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## Pacific Weekly, May 21, 1931

University of the Pacific

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One Final Prayer Do We Murmur Over This Razz Edition—May That SOMEBODY Take It Seriously.

Pacific



Weekly

DEDICATION  
Fearing we have printed the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, we dedicate this issue to George Washington.

VOL. XXIII

MAY 21, 1931

NO. 27

# REPORTER IS KILLED AS POLITICAL PLOT EXPOSED

## LOCAL GREEKS DO NOT MEET WEBSTER'S IDEA

## FRATERNITIES TRAIN IN POLITICAL GRAFT; SORORITIES QUIET

Fellow sufferers in this institution which is so tyrannically governed by the relic of the feudal system, fraternities and sororities: I ask you to consider with me for one moment the true meanings of those two words which we come to be so hateful to us. A fraternity, our old acquaintance Webster, declares, is a body of men associated together for their common interest, business, and pleasure. AH! my dear friends, how far is this from campus fraternal organizations? We must admit, I believe, that the idea of the fraternity is worthy, its earthly examples are a blot on a very ideal. Our own fraternities seem to hold as their highest ideal organization of an efficient political machine, and the molding of all members to conform to the ideas of the few.

We find, Friends, much the same notion for a sorority as I have just seen for a fraternity. I am infinitely sorry to have to report to you that our sororities live up to any ideal of a sorority. These organizations on campus seem to exist for the sole purpose of providing each girl with a selection of clothes to work with for eternal search for adoring males. They also assure the campus that its freshman girls will develop into one of four definite types in accordance with the sorority she joins. Now I give you, Dear Friends, a short little report on each fraternity and sorority on our campus.

## ALPHA THETA TAU

Alpha Theta Tau, it is rumored, is going to rent the second floor of their house. "I never did like Piedmont, anyway," says Kay Kinsey. Every day is quiet at present on the western side of the campus. Dictator Durant has that the last rebellion was easily down with the aid of a few campuses. However, Non Compus Crumley, leader of that anti-administration crew, says that while there's life there's hope and hints darkly at a rebellion.

## OMEGA PHI ALPHA

At last Omega Phi Hall has found a table leader in Big Bill Morris. His technique has improved noticeably since their re-organization along the lines of a certain famous political institution which specializes in the inaction of bigger and better methods of graft. Omega Phi House is all after the nearness of its big entrance, the boat ride. This annual event sometimes referred to as THE ETTERS DELIGHT, or THE ASHFUL-BOY GETS A BREAK.

## MU ZETA RHO

It has remained for the Mu Zeta rho pledges to fathom the why and wherefore of our irrigation system. They evidently have decided that the town is flooded in order that HOT TOSH may go wading to cool off. The sororities' financial situation is somewhat relieved. A short time ago student supporters feared that they might not be able to open the house next year but since bidding and pledging, the campus at large has been much intrigued by the new Mu Zeta Rho thing.

## ARCHANIA

A unique situation now exists at Archania inasmuch as they were looking so far into the future that they are unable to see the future which is upon them. In other words, the

## Pacific Professors Palaver Petty Points In Poker Party; Proper Preachers Pray For Penny Profits



Among those hunted in connection with throwing a wild party in the precincts of Stockton's great institution of hired learning are "Superfluous Jim" Corson, backing up the line, Our Dean and Our Prexy, and "Dago Robert" Bredeen, who can be seen here distributing apples for the benefit of unemployed student polishers.

## By THREE CAMPUS MUDRAKES

Heavy cigar smoke circled up to the single lamp hung low over the green cloth covered table. The chips rattled against a background of soft cultured voices. Dr. Knoles started to deal. "May I cut the cards?" asked Dr. Schilpp.

"I thought I told you that this game was being run strictly on the Honor System," rumbled Mr. Knoles. "Very well," said Mr. Schilpp, as he felt below the table to make sure that his two aces were still snugly concealed.

"I absolutely agree with Mr. Knoles," piped Mr. Farley, as he carefully adjusted the little mirror on his ring finger. The only honest man in the room was Mr. Righter, and he was broke. He kept asking for somebody to lend him more chips. "Please, Mr. Knoles, just one more hand. I'll win next time sure. I got a tough break on that last deal when my three kings sprained their ankles against those aces."

Knoles was getting rather sick of dealing Righter free hands but he could not help but respond to Mr. Righter's charming personality. In fact, Mr. Righter was the greatest personality he had ever dealt to. Ritter was counting his chips for the fiftieth time. "Somebody has gyped me out of a penny. I'm short a penny. Who's the lousy bum that's been stealing chips?"

