with the opening of the fall semester, the organization was begun and officers elected last spring. The body is divided into four departments, each headed by a separate committee—Senior, Advisory, Social, Athletic. The Senior Advisory, under the leadership of Katherine Christian, did splendid work in introducing the new women to Pacific life and traditions.

The institution of the point system which makes possible a better distribution of offices and committee work among the women is one of the accomplishments of the A. W. S. this year.

In November Pacific was represented in the A. W. S. convention in Berkeley, at which delegates from all the colleges and universities west of the Mississippi were present. Those who attended from Pacific were Bessie Lundy, Aline Kistler and Genevieve Burcham. Next year the A. W. S. will be represented in the convention in Salt Lake City.

Naranjado Staff

ALINE KISTLER ..... Editor
RALPH WESTERMAN ..... Assistant Editor
DE MARCUS BROWN ..... Art Editor
ALICE STALKER ..... Editor of the Year
EMILY PAWLA ..... Joke Editor

ASSISTANTS OF THE YEAR

Dramatic ..... Lester Quinley, Lucia Plant
Conservatory ..... Ailene Meyer, Harold Hestwood
Athletics ..... Eddie Spoon, Arthur Main, Edyth Robins
Organizations ..... Ethel Rand, Genevieve Burcham
Societies ..... Lucy Woodhouse, Thelma Riedelbauch
Alumni ..... Clara Engblom
Records and Administration ..... Ruth Fowler, Margaret Coburn
Calendar ..... Luther Meyer

ACADEMY

Theodora Bertels
Harry Engwicht
Minnie MacArthur
Warren Shoemaker

SNAP SHOTS

Dorothy Calkins
William Potter
Lyle Campbell
Charles Blydenburgh

ASSISTANTS OF THE JOKES

Jean Madsen
Russell Bodley
Pauline Ayers
Bernice Lovejoy
Raymond Moore
Lyle Campbell

PHOTOGRAPH MOUNTING COMMITTEE

Rebecca Bray
John Uppman
Harry Williams

Clarence Wagner ..... Business Manager

Note: The pictures of Edyth Robins, and Russell Bodley came in too late to be printed.

The Pacific Weekly

Donald Fuller Ruth Winning Price Webb

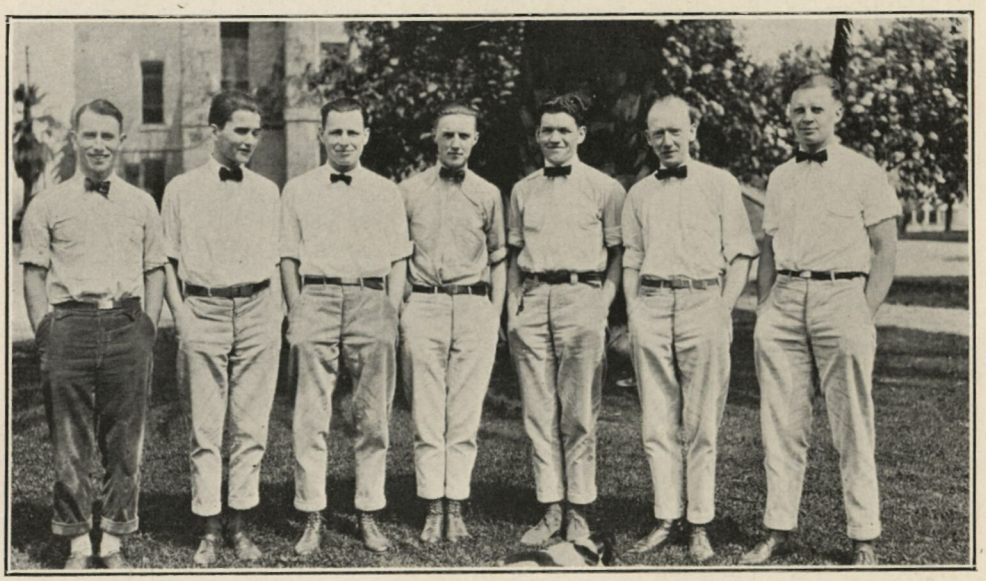
The Pacific Weekly was again reorganized in that it was possible to enlarge the size of the publication, this time from a four-page five-column sheet to a six-page four-column paper, increasing the news space practically fifty inches over the previous year. The addition of the extra sheet to the Weekly has made possible the separation of articles of various natures and the grouping of those of like nature. A feature, worth while and much appreciated by the organizations affected, was the incorporation of a special section in the paper for societies. With the advent of the extra page has also gone the necessity for using the editorial page for news articles, reserving it expressly for editorials and features.

Due to the assiduous efforts and capacity of the editor, Donald S. Fuller, the paper took on the aspects of a newsy journal which upheld the honor of the institution and gained the respect of its readers. On Ruth Winning fell the burden of accounting for and gathering the news of the campus from week to week. Unhesitating at all times to do her share of the work, she was an invaluable assistant to the Editor. George Burcham was a diligent worker and was ever ready to be of some service. The other members of the staff are also deserving of great praise and commendation in their respective departments for the splendid manner in which they have contributed to the dignity of the paper.

The Weekly has not only touched the students of Pacific but has gone into the home of every member of the Methodist conference in Northern California as well as to many other subscribers in adjoining states and has accordingly printed news of general interest to all. Many have been the criticisms that have been advanced through the columns of the paper but it has generally fallen where criticism should fall. The policy of the Weekly has been non-partisan and independent of local political influence or propaganda, always standing for what has been good in and for Pacific.

Appreciative comments on the Pacific Weekly by students, faculty members and interested alumni have ever incited the editor and his corps of workers on to greater accomplishments.

Board of Control



Ray Wilson Price Webb Robert Breeden Lyle Campbell Russell Bodley Erford McAllister Warren Telfer

The Student Board of Control has this year established itself as an important organization and factor in Pacific affairs. The Board is composed of upper classmen, appointed by the President of the Associated Students, who are representative of student opinion and have the interest of the College at heart.

The duties of the Board are varied and all-important. Its members act as referees and judges during all inter-class rushes and controversies; through their authority College traditions are interpreted and upheld.

The Board, in its dealings with individuals, does its duty in a quiet manner, and seeks no publicity, its constructive achievements proving its worth to the society of Pacific. It deals severely where severity is due —justice and right are the ideals it stands for.

Student Affairs Committee

Clarence Wagner, Sec'y. Clara Engblom Catherine Christian Robert Breeden
Ray Bryant Ruth Baun Warren J. Telfer, Chairman

Pacific has succeeded in organizing an active Honor System. This is the result of several years of study and preparation with the final completion coming through the concerted action of the present, 1921-1922, administration.

The need of a Student Affairs Committee was felt because of the school psychology which developed during the war, that the accepted thing was to give and receive aid in examinations. All felt that the best course would be strict adherence to the Honor System but the spirit was lacking. However, the problems connected with developing a system seemed too difficult for former student body officers to attempt. The officers of the present year felt that the concensus of opinion was so strong that the only course to pursue would be the creation of a constitution vesting power in a committee to carry out the necessary details of student control.

With this as the first problem the Executive Committee began to work. The result was not an ideal or perfect instrument, but of necessity, had to be a compromise on several vital points. The second problem was to have it accepted by the Student Body. This was done by two-thirds signing the pledge.

The problem now remaining is two-fold, first, the success of the committee in handling reported cases; second, the co-operation of the Student Body in developing the right spirit that will compel by its own weight the observance of honor in examinations. This is not difficult, especially since every student comes to College prepared to follow the path of duty and honor.

The College Quartet

THE College Quartet has just closed a very heavy but interesting season. Never before has this group of singers been called upon to fulfill so many important engagements. Special mention should be given to the three-day trip to Lodi; the all-day trip to Modesto, where the boys sang to two large audiences; the Undergraduate Recital, the first appearance of a College Quartet on a program of this nature; four full day programs in connection with the College Campaign, and numerous other engagements. On every occasion, the boys were greeted with enthusiastic and appreciative audiences.

The quartet has worked hard and consistently under the direction of Miss Florence Togni and Miss Alice Hart, and has enjoyed the pleasure of giving many programs to local as well as other audiences. The members of the quartet are Kenneth MacKenzie, Mark Keeney, Walline Knoles and Arthur Main.

Men's Athletics

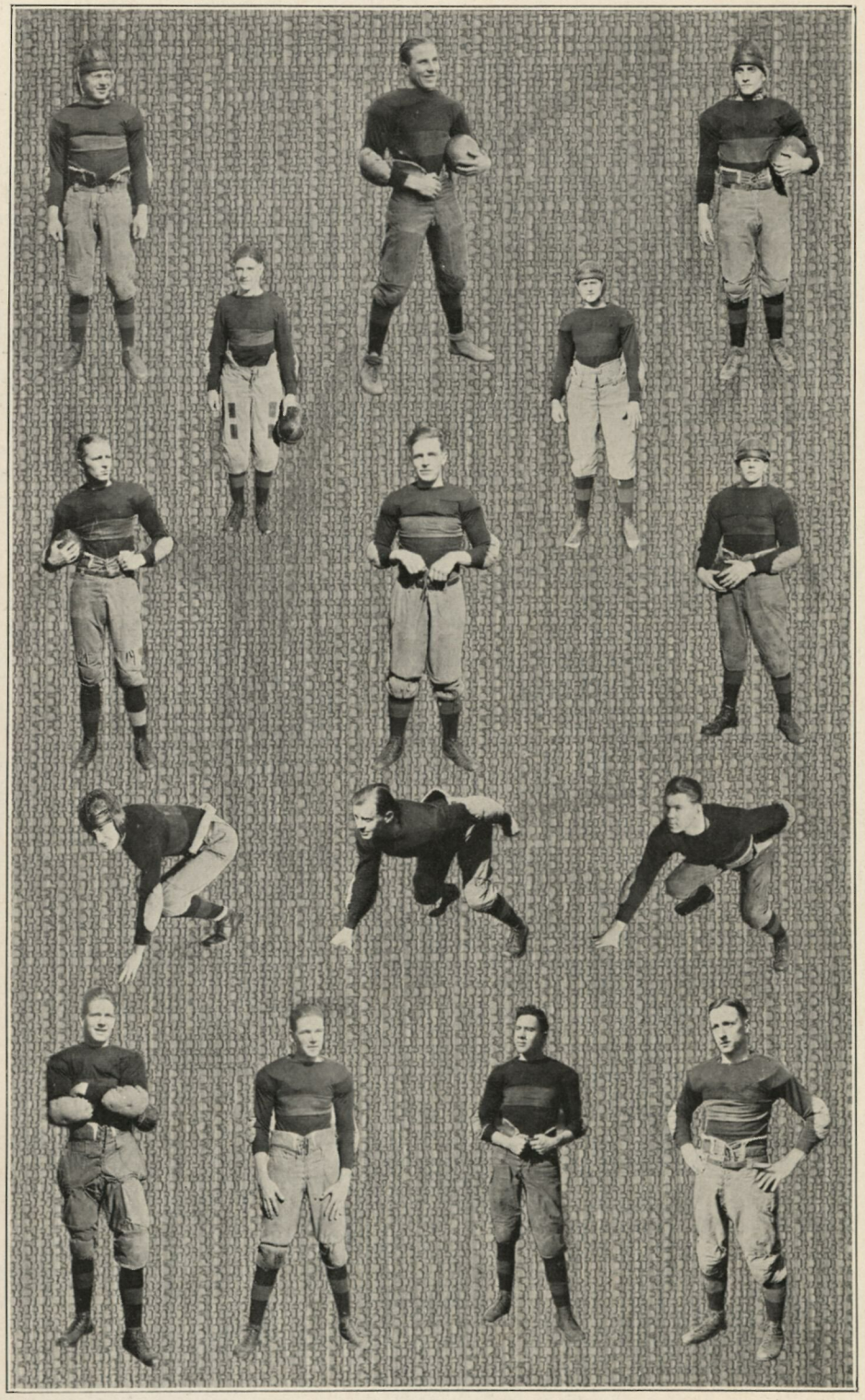
Football

LETTER MEN

NAME	POSITION	YEAR	WT.
Maurice Woods	Quarter	Acad.	143
Wm. Trahern	Quarter	'23	145
Walline Knoles	Fullback	'25	170
Edward Spoon (Capt.)	Halfback	'24	154
Warren Telfer	Halfback	'22	155
Wesley Nauman	Halfback	'25	135
Paul Easterbrook	End	'23	170
Mark Keeney	End	'25	152
Harry Williams	End	'25	150
Fred Busher	Tackle	'25	160
Raymon Pike	Tackle	'24	168
Harold Warner	Tackle	'23	172
Clarence Wagner	Guard	'23	163
Lester Quinley	Guard	'23	175
Chilson Stevens (Capt.-elect)	Center	'23	170

SECOND SQUAD

Aurelius Wherry	Halfback	'25	136
Alberg Dalton	Halfback	'25	130
Hilmar Look	Halfback	'24	160
Maxwell King	Halfback	'25	130
Vincent Glass	Halfback	'25	134
Robert Bernreuter	End	'23	150
Maurice Hitchcock	End	Acad.	161
George Watt	End	'25	147
Michael de Cazotte	Tackle	'23	171
Joe Wilson	Tackle	'24	179
Oliver Germino	Tackle	'24	164
Westwood Case	Guard	'24	160
Willis Holtum	Center	'24	151
Harold Cunningham	Center	'24	148



BLOCK "P" MEN

Lester Quinley
Harry Williams
Chick Stevens
Wesley Nauman
Fred Busher
Paul Esterbrook
Eddie Spoon
Mark Keeney
Clarence Wagner
Warren Telfer
Harold Warner
Pete Knoles
Bill Trahern
Raymon Pike
Maurice Wood

The Team

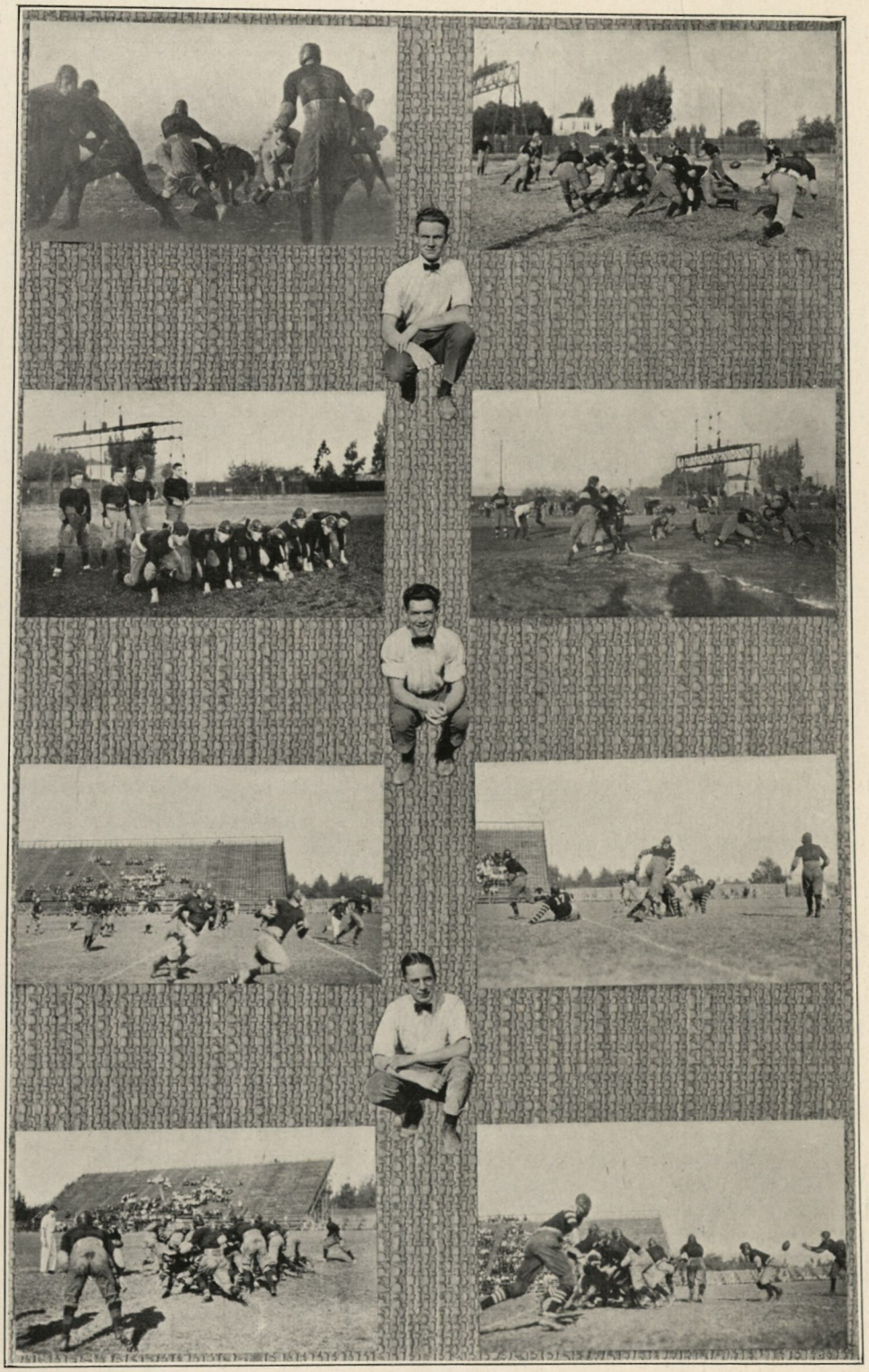
FOOTBALL during the season of 1921 was far superior to the brand exhibited the year previous. This was possible only because of the co-operation between Coach Righter and the men, and the spirit shown by aspirants for the team and the other students as well. Twenty-nine men, five of whom were varsity men of the previous squad, responded to Undergraduate Manager McAllister's call for football material.

As a nucleus around which to mould a winning eleven Coach Righter found Telfer, Knoles, Warner, Stevens and Captain Spoon a steady group of enthusiasts. Stevens, captain-elect, filled his old position to the nth degree, always snapping the ball to the right place at the right time. Warner, true to his old form, was invaluable on the unbalanced line formation, and was able to get away with several short passes. "Pete" Knoles found his own this year when the coach shifted him from the end of the line to the fullback position where he was a veritable piledriver when it came to smashing the line, and his toe saved many yards of plunging. Telfer was always reliable in the backfield and had a habit of whirling his way through or over his opposition. Rolla Butcher, who was elected to pilot the squad this year, found it impossible to return to Pacific and Eddie Spoon was selected by his mates to act as skipper for the Orange and Black crew. Eddie was the rock on which Pacific's hopes were founded and he proved to be a bulwark in the backfield until he was put out of commission with a broken shoulder.

Many of the new men showed great ability and determination in the American game. During the first of the season Wood, at quarterback, was given the responsibility of field general, and he directed his running mates in great style. Bill Trahern, considered by the coach as a "real find," acted as field marshal during the latter part of the season, and called his sharp signals from the halfback position. Wagner and Quinley worked like a machine when it became necessary to make a hole in their opponent's line for an off-tackle or guard play. Busher and Pike were into it with heads up on the defense and whenever the onslaught of the enemy was to be stayed. Easterbrook and Williams were swinging men at end and were generally well down in dangerous territory on the kick-off. Keeney appeared on the scene in time for the last two scraps and showed real speed at end; he pulled passes out of the clouds and managed somehow to twist through the opposite line for good gains.

Opposition, rightly directed, makes a team and to the second varsity is due much credit for its consistent work on the grid. To them as well as the first string men should go the laurels of a successful season of football. Telfer is the only man who leaves Pacific with the class of '22, and prospects for a more successful season in the number of games won may rightfully be looked forward to.

The football season of 1921 was entirely successful not because of the games won but because of the spirit shown throughout the season. C. Erwin Righter, former Stanford football, rugby and basketball star, was secured by President Knoles to coach the Tiger eleven. Righter commenced his work with vigor and won the support of his novices as well as all the students. As a result of his excellent supervision and rigid course of training the Bengal aggregation was one to be proud of. During no game on Pacific's gridiron was the Orange and Black goal line crossed.



Chico Game
First String Men
Stanford Game

Bill Potter
Russ Bodley
Bob Bernreuter

Chico Game
Chico Game
Stanford Game

FRESNO STATE TEACHERS

The season opened on Oct. 15th with a whirlwind victory over the Fresno State Teachers' College on Pacific's field. The Tigers scored freely and seemed to excel in an aerial attack. Capt. Spoon, Wood and Knoles were the point-getters.

Score: F. S. T. C., 0; Pacific, 35.

MARE ISLAND SAILORS

The following Saturday the squad sailed over to Vallejo where weight and mud accounted for a victory for the Sailors. Pacific forgot much of her football knowledge and allowed the gobs to cross the line six times. Pacific scored twice; Hitchcock intercepted a forward pass and ran for 60 yards for a touchdown, Telfer went around end and whirled through a broken field for the other count.

Score: Sailors, 39; Pacific, 14.

STANFORD FRESHMEN

Pacific next met Stanford Babes on their own turf. The Frosh were considerably stronger than they have been for several seasons and with all her fight Pacific could not stop the Cardinal youngsters. Capt. Spoon was forced to retire from the game with a dislocated collar bone, but captained the team from the bench until the last game of the season when he again played. "Pete" Knoles made Pacific's only touchdown when he raced 90 yards through a broken field.

Score: Stanford, 49; Pacific, 6.

SAN JOSE STATE TEACHERS

The second game of the season on Pacific's grid resulted in a scoreless defeat for the San Jose State Teachers. This was the first year of American football for the Teachers, and they never threatened Pacific's goal severely. Telfer, Knoles and Wood piled up scores for the Orange and Black.

Score: S. J. S. T. C., 0; Pacific, 34.

U. S. C. FRESHMEN

Pacific's trip to the Southland was disastrous as far as scoring was concerned, but was remarkable in that it was the hardest fought and the best played game of the season. U. S. C. had previously defeated the Stanford Babes and the game was an uphill battle from start to finish. The Southern Methodists give much credit to the fight and gameness of the Tigers.

Score: U. S. C. Frosh, 42; Pacific, 0.

CHICO STATE TEACHERS

Coach George Sperry, C. O. P. '20, accompanied his cohorts from the up-state school for the final game of Pacific's grid season and received a decisive defeat for his troubles. Keeney, Telfer and Knoles were the line-plungers who accounted for the four touchdowns of the day.

Score: C. S. T. C., 0; Pacific, 28.

SUMMARY

Oct. 15—Fresno State Teachers, 0; Pacific, 35.
Oct. 22—Mare Island Sailors, 39; Pacific, 14.
Oct. 29—Stanford Freshmen, 49; Pacific, 6.
Nov. 4—San Jose Teachers, 0; Pacific, 34.
Nov. 12—U. S. C. Freshmen, 42; Pacific, 0.
Nov. 18—Chico State Teachers, 0; Pacific, 28.
Total Opponents, 130; Pacific, 117.

Basketball

LETTER MEN

Mark Keeney, '25	Forward
George Burcham, '25	Forward
Walline Knoles, '25	Forward
Charles Martin, '25	Center
Calvin Hill, A.	Center
John Carter, '25	Center
Francis Spradley, '24	Guard
Clarence Wagner, '23 (Capt.)	Guard
Edward Spoon, '24	Guard

AUXILIARIES

Chilson Stevens, '23	Center
Arthur Main, '23	Guard
William Sumner, '25	Guard
Fred Busher, '25	Center
John Scott, '25	Forward

The Team

Pacific's basketball organization was built around three letter men, two guards, Capt. Wagner and Spoon, and Stevens at center. With Freshmen in the forward positions, Coach Righter found it necessary to use the five-man defense style of play and whipped the team into shape before the Christmas holidays.

Keeney was the standby on the forward end of the floor. He rarely fumbled the ball and showed cool headwork in every contest; it was the basket which he was able to cage at the most depressing moment which often turned seeming defeat into victory. Burcham was Keeney's usual running mate; quick and cat-like, always in the best of condition and a clever shot from a distance, George showed up well for a first-year man.

Centers were bountiful and it was often a toss-up as to who should play the pivot position. "Charlie" Martin generally started with the opening whistle and won the admiration of the spectators with his fight and lumbering strides. He was a big man around which most offenses were executed. Carter and Hill were able substitutes in the ring, Carter for his size and pluck and Hill for his wiry cavorting and long shots. "Pete" Knoles was very often placed either at center or sent in to relieve one of the forwards.

In the defense department there was no question as to who should hold down the positions, for in Spoon and Wagner, both veterans, no better combination of guards could be found on any squad. Wagner remained in the hole and saw to it that his elusive opponents did not score too often. Spoon, playing at running guard, oftentimes found occasion to elude his shadows and cage the pill. "Bud" Spradley was a shifty little guard and was hard to stop when he once started down the floor with the ball in his possession. His speed made him a hard man to get away from.

BASKETBALL SQUAD

Charles Martin
Mark Keeney

John Carter

Edward Spoon

Erford McAllister
(Undergraduate Manager)

Calvin Hill

Robert Breeden
(President of Student Body)

Francis Spradley
George Burcham

Clarence Wagner
(Captain)

The Season

Visions of a whirlwind basketball team and a most successful season on the hardwood floor loomed bright as the inter-class series drew to a close. The infant students exhibited their prowess and captured the Hazel Dare trophy by defeating the Sophomores 22-10 and the Juniors 16-10. Coach "Swede" Righter was retained on the coaching staff throughout the season and again proved his worth as a tutor.

Interest in the cage game was most pronounced throughout the year and many inter-society and games of lesser note were played.

This was the first year that Pacific's Frosh quintet ever engaged in inter-collegiate court battles. With the establishment of this precedent it is likely that Freshmen athletic activities will grow in the future.

STOCKTON AMERICAN LEGION

Although Pacific played her first game on a foreign court the men played like veterans and the former P. A. A. league champions were bewildered by the Tigers' ability to defend their goal. A pre-supposed victory of at least forty points was lowered to a six-point conquest. This made the season look brighter, as each man played like a star.

Score: Stockton, 16; Pacific, 10

STANFORD

The Cardinals proved too much for the Tigers in the initial contest in Stanford's new $90,000 basketball pavilion. Pacific staged a swift "comeback" in the last few minutes of the fracas, but the lead was too great to overcome. Wagner netted thirteen free throws and Keeney and Spoon garnered goals when they were put in for the final effort.

Score: Stanford, 30; Pacific, 21.

SAINT IGNATIUS

The jinx seemed to follow the Tigers to San Francisco on the following Saturday where the squad met defeat at the hands of the Saint Ignatius crew. The team was outweighed and outplayed by a sixth man, but never cowed nor outfought.

Score: St. Ignatius, 39; Pacific, 21.

SANTA CLARA

Santa Clara, practiced in the art of caroming the ball off the walls and ceiling of their "two-by-four" cage, downed the Orange and ßlack in one of the roughest games of the year. In fact, it was so rough that Charlie Martin had to leave the court.

Score: Santa Clara, 28; Pacific, 9.

DAVIS FARM

The Farmers had set the stage for defeat for Pacific, but the Tigers smelled victory and hastened to upset their dope. Davis fought hard and close, but Keeney so completely disheartened them by a beautiful one-hand shot from the side of the court that it put the game on ice.

Score: Davis Farm, 18; Pacific, 21.

SANTA CLARA

The Missionites were handed a dainty drubbing in return for the trouncing they had previously dealt the Tigers. This was the first scrap on the home court and it was a battle royal from start to finish. Burcham and Martin were chief point getters for the evening.

Score: Santa Clara, 15; Pacific, 18.

SAN JOSE STATE TEACHERS

The Bengal quintet held its stride and pulled another victory out of the air and trimmed the determined San Jose "Profs." The Teachers' defeat was partly the result of over-confidence in the big Burchfiel, who was practically shut off from the play by the close guarding of the Tigers.

Score: S. J. S. T. C., 14; Pacific, 19.

SANTA CLARA

The deciding game of the series between Santa Clara and Pacific resulted in the defeat of the Ministers when the most terrific battle between the two quintets was staged in the San Jose High School gymnasium. The Tigers led at half time but were outplayed in the second frame by another six-man combination.

Score: Santa Clara, 17; Pacific, 11.

SAINT MARY'S

The Oakland Catholics came to Pacific for the last game of the scheduled season determined to reciprocate the beating the Tigers had dealt them the winter before. They accomplished their end in the final minutes of play by a streak of classy basket shooting.

Score: St. Mary's, 20; Pacific, 15.

THE RECKONING

Dec. 10—Stockton, 16; Pacific, 10.
Jan. 14—Stanford, 30; Pacific, 21.
Jan. 25—St. Ignatius, 39; Pacific, 21.
Feb. 4—Davis Farm, 18; Pacific, 21.
Feb. 8—Santa Clara, 15; Pacific, 18.
Feb. 14—S. J. S. T. C., 14; Pacific, 19.
Feb. 18—Santa Clara, 17; Pacific, 11.
Feb. 21—St. Mary's, 20, Pacific, 15.
Total—Opponents, 171; Pacific, 136.

BASEBALL

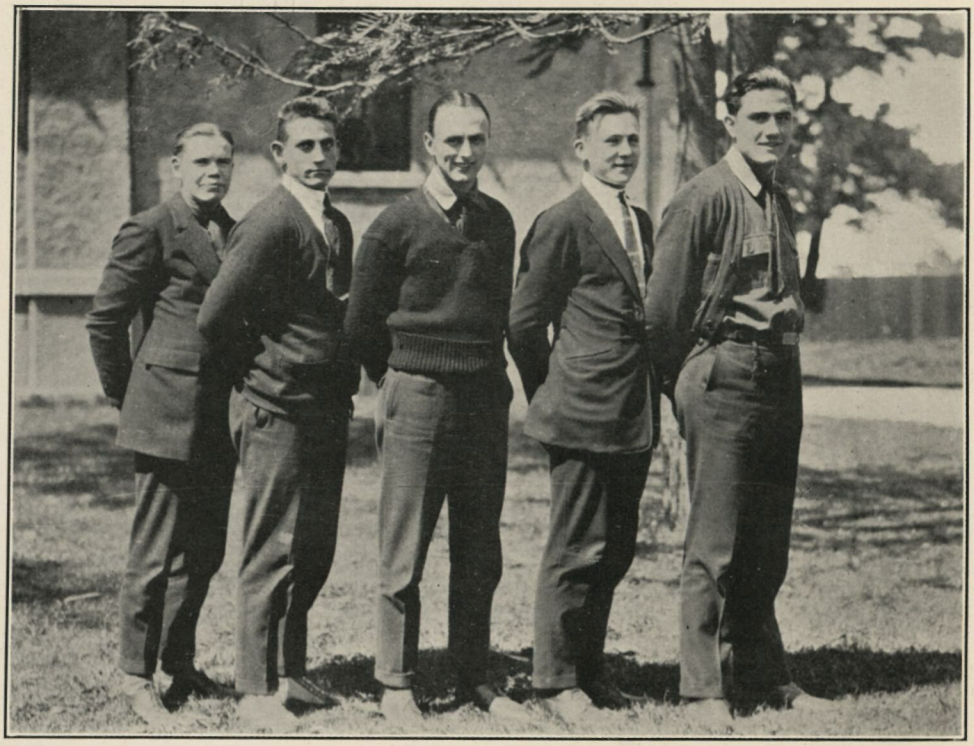
Prospects that the great American sport is about to re-establish itself in Pacific are favorable. Talk of the time when Pacific defeated the larger institutions of California has instilled in some the spirit of progressiveness. The diamond is in no condition to use for baseball this year and probably no expense will be taken for its repair considering that Pacific will soon be located in Stockton.

A small sum of money has been granted the undergraduate manager for the purchase of necessary and immediate equipment. A good number of fellows are reporting daily for practice and are playing for the sport of the game.

TENNIS

Manager MacAllister has arranged an elimination tournament, which is now being played. The winners will be picked to represent the College in dual matches with San Jose State Teachers' College on Arbor Day, as well as being given awards from the Student Body for their efforts.

Freshmen Basketball Team



FRESHMEN SCHEDULE

San Jose High School, 13; Pacific Frosh, 20.
Campbell High School, 21; Pacific Frosh, 41.
Stanford Frosh, 29; Pacific Frosh, 21.
Total—Opponents, 63; Pacific, 82.

INTER-CLASS RESULTS

Juniors, 30; Seniors, 13.
Freshmen, 22; Sophomores, 10.
Freshmen, 16; Juniors, 10.

INTRA-MURAL DECISIONS

Rhizomia, 16; Archania, 12.
El Campo, 6; Omega Phi Alpha, 10.
Hell's Inn, 32; El Campo, 15.

Girls' Athletics

Basketball

THE TEAM

Stockton, Gladys	Forward
Netzer, Vaude	Forward
Baun, Ruth (Mgr.)	Guard
Welch, Lura	Guard
Robins, Edyth (Capt.)	Center, T.
Chapelle, Gwendolyn	Center, S.
Toombs, Evelyn	Sub.
Bray, Rebecca	Sub.

The Season

This season witnessed one of the best at Pacific. Enthusiasm prevailed and a very large number turned out, giving much practice and competition to the team. The loss of two players, Nina Bruce and Helen Contryman, crippled the team for a while, but two Academy girls, Harriet Contryman and Mira Parsons, proved to be good substitutes. The coach, Lawton Harris, was efficient and the team appreciated his efforts to build up an excellent team. Everyone fought hard for her position on the team and always went into a game with the spirit of victory for Pacific.

The 1921 schedule was as follows:

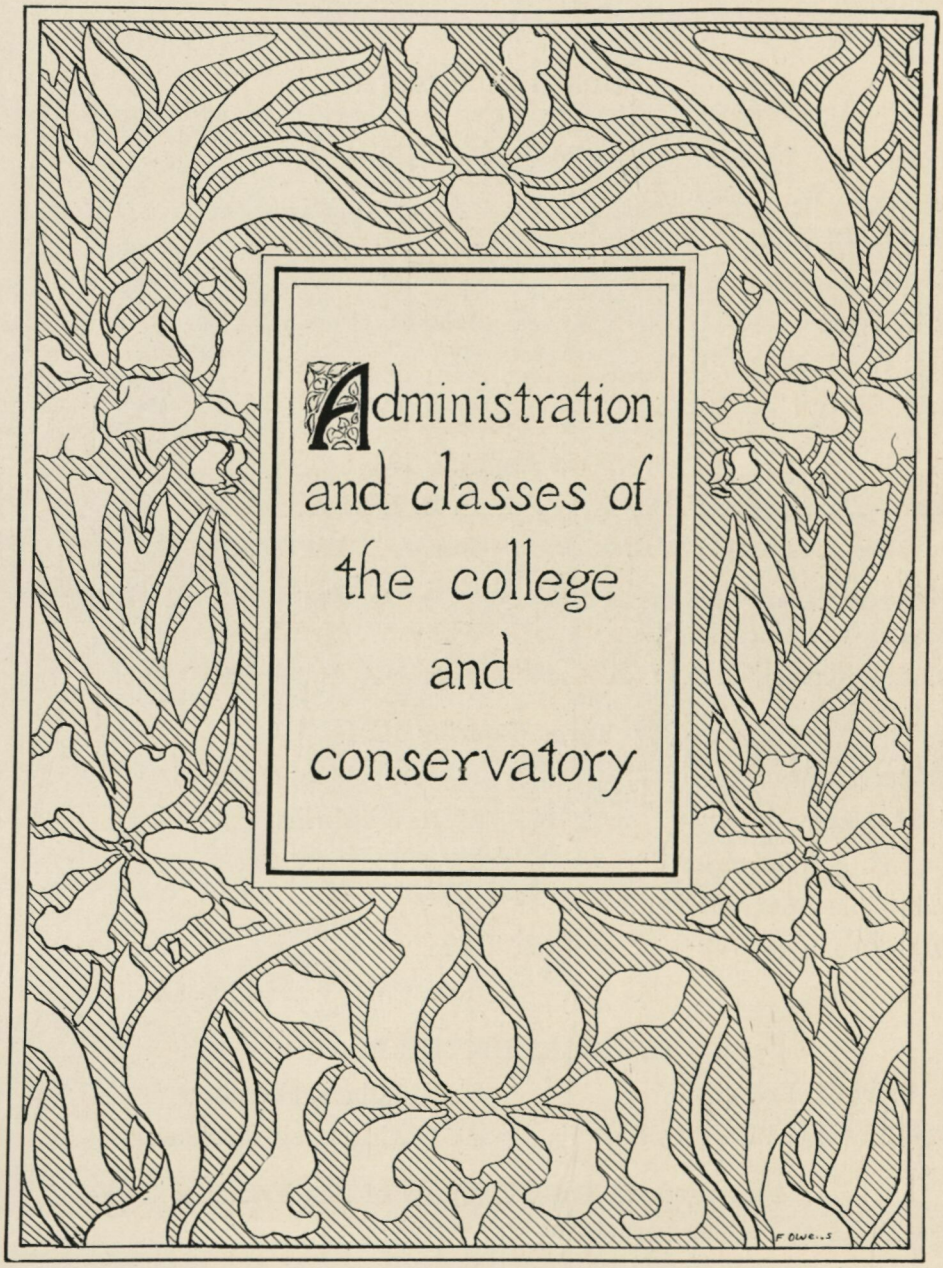
Santa Clara High, 10; Pacific, 37.
Santa Clara High, 10; Pacific, 33.
Santa Clara High, 15; Pacific, 44.
San Jose High, 32; Pacific, 25.
San Jose High, 50; Pacific, 10.
Agnesian Club, 52; Pacific, 21.
Lamson Club, 29; Pacific, 26.
Agnesian Club, 16; Pacific, 19.
Lamson Club, 16; Pacific, 55.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Lura Welch — Gwendolyn Chapelle — Gladys Stockton

Ruth Baun (Manager) — Edyth Robins (Captain)

Evelyn Toombs — Lawton Harris (Coach) — Vaude Netzer


Administration
and classes of
the college
and
conservatory

Board of Trustees

Term Expiring 1922:

Bishop A. W. Leonard, L. L. D.
Rev. E. R. Dille, D. D.
Rev. G. L. Pearson, D. D.
R. V. Watt
Rev. G. W. White, D. D.
G. D. Gilman
John A. Percy
R. F. Stratton, M. D.
C. A. Parmalee
John D. Crummey
Rev. A. C. Bane

Term Expiring 1923:

Rev. A. H. Briggs, D. D.
Rev. John Stephens, D. D.
Jere Leiter
Rev. H. E. Milnes, D. D.
B. J. Williams
O. D. Jacoby
Rev. J. L. Burcham, D. D.
C. E. Childs
Judge W. H. Waste
Rev. J. A. Batchelor, D. D.

Term Expiring 1924

Homer Brown
C. H. Dunn
Mrs. H. E. Williamson
L. K. Van Allen, M. D.
D. C. Crummey
W. H. Hotle
M. F. Hopkins, M. D.
C. N. Kirkbride
W. F. Morrish
Dr. Roy Kelly
Mrs. Anna Holt
Rev. C. M. Warner, D. D.

OFFICERS OF THE BOARD

R. V. Watt, President
O. D. Jacoby, Vice-President
H. E. Milnes, Secretary
D. C. Crummey, Treasurer

First Federal Trust Company of San Francisco
Custodian of Endowment.

SEATON HALL

College

Tully Cleon Knoles, A. M., D. D., Pres. of the College.
John L. Burcham, B. S., S. F. B., A. B., D. D., Vice-Pres. of the College.
Alden Harold Abbott, A. M., Dean of the College.
C. Marian Barr, A. M., Dean of Women.
J. William Harris, Ph.D., Principal of the Academy.
Charles E. Corbin, A. M., Registrar.

BIOLOGY

Louis S. Kroeck, A. M., M. S.
Samuel S. Kistler, A. B.
Raymond W. Moore, A. B., Ornithology.

CHEMISTRY AND GEOLOGY

John Herbert Jonte, B. S.
Samuel S. Kistler, A. B.

EDUCATION

J. William Harris, Ph.D.

ECONOMICS

Robert Cromwell Root, A. M.
Luther Sharp, A. B.

ENGLISH

Arthur Bonner, A. M., Ph.D.
Marie Louise Breniman, A. M.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

Alden Harold Abbot, A. M.
Luther Sharp, A. B.

HYGIENE

Charles Maynard Richards, M. D.
Helen Lee, M. D.

LANGUAGES

Fred L. Farley, A. M., Ancient Languages.
Adele M. Roth, M. A., French, German.
Sarah Rykoff, A. B. Spanish.
Mrs. J. C. Elder, Spanish.

LAW

Charles S. Allen, A. M.

MATHEMATICS

Samuel R. Cook, Ph.D.
Charles E. Corbin, A. M.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

George H. Colliver, S. F. B.
Robert Lindsay McArthur, A. M., S. T. B.
Harriet E. Boss, Librarian.

Conservatory

Howard Harold Hanson, B. M., Dean of the Conservatory (on leave of absence).
Charles Maschall Dennis, Acting Dean.

SCHOOL OF ART

Etta E. Booth, Director.

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION

Willian Hinsdale, A. B.
Oliver E. Norton, A. B., Public Speaking, Coach of Debating.

THEORY AND COMPOSITION

Howard Harold Hanson, B. M.
Jules Fabien Moullet, Theory.

PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC

Charles Maschall Dennis.

PIANO AND ORGAN

Eugene Field Musser, B. M., Piano and Organ.
Miriam Helene Burton, B. M., Piano.
Jessie S. Moore, Piano.
Myrtle Shafer, B. M., Organ.

VOICE

Charles Maschall Dennis.
R. Nella Rogers.
Mima B. Montgomery.

VIOLIN

Miles A. Dreskell, M. G.

VIOLONCELLO AND ENSEMBLE PLAYING

Jan Kalas.

WOOD-WIND AND BRASS INSTRUMENTS

Edward Towner.

Academy

J. William Harris, Ph.D., Principal.
Adelaide M. Coburn, A. B., English.
C. Nelson Bertels, A. B., Mathematics.
Marie L. Allen, A. B., Latin, History.
Ivy Bernice Wilkinson, B. L., Science, Mathematics.

Seniors

Liberal Arts

ROBERT L. BREEDEN—
Entered Pacific 1915. Major Biology.
Student Body President 4.
Executive Committee 3.
Board of Control 3, 4.
Student Affairs Committee 4.
Class President 3.
Basketball 2.
Y. M. C. A. President 3.
Rhizomia, Vice President 2, President 3, Attorney 3, Treasurer 4.
War Service 1918.

FRANCES ANNETTE WRIGHT—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, English.
Vice President of the Student Body 3.
Executive Committee 3.
A. W. S. President 4.
Vice-President Class 3.
Naranjado Staff 2.
Y. W. C. A. President 4.
Sopholechtia, Secretary 2, Vice-President 3, President 4.

WARREN J. TELFER—
Entered Pacific 1916. Major, History and Political Science.
Debate Manager 3.
Executive Committee 4.
Board of Control, Chairman 3; 3, 4.
Student Affairs Committee, Chairman 4.
President Senior Class.
Naranjado Staff 2, Associate Editor 3.
Football 1-4.
Basketball 2.
Debating 3.
Rhizomia, Vice-President 3, President 4, Attorney 4.
War Service 1917-1919.