"I have three jacks," said Ritter. "I have three queens," said Pease. "You would have one queen too many, Mr. Pease," said Ritter. About this time Righter left the game in big salty tears. Mr. Stanford walked in.

"May I play?" he asked in an embarrassed voice. There was a moment of shocked silence. "I should say not," said Mr. Knoles. "Your money is tainted."

"Besides," yelled Mr. Noble as he rushed through the door, "I don't believe he knows how to play poker, anyway. Let me play in his place." "Oh, Stanford is learning fast," replied Mr. Pease. "I'm in favor of letting him play."

"Sure," said Ritter. "We don't care whether his money is tainted or not just so it's money. While he is dreaming about the flowers we'll clean him out."

"Yeah," agreed Mr. Schilpp. "Let Stanford in." He had all the cards marked by this time so he didn't care much either way. "All right," growled Knoles. "Noble, you stick around until somebody drops out and then you can play too." "Oh yeah," replied Noble. "Next year sometime, maybe."

Again the door opened and Mr. Dennis and Mr. Halik strolled in, followed a few minutes later by Ken Chandler, the editor-elect of the Pacific Weekly. Schilpp jumped from the table, Dennis turned around and they both bowed low before Chandler, their noses touching the floor.

"Hail to the new editor of the great Pacific Weekly," they chanted in unison and then— "I want thirteen inches of double column every week," came simultaneously. But Chandler too no notice. "Righter," he asked.

"He's gone," replied Knoles. A cherubic smile crossed Chandler's face. Pease and Ritter left the game so Halik and Noble sat down to play. A couple of hands passed and then Schilpp and Halik found themselves in a single handed battle and a large pot in front of them. Schilpp raised, Halik reraised, Schilpp reraised, Halik called.

"I've got three deuces," announced Schilpp. "That's nothing. I got three nines," replied Halik as he laid down his cards. "You have!" yelled Schilpp. "You've got nothing there but a pair of jacks," Halik looked at his hand. "That's

## E. F. Bedroom Farce Grows

## Flunked Students' Fund Aided By Contributions of School Children

The E. F. club has decided to end their year's work in a blaze of glory by doing Euripides' famous French bedroom farce, "Trojan Women," for the benefit of the flunked students' fund in a Saturday afternoon matinee to attract Stockton public school children. Violet Costabel is expected to give, in the leading role of Hecuba, a performance which will beggar description. A famous producer who has seen a dress rehearsal has offered Miss Costabel a Hollywood contract. Lorraine Knoles as Andromache gives an emotion-stirring performance in the Frances Hall manner. Madeline Moore's majestic proportions have been nobly approximated by William P. Hinsdale, who must have spent months studying Miss Moore's style in order to achieve the effect. Helen of Troy wrings tears from her public when portrayed by Mae Shaw. Andromache's little son is delicately portrayed by Ella Vanderbilt in golden curls. Her baby lisp is entrancing. Grace Carter as the messenger in the part made famous by J. Henry Smith, was most imposing.

The two cruel guards, Marie Breniman and Marie Allen, are expected to strike terror into the hearts of all. The ladies of the ensemble will be Pinkie Pierce, Trixie Potts, Kiki Silley, Snooke Smith, Maizie Barr, Pinkie Clark, Flossie Deering, Teddy Fiola, Fritzie Harris, Lena Hill, Mitzie Kalas, Hattie Battilana and Dolly Berthimer. Billy Harris assisted by Ernie Stanford is training the chorus.

## Heroic Rescue Saves Fallen Maiden

While hundreds of students watched spellbound, a transport mail plane fell with a crash and splintering of wood in front of the Conservatory last Friday noon. Kenny Adams and Stuart Douglas, hair standing on end, made a rush for the doomed plane and made a gallant attempt to rescue the pilot, Esther Warner. They dragged her to safety amid the cheers of fellow students. Ah, such heroic young men!

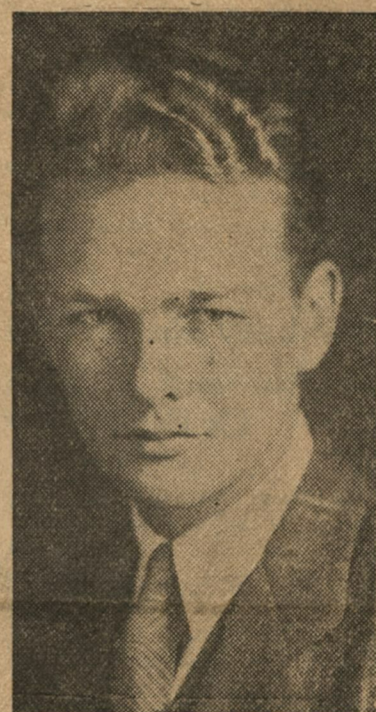
## IN MEMORIAM

Since the publication of the razz edition of the Weekly, there has been many a vacant chair in dining hall and house, classroom and chapel. Miss Lenora Coffman, editor of the paper, who has had her suitcase packed for the past week, left as soon as the last piece of copy was turned in. She is to make a stay of indefinite length at points north, and we mourn her passing with deep sincerity.