BESSIE LUNDY—
State Teachers' College 1, 2.
Entered Pacific 1919. Major, Economics.
Vice-President of Student Body 4.
President of A. W. S. 4.
Sopholechtia, Vice-President 3, Treasurer 3, President 4.

CLARA ENGBLOM—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, History.
Student Body Secretary 4.
A. W. S. Executive Committee 4.
Student Affairs Committee 4.
Naranjado Staff 4.
Y .W. C. A. 1-4.
La Tertulia 4.
Emendia, Corresponding Secretary 3.
House Council, Secretary 3.

ERFORD A. McALLISTER—
Entered Pacific 1917. Major, History and Political Science.
Weekly Manager 3.
Weekly Staff 2.
Undergraduate Manager 4.
Board of Control 3, 4.
Class Treasurer 2.
Naranjado 1, 2.
Business Manager (Four One-Act Plays, 3), (Bachelor Hall, 3), Y. M. C. A.
Rhizomia, Treasurer 2, President 3, Attorney 4.

ALINE ISABEL KISTLER—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Biology.
University of California Summer Session 1919.
A. W. S. Executive Committee 4.
Editor of the Naranjado 4.
Naranjado Staff, 2, 3.
Weekly Staff 1, News Editor 2, 3.
Casts: "Joint Owner's in Spain" 2, "Martha's Mourning" 2, "College a la Carte" 2. "The Scales and the Sword" 3.
Stage Director for "The Prince Chap" 4.
Prompter for "You Never Can tell" 4.
Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4.
Theta Alpha Phi 4.
Les Barboulleurs 4.
Emendia, Reporter 1, Secretary 2, Corresponding Secretary 3.
Chorus 2, 3, 4.
House Council 3.

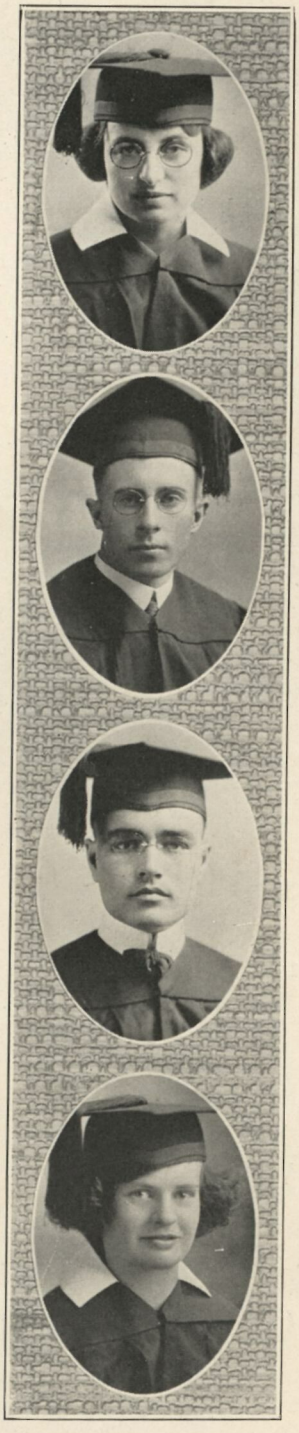
LUTHER MEYER—
Entered Pacific 1914. Major, Electrical Engineering.
Debate Manager 4.
Treasurer and assistant editor of the Weekly 2.
Naranjado staff 3, 4.
Debating—Forum—Euphronia 3.
Forum—Congress 3.
Forum—Euphronia 2.
President of Die Zukunft 3.
Archania, reporter 3, resigned 4.
A Cappella Choir 2, 3, 4.
Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4.
Sophomore Show 2.
War Service 1917-18,19.

JOHN A. WOOD BODLEY—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Religious Education.
Cast: "Romance Rose" 1, "The Hour Glass" 2, "College a la Carte" 2, Sophomore Show 2, "She Stoops to Conquer" 2, "Addio" 3, "Bachelor Hall" 3, "Scales and the Sword" 3, Patriots 2.
Y. M. C. A., Cabinet 1, 3, 4.
Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4.
Classical Club 3, 4, Secretary 4.
Cosmopolitan Club 3, 4, Vice-President 3.
El Campo 4.
Rhizomia, Chaplain 1, Sergeant-at-Arms 2, Librarian 4, Quartet.
A Cappella Choir 2, 3.
Chorus 2, 3, 4.
War Service 1917. (S. A. T. C.).

KATHERINE CHRISTIAN—
Mount Holyoke College 1, 2.
Entered Pacific 1920. Major, Economics.
Student Affairs Committee 4.
A. W. S. Chairman Senior Advisory Committee, Chairman Point System Committee 4.
Y. W. C. A., Cabinet 4.
Sopholechtia, Directress 4.

ARTHUR MAHLON MAIN—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Economics.
Business Manager of Naranjado 2.
Undergraduate Manager of Student Body 3.
Class President 1.
Debating: C. O. P. vs. Nevada 2, C. O. P. vs. U. S. C., 3.
Y. M. C. A.
Archania, Sergeant-at-Arms 1, Secretary 2, Chaplain 3, President 4.
A. Cappella Choir 2, 3, 4.
Chorus 2, 3, 4.
College Quartet 3, 4.
War Service 1918 (S. A. T. C.).

BENICE LOVEJOY—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Spanish.
Class Secretary and Treasurer 4.
Naranjado Staff 4.
Spanish Club, President 3.
French Club Secretary, Treasurer 4.
Cosmopolitan Club, Secretary 3.
Athenaea, Reporter 3, Vice-President 4, President 4.



VIOLETTE ALMA COSTABEL—
Entered Pacific 1917. Major, French.
Re-entered 1919.
Y. W. C. A.
La Tertulia.
Le Circle Francais, President 3, 4.
Athenaea, Treasurer 4.

HAROLD V. LUCAS—
State Teachers' College 1, 2.
Entered Pacific 1920. Major, Religious Education.
Y. M. C. A., Vice-President 3, President 4.
Secretary of the Santa Clara County Y. M. C. A., 3, 4.
Omega Phi Alpha, President 4, Charter Member.
War Service 1918.

MANUEL G. GARRIDO—
Previous College 3, 4.
Entered Pacific 1916. Major, Biology.
Y. M. C. A., 1-4.
F. S. A. of C. O. P. President 3, Vice-President 3.
Cosmopolitan Club, Chairman 3, Vice-President.
La Tertulia 3, 4.
War Service 1918-1919.
Student Volunteer 3, 4.

ALICE MARY RAGER—
Eureka Junior College 1.
Entered Pacific 1919. Major, Latin.
Y. W. C. A.
Classical Club, President 4.
Chorus 3, 4.

ARTHUR L. SHIPLEY—
Santa Ana Junior College 1, 2.
Entered Pacific 1920. Major, Education.
Y. M. C. A.
Rhizomia, Secretary 3, 3, 4.
Chorus 3, 4.
College Quartet, 3.
War Service 1917-1919.

LAWTON D. HARRIS—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Religious Education.
Weekly Staff 2.
Basketball 1, 2.
Coach Girls' Basketball 4.
Debating: Forum vs. Senate 3, Archania vs. Stanford, Euphronia 3, Pacific vs. Nevada 4.
Cast: Patriots 2.
Classical Club 3, 4.
El Campo House Club 4.
Archania 1-4.
Chorus 4.
War Service (S. A. T. C.).

FRANCES DUFF—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Ancient Languages.
Classical Club 3, 4.
French Club 3, 4.
Athenaea, Treasurer 1-4.

DIONISIO BIROSEL—
University of California 1, 2, 3.
Entered Pacific 1921. Major, Applied Mathematics.
University of California, Intersession, Summer 1920.
Y. M. C. A.
Cosmopolitan Club.
Student Volunteers.

OREN OAKLAND CURTIS—
Entered Pacific 1917. Major, Economics, History.
Stanford 1920-21.
Weekly Staff—Assistant Manager 1, Manager 2.
Naranjado Staff—Manager 3.
Y. M. C. A.
Rhizomia, Treasurer 3.
War Service 1918-1919.

EDNA HARDAWAY—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Mathematics.
Y. W. C. A., Secretary 3.
Emendia, Chaplain 1.
House Council 3.

LESLIE WHITAKER—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Biology.
Circulation Manager of Weekly 2.
Archania, Recording Secretary 3, Corresponding Secretary 4.
War Service 1918.

ZONG, THOMAS TSAO—
Duo-Lake-State College (China) Litt. B. 1912.
Entered Pacific 1917. Major, Economics.
University of California Summer Session 1920.
Y. M. C. A., 1-4.
Cosmopolitan Club, Treasurer 2, 1-4.
War Service 1917 (S. A. T. C.).

ENJI SUZUKI—
No. 5 Government College, Japan, 1908.
Entered Pacific 1917. Major, History.
State Teachers' College Summer Session 1921.
Y. M. C. A.
Cosmopolitan Club.
Japanese Army 1918.

ROLLIN W. ROGERS—
Columbia University.
Entered Pacific 1921. Major, History.
Acacia Fraternity, Columbia Chapter.

Art Majors

CONSTANCE BERTELS—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Art.
Class Secretary and Treasurer 3.
Naranjado Staff 2, 3.
Y. W. C. A., Secretary 2, 4.
La Tertulia, Reporter 2, President 4.
Les Barboulleurs, Reporter 3.
Athenaea, Corresponding Secretary 2, President 3.
Chorus 3, 4.

EVELENE M. FLANNIGAN—
Entered Pacific 1917. Major, Art.
Naranjado 3.
Cast: "As You Like It" 1.
Y. W. C. A., 1-4, Cabinet 2.
Dramatic Club 3, 4, President 3.
Les Barboulleurs 3, 4, Secretary 3, President 4.
Sopholechtia, President 3, Inter-Society Chairman 3.
House Council 3.

Conservatory Majors

Music

VIRGINIA LANHAM SHORT—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Public School Music, Violin.
Executive Committee 3.
Class Secretary 2.
Vice-President of A. W. S. 4.
Weekly Staff 3.
Naranjado Staff 2.
Cast: "A Proposal Under Difficulties" 2, "Martha's Mourning" 2, "She Stoops to Conquer" 2, "In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy" 3, "The Traveling Man" 3.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 2, 3.
Dramatic Club, 2, 3.
Emendia, Vice-President 2, Reporter 2, Sergeant-at-Arms 1.
Mu Phi Epsilon.
A Cappella Choir 3, 4.
Chorus 2, 3.
Concert Master 4.
Orchestra 2, 3, 4.
House Council 3, President 4.

LYLE F. CAMPBELL—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Theory, Violin.
Class Treasurer 2.
Board of Control 4.
Weekly Staff 2.
Naranjado 2, 4.
Archania.
Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.
War Service 1918.

RUTH ERNESTINE WINNING—
University of California 2.
Entered Pacific 1918, 1921. Major, Theory.
Class Vice-President 4.
News Editor of Weekly 4.
Cast: "Addio" 3, President of Dramatic Club 4.
Cosmopolitan Club 4.
Sopholechtia, Sergeant-at-Arms 4.
A Cappella Choir 3, 4.
Chorus 3, 4.

ALICE E. HART—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Public School Methods, Piano.
Weekly Staff, 4.
Naranjado, 3.
Y. W. C. A.
Philomusia, Secretary 2, President 3.
Mu Phi Epsilon, Secretary 3, Vice-President 4.
A Cappella Choir 4.
Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4.
College Quartet, Assistant Coach 4.

BERNICE STRATTON—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Public School Music, Piano.
University of Southern California 1921.
Cast: "The Hour Glass" 2, "Joint Owners in Spain" 2, "Romance Rose" 1.
Dramatic Club 2.
Emendia, Secretary 3, Treasurer 3.
Chorus 1-4.

ARDIS M. CARTER—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Public School Music, Voice.
Class Secretary 1.
Philomusia, Secretary 2, President 3.
Mu Phi Epsilon, President 3, 4.
A Capella Choir 2, 3, 4.
Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4.

LAURA FERNISH—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Public School Music, Piano.
Y. W. C. A.
Philomusia, Treasurer 2, Vice-President 3.
Mu Phi Epsilon, Recording Secretary 4.
Chorus 1-4.

Elementary Certificate in Art

ELSIE R. WRIGHT—
State Teachers College 1-2.
Entered College of Pacific 1921. Major, Art.
Washburn Summer School of Art.
Costume mistress, "You Never Can Tell."
Les Barboulleurs.

FAYE SULLIVAN—
Entered Pacific 1916. Major, Piano.
Y. W. C. A.
Philomusia, Treasurer 2, President 3.
Mu Phi Epsilon.
Chorus 1, 2, 3.

EDNA IKUNO OTOMO—
Entered Pacific 1917. Major, Piano.
Re-entered 1920.
Y. W. C. A. 1-4.

FLORENCE TOGNI—
Entered Pacific 1918. Major, Public School Music, Piano.
Dramatics—"College a la Carte" 2.
Philomusia, Mu Phi Epsilon.
Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Liberal Arts

HUBERT MATHEWS—
William Jewell College 3 years.
B. D. from Berkeley Baptist Divinity School.
Entered Pacific 1921. Major, History and Political Science.
President Die Zukunft 4.
Charter Member Omega Phi Alpha.
Teacher of Old Testament Theology in San Jose School of Religious Education 3 and 4.
Pastor of Santa Clara Baptist Church 4.

Expression

FRANCES SCHWAB HILL—
San Jose State Teachers' College, 1917.
Entered Pacific, 1919. Major, Expression.
Leave of Absence, 1920.
Casts "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Prince Chap" 2.
Theta Alpha Phi.

MARJORIE MORRIS—
Entered Pacific 1920. Certificate in Expression. Major, Public Speaking.
Cast: "Will O' The Wisp" 1, "The Constant Lover" 2.
Philomusia, Secretary 1, President 2.
Chorus 1.

LUCY WOODHOUSE—
Entered Pacific 1920. Certificate of Expression. Major, Public Speaking.
Naranjado Staff 2.
Cast: "In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy" 1, "Will O' the Wisp"1, "The Poor" 2.
Dramatic Club 1, 2.
Philomusia, Vice-President 1, President 1.
Chorus 1, 2.

Music

HAROLD K. HESTWOOD—
Entered Pacific 1917. Major, Piano.
Basketball 1, 2, 3, Captain 1920.
Cast: "Romance Rose" 1.
Rhizomia.
Orchestra 3.
Fellowship in Theory, Conservatory 3, 4.

H. CAYLOR

Juniors

Officers

CLARENCE WAGNER ..... President
GENEVIEVE BURCHAM ..... Vice-President
RAMONA WOODWARD ..... Secretary
ROBERT BERNREUTER ..... Treasurer

Members

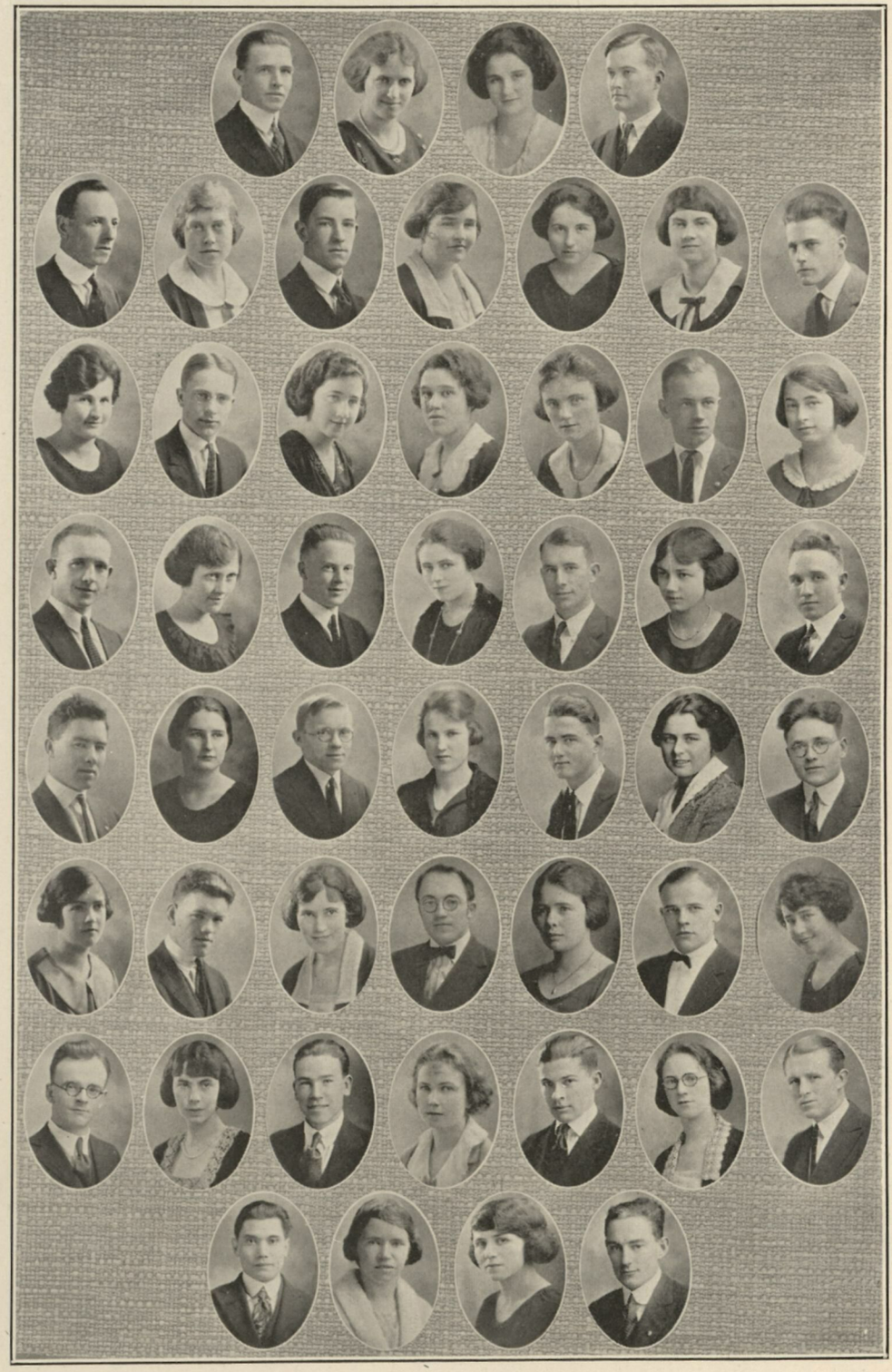
Alejano, Delfin
Baun, Ruth
Bean, Alice
Bean, Edith
Bryant, Ray
Burcham, Genevieve
Camp, Jerry
Case, Evelyn
Case, Lloyd
Clark, Merle
Coleman, Harry
Contryman, Helen
Couchman, Robert
Croft, Mrs. Nina
Curtis, Dwight
Dillman, Mary
Donovan, Alice
Easterbrook, Paul
Farey, Grace
Farr, Walter
Gilman, Edith
Hahn, Carl
Ham, Eleanor
Hixon, Marjorie
Illera, Vincente
Leak, Ora
Lee, C. S.
Lui, Kuang
Malone, Edwin
Moore, William
Quinley, Lester
Riedelbauch, Thelma
Robins, Edith
Shiras, Helen
Shiras, Russell
Sovy, Reita
Stalker Alice
Stevens, A. C.
Trahern, J. W.
Van Druten, Norma
Van Valen, Earl
Wagner, Clarence
Warner, Harold
Webb, Price
Westerman, Ralph
Wheeler, Nova
Wilson, Ray
Woodward, Ramona

Conservatory Majors

Barber, Helen
Bodley, Russell
Bresse, Dorothy
Brown, Marie
Burcham, Genevieve
King, Mary
Madsen, Jean
Rand, Ethel
Vest, Flora
Ward, Agnes

Art Majors

Bray, Rebecca
Brown, De Marcus
Owens, Florence



Sophomores

NEIL PARSONS ..... President
DOROTHY KNOLES ..... Vice-President
LURA WELCH ..... Secretary
ERNEST LUNDEEN ..... Treasurer

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS

Bennett, Manford
Bernreuter, Robert
Brown, Ruth
Burns, Bradley
Calkins, Dorothy
Carkner, Edith
Case, Westwood
Cerruti, Leland
Closson, Lillian
Coburn, Margaret
Couchman, Robert
Cunningham, Harold
Emerson, Ralph
Empey, Lucas
Esterbrook, Paul
Farey, Grace
Ferguson, Prentiss
Frink, Marjorie
Fowler, Ruth
Girmino, Oliver
Hawkins, Wayne
Hildebrant, Homer
Houghton, Richard
Jopson, Elsie
Karganilla, Leopold
King, Francis
Knoles, Dorothy
Leonard, Carroll
Leonard, Pearl
Lowell, Raymond
Lundeen, Ernest
Magsuci, U. E.
Moyle, Maud
McKaig, Leonard
McLeish, Jessie
McMurry, Helen
Mills, Lester
Mooney, Theodore
Oliver, Louise
Owen, William
Parsons, Neil
Perrelli, Joseph
Pike, Raymond
Plant, Lucia
Quinley, Esther
Richardson, Lois
Scott, Oliver
Stalker, Alice
Stanley, Georgia
Stewart, Leona
Spoon, Edward
Spradley, Francis
Troxell, Lillian
Van Bergen, Hugh
Velasquez, Rogelio
Warner, Marian
Warzalla, Frank
Welch, Lura
Westlake, Kenneth
Williams, Marjorie
Williams, Kenneth
Wilson, Joseph

CONSERVATORY MAJORS

Ayers, Marjorie
Berberich, Josephine
Buttles, Cornelia
Darling, Eva
Fox, Lucille
Gardner, Josephine
Hummel, Pearl
Jones, Ethel
Stuart, Margaret
Temple, Marian
Meyer, Ailene Williamson
Carmichael, Lucille
Uppman, John

Freshmen

President ..... WALLINE KNOLES
Vice-President ..... HAROLD MILNES
Secretary ..... EDITH KNOLES
Treasurer ..... CHARLES NAUMAN

COLLEGE

Abrahamson, Jack
Achilles, Theodore
Aldrich, Ethel
Arney, Vorie
Baldwin, Robert
Barby, May
Battle, Patrick
Beard, Esther
Biesmier, Mary
Birosel, Rufino
Boardman, George C.
Bobb, Arthur
Bourns, Philip
Bowden, Paul
Buenafe, Mamerto
Burcham, George
Burmester, Harry
Busher, Fred
Carr, Frances
Carter, John
Chan, George
Chettero, John
Clark, Norman
Conner, Grace
Cozzens, Bradley
Cozzi, Daniel
Cromer, Edwin
Curtis, Farida
Curtis, William
Dalton, Alberg
Dawe, Theodore
Day, Dorothy
Dennett, Eleanor
Du Fur, Frances
Du Fur, Gladys
Durham, Iva
Eddy, Dorothy
Eddy, Elsie
Farwell, Philip
Foster, Charles
Fuller, Donald
Gilman, Ralph
Glaister, Hazel
Glass, Vincent
Graham, Leah
Graham, Lucille
Hadley, Clarence
Halili, Geronimo
Hamlin, Edward
Hanson, Regnald
Haugner, Blanche
Hayes, Graham
Hennen, Mary
Horel, Lois
Horsfield, Geneva
Howard, Virgil
Howell, Dorothy
Huffaker, Lucille
James, David
Johnansen, Nelson
Kaufman, William
Keeney, Mark
King, Maxwell
Kitamura, Ernest
Knoles, Edith
Knoles, Peter W.
Laidlaw, Ashton
Lloyd, Ernest
Lloyd, Reese
Lopez, Regino
Mallon, James
Marriot, Myrle
Martine, Godfreyna
Martin, Charles
McCallum, Marjorie
McCaslin, Vera
McConnell, Leola
Milnes, Harold
Nauman, Charles
Noda, Todao
Okamura, Yore
Orchard, Arthur
Packer, Phyllis
Parker, Ruth
Pawla, Emily
Petersen, Dorothy
Pinkerton, Dorothy
Potter, William
Rafferty, Una
Redemeyer, Evelyn
Redfield, Pansy
Roberts, Vera
Rojo, Graciano
Rowe, Helen
Scott, John
Smith, Earle
Sorem, Mabel
Stewart, Charlotte
Stewart, Lesley
Sumner, William
Tanida, K.
Taylor, Earle
Tillman, Josephine
Toles, Grace
Toombs, Evelyn
Von Glahn, Esther
Watt, George
Wherry, Aurelius
Whipple, Lois
Wicks, Elizabeth
William, Harry
Wilson, Fern
Winston, Walter
Wright, Wesley
Yoshimura, Kaname

CONSERVATORY

Acre, Arthur
Adler, Evelyn
Anderson, Hilda
Bogert, Alice
Bowman, Mary
Bradshaw, Gladys
Brill, Kenneth
Broughton, Thelma
Burgess, Charles
Chappelle, Gwendolyn
Crump, Margaret
Cunningham, Dwight
Hamon, Minnie
Hardin, Dorothy
Honaday, Esther
Hutton Donald
Jadequist, Eva
Jenkins, Lynn
Kinnon, Louise
Lewis, Mabel
Littoff, Ben
Loomis, Ruth
Lorentzen, Alice
Mahoney, Ruth
McLean, Kenneth (piano)
Michael, Margaret
Morgan, Byron
Morley, Edith
Murphy, Lura
Netzer, Vaude
Nidever, Evelyn
Olson, Gladys
Perry, Doris
Petry, William
Raley, Muriel
Rasher, Catherine
Roberts, Marion
Rose, Bernice
Simmons, Roberta
Smith, Alma
Stockton, Gladys
Van Duzen, John
Van Valen, Rose
Warnes, Lucille
Wells, Harrietta
Whalley, Dorothy
Wilcox, Rosemary
Wilson, Anna
Ziler, Reita

* Esther von Klahn

Alumni

1918

RUTH BUTTERFIELD, now Mrs. Milton Roberts, living in Suisun, California.
MRS. ADELAIDE COBURN, teaching in College Park Academy and College of Pacific.
IRENE WILKINS, teaching in Palo Alto High School.
MINNETTA RICHTER, now Mrs. Allan Ham, living Arcata, California.
HUBER HAW, State Agricultural work, Pierre, South Dakota.
HOWARD ROWE, teaching in Madera.
RALPH TIDMARSH, at home, San Jose.
FRANCIS WATTS, electrical business in Burlingame, California.
WARREN WHITE, teaching in San Francisco.
FLOSSITA BADGER, teaching music at Lowell High School, San Francisco.
ALICE CONCKLIN, teaching piano and organ in Los Gatos and taking graduate work at C. O. P.
DOROTHY BERNARD, teaching in San Francisco State Teacher's College.
RUTH BOLDEN, now Mrs. Irwin White, Fort Bragg.
BOZENA KALAS, at home, San Jose.
MARY HORNADAY, teaching music in Delano High School, Houghson, California.
LORNA DONALDSON, now Mrs. George Anderson, Palo Alto, California.
HELEN WEBB, now Mrs. Arthur Meese, Burlingame, California.
ALMA WILLIAMS, teaching in Tulare, California.

1919

GRACE CONKLIN, teaching in Chico High School.
JUSTIN DYCKE, teaching in Oaho College, Honolulu.
ESTHER FRAZER, now Mrs. Kerrick, Half Moon Bay.
ELMER FREEMAN, studying to be an Episcopal minister in San Francisco.
EUNICE GIBSON, Nurse's Training School, San Francisco.
MARTHA JAMES, training at Lane Hospital, San Francisco.
MARY MAYNE, at home, San Jose, California.
SYBIL STALKER, now Mrs. Cecil Clary, San Jose, California.
MARJORIE STANLEY, at home, San Francisco.
FLORENCE TIDMARSH, Pastor's assistant, Burlingame.
RICHARD WRIGHT, attending Harvard University.
EVELYN WHITAKER, teaching English and Music in Alsea, Oregon.
MILDRED MURPHY, teaching piano at Watsonville, California.
WILMA SHERMAN, now Mrs. Justin Dycke, Honolulu.
FRANCES HAYNES, at home, Santa Monica, California.
GLADYS FOX, now Mrs. Hanson, Wahoo, Nebraska.
RUTH LLOYD, now Mrs. Edward Harrington, Berkeley, California.
MARION MERRIOTT, supervising art in Eureka, California.
FAITH FRENCH, is married and living in Washington.
HELEN SHAFER, at home, San Jose, California.
ESTHER LINDA, teaching art in Kingsburg.
MILDRED BEANS, at home, San Jose.
MRS. CLARK BOWDEN, teaching near Fresno, California.

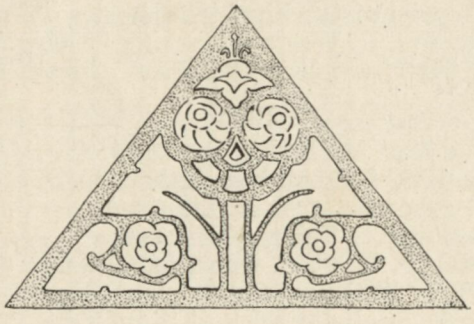
Alumni

1920

HOMER BODLEY, attending Garret Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois.
WILLARD BONNER, teaching English in Lansing, Michigan.
ADA BOTTS, teaching sociology at National Training School, San Francisco and attending the University of California.
JENNIE COWAN, teaching Mathematics at Grant's Pass, Oregon.
BESSIE FERGUSON, teaching science in Winters, California.
HOWARD MURPHY, minister at Hornbrook, California.
MARIE PAGE, teaching history in Warrensburg, New York.
MRS. LAURA ROWE, Madera, California.
LAURA SCHWARTZ, teaching in Honolulu.
GEORGE SPERRY, teaching in Chico State Teacher's College.
EDITH TROXELL, teaching at Ocean Side, California.
VIOLA ZAHN, nurse at Lane Hospital, San Francisco.
EVELYN BURUM, private teaching in Dinuba, California.
DOROTHY LEA, teaching in Palo Alto.
EDITH McKINDLEY, now Mrs. R. Story, Stockton, California.
IRENE STRATTON, teaching music in Modesto, California.
ALICE WILLIAMS, private teaching in Cupertino.
RUTH FIELDS, now Mrs. R. Weston, teaching in Kingsburg, California.
JULES MOULLET, teaching music at College of Pacific.

1921

HILDA BRAUN, now Mrs. W. Bader, Berkeley.
VEVA BROWN, teaching in Castillejo, Palo Alto.
HELENA DOLFIN, graduate work at Stanford.
BISHOP ESTES, teaching in Tulare, California.
MILDRED FLEMING, Y. W. C. A. work, San Jose.
DWIGHT HARPSTER, Anaheim, California.
PHILLIPPA KELLEY, graduate work at Stanford.
LORRAINE KNOLES, graduate work at U. S. C.
DESKIE LEWIS, at home, Banning, California.
HAROLD McMURRAY, reporter for San Jose News.
FRANCES MILNES, graduate work at University of California.
OLIVER NORTON, teaching at College of Pacific.
LOIS SMITH, now Mrs. Helm, graduate work at Stanford and State Teachers' College, San Jose; Santa Clara, California.
EDITH WARD, now Mrs. L. D. Harpster, Anaheim, California.
RUBY ZAHN, teaching art at Sebastopol, California.
ERMA LEEDY, teaching music at Paso Robles.
MARY MURRAY, teaching music at Fowler, California.
LUCILLE MACABEE, supervisor of music in Napa County.
ALBERTA SHAFSKY, at home, San Jose.
KATHLEEN SPOONER, at home, Patterson, California.
RICHARD WARING, taking advanced work in music, St. Louis.
MARGARET REICHERS, private teaching in Wheatland, California.
PHOEBE O'CONNER, now Mrs. C. White, Ann Arbor.
ALICE McGREW, now Mrs. B. Estes, teaching art in Tulare.
THERESE COULTER, taking advanced work at College of Pacific.
ZOLITA BATES, attending San Jose State Teachers' College.



A SECTION DEVOTED TO THE COLLEGE PARK ACADEMY

The Student Body

OFFICERS

WILLIAM GREEN ..... President
MINNIE MCARTHUR ..... Vice President
MINA CONTRYMAN ..... Secretary and Treasurer
PHILIP WHITAKER ..... Athletic Manager
HARRY ENGWICHT ..... Yell Leader

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

1922

Mina Contryman — Harry Engwicht

1923 — 1924

Theodora Bertels — Wilmer Briggs

NARANJADO STAFF

Harry Engwicht — Theodora Bertels
Minnie McArthur — Warren Shoemaker

The Academy Student Body has had a year of intense activity, although few meetings have been held. Rather than use all the time in trying out and forming new plans, the year has been spent in putting into action those formulated last year.

There has been a wonderful spirit of co-operation manifested in all activities, the students standing back of their able president, William Green, and working for the betterment of the Student Body.

A stunt was given by the students at the Hallowe'en party, and one at the Washington's Birthday party, which was very good. A picnic is to be held in the near future and all of the students are looking forward to a rousing good time. The place for the picnic to be held has not been decided upon yet, but will probably be Santa Cruz or Big Basin.

The Student Body voted to award Block C. P. A.'s to the members of the Academy Basketball Team, who have played the required number of games and have filled all other requirements entitling them to receive this award of honor.

Summed up in three words, the year has been one of "Success Through Effort."

Class Will

We, the Seniors of '22, now failing in our old age, do hereby record our last will and testament to those who are less fortunate than we.

Collectively: To the faculty we leave a feeling of relief which we hope they will appreciate as much as we.

To the lovely Juniors we leave our extraordinary ability to get our Civics lessons for Miss Allen.

To the Sophomores we leave the fragments of our pep, to be divided equally.

To the Freshmen we leave our wise advice to use their week-ends and holidays for study, as we have always done, and to do as Dr. Harris instructs them.

Individually: I, Gertrude Anderson, leave my ability to vamp a man to Myra Parsons, hoping she will be as successful as I.

I, Mina Countryman, will my dutch cut to Miriam Lynn, so he won't have to wait an extra hour while she combs her hair.

I, Harry Engwicht, leave my hope of getting a girl to Gordon Knoles.

I, Lucille Irelan, leave my curly hair to Richard Coulter, and my talkativeness to Mabel Harris.

I, Mildred Jones, will my gift of playing on the piano to Ashton Clary.

I, Leo Mendez, transfer my ability to ask foolish questions to the Freshman Class.

I, Theresa Coulter, leave my winning ways and artistic turn of mind to anyone applying for same.

I, Harlowe Harris, leave my supernatural ability of bluffing to any one who needs a pull. Edwin, did you speak?

I, Ocea McMurry, bequeath my dramatic ability and graceful slenderness to Earl Whitaker.

I, Gasper Grecco, leave my oversupply of eyebrows to Marjorie Lusk, for she needs a dozen or more that they may be seen with the naked eye.

I, Bill Green, bequeath my "smiles" and heartfelt sympathy to the next student body president.

I, Gladys Coryell, give my recipe for bleaching hair to Mildred Northup.

I, Kenneth McKenzie, leave my romantic bird-like voice to Phil Whitaker.

I, Calvin Hill, leave my pet patent leather hair-comb to Rusty Russell. You'll find Bixby's much better than Shinola, Rusty.

I, Minnie McArthur, (since I have not much to will) will endeavor to leave a good impression on the sands of time.

Signed, Sealed and Published by the
Senior Class of 1922.

Seniors

Mildred Jones
Theresa Coulter

Minnie McArthur
Calvin Hill

Kenneth McKenzie
Gertrude Anderson

WILLIAM M. GREEN—C. P. A. 1-4, Executive Comm. 3-4, Cartesia Adelphia, Sec. 3, Treas. 3, Pres. 4, Student Body Sec. 3, Pres. 4, B. Ball 2-4.

MILDRED JONES—C. P. A. 1-4, Undergraduate Recital 3, 4.

THERESE COUTLER—S. J. H. 1, C. P. A. 2-4, Hypatia 2-4, Pres. 4, V. Pres. of Class 3, B. Ball team 2, Conservatory graduate Art, '21.

MINNIE McARTHUR—W. H. S. 1-2, C. P. A. 3-4, Hypatia 3-4, Pres. 4, Executive Committee 3, V.Pres of S. Body 4, Naranjado Staff 4, Pres. of Class 4, Le Cercle Francaise 4, Y. W. C. A. 3-4.

CALVIN HILL—Oakland Technical 1-3, C. P. A. 4, Basketball C. P. A. 4, C. O. P. 4.

KENNETH McKENZIE—Cartesia Adelphia 3, College Quartet 3-4, A Cappella Choir 3-4, Baseball 3-4, Y. M. C. A. 3, Chorister.

GERTRUDE ANDERSON—C. P. A. 1-4, President Class 2, Vice-President of Class 4, Hypatia 1-4, V.- President 4, Secretary 3, President 3.

Academy Seniors

Ocea McMurry
Mina Contryman

Leo Mendez
Harry Engwicht

Lucille Irelan
Gladys Coryell

OCEA McMURRY—S. C. H. 1-2, C. P. A. 3-4, Hypatia 3-4, Sec. 4, Dramatics 3, Y. W. C. A. 3-4.

MINA CONTRYMAN—W. D. H. S. 1, C. P. A. 2-4, Hypatia 2-4, Sec. 4, Treas. 3, Class Pres. 3, Academy reporter 4, Secretary of S. Body 4.

LEO MENDEZ—U. H. S. 1, C. P. A. 2-4, Cartesia Adelphia 2-4, Sec. of Cosmopolitan Club 3, Vice-Pres. of Cosmo. Club 4, Y. M. C. A. 3-4, La Tertulia 2-4, Classical Club 3-4.

HARRY ENGWICHT—C. P. A. 1-4, Cartesia Adelphia 3-4, V. Pres. 4, Sec. of Class 3, Executive Com. 4, Naranjado Staff 4.

LUCILLE IRELAN—W. H. S. 1, Hollister 2, C. P. A. 3-4, Hypatia 3-4, V. Pres. 4, Treas. 4, Class Sec. 4.

GLADYS CORYELL—C. P. A. 1-2-4, C. U. H. S. 3, Hypatia 4, Class Treas. 4, Dramatics 2-3, Y. W. C. A. 1-2.

Class Records

Seniors

President.....MINNIE MCARTHUR
Sec'y.-Treas. .....LUCILE IRELAN
CLASS COLORS: Old Rose and Silver.
MOTTO: Success Thru Effort.

Juniors

President.....THEODORA M. BERTELS
Sec'y.-Treas. .....ASHTON CLARY
CLASS COLORS: Purple and White.
MOTTO: Upward and Onward.

Sophomores

President.....WILMER BRIGGS
Sec'y.-Treas. .....MILDRED NORTHUP
CLASS COLORS: Green and Gold.
MOTTO: The Elevator to Success Is Not Running, Take the Stairs.

Freshmen

President .....PAUL BECKER
Secretary.....MIRIAM LYNN
Treasurer .....BETTY EDDY
CLASS COLORS: Cardinal and Gold.
MOTTO: Steadily Onward.

Athletics

The Academy Basket Ball Team has passed through what may be called a very successful season. The team was greatly handicapped by not having a coach, but nevertheless managed to show up well. Owing to the small number of students in the Academy, there were few from which to pick a team, but these that did turn out, practiced hard and earned all the glory they received. Several practice games were played before the opening of the High School League. Most of the practice games were won, however, they did not do so well in the league.

Those who received their block letters are as follows:

Bill Green, Captain	Forward
Kenny McKenzie	Forward
Phil Whitaker, Manager	Forward
Calvin Hill	Center
Blass Pavily	Guard
Petty Pavily	Guard

Morris Hitchcock played two games for the Academy, but not enough to receive the letters. Next year's team will have to be built around the Pavily brothers and Whittaker, but with such men as McArthur and others who may come in, a good team should be turned out.

The Academy Team was very well supported this year by both the Academy and College Student Bodies, and this had a great deal to do with the success of the team.

Boost the Academy sports.

CARTESIA-DELPHIA

Fall	Officers	Spring
Wm. Green	President	Richard Coulter
Harry Engwicht	Vice President	Harold Christman
Philip Whitaker	Secretary	Wilmer Briggs
Wilmer Briggs	Treasurer	Philip Whitaker

1922

Wm. Green
Harry Engwicht
Allen Morse
Leo Mendez

1923

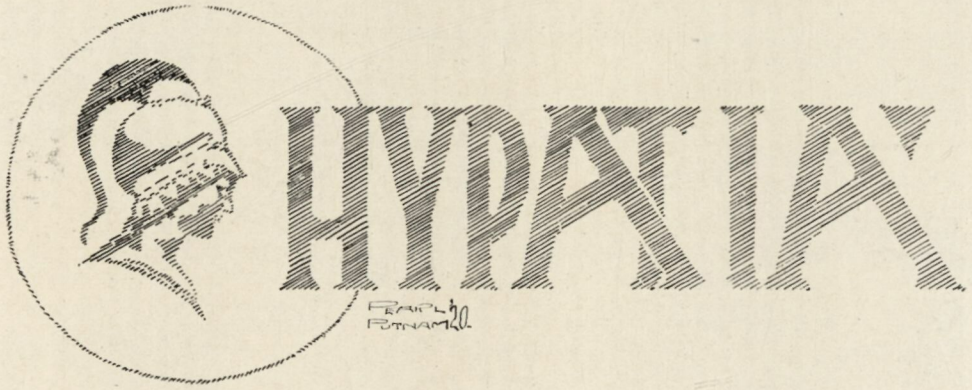
Philip Whitaker

1924

H. Christman
Richard Coulter
Wilmer Briggs

1925

Mr. Quinn
Petty Pavily
Blass Pavily
George Knoles
Paul Smith
Paul Becker



FOUNDED OCTOBER 11, 1911

OFFICERS

SPRING		FALL
MINNIE MCARTHUR	President	THERESA COULTER
LUCILLE IRELAN	Vice President	GERTRUDE CONTRYMAN
OCEA MCMURRY	Secretary	MINA CONTRYMAN
MILDRED NORTHUP	Treasurer	LUCILLE IRELAN

MEMBERS

1922

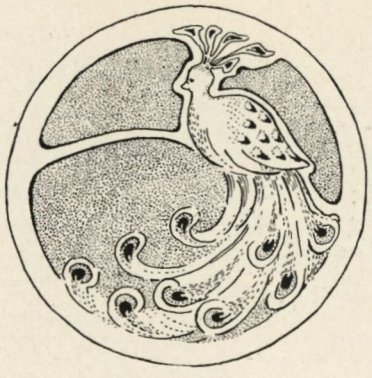
Theresa Coulter
Gertrude Anderson
Mina Contryman
Lucille Irelan
Minnie McArthur
Ocea McMurry
Gladys Coryell