The remainder of the staff was carried off, screaming and kicking in straight-jackets. Those who saw them go say that the spectacle was heart-rending in the extreme. In the Weekly office are only dusty typewriters, swinging shutters and torn scraps of paper, where once were clicking keys, humming voices and stacks of copy. Gone is the happy band of bright-faced, joyous boys and girls who once thronged the busy rooms. For little bodies and tender minds, not yet ready for the strain and turmoil of life at its flood-tide, have crumbled and given way before the onslaught. Candy and flowers will be greatly appreciated at California street.

## RUTHLESS MURDER OF DARING PACIFIC WEEKLY REPORTER LAID TO C. O. P. TAMMANY CRIME RING

## Killer Sought



Courtesy San Joaquin County Identification Bureau.

Alleged gun wielder of C. O. P. Tammany gang being hunted by Student Affairs Committee.

## Editor-elect Faces Confiscation

(By Specially Leased and Paid-for Wire to Pacific)

CHICAGO, Ill.—Kennard Chandler today was uncovered as a king in the booze racket here. His reputation as honor student of the College of the Pacific is shattered with this startling discovery. His smiling, frank, young face was free from stubble as he appeared before Judge Graft here this morning. His hair, usually more or less in place had a neat crease down the center due, it was revealed, to a proli slug.

Chandler's still, located back in the Blue Ridges or somewhere, was possibly confiscated and probably all the liquor was consumed.

The young Pacificite is still in doubt as to just what he is in the poker for but he thinks it's because of his literary style.

## Chapel Speakers Wring Students' Hearts Weakly

He was introduced as one who had triumphed magnificently where many of us had failed pitifully. He rose with ponderous precision; we could feel the great weight of his impending words. He was passionate in his praise of us, gentle but firm in criticisms. Fond memories began to return to him from every nook and cranny. He struggled for self control. He became intimately confidential, then threw back his head and roared challenges at us. He dwelt sweetly on the rewards of justice and persistence, and denounced lucky breaks as strong obsessions of weak minds. He urged us to action, to bring salvation to a decaying world. We suffered with him. Then he stopped unexpectedly. He bowed slightly, smiled and sat down. We roared with applause, then shuffled carelessly out, laughing. Why worry. We would hear the same stuff next Thursday.

## Ancient Ford Coupe Is Found Abandoned Near Scene Of Crime

## SUSPECTS ARE HUNTED

## Victim's Riddled Body Found In Dense Growth Surrounding Professor Root's Manor Home

Quick action of the Student Affairs Committee this morning prevented what might have been a wholesale slaughtering of the staff of the College Press as a result of information uncovered by one of its foremost reporters who was found shot last night. However, part of his heroic investigation was found still unfinished on his typewriter. It is believed that the reporter, whose name was unknown due to the fact of his Frosh standing, was in pursuit of still further information when he met a tragic end in the Manor.

An abandoned Ford was found near the scene of the crime, which had been committed in the dense underbrush surrounding Professor Root's home in the Manor, was identified as belonging to a suspicious-looking figure who has been lurking around the Pacific campus for a number of years. His accomplice, who is known only as "Bobbie," but who is known to have posed under various aliases, is suspected of being a Dr. Jeckle and Mr. Hyde personality, as several campus co-eds have reported that the student body president and this sinister companion of the killer are one and the same person.

## STORY THAT LED TO KILLING REVEALED

"After repeating in a half-audible whisper the secret password and satisfying the anxious scrutiny of numerous vigilant watchers at unexpected peepholes, I finally secured entrance into the sanctum sanctorum of Pacific's politics, Tammany Hall. It's ideally located just close enough to the campus for the skillful plotters to have their fingers in all the choice pastry, and still be out of reach of the administrative authorities. Up in a second story suite with many, many emergency exits for forced get-aways, and only one tortuous entrance up a steep stairway—certainly a perfect hide-out for undercover politicians.