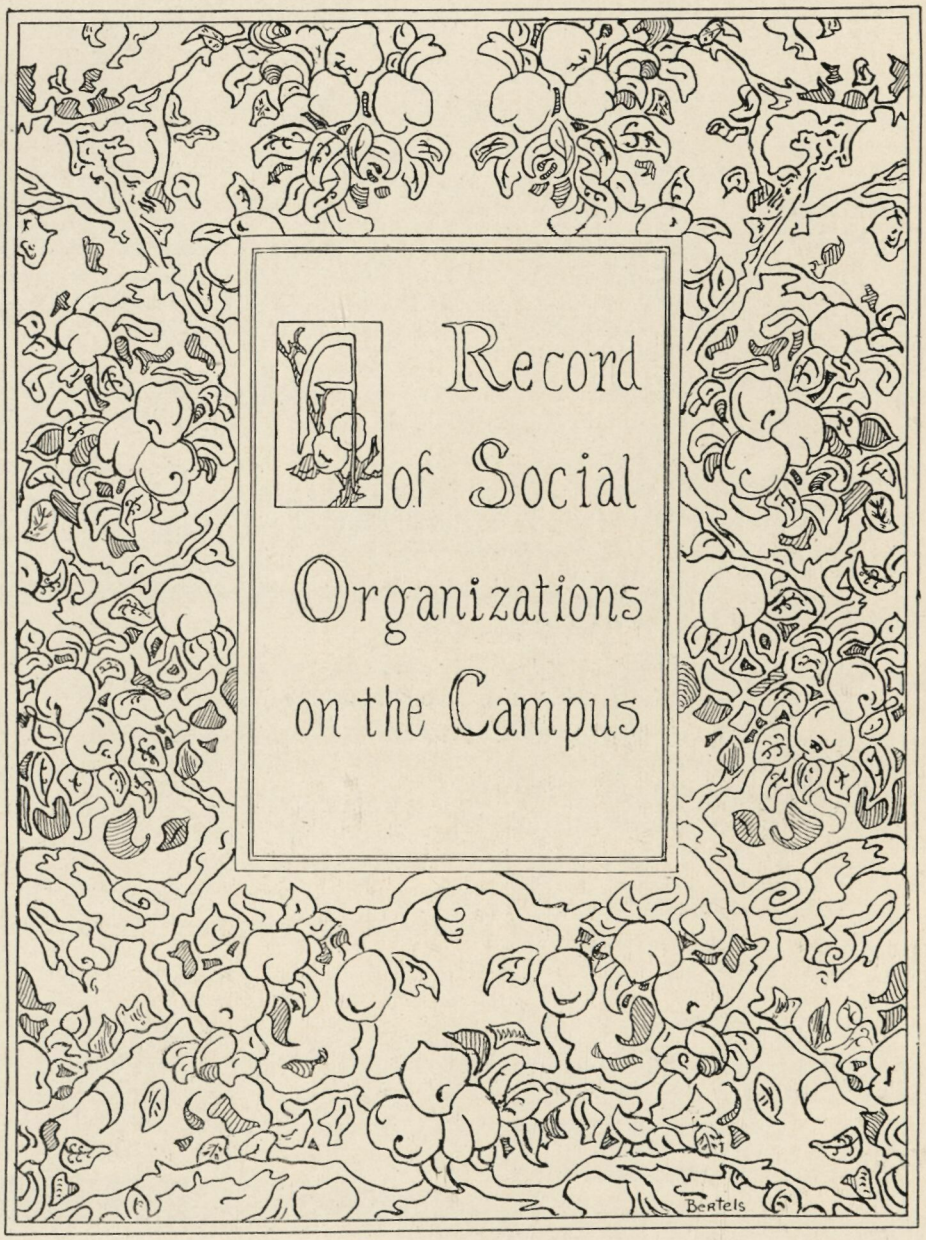
1924

Mildred Northup
Myra Parsons

1925

Mabel Harris




A Record of Social Organizations on the Campus
BERTELS

National Honor Fraternities

WHILE campus organizations and activities are a definite indication of the spirit and vitality of the student body of an institution, it remains for its honorary societies to show the standing which the institution holds in the educational world. The ideals, standards and achievements of a school must undergo a close scrutiny before the national officers of an honorary society stamp it with their approval.

Pacific takes a justifiable pride in the fact that three such societies are listed in her assets: Pi Kappa Lambda, honorary music; Theta Alpha Phi, honorary dramatic; Mu Phi Epsilon, semi-honorary music. The influence of the local chapters of these societies has proven very instrumental in the raising of the standards of scholarship and achievement.

—C. M. Dennis.

Pi Kappa Lambda

FOUNDED A. D. 1918

DELTA CHAPTER

OFFICERS

President.....CHAS. M. DENNIS
Vice-President.....JESSIE S. MOORE
Secretary.....MIRIAM H. BURTON
Treasurer.....MYRTLE L. SHAFER

CHARTER MEMBERS

Mrs. Caroline Pitkin Brock, 1900
Miss J. Sinclair, '03
Gertrude M. Trace, '04
Robert Duncan, '09
Alice Conklin, '18
Evelyn D. Whitaker, '20
Beatrice Ferguson, '10
Florence Marshall Hammar, '18
Mrs. Peter C. Burtchael, —
Alice Irene Wilkins, '18
Irene Maddocks Pattison, '17
Flossita B. Badger, '18
Dorothy Lea, '20
Myrtle L. Shafer, '15
Clarissa M. Ryan, '14
Miriam H. Burton, '14
Jessie S. Moore, '16
Jules F. Moullet, '20
Mrs. Clara F. Collar, —
Myrtle Stanage Brown, '10
Mrs. Mary Meredith Utter, '12
Miss Nella Rogers, —
Alberta Shafsky, '21
Richard Waring, '21
Mary E. Murray, '21

On December Third, 1921, Pacific installed the Beta Chapter of the National Honorary Musical Society, Pi Kappa Lambda. The installation was held at the Hotel Vendome, and was attended by the prospective members of the society and several other speakers and guests.

Pi Kappa Lambda has the same rating in music schools as Phi Beta Kappa has in Colleges of Liberal Arts and Universities.

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 13, 1903

MU ETA CHAPTER OF MU PHI EPSILON INSTALLED NOVEMBER 13, 1920

OFFICERS

ARDIS CARTER.....President
ALICE HART.....Vice-President
MARIE BROWN.....Corresponding Secretary
LAURA FURNISH.....Recording Secretary
ETHEL RAND.....Treasurer

MEMBERS

1921

Alberta Shafsky

1922

Laura Fernish
Fay Sullivan
Ardis Carter
Florence Togni
Alice Hart
Virginia Short

1923

Rebecca Bray
Marie Brown
Jean Madsen
Ethel Rand
Flora West
Dorothy Bresse
Agnes Ward

1924

Cornelia Buttles
Mildred Page
Lucille Fox

FACULTY

Miriam Burton
Jessie Moore
Nella Rogers

FOUNDED 1919

California Beta Chapter

CHARTER GRANTED MARCH, 1922

MEMBERS

FACULTY

Miss Willian Hinsdale

1922

John Bodley — Frances S. Hill

Aline Kistler

1923

De Marcus Brown — Price Webb

Lester Quinley — Ralph Westerman

Lucia Plant

1924

Eva Darling — Edwin Malone

Theta Alpha Phi is a national honorary dramatic fraternity organized to foster an interest in wholesome dramatics and provide the means for uniting socially students, alumni, and instructors who have histrionic talents.

The membership of the fraternity is limited by requirements of actual work done in acting, or in the production of plays. The charter of the California Beta chapter was granted to members of the Dramatic Club of the College of Pacific who had fulfilled the necessary requirements.

FOUNDED APRIL 1, 1854

OFFICERS

FALL		SPRING
RAY WILSON	President	ARTHUR MAIN
WILLIAM OWEN	Vice President	LESTER QUINLEY
PRICE WEBB	Recording Secretary	WILLIAM OWEN
FRANCIS SPRADLEY	Cor. Secretary	LESLIE WHITAKER
LESTER QUINLEY	Treasurer	HAROLD CUNNINGHAM

MEMBERS

1922

Lyle Campbell	Arthur Main
Lawton Harris (inactive)	Leslie Whitaker

1923

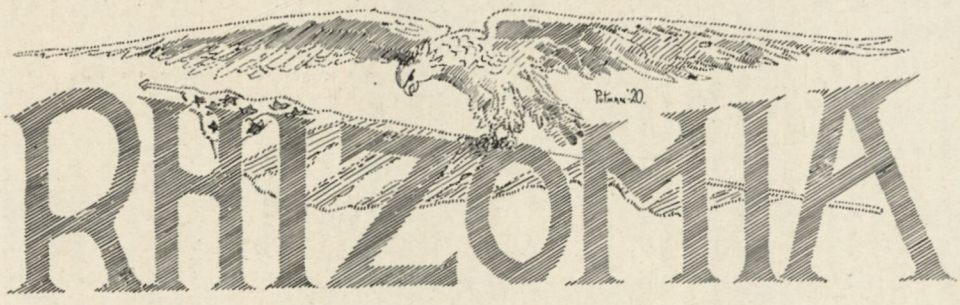
Robert Bernreuter	Lester Quinley
Ray Bryant	Ceylon Sherman
Harry Coleman	Francis Spradley
Robert Couchman	Earl Van Valin
Merle Clark	Clarence Wagner
Paul Easterbrook	Price Webb
Walter Farr	Kenneth Williams
Vincent Illera	Ray Wilson
William Moore	

1924

Westwood Case	Raymond Lowell
George Chan	Ernest Lundeen
Harold Cunningham	Leonard McKaig
Ralph Emerson	Robert McKibben
Lucas Empey	Lester Mills
Clarence Hadley (inactive)	William Owen (inact.)
	Raymond Pike
Homer Hildebrant	Kenneth Westlake

1925

Fred Breen	Kenneth MacKenzie
Theodore Dawe	William Sumner
Ralph Gilman	



FOUNDED 1858

OFFICERS

FALL		SPRING
ERFORD MCALLISTER	Attorney	WARREN TELFER
WARREN TELFER	President	RUSSELL BODLEY
RUSSELL BODLEY	Vice President	EDWARD SPOON
DONALD FULLER	Secretary	NEIL PARSONS
ROBERT BREEDEN	Treasurer	WALTER WINSTON
NEIL PARSONS	Cor. Secretary	OLIVER SCOTT
ARTHUR SHIPLEY	Librarian	JOHN BODLEY

MEMBERS

1922

John Bodley
Harold Hestwood
Robert Breeden
Erford McAllister
Warren Telfer
Oren Curtis

1923

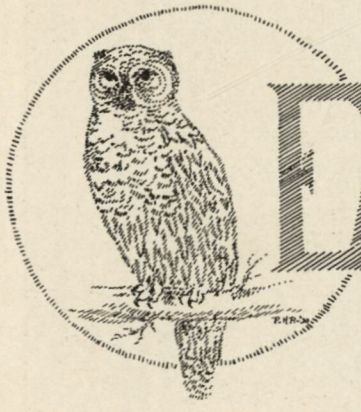
Chas. Blydenburgh
Russell Bodley
Lloyd Case
Dwight Curtis
Frank Lamons
Karop Poochigian
Arthur Shipley
Chilson Stevens
William Trahern
Harold Warner

1924

Paul Bowden
Neil Parsons
Donald Fuller
Oliver Scott
Edward Spoon
John Uppman
Walter Winston

1925

George Burcham
John Carter
Mark Keeney
Francis King
Charles Martin
Harold Milnes
John Scott
Harry Williams
Wesley Wright



EMENDIA

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 12, 1858

FALL	OFFICERS	SPRING
RUTH BAUN	President	RAMONA WOODWARD
AGNES WARD	Vice President	MARJORIE HIXON
MARJORIE HIXON	Rec. Sec.	CHARLOTTE STEWART
LURA WELCH	Cor. Sec.	PEARLE LEONARD
RAMONA WOODWARD	Treasurer	LURA WELCH

MEMBERS

1922

Clara Engblom
Edna Hardaway
Aline Kistler
Virginia Short
Bernis Stratton

1923

Ruth Baun
Alice Bean
Edith Bean
Evelyn H. Case
Marjorie Hixon
Agnes Ward
Ramona Woodward

1924

May Barby
Mildred Crever
Pearle Leonard
Emily Pawla
Lucia Plant
Vera Roberts
Charlotte Stewart
Lillian Troxell
Lura Welch

1925

Ethel Aldrich
Myrle Marriott
Una Rafferty
Josephine Tillman
Evelyn Toombs
Anna Wilson
Fern Wilson

SOPHOLEGOMTA

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 14, 1881

OFFICERS

FALL		SPRING
BESSIE LUNDY	President	FRANCES WRIGHT
JEAN MADSEN	Vice President	GENEVIEVE BURCHAM
DOROTHY KNOLES	Rec. Sec.	MARGARET COBURN
ALICE STALKER	Cor. Sec.	DOROTHY CALKINS
GENEVIEVE BURCHAM	Treasurer	ALICE STALKER

1922

Catherine Christian
Evelene Flanagan
Bessie Lundy
Ruth Winning
Frances Wright

1923

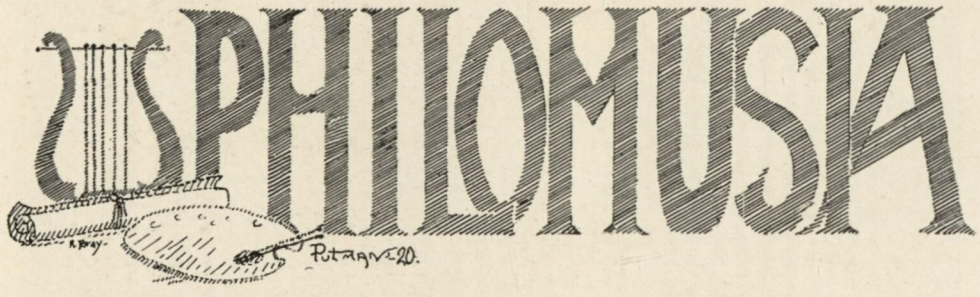
Genevieve Burcham
Edith Gilman
Eleanor Ham
Jean Madsen
Alice Stalker

1924

Dorothy Calkins
Margaret Coburn
Ruth Fowler
Dorothy Knoles
Helen McMurry
Leah Graham
Lucille Graham
Marian Warner
Marjorie Williams

1925

Grace Connor
Beth Crummey
Edith Knoles
Helen Rowe
Ruth Winning



FOUNDED MARCH 3, 1913

OFFICERS

FALL		SPRING
LUCY WOODHOUSE	President	MARJORIE MORRIS
LUCILLE FOX	Vice President	MILDRED CORLISS
MARJORIE MORRIS	Rec. Sec.	MARGARET MICHAEL
NINA BRUCE	Treasurer	LAURA MURPHY
MILDRED MORRISON	Chaplain	EVELYN ADLER

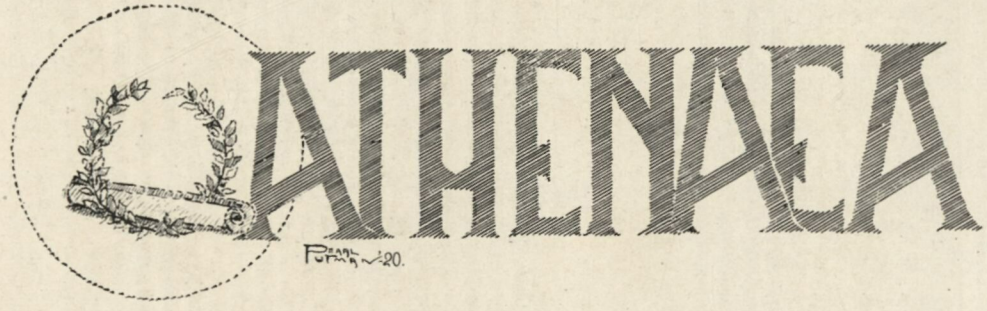
MEMBERS

1924

Marjorie Ayres
Nina Bruce
Lucy Woodhouse
Mildred orliss
Mildred Corliss

1925

Evelyn Adler
Pauline Ayers
Lucille Carmichael
Margaret Crump
Gwendolyn Chappelle
Eva Darling
Dorothy Hardin
Eva Jaderquist
Louise Kinnon
Wilma Loomis
Ruth Mahoney
Margaret Michael
Laura Murphy
Evelyn Nidever
Bernice Rose
Alma May Smith
Rita Ziler



FOUNDED OCTOBER 8, 1917

OFFICERS

FALL		SPRING
IRENE DILLMAN	President	BERNICE LOVEJOY
BERNICE LOVEJOY	Vice President	GEORGIA STANLEY
JESSIE MCLEISH	Rec. Sec.	LEOLA MCCONNEL
GEORGIA STANLEY	Cor. Sec.	MARJORIE FRINK
ETHEL JONES	Treasurer	VIOLETTE COSTABEL

MEMBERS

1922

Constance Bertels
Violette Costabel
Frances Duff
Bernice Lovejoy

1923

Irene Dillman
Grace Farey
Ethel Jones
Thelma Riedelbauch
Nova Wheeler

1924

Lillian Closson
Marjorie Frink
Jessie McLeish
Georgia Stanley
Blanche Haugner
Iva Durham

1925

Mary S. Biesemier
Dorothy Eddy
Elsie Eddy
Leola McConnel
Georgina McMullen
Ruth Parker
Esther Quinley
Lois Whipple

FOUNDED DECEMBER 14, 1921

OFFICERS

FALL		SPRING
HAROLD LUCAS	President	HAROLD LUCAS
WALLINE KNOLES	Vice President	WALLINE KNOLES
FRED BUSHER	Secretary	FRED BUSHER
WESLEY NAUMAN	Treasurer	WESLEY NAUMAN

MEMBERS

FACULTY

Dean Howard Hanson — Luther Sharp
Dr. J. William Harris

1922

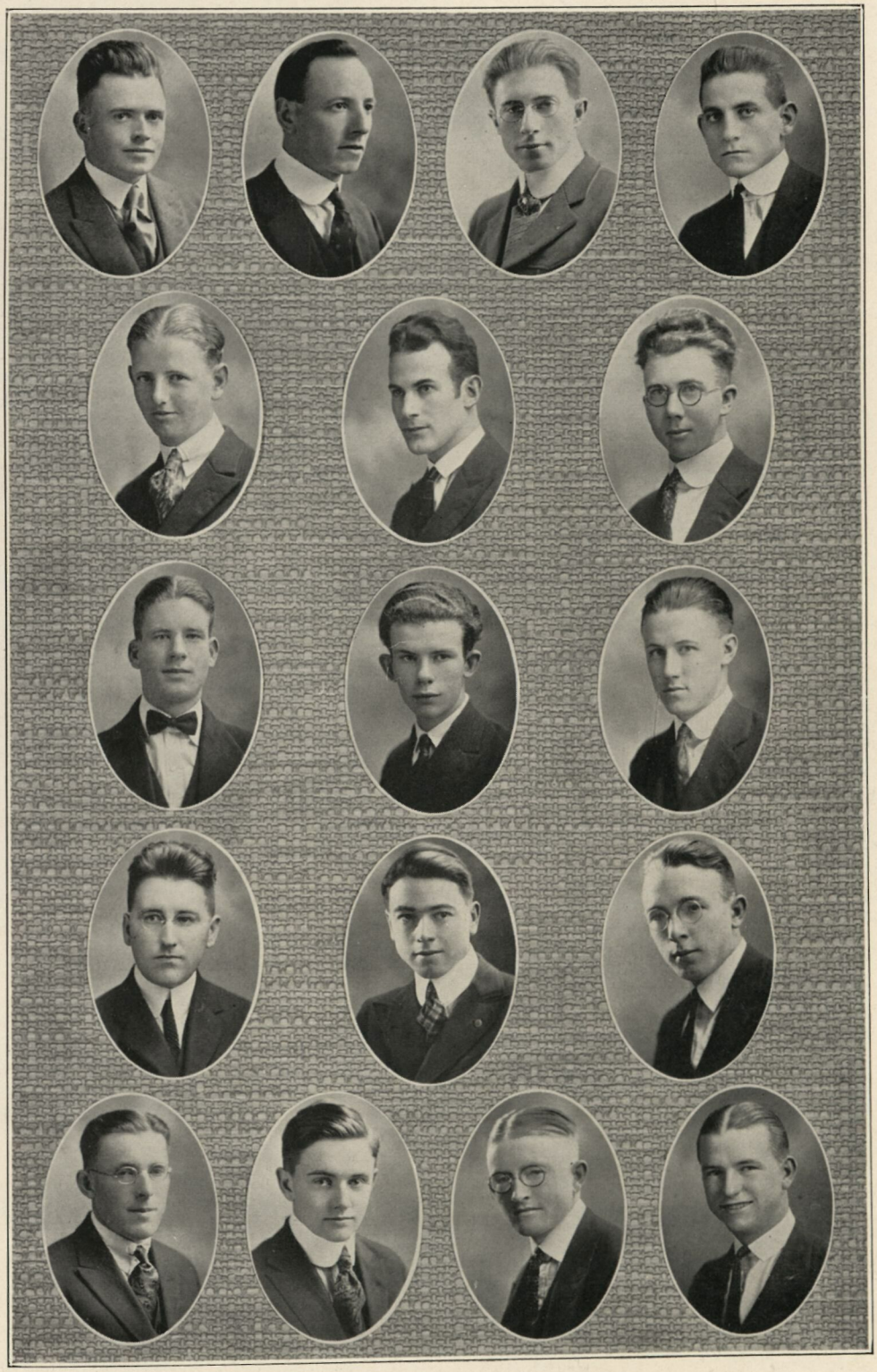
Harold Lucas — Hubert Mathews

1924

Manford Bennett — Richard Houghton
Willis Baldwin — Carol Leonard
Vorie Arney — Edwin Malone

1925

Walline Knoles — Vergil Howard
Fred Busher — John Van Duser
Wesley Nauman — David James
Harry Burmester — Nelson Johanson
Arthur Orchard



EL CAMPO

FOUNDED JANUARY 6, 1922

OFFICERS

RAYMOND MOORE ..... President
OLIVER NORTON .....House Manager

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Prentiss Ferguson — Ralph Westerman
Lawton Harris

MEMBERS

1922

John Bodley — Lawton Harris

1923

Russell Bodley — Ralph Westerman
Robert Bernreuter — De Marcus Brown

1924

Prentiss Ferguson — Clarence Hadley
Westwood Case — Bradley Burns
Lester Mills — Earnest Lundeen

1925

Arthur Orchard — Harold Milnes
Harry Burmester — John Scott
Ashton Laidlaw — John Carter

FACULTY

Raymond Moore — Oliver Norton

Les Barboulleurs

"The Daubers" have been limited to inside activities this year because of the long rainy season. The members have carried on their regular meetings the first and third Monday of each month. At these meetings modern art and artists have been given extensive study.

During the mid-year exhibition Les Barboulleurs was represented by a number of outdoor sketches. However, this spring exhibit they will present a more representive display of their activities.

The club entertained at a tea in Social Hall one afternoon during the mid-year exhibition. That evening the new members just taken into the club enjoyed a dinner in their honor. A distinctive and artistic scheme for decorations on the table was carried out in Chinese colors and favors.

The spring semester gave opportunity for Saturday excursions into mountain and valley. Besides many good times and picnic dinners, the members have gained much artistic good from their work under the club.

Le Cercle Francais

OFFICERS

President ..... VIOLETTE COSTABEL
Vice President ..... MARJORIE WILLIAMS
Secretary-Treasurer ..... BERNICE LOVEJOY

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Alyce Donovan Ora Leak Edith Bean

EX-OFFICIO

Marjorie Williams Violette Costabel

Although this organization is still in its infancy it is making rapid progress. Its aim is to facilitate and to give practice in speaking the French language.

At its monthly meetings, in accordance with its aims, the programs given consist of vocal and instrumental music by French composers, selections or little skits from French writers and French games.

Young Men's Christian Association

PRICE WEBB.....President
ROBERT COUCHMAN.....Vice-President
FRANCIS SPRADLEY.....Secretary
HAROLD WARNER.....Treasurer

The work performed by the Y. M. C. A. this year has been of considerable importance. This organization has taken its rightful place as one of the leading religious influences of the campus.

At the opening of the first semester, the association was forcefully brought to the attention of the new men through the Freshman Bible which was edited and sponsored by the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s. Shortly afterward, a minstrel show was presented by the members. Pacific was represented at the Asilomar Mid-Winter Conference, which brought together students of California, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico.

The weekly meetings, however, have been the medium through which the real influence has been exerted. The speakers committee merits considerable praise for the class of men secured to address the meetings. The main emphasis of nearly every talk has been laid on service, which brings out in a word, the ideals of the Y. M. C. A., and which have given the members a broadened outlook on their responsibilities.

Young Women's Christian Association

The Y. W. C. A. has played a prominent part in school activities during the past year. The programs on Tuesday morning in Social Hall have been under the leadership of the various departments and have consequently proved diversified and interesting. Several joint meetings have been conducted with the Y. M. C. A., which have been addressed by prominent speakers on subjects of vital interest.

Under the efficient leadership of the social service chairman much work has been accomplished. Trips have been made to various charitable institutions where programs were presented for the inmates. During the Christmas season the Y. W. C. A. made rag dolls and scrap-books for the County Hospital and Day Nursery.

Owing to the housing accommodations at Stanford, Pacific was limited to four delegates at the inter-collegiate conference. But these four delegates carried the true spirit of Pacific with them.

The Y. W. C. A. has proved a great asset to the campus during the past year and promises to be of still greater service in the future.

Student Volunteers

Leader.....RUTH M. BROWN
Secretary-Treasurer.....DOROTHY PETERSON
Social Chairman.....FRANCES M. CARR
Editor.....LESLEY STEWART

At the beginning of the year, a great deal of enthusiasm was exhibited over the work of the local Student Volunteer Group. In a few weeks, the membership of the group increased from four to fourteen, and several interested friends often attended the meetings.

The first social gathering was held at Alum Rock Park on the morning of Armistice Day. In the afternoon of the same day, two members went to Berkeley to attend the convention of the Student Volunteer Union of Northern California. Here they learned more about the work of the Volunteer movement as a whole. In January, seven members and friends of the group attended the Annual Northern California Union at the San Francisco Theological Seminary in San Anselmo. As a result of this meeting a joint banquet and social were planned for February 25th with the groups at Stanford and the State Teachers College.

The members are now looking forward to the visit of the traveling secretary from New York, and to a hike and picnic with the neighboring colleges. The Student Volunteers feel that this year has been one of benefit and success, and hope that next year the band may have an even larger membership.

House Government

President ..... Virginia Short
Secretary ..... Ethel Rand

COUNCIL MEMBERS

Ramona Woodward	'23
Edyth Robins	'23
Flora Vest	'23
Ruth Baun	'23
Emily Paula	'24
Myrle Marriott	'25

The girls in the dormitories are organized into a self-governing body. The officers are the president, secretary and six council members, four from the upper classes and one each from the Sophomore and Freshman classes. The duty of this council is to enforce the House Constitution and rules, which are made by the girls themselves. The Dean of Women, Miss Barr, is the beloved friend and adviser of the Council, and all the girls in the dormitory.

The House Council was in charge of a Girls' Jinx on the evening of March 23rd. The girls came in regular jinx costumes and gathered in the lower hall to greet their funny looking friends. A procession of "Follow the Leader," a Virginia Reel, a scramble for butter balls, a program and a real feed were features of the evening's entertainment.

One of the most significant things accomplished this year is the establishment of Sunday afternoon teas on the third Sunday of each month. This has served to bring the faculty and students into closer touch.

La Tertulia

OFFICERS

FALL		SPRING
EDITH BEAN	President	CONSTANCE BERTELS

With the passing of its third year, La Tertulia has established itself as a permanent organization upon the campus.

Through the club the Spanish students have come to a better understanding and appreciation of the language, ways, and customs of the Spanish people, as well as to acquire for themselves a speaking knowledge of the language. In the social meetings nothing is spoken but Spanish, and excellent programs consisting of Spanish music, literature, short skits, and one-act plays are enjoyed each month. One of the most interesting pastimes of the club is the Spanish games.

The Club owes a great deal of credit to Miss Rykoff, who has so kindly given much of her time in order to make the organization a success.

Classical Club

ALICE RAGER	President	CLARENCE R. WAGNER
CLARENCE R. WAGNER	Vice President	FRANCES CARR
JOHN BODLEY	Secretary	VIRGIL HOWARD
FRANCES CARR	Treasurer	IVA DURHAM
PROF. F. L. FARLEY	Faculty Adviser	PROF. F. L. FARLEY

The Classical Club is composed of students who purpose to foster interest in the Greek and the Roman civilizations and to increase the study of the Greek and the Latin languages. Apart from the greater clearness and the further understanding which comes from reading the works of the ancient world's great thinkers in the language which they used, the study of the classical languages is intensely practical in aiding a student to quickly grasp the meaning of our language, as an ever-increasing number of English words are being derived from the Greek and the Latin.

The organization fills a distinct need in affording opportunity for the group to secure outside speakers and furnish interesting programs which the class room does not supply.

Filipino Student's Club

FALL	OFFICERS	SPRING
D. ALEJANO	President	M. BUENAFE
M. GARRIDO	Vice President	R. BIROSEL
G. RAJO	Secretary	L. KARGANILLA
A. MAGSUSI	Treasurer	B. MAKAPAGAL
Faculty Adviser		DR. ARTHUR BONNER

The Filipino Students' Club was organized in February, 1921, with seven members. This year the membership has grown to sixteen. Its purpose is to promote mutual co-operation and good fellowship between Filipino and American students.

During Christmas vacation a brilliant program was successfully held in the San Jose High School Auditorium honoring the greatest Filipino hero, Dr. Jose Rizal. The Student Body, as well as the people of San Jose and students from Stanford University, were the guests of the evening. The program was composed of speeches, slide lantern pictures of Philippine views, and music from mandolin, ukulele and steel guitar.

Members of the club have upheld a high standard among the students of the College of the Pacific. In the three silver medal contests held by the W. C. T. U., three members, Mr. V. Illera, Mr. B. MaKapagal, and Mr. M. Buenafe, took the first prizes. The club has also shared in taking part in the program held for the benefit of raising the Student Body fund.

"Die Zukunft"

H. C. MATHEWS.....President
MISS ZILER.....Treasurer
MISS BARBY.....Secretary

Closing the second year of its existence, the members of "Die Zukunft" can rightly say that they have done much in opening up the "future" of this German society at Pacific.

"Die Zukunft," significant of "The Future," has held regular monthly meetings at which German is spoken and the programs consist of German readings and music.

The outstanding features of the year were a German Christmas party in Social Hall; a delightful evening spent at the home of the treasurer, Miss Ziler, and attending the Baptist Church at Santa Clara, as guests of its president, Rev. H. C. Mathews, for a devotional hour.

The society owes much of its advancement and success to the hearty support given by Miss Roth.

The Cosmopolitan Club

FALL	OFFICERS	SPRING
RUSSELL SHIRAS	President	VINCENT ILLERA
JOHN BODLEY	Vice President	LEO MENDES
GEORGE CHAN	Secretary	RUTH BROWN
D. ALEJANO	Treasurer	GEORGE CHAN

This year marks the third year of existence of the Cosmopolitan Club on the campus. The club has given several entire programs to the community, representing each time a different nationality. The desire of all the members is to carry on the tradition already established, that of giving a big program at the close of each school year. This program is for the purpose of depicting to the public many of the characteristics of the different nationalities represented in the club, as, customs, recreation and music.

The object of the club is to unite persons of all nationalities in the College community, to aid in the development of international friendship, and to discuss matters tending toward the development of a spirit of tolerance and justice among the peoples of the world. It is also the aim of the club to aid, in every way possible, foreign students attending the College.

The Cosmopolitan Club firmly believes in the cause it represents—the future good understanding between nations, and the undisturbed peace of present and future generations.

The Forum

The Pacific Forum has entered upon a new period of usefulness in the forensic activities of Pacific. In her schedule of weekly debates a field of vast opportunity is opening up to those who have aspirations as public speakers. While the new program has not been one hundred per cent efficient, there is every reason to believe that the work thus begun will be carried to a successful conclusion.

Eight of her members are to represent Pacific in her inter-collegiate debates this year. Under the new system a debating squad has been chosen from which the inter-collegiate teams are to be picked. Robert Bernreuter, Robert Couchman, Oliver Germino, Lawton Harris, Leonard McKaig, William Owen, Clarence Wagner and Price Webb were the successful aspirants in the try-outs and will represent Pacific in her forensic encounters.

The work of the Forum has been under the leadership of William Owen as president, and Miss Gladys Stockton as secretary.

Faculty Club

The members of the Faculty Club are unanimous in their approval of this year's activities. Miss Barr, as chairman of the program committee, has arranged the programs in such a way as to make each meeting of the Faculty Club a source of real pleasure and relaxation to the members.

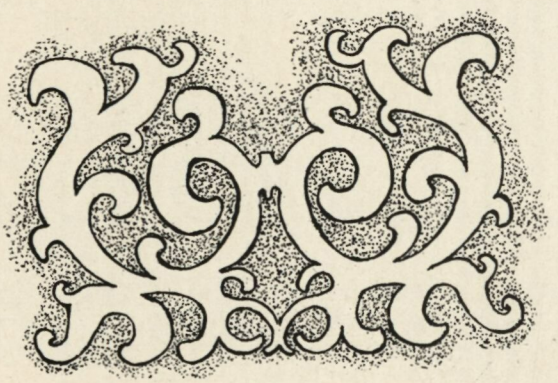
One of the meetings this year was taken up by the presentation of three one-act plays, "Choosing a Career," "The Bracelet," and "The Man on the Kerb." Later the cast of "The Bracelet" presented their play before the Student Body at the Washington's birthday party.

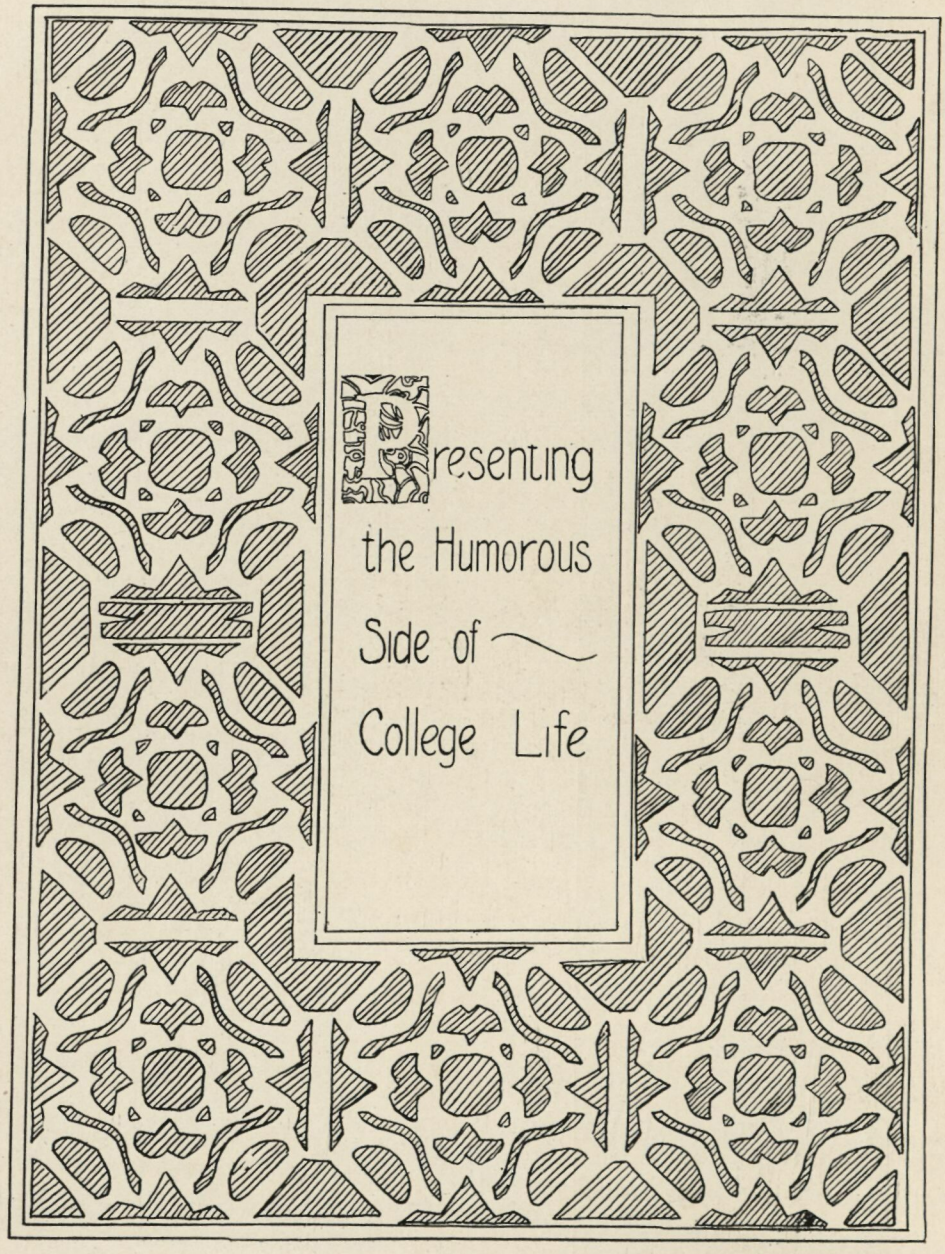
Dr. Knoles entertained the Faculty Club at his home the night before St. Patrick's day and the program was highly amusing, it being stunt night.

The officers for the year are:

Prof. Corbin ..... President
Miss Barr ..... Vice-President
Prof. Colliver ..... Secretary-Treasurer

Mrs. Root was chairman of the refreshment committee.




Presenting
the Humorous
Side of
College Life

LEGS

Legs to the right of us.
Legs to the left of us.
Legs in front of us,
How they display them!
On they go trippingly,
Dainty and skippingly,
Frost that bites nippingly
Does not dismay them.

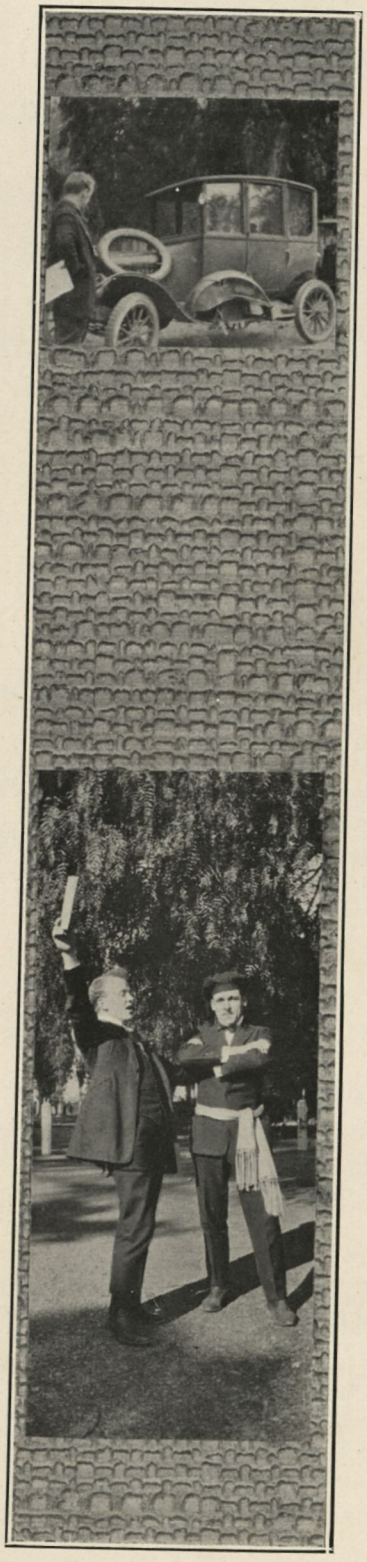
Straight legs and bandy ones,
Bum legs and dandy ones,
Awkward and handy ones
Flirt with the breezes;
Round legs and flatter ones,
Thin legs and fatter ones,
Especially the latter ones,
Showing their knees.

Knock-kneed and bony ones,
Real legs and phony ones,
Silk-covered tony ones,
Second to none.
Straight and distorted ones,
Mates and ill-sorted ones,
Home and imported ones,
'Ain't we got fun?

HIGH PRICED

Fair One: You wouldn't marry me for money would you?
Square One: Why, no, I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world.

A 2¾ per cent imbiber threw his arms around a telegraph pole and then began to feel the pole with his hands. Round and round he went. Finally he gave it up and muttered: "No use. Walled in."



One Ford car, with piston ring,
Two rear wheels, one front spring.
Has no fenders, seat of plank
Burns lots of gas and is hard to crank,
Carburetor busted half way thru;
Engine missing, hits on two
Three years old, four in spring
Has shock absorbers and everything.
Radiator busted, sure does leak;
Differential dry, you can hear it squeak.
Ten spokes missing, front all bent,
Tires blown out, ain't worth a cent,
Got lots of speed, runs like the deuce,
Burns either gas or tobacco juice,
Tires all off, been run on rim,
But a darned good Ford for the shape it's in.

I bought that Ford with it's piston ring,
Its two rear wheels and one front spring,
Believe me, boys, it's just the thing,
And of its praises you hear me sing,
Carburetor busted. With two slight blows
I made a little dent, and the old thing goes.
Radiator's fixed with a piece of gum,
Who'll now say that it's on the bum?
Differential greased, removed the squeak
It's all to the good; you hear me speak,
Don't have to crank it, always stop on a hill,
One quart of mixture, she's had her fill,
One pint of tobacco juice, one pint of gas,
There's not another car that she can't pass.
The ten lost spokes aren't missed at all,
And there's four more now all ready to fall,
Tires full of rags, but the speed is there.
It doesn't run on the rims and it does not use air.
It looks kind of bad with its banged-up tin,
But: It's a darned good Ford for the shape it's in.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY

To wed or not to wed—that is the question.
That is the question.
Whether 'tis better
To remain single
And disappoint a few women
For a time
Or marry
And disappoint one woman
For life.

YE OLDE DROLE TALES OF WISDOM

Taint no disgrace for a man to fail, but to laye there and grunte is.
—Billings.

Dont give any one a piece of your mind—you need it all yourself.

God created the women beautiful and foolish—beautiful so the men would love them, foolish so they would love the men.

Home—the place where we are treated the best and grumble the most.

Being in a good frame of mind
helps keep one the
picture of health !

E like W
vil h
t green o
h l
o apples e
u S
g upset ys
h t
t the e
s m

Young women should set good examples—for young men will follow them.

DON'T BE A GOLD FISH

A lot of people are like gold fish.
They keep moving around in a c
i
e r
r c
e l
h e
w yna gnitteg tuohtiw

Remember, the advice you don't like is often the best.
Then again, some folks would rather blow their own horns than listen to Sousa's Band.

If you want to be continuously happy you must know when to be blind, when to be deaf, and when to be dumb.

YOUR FRIEND
Is one who knows all about you
and
Still likes you.

HARD, COLD FACTS

Even a tombstone will say good things about a fellow when he is down. Would you?

The only people who really enjoy hearing your troubles are lawyers. They get paid for it.

NO SATISFACTION

Morris: I hate those revolving doors.
Marcus: So do I. You can't slam them when you're mad.

SPRING FEVER?

"Oh, dear me, I feel all in," remarked the Frosh as the water closed over his head.

HIS SCATTERED ACQUAINTANCE

Helen: What were you doing after the accident?
Baldwin: Scraping up an acquaintance!

ABSENT

Mistress: Bridget, get lunch on the gasoline stove.
Bridget: Indade, I did try, but the stove went out.
Mistress: Then try to light it again, Bridget!
Bridget: Yes, mum, I will, mum, but it's not back yet, it went out through the roof.