"As I gazed in gasping admiration at the sumptuous furniture, the exquisite carpets from ancient Persia, and all the marvelous furnishings (purchased, no doubt, with the ill-gotten spoils of party machinations, and the frequently offered [and how often accepted!] bribes of unbelievable size), I began to recall some of the great coups here formulated and executed. "Here were the plans laid for the railroad through the 'Ex' Committee of the life pass to all college activities for ex-presidents of the student body—a tremendous graft with incalculable possibilities, such as the rental by the day or week, the counterfeiting or forging of passes, etc. Here, likewise, was the old Student Body Constitution destroyed one dismal night and another far less reliable smuggled into the college archives. (In this connection it is rumored that all the women's votes were purchased by the simple procedure of presenting the A. W. S. treasury with one

(Continued on Page 4)

(Continued on page 2)

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# Society

## CLUBS DRAMA MUSIC

Dedicated to "SWEDE" RIGHTER

# Section

### Ten-Thirty Night Problem Solved

The perfect solution of the ten-thirty night problem was reached here yesterday at the last meeting of Inter-Fraternity Council. Due to the fact that the Pacific athletes were continually breaking their fingernails opening windows and screen doors, it was decided that the time was imminent to take action. Thus it was decided that one house should be left open every night, the houses taking turn about, so that late comers should not be inconvenienced. The suggestion that a group of tents be placed in the field between Dr. Knoles' home and Mu Zeta Rho, was defeated by a majority vote, due to the presence of Dean Farley.

### Poker Party

(Continued from First Page)

screamed frantically. "I've tried to get rid of them all day, but still they follow, smiling at me, pestering me."

Root came in. "Three new roses have just bloomed in my flower garden. One of them is—"

"Can it!" yelled Wallace. "Play poker or get out."

"Very well," replied Root as he sat down to play. "But first let me explain that I have no use for the goody-goody (looking at Hubbard) and I will not tolerate the baby-baby (looking at Wallace)."

There was a scraping sound along the ceiling and there stood Kistler, carrying Jonte under one arm and Jackson under the other. He dumped them on the floor. "Will somebody please keep these pests out of my laboratory?" he pleaded. "They are always under foot and messing up my experiments." He left.

Jonte flung himself at Knoles' feet, practically dissolved in tears. "The vulgar beast," he sobbed, "he has a Ph. D. from Stanford and besides he engages in research. Research is a very dangerous pastime for a professor, Mr. Knoles."

"Let's lock the door," broke in Jackson. "I'm here now and I detest late comers." The doors and windows were locked.

Alarcon, Eiselen, Sharp, Breeden, and Bacon came down the chimney. Alarcon landed head first with a loud thump. "So sorry I made a noise," he apologized. He shook hands with everybody present.

Bacon started philosophizing as Eiselen began a joke that started back somewhere in the great ice age. Breeden took out his little note book and looked over the names of the girls in his gym classes. "Where's Cook?" somebody asked.

"He's busy memorizing his lectures. You know, he gives each lecture twice just to be sure the students get it and for the benefit of those who cut."

"Where's Marc?"

"He doesn't like the rest of the faculty."

Then there was one voice raised above the rest. "Get out of here!" it roared. "I don't like the way you bet." And again, "Beat it! I don't like the way you deal." Two men left. Then there was some argument about the shortage of chips and several more left the game. More words. The room emptied slowly, some leaving voluntarily and some not so willingly.

Harriett Smith: "Mother, I baked some nice biscuits for supper and the dog ate them."

Mrs. Smith: "Don't worry. We can get another dog."

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### Stirring Times On The Pacific Front Cause Students To Rise To Unique Heights Of Heroism

The storm which has for the past week been raging on the C. O. P. campus, yesterday reached its culmination with a threatened riot and strike. The continued refusal of the board of trustees to abolish smoking on the campus has stirred the college to its depths.

The alfalfa fields were the scene of many demonstrations yesterday, beginning with a parade of frenzied students led by Alpha Chi Delta whose members bore blazing banners with the inscriptions, "We Won't Smoke!" and "Down With the Filthy Weed!" A mass meeting in sorority circle followed, during which many sympathizers gave their personal testimonials. Carl Page rose, and with the tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks, shouted, "Gentlemen, they shall not crucify Pacific upon a cross of tobacco!" Elmer Stephens, his frame racked by manly sobs, led the students in shrieks of Amen.

Upon this, the maddened horde, headed by Yancy Bull-Hyde Smith, like a crusader of old on his prancing stallion, rushed from house to house, rifling the rooms in search of evidence of the nasty habit. A huge bonfire composed of cigarettes, cigars, pipes and chewing tobacco was ignited by President Robert Burns, with