D. Bresse: What is the difference between a hair dresser and a sculptor?
Art Main: That's easy; the hair dresser curls up and dyes and the sculptor makes faces and busts.

PATIENCE

Doc.: "You cough easier this morning."
Breeden: "I ought to; I've been practicing all night.

E. D. O. C.
You can't make any sense out of that.
D E C O
Well, you can't make any sense out of **that**
D O E C
And you can't make any sense out of THAT.
C O E D
You weren't supposed to.

WEATHER FORECAST

Hey Nauman, what was the greatest reign in history?
Why, that forty-day and forty-night affair, I guess.

GOOD LOGIC

L. Troxell: I'm so nervous. Tell me how I can cut my finger nails without cutting my fingers.
Potter: Hold the scissors with both hands.

OH, MAZDA !

Marj: No, Chick, I don't believe in kissing a man before—
Chick: Marriage?
Marj: No, silly—before I turn the lights out!

CRAMMED

Many students are so crammed with knowledge that they really know very little.

In proof of this read these specimens of definitions taken from a general knowledge examination:

Stability is taking care of a stable.

A mosquito is a child with black and white parents.

Tocsin is something to do with getting drunk.

Expostulation is to have the smallpox.

Monastery is the place for monsters.

Heat expands and cold contracts. As an example, in the summer the days are long and in winter the days are short.

There are two sides to a circle. The inside and the outside.

AND AFTER THE ABOVE WE FIND THIS

Miss Brenniman: As far as I have corrected the test papers are excellent.

Johanson: Mine must be on the bottom.

Harold: Do you like cheese?
Lura: I just love it. Why?
Harold: Because, the other day a fellow called me a big cheese.

FRAGRANT

Husky: Miss Rose has a perfect rosebud of a mouth.
Bill Moore: Rosebud, nothin'! Rosebuds are usually closed.

Don had been playing until he was tired out and did not feel like saying his prayers—

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep—
If—prompted his mother.
If he hollers let him go,
Eeney, meeney, miny, mo.

Campbell: She said your hair was dyed.
Ruth: It's false.
Kitty: That's what I told her.

THAT BIOLOGY LAB

Prof. Kroeck: Lloyd, go to the board and draw a side view of your bean.

THEN AGAIN

Prof. Colliver: Why do we study Old Testament History?

Rogers: It is a good thing for us in this age to know something about the people who lived in the time of God.

Our Prexy is not afraid to work
And neither is Dr. Harris

Professor Kistler in a characteristic pose.

Mr. Ball trying to find out where the bread goes, that is carried away wholesale.

Dr. Bonner, Milliner

Dean Hanson pays the extreme penalty.

Who would have thought Mr. Moullet would pose like this?

Mr. Crummy and Dr. Bonner

Mr. Dreskell all dressed up.

The quartet.

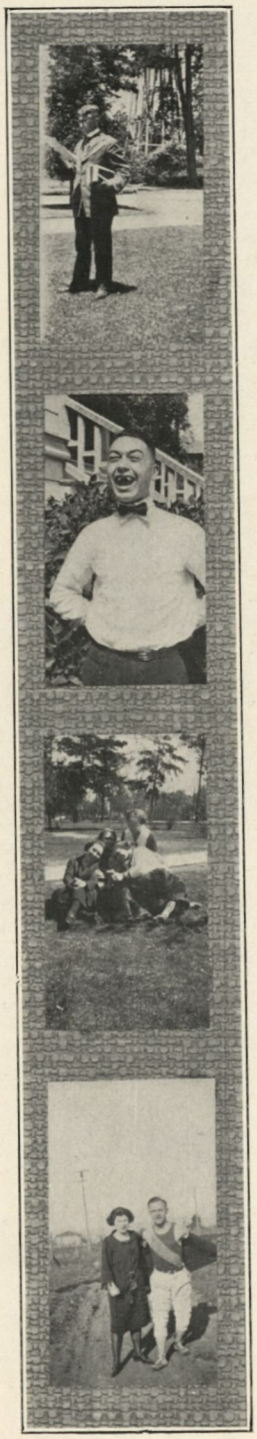
Again we see the Dean.

The man with the hoe

Professor Root taking a hopeless bunch to Agnews.

Mr. Moullet feeling small.

Eating a cone in Spanish



DON'T READ THIS IT ISN'T TRUE

ON THE BULLETIN BOARD

One o'clock: Dr. Bonner very ill.
Two o'clock: Dr. Bonner sinking rapidly.
Three o'clock: Dr. Bonner given up.
Seeing no one around some stude added: Seven o'clock. Great excitement in Heaven, Dr. Bonner has not arrived yet. Worst is feared.

GOOD OLD STOVE

Shiras: I don't think this Josh Section is very funny.
Carol: Ha, Ha! I do. I just put a piece of it in the stove and it roared, too.

THE CO-ED'S LAMENT

If our wishes could be granted
From somewhere overhead,
We'd wish to be little oysters
And always stay in bed!

She: Am I the only girl you ever loved?
He: Do you think this is my first outing?
She: O, you boys have more fun than we girls. I wish God had created me a little boy.
He: He did. I'm he.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

The first engagement ring and the last word.

LITTLE OPTIMIST

Really I can't marry you. You are penniless.

Oh, that's nothing; the Czar of Russia was Nicholas.

WISE PROFESSORETTES DISCUSS MEN'S FOLLY

First: Men are so foolish. They climb trees to shake down the fruit, when, if they would wait long enough, the fruit would fall of its own weght.

Second: Yes, and then they go to war to kill each other, when, if they only waited, they would die naturally.

Third: Besides, they run after women when, if they would not do so, women would run after them.

GRACIOUS YES!

My bossey strolled o'er the lea,
And ate some butter-cups you see,
And now she gives butter milk.
What would you expect her to give but her milk?

ALMOST A YARD

Did you hear the story about the feet?
You have two—look and see.

Dot: Go away, I'm saving my kisses!

Pet: Well, if that's the case, I'd like to contribute to your collection.

I DON'T

My parents forbade me to smoke
I don't
Nor listen to a naughty joke,
I don't.
They make it clear I must not wink
At any man or even think
About intoxicating drink
I don't.
To dance and flirt is very wrong,
I don't,
Other girls chase men and long—
I don't.
I kiss no man, not even one,
I do not know how it is done.
You would not think I have much fun,
I don't
I don't.

Dr. Harris: You're not fit to associate with decent people. Come up here and sit by me.

For a dead opportunity there is no resurrection!

HATS OFF!

Pike: What have you under your lid?
Nauman: Nothing.
Pike: I believe it.

"Do you really love me?" she wrote.
"Referring to my last letter" he promptly replied, "you will find that I love you devotedly on page one, madly on page three, and passionately on pages four and five."

Even when a man has a family tree he is sometimes obliged to get out and root for himself.

Johnny Bodley: "I want a pair of pants."
Dealer: "How long do you want them?"
Johnny: "Hey, don't get me mixed up with Society Russ, my brother! I want to buy 'em, not rent 'em."

We all like a change. Many a girl who is a blonde is just dyeing to be a brunette.

Carnegie left this admonition: "Don't hoard your millions." We won't, Andy, we won't.

If you fiddle away your time you will eventually be unstrung.

Lura: "Your voice is heavenly!"
Art: "Do you think so?"
Lura: "Well, at least it is unearthly!"

HUMPTY DUMPTY

A joke is like an egg, it is never the same after it has been cracked.

Did either your wife or her car get injured in the accident yesterday?
Not very much. Just a little paint chipped off of both.

At a Boston immigrant station one blank was recently filled out as follows:

Name: Abraham Cherowsky.

Born: Yes.

Business: Rotten.

My Dear Mrs. Smith, I think your daughter recites remarkably well, don't you?

Yes. All she needs is a short course in electrocution, sort of to finish her off, as you might say.

THE EFFECT OF ENVIRONMENT

Say, waiter, is this an incubator chicken? It tastes like it.

I don't know, sir.

It must be. Any chicken that had a mother could never get as tough as this one is.

WELL, WELL! IF YOU HAVE HEARD THAT ONE HERE IS ANOTHER

Absent-minded Prof. (we won't say who) surveyed himself in the hair-brush instead of the mirror.

Good gracious, I need a shave, he mused.

A COSMOPOLITAN

K. C. B.: Say, Karop, what's a Cosmopolitan?

Poochigan: Suppose there was a Russian Jew living in England with an Italian wife, smoking Egyptian cigarettes near a French window, in a room with a Turkish carpet on the floor. If this man drank American cream sodas while listening to a German band playing, "Come Back to Erin," after a supper of Dutch cheese and Welch rarebit, then you might be quite safe in saying that he was a Cosmopolitan.

Jonte: Do people often die under chloroform?

Shiras: No, no, only once.

P. S.

Johnny: Dad, there's a girl at our school whom we call Postscript.

Dad: Postscript? What do you call her that for?

Johnny: 'Cause her name is Adeline Moore.

Gladys and Johnny were standing on the front porch, when suddenly they heard the door open and Mr. Stockton's enraged face appeared. He said: "See here, young man, I don't mind you taking my daughter out 'til twelve o'clock, and I don't mind you taking a half hour to say good-night, but for the goodness sake take your shoulder off the door-bell."

Mother had sent her young son to church to represent the family. When he returned she asked him what the text was. After great effort of thought his answer was, "You Should Worry, You'll Get Your Blanket."

"What was that?" the horrified woman exclaimed.

"You Should Worry, You'll Get Your Blanket," he repeated.

"And you're sure that is what it was?" she asked in all suspicion.

"Yes'm."

When young son had disappeared outside, his mother cautiously went to the telephone and called the pastor.

"What was your text today?" she anxiously inquired.

His answer was, "Fear Not, the Comforter Shall Come."

Dean Hanson sat at the piano vigorously playing one of his own compositions while the first year harmony class patiently learned by listening. A sudden flash, a sweeping howl and a crash, and Bill Petrie awoke.

Bill: "Who wrote that?"

Dean: "At your service, sir," and made an intelligent bow and an accepting smile.

Bill: "I didn't say anything in the way of opinion or compliments, I just wanted to know who wrote it."

Did Miss Hinsdale pass the Purity Test 100%? Ask her. She has a pretty good memory, anyhow. When she was asked query No. 7, "Were you ever kissed by a gentleman?" She didn't blush VERY much as she answered, "O-Oh, it's been such a long time since it happened that I've forgotten."

And to the same question even Miss Boss fell down. She still claims to hold to the 100% party but listen, this is it:

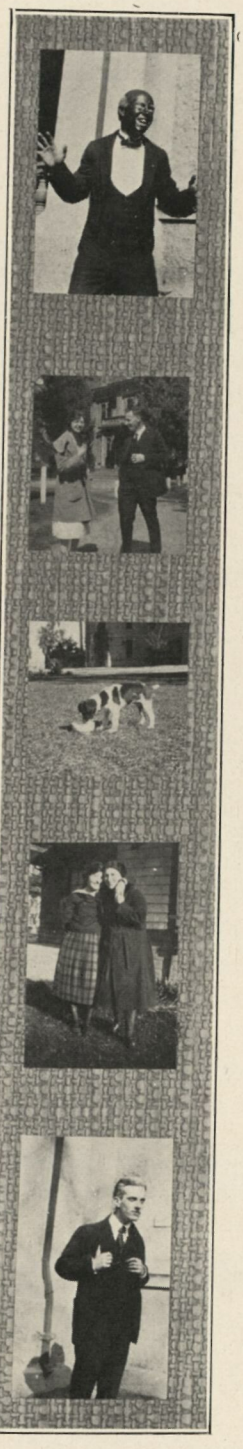
"Well, I don't know if you would call him a GENTLEMAN or not."

Johnny Uppman: "What are you doin', writin' jokes for the Naranjado?"

Staff: "Sure, what's on your mind?"

Johnny: "I've got a good one. Put me down for one, will you?"

All right, John, just as you say. There's nothing like publicity.



OH, MANDY!

Rastus (at the dance): Mandy, is yo' program full?

Mandy: Lawdy, no; it takes mo' than two sandwiches an' a cup of tea to fill ma' program.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Ed: I asked the clerk for a pair of overalls to wear around the house and what do you suppose he said?

Pearl: Oh, I suppose he wanted to know how long you wanted them.

Ed: No, he asked me how big the house was.

POOR PERRO

Parsons: Say, Mack, your dog acts as tho' he'd been starved for a week.

Mac: Well, he has. I locked him in my study-room by mistake.

Edith: I hear you talk in your sleep. Do you?

Fern: Gee, I don't know, I never stayed awake to listen.

MY INDIAN BALLAD

Lives of great men all remind us,
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn!

LABOR PROBLEMS

Boss: I spent half my time watching you.
Worker: That's nothing, I spent all my time watching you.

REFLECTIONS

Flanney dear, how did you get that cut on your neck?
Flanney: Musta bit maself.
Baron: How could you bite yourself on the neck?
Flan: Musta looked in the mirror.

YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE

Engwicht: Why do hens lay eggs in the daytime only?
Chick Specialist: Well, at night they are roosters.

NOT PRESENT

McKenzie: Did you call me?
Hestwood: Yes, here's some money, run down and get me a shave and haircut.

BANG!

Dr. Cook: What's all that noise in there?
Fergy: Why, I just dropped a perpendicular, sir.

AN OPTIMIST

A man fell from a hotel roof,
And from each window bar,
He shouted to his friends above,
All right I am so far.

A DANTE JOKE

Mrs. Dante: What are you writing about now, dear?
Dante: Oh, Hell, you wouldn't understand it.

A fellow at Agnew was pounding his head with a stick. A visitor approached him and said, "My dear man, why do you do that?"

Oh," replied the nut, "I do that because it feels so good when I stop."

'Tis sweet to court
But oh, how bitter
To court a girl and—
And then not get her.

But having won
The red remorse
Comes when you lose
Her by divorce.

But anguish puts
You on the pan
Fierce, when she skips
With 'tother man.

GLOOM AND GLADNESS

A pessimist is a man who believes that it will take centuries for the world to recover from the blow.

And an optimist is a man who retorts that there will be plenty of centuries.

There is no fool like the fool who thinks he is fooling them.

Happy is the man who buys a second-hand automobile, for it enables him to forget all his other troubles.

"This is rather unstable," said the horse kicking out the barn door.

Her father: I warn you, my daughter is very cultured, but she cannot cook."

Him: "That does not matter, if only she will not try."

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

I'd rather be a Could Be
If I could not be an Are;
For a Could Be is a Maybe,
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far,
For a Might Have Been has never been
But a Has was once an Are.

Some women don't do fancy work because they don't fancy work.

A cigarette is a roll of tobacco with fire at one end and a nuisance at the other. (Dedicated to "El Smoko.")

Practice makes some people perfect and others perfectly crazy. (To the Conservatory.)

Some fast friends are too fast.

All bad actors are not on the stage.

A saver is wise—a spender may be otherwise.

Now that they bob their hair, wear knickers, vote and smoke, poor man can only raise a barricade of whiskers and make a last stand for individualism.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but not of the absent one.

I feel just like an airship—no good on earth.

Doughnuts are "holesome" food.

Some widows look bereaved, and some look relieved, but in most cases they soon look around.

THE NATURAL LIFE

Spring, friends! The glory of spring season such as this! Ah, could ye but taste of the Natural life, and ye also must be transported; could ye but experience the ecstacy of the early morning sun, clean-shaven, freshly washed, and rosy, rolling up above the distant tree-line, and trumpeted forth by a vociferous band of mosquitoes; and ye too must join the Natural Life.

Ah, Natural Life!—(words of sweet music to my ears) —dear, lovely primitive life—life so pure, so puissant, so pulchrant, so serene, so buggy. Ah, "Back to Nature," my soul cries! ever, "Back to Nature!" Off with the shirt and on with the fur! Down, Civilization, down! Off with the bathtub; bring on the river! My beloved, sweet, kind, pristine Nature!!

Avaunt, alarm clock, avant! Dost thou think I need thee in Back-to-Nature? Get thee hence. My genius, my mosquito, come! Hither, my genius!! Ah, the delectability of such auroral company—how sweet the early morning symphony! With what inspiration it rouses me to a day's duty. How it inspires my body with swelling animation! How my soul transcends itself in enconiums of this music of the spheres. How it is inspired to fly mortality. By what un-earthly thoughts is elevated my tempered mind! How sweet this morning elixir of life. Come, my hypodermic, my animated alarm clock, come!

Ah, the things this Natural Life has to teach! For me Life was unfolded for the first time; mere existence in me died; I began to live; I began to see the true Life, the Life, pure, original, uncloyed, uncontaminated, dear, sweet. I beheld the littlisity of the world, the anaemia of Civilization, the inconstancy of friends, the faithfulness of dogs. In fact I became sorry for the world, and I yearned to reform it. Ah, that it might emulate me! How perfect the Elysian happiness. Civilization was dead. And my soul knew, "I live now; I live; until Civilization came to die, I had not lived!" Blessed death! Happy regeneration! Noble inspiration! Ah, Life, Natural Life, free expanding, unsophisticated life; pure, unreasoning happiness. Lucid pleasure, limpid joy!

O, Ye Unenlightened, all hail! Come live the Natural Life! Regenerate thyselves! Cast out your devils, and join the Natural Life. Forget mortality; come romp over the broad fields of Life with me! Come ye would-be immortal spirits, come! Dear, sweetly kind Life awaits thee.

Raymond W. Moore

"Three little maids from school are we."
Work-worn ones with their flivver.
The girl of the Golden West.
At the Jinks. And yet Martin will get his in about one minute.

Prof. Kistler conducting a class in Queenology.
Stop laughing Pinkie What are you doing Ray?
Mr. Dennis says it takes brains to be a musician.

Archania-Philomusia Joint.
Poor Mr. Jean has a hard time with her wife.
In love with a dead one.
More Jinks.
The kidnapped Freshman.

SOUR GRAPES

Hazel: Bill told me that I was so interesting and so beautiful.

Bates: And yet you will trust yourself for life with a man who begins deceiving you even during his courtship.

GIVEN OUT

Information given out here? asked the excited stude as he rushed up to the Student Information Bureau.

The tired attendant looked at the bewildered Frosh and replied: It has.

IT CANNOT WAS

Examining Officer: Have you any organic trouble?

Shiras: No, sir, I'm not a bit musical.

MIGHT TRY A PERISCOPE

S. Kistler: I asked my girl if I could see her home.

W. Telfer: What did she say?

S. Kistler: Yes, if I got on top of the town clock.

RELIEF IN HELEN GUTH HALL

Here is a household hint from a New York paper: To rid closets and shelves of ants, wipe them with denatured alcohol every few weeks.

Marj. Williams: But Marj, how are we going to make them hold still while we give them an alcohol rub?

SING SING

R. Moore: Caruso was indeed a great singer!

J. Bodly: Shucks, I'm better still.

Still is right.

R. Breeden: This paper tells of a man out in Ohio who lives on onions alone.

E. McAllister: Well, any one who lives on onions ought to be alone.

HERE'S ANOTHER STRONG ONE

Ruth Winning: What is the Italian National Air?

Milanos: Garlic and onions forever.

WHOA COACH!

Football Coach: "You're the slowest youngster we've ever had. Aren't you quick at anything?

Germino: Yes, sir, nobody can get tired as quickly as I can.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Baldwin (coming into library): I want cottage cheese.

Miss Boss (thinking a moment): You mean the book on Scottish Chiefs?

McAllister: How long can a fellow live without brains?

J. Van Duzen: I don't know. How old are you?

SERVICE

Becky: why do they have those cases with axes, crow-bars, and other implements in them in the railroad passenger cars, do you suppose?

Wilson: Oh, they are up there to use in case some one wants to open the window.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, OH BABY!

McKaig: Say, old man, do you know of any cure for insomnia?

Norton: Counting one thousand is said to be a remedy.

Mc: That's what everybody tells me, but the baby is too young to count!

RUBBING IT IN

Citizen: Judge, I'm too sick to do jury duty; I've got a bad case of itch.

Judge: Excuse accepted; clerk, just scratch that man out.

AN EPITAPH!

Here lies my wife
Here let her lie,
Now she's at rest and
So am I

THE DYING HOBO

'Twas out by a western water tank
One cold November day
Where in an open box-car
The dying hobo lay.

His partner stood beside him
With sadly drooping head
A-listening to the last words
The dying hobo said.

Goodbye, Pal, I'm going
To a land where all is bright,
Where the hand-outs grow on bushes
And you sleep out every night.

His head sank back;
As he sang his last refrain.
His partner stole his shoes and sox,
And grabbed an eastbound train.

KEEP IT DARK

Watt: May I see you tonight?
Winning: Yes, but remember lights out at 12 o'clock.
Watt: All right, I'll be there at twelve sharp.

Fay: What's all the riot in the anatomy room?
Bob B.: Oh, just the medical students rolling the bones.

Small Son: Hey, Pop, why do they have clocks on sox?
Proud Parent: So they can see how fast the seams run.

ARGUMENTATION CLASS

L. Harris: I want commercial reform, he screeched; I want educational reform; I want political reform; I want—
Class: Chloroform, yelled the survivors.

YEA RUBBER!

Sharp was waxing warm on the topic of Supply and Demand. Singling out an unappreciative, he said, "Mr. Curtis, give me an example of an elastic demand."
Curtis: "A pair of garters, sir."

A CASE OF FAULTY MULTIPLICATION

Why was Miss Calculation sent home from college?
She went with too many men to the shows.
What of that?
She was making fraudulent use of the males.

What would you call the naked truth? Telling the bare facts.
No, failing to clothe your figures of speech.

Kroeck: Come now, can you tell me anything about the joints?
Foster: Sorry, sir, but I'm quite a stranger in town.

AN EXPLANATION

A touring party was having breakfast in Buffalo. When the eggs were served, one exclaimed: What large eggs!
Said another: Yes, these are Buffalo eggs.

Y. W. C. A. WANTED

Prof.: Give some examples of the new words being introduced into the English language.
Co-ed: Vamp, toddle, necking, shim—
Prof.: Young lady, in your case I'd advise a good Christian counsellor rather than an English instructor.

AT LAST

Burglar: One sound from you and I'll squeeze you to death.
Antique Maid: Remember, that is a promise.

Lucy and Art go riding.

Frances looking wild.

Don't look so scared Ralph.

Icicles in California. We don't believe it.

Kennie joins the Highlanders.

The new quartet.

? ? ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ? ? ?

Marcia Browne, the vamp.

Price finds a friend. Words fail us.

Dr. Harris all upset over Clara's intelligence quotient. Clara does not seem worried, however. Look out doggie. Chick'll get you.

Suzuki went into a drug store and said to the clerk, "I want a glass of plain soda water without flavor."

"What flavor do you want it without?" the clerk asked.

"What flavors have you?"

"We have strawberry, vanilla, chocolate and pineapple," the clerk replied.

"All right," said Suzuke, "I'll have it without pineapple."

"We're all out of pineapple. Will you have it without strawberry?" asked the clerk.

FROM A SENIOR'S APPLICATION TO A TEACHERS' AGENCY

I swim very well, especially in water; also ride horses fluently. I speak four languages including United States. Like all modern girls I look well with makeup. Among other accomplishments, I play the victrola and speak on the telephone. I spend much time riding on the street-car so am very athletic.

The clock struck nine, I looked at her,
  Her lips were rosy red,
"At quarter after nine I mean
  To steal a kiss," I said.

She cast a roguish glance at me
  And then she whispered low
With quite her sweetest little smile,
  "The clock's like you—it's slow."

The children of a young college professor had been sent up stairs and told to be quiet while their parents entertained at dinner. During a lull in the conversation the youngest boy appeared in the doorway.

"Mamma," he said, "There's nothing but clean towels in the bathroom. Shall I start one?"

Interested Party: Did you have a good time at the Archania Ladies' night?

Merle M.: Yes. It was kinda dark, but we were able to find our mouths, so it was all right.

The orchestration class had been listening to the orchestra playing a composition of their own arrangement. A defect was commented upon.

Mr. Moullet: "I think if the orchestra had been full we would not have noticed it."

The reason the air is so good in the country, is because the farmers all keep their windows closed.

WHAT DID HE SAY?

Observant Frosh: Oh, mother look at that funny man. He's sitting on the pavement talking to a banana skin.

Prof. Harris: If the gentleman in the back row will kindly remove his hat, I will continue to point out a concrete example.

LITTLE BIT A ALGEBRA

X=a young man.
Y=young lady.
Z=chaperone.
X+Y+Z=misery.
X+Y—Z=bliss.

The latest thing in hose——The feet.

Hildebrant: Why is it that herrings have so many more illnesses than other fish?

Ruth B.: Why, who says they do?

Hild: Why, this book says that thousands and thousands are cured every year.

NOW GEORGE, THAT'S STRANGE

Geo. Burcham: Oh, I know how these girls think. You see I have a sister who is a girl.

THANKFUL

At Thanksgiving time Johnny Bodley was enumerating the things for which he was thankful, while at Epworth League meeting. After a long list he paused to see if the list was complete. The silence was broken by a stage whisper from E. Adler. Her audible suggestion was "and Bonnylee."

Johnny didn't hear clearly so he concluded, "Oh, yes, and plenty to eat."

NO SNAPS AND NO JOKES

First Frosh: Say, the Narajado isn't going to have any jokes or snaps in it this year!

Second Youngster: Ah, why not? How do you know anyway?

First: Why, I heard Aline ask Dorothy how she was getting along with her section and she said, "I want to tell you it's no snap section" and then Emily said, "And upon my word it's no joke, either."

THIS IS NOT TO BE LAFFED AT

Meyer: My wife is so tender-hearted she won't whip the cream.

Norton: That's nothing; my wife won't beat the carpets, and tears come to her eyes when the onions are skinned.

CUTE, TO SAY THE LEAST

Polly: "What makes you think you'd make an actor?"
Martin: "Well, I've had five years' experience in a poolroom picking up cues."

HATS OFF!

First Law Breaker: Haw, haw! thasha good joke on you.
Second: Washa good joke?
First: Thash not your hat you're sittin' on. Smine!

Minnie: I don't know what to get papa for his birthday.
G. Burcham: Get him a book.
M. McArthur: He has one.

POPULAR BOY

'24: "I hear there are two classes claiming Bob."
'25: "Must be a very popular stude?"
'24: "Yes, the Juniors claim that he is a Senior and the Seniors claim that he is a Junior.

NO ROOM IN EL CAMPO

Visitor: Is Mike Howe living here?
Norton: What do you think this is, a stable?

SERVE THIS TOAST TO POP BERTELS

Here's to the man who wears his hat,
And wears his hat alone,
For many a man wears another man's hat
And he says he is wearing his own.

Voice over phone: I can't sleep, doctor. Can you do anything for me?
Doctor: Hold the wire and I'll sing you a lullaby!

OUR TEXT-BOOK AGE

If I only knew what to do with the baby!
Didn't you get a book of instructions with it, mother?

Lucile: What is a pessimist?
Keeny: He's a guy that complains because his bank roll is so thick that it breaks the stitches of his wallet.

WATCHFUL!

Shopper (looking at socks): Aren't they rather loud?
Clerk: Yes, sir. They are specially made for people whose feet are in the habit of going to sleep.

POOR BOY

Did you see my sunburst last night? inquired the pompous Mrs. Newlyrich of her poorest neighbor.
No, I didn't, but I didn't think he would be able to eat another bite.

ACADEMY SNAPSHOTS

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

15. Ed Malone finishes painting East Hall.
23. Dr. Harris comes back
24. First faculty pow-wow. Decide to go to Stockton and take the College along.
25. Faculty go to church.
26. Frosh trickle timidly in.
27. More Frosh. Old studes spend day hand-shaking and swap lies about The summer vacation. Frosh goosestep to mush party.
28. a. Frosh worried. Held prisoner in mountain dungeon.
    b. First pigskin practice. Swede Righter out.
    c. Annual kimona parade.
    d. Recitations begin.
29. Frosh lose slumber, posters and paint. Prexy preaches pleasantly. Girls organize soviet. Six-page Weekly appears.
30. Children play at Epworth League. More Frosh in bondage.

OCTOBER

1. Orange and Black reception. Tie-up. Only five Frosh show up and get thorough bath.
2. Art Main discusses religion; almost arrested.
3. Rhizomia dispenses watermelon; Frosh filled.
4. Dramatics elect, with Ruth Winning.
5. Open house at Archania. Faculty shocked!
6. Maids stage rush party. Men despondent 4 hours.
7. Scrap for 'Varsity football team. Air full of sawdust.
8. Hypatia entertains. Academy morale improves.
9. A Capella resurrects. Stork visits Prof. Jonte.
10. Sophs hold skate party. Josephine Gardner and Lois Richardson brought home in baskets.
11. Ed Spoon captains 'varsity.
12. Minnie McArthur given academy gavel.
13. Prof. Root explains the colored cards.
14. Lois and Josephine able to walk again; off skates for life.
15. Tigers beat Fresno Teachers 35 to 0.
16. Oceans of tea served in Helen Guth. Faculty expert tea-hounds.
17. Fat Battles bids football adieu with dislocated shoulder.
18. Women out for basketball. Lois still limps.
19. Camel Club busy at Tid's.
20. Miss Hinsdale reads in chapel. Prof. Corbin moves to East Hall.
21. Epworth League see S. F. McMurry introduces Dante in chapel.
22. Sailors trounce Tigers in rain, 39 to 14, at Mare Island.
23. Epworth Leaguers still gone—very still.
24. Faculty hatches Hallowe'en mystery.
25. Hanson, Dreskell and Musser delight audience of 60,007.
26. Prof. Root tells more about colored cards.
27. Dean Abbott organizes fire department.
28. Ku Klux celebrates at Hallowe'en party. Three devils present.
29. Stanford Frosh tromp Tigers' tail, 49 to 6.
30. Football squad recuperates.
31. Doc Blair horrifies with cancer talk. Funny pains popular for three weeks after.

NOVEMBER

1. Second faculty recital packs chapel
2. Dean Hanson wins Prix de Rome. Congrats and tears all around.
3. Prof. Root discusses colored cards. Hell's Inn tenants study till 10 o'clock three nights running.
4. Tigers wallop Teachers (S. J.) 34 to a goose-egg.
5. Saturday. C. M. Dennis discovers John Dennis has three teeth.
6. EXTRA! Baron Davis down from U. C. Flanny cuts church.
7. Ginia Short decides to bob her hair.
8. Dr. Harris seen in Campbell. Lectures high school tads.
9. Norton, Webb, Bryant, Rogers and Telfer set out for the peace conference at Pomona. Prexy's sedan starts intact.
10. Ginia Short changes her mind. Won't bob her hair. Don't want to look like a flapper.
11. Armistice Day. A Capella demonstrates. Percy O'Connor remonstrates.
12. Pacific snowed under at U. S. C. against Frosh. East Hall's inmates turn knights of road to see game.
13. Milnes and Bodley dodge the cops in San Luis.
14. Hadley escapes from clutches of law; keeps rabbit foot.
15. Norton, Webb, etc., etc., start walking home. Prexy's sedan loses top. Norton's jugular almost slashed.
16. Norton and gang change minds about walking. Repair rear axle for third time.
17. Sheriff looking for Norton's gang. Turn up intact. Epworth League holds special congratulatory meeting.
18. Chico succumbs on Pacific grid. "Stubby" and "Miss Weber" back.
19. Saturday. All East Hall tramps back with big wash out.
20. Pipe organ develops asthma.
21. Gene Musser loses dignity and other things while riding horseback.
22. Hell's Inn scouts around for turkey. No luck.
23. Thanksgiving vacation starts.
24. Thanksgiving dinner. Everybody thanks the good Lord and Mrs. Ball.
25. Nobody turns out for meals, still satisfied.
26. No heat. B-r-r!
27. Water heater in Helen Guth fails to function.
28. Some students back. Big stories of big dinners.
29. Water heater still crippled; bathrobe parade to South Hall.
30. Honor system squabble warms up.

DECEMBER

1. Rhizomia initiates a la Ku Klux.
2. Four one-act plays. Polly laughs. Everybody loves.
3. Pi Kappa Lamba day. Conservatory celebrates.
4. O. G. Look starts moustache.
5. Prexy talks honor system.
6. Honor system carries.
7. Letters to Santa Claus start.
8. American Music Festival opens. Faculty dust up dress suits.
9. East Hall starts boxing tournament.
10. Hurrah! Hot water in Helen Guth. Faculty go to Stockton. American Legion (Stockton) twists tail of tiger basketeers, 16-10.

11. O. G. Look can detect first hairs on moustache. American Festival choral chorus given encore.
12. Alfred Hertz brings down S. F. symphony orchestra. Frosh casaba five trims S. J. High.
13. Fr. Maher speaks on Education. Sopholectia feeds football squad.
14. Naranjado tags go like hotcakes.
15. Prex talks disarmament. Ruth Winning throws away hatpins.
16. War not over. Gas attack in East Hall.
17. Frosh basketeers win Hazel Dare trophy. Juniors sad.
18. Epworth League yodels Xmas melodies.
19. A Capellans on last lap of strenuous carolling jaunt.
20. Ed starts to say farewell to Pearl; do., Lundeen to Grace; Bob to Edna; Sam to Margret; Art to Lura; Charley to Midge; Chick to Marge; Billy to Lucile; Polly to Francis, etc, etc. Weeping and other nice things.
21. Christmas vacation starts. Farewells continue.

JANUARY

4. Lundeen greets Grace, Art mitts Lura, Chick kids Marge, etc, etc.
5. Archania house dies; El Campo born.
6. Look washes face, must start raising moustache again.
7. Wood-choppers busy.
8. New Year's resolutions wobbly.
9. Celia McKaig appears on campus with McKaig, Jr.
10. Cramming starts for finals.
11. Prexy heads for N. Y.
12. Cramming continues. Stitt Wilson talks.
13. Darn! Helen Guth has only cold water! Stitt still talking.
14. Ding! Stanford basket squad trims us 30 to 21. Weeps.
15. Look's moustache again in evidence.
16. Students disarm.
17. Basketball maids trek to S. F.
18. El Smoko organizes.
19. Archania bans coffin-nails. Resignations follow.
20. Rhizomia and Emendia take in movies.
23. Jonte addresses chapel. Faculty worries about Spirit of Past.
24. More members added to Ex-Archi, at own request.
25. St. Ignatz takes game, 39-21.
26. Boxing tournament at East Hall ends in black eye.
27. Prince Chap appears.
28. Reappears. Santa Clara wins, 29-8. Tears, and more tears.
30. Brain-storms start with cramming bees.
31. Grant Bennett explains closed shop. Cheers for labor.

FEBRUARY

1. Art exhibition in social hall. Great question: What is a batik?
2. Nina Bruce springs the "Great Secret." (Not about batiks.)
3. Kathleen Parlow's recital. Bill Powell brings moustache along.
4. Davis basketballs Pacific. We win, 18-15.
5. Finger-prints of a wild batik found in Dr. Harris room.
6. Finals start.
7. Finals going strong. So is Shiras.
8. Santa Clara vs. Pacific at basketball. S. C. takes casaba, 17-11.
9. Cuss-words about special exes.

10. Van Bergen helps in search for wild batik.
11. End of semester. Teachers play C. O. P. We win, 19-14.
12. Mr. Lincoln decides to have another birthday.
13. Lucubrations start in East Hall.
14. We register again. But not to vote.
15. A. W. S. hold formal reception.
16. Omegaphites banquet, May Robson isn't scared of bulldog.
17. Block "P" party for 15 men. Rah! Rah!
18. Quartet warbles. Art Main threatened by a black-handed batik.
19. Epworth League ends 3-day party.
20. Baldwin thinks about a job for a good———well, you know!
21. St. Mary's casaba ringers wallop us, 20-15.
22. Basketballers recuperating. Washington's birthday once more.
23. Rhizomia takes trip to Stockton. College goes along. See Weekly.
24. Hangover from Stockton. Dennis reaches home by daylight.
25. Education board meets. Brows knit.
26. A Capella slumbers on chapel platform. Baa-baa talk.
27. College gets $250,000. Brows unraveled.
28. Kalas recital.

MARCH

1. Bo Woodward wins Emendia prex race.
2. Omegaphites—Archania joint. Bulldog wary.
3. Hee-hee-hee. Naranjado show.
4. We Miss Midges Page and Corliss.
5. Sunday. Quartet runs in to Modesto. Run out again.
6. Tennis sharks train.
7. "Man Before Monkey?" Dr. Harris speaks in chapel.
8. Evolution rends campus.
9. More shelves tucked in libe.
10. Rhizomia presents Schaffer.
11. Potter's upper lip decorated.
12. Sunday. No tennis.
13. Basket-ballers tote Sopholectian picnic baskets.
14. Epsilon Sigma Kappa (El Smoko) organizes.
15. Rhizomia booms. Beat Archania as usual in basketball, 16-12.
16. Archi explain it to the ladies.
17. Naughty, naughty. Epworth League picnic—no moon.
18. Faculty recover after Dr. Harris' St. Patrick stunt.
19. Sunday. Long sleep.
20. Classics elect Wagner prex.
21. Hell's Inn trims El Campo.
22. Couchman burns beans at Blackstone Hotel.
23. Helen Guth jinx. All men barred.
24. Celia exhibits McKaig, Jr.
25. S. J. Y. win baseball game, 6-5.
26. Quartet in San Joaquin.
27. Campus surprised. Quartet returns intact.
28. Frosh expression recital.
29. Frosh still have same expression.
30. Bob Couchman named college reporter.
31. Bob fails to report the fact.

APRIL

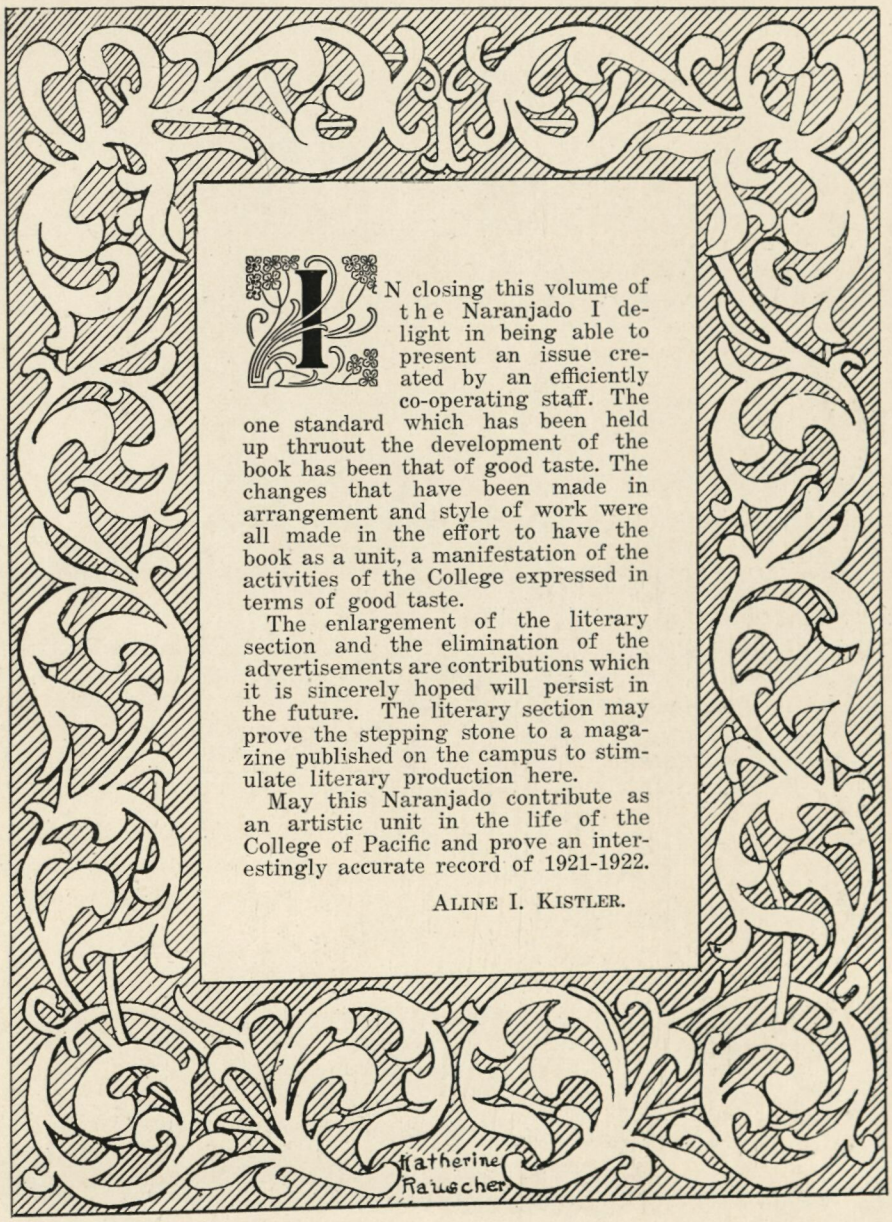
1. April Fool. Art Main paddled by Rhizi.
2. Blossom(less) Festival.
3. Ardis and Florence in recital.
4. Trojan glee club waxes gleeful. A Capella likewise.
5. Sopholectia corrects bulletin.
6. Art Main improved. Can sit down. (A little.)
7. Easter vacation.
10. Denver wins debate.
11. Tennisites throng court.
12. Art recovered. Absolutely!
13. Philomusia initiates. No goat used.
14. Rip Van Winkle visits Pacific chapel.
15. Emendians and Archi view witching waves.
16. Messiah, transmitted by radiophone.
17. Dennis covered with glory; also perspiration.
18. Ginia and Bernice scintillate.
19. Blydenburgh lonesome in Stockton.
20. What Ho! Gardeners busy carving down weeds.
21. A Capella warbles in Stanford chapel.
22. Southern Branch, U. C. debate.
25. Naranjado press waits for pictures.
27. Debate with Nevada.
28. "You Never Can Tell."
29. A Capella to Stockton.
30. A Capella warbles thrice.

MAY

1. May—Queen picking starts. Every guy for himself.
2. Recitals and things.
3. Busher bulls the bulldog.
4. Van Bergen sketches the campus.
5. Naranjado out. Everybody hoes. My goodness, what fun!
6. Recovery day.
7. Old grads buzz around.
8. Caps and gowns get fitting.
9. Meyer gets to Bible on time. Colliver late.
10. Wild batik reported in Helen Guth.
14. Founders' Day. (Nobody in that condition.)
14-29. Receptions, recitals, parties, picnics, spooning, and such.
30. Memorial Day. Tears shed.

JUNE

18. Baccalaureate sermon.
19. Senior Day.
20. Alumni Day.
21. Commencement. Seniors finished.



IN closing this volume of the Naranjado I delight in being able to present an issue created by an efficiently co-operating staff. The one standard which has been held up thruout the development of the book has been that of good taste. The changes that have been made in arrangement and style of work were all made in the effort to have the book as a unit, a manifestation of the activities of the College expressed in terms of good taste.

The enlargement of the literary section and the elimination of the advertisements are contributions which it is sincerely hoped will persist in the future. The literary section may prove the stepping stone to a magazine published on the campus to stimulate literary production here.

May this Naranjado contribute as an artistic unit in the life of the College of Pacific and prove an interestingly accurate record of 1921-1922.

ALINE I. KISTLER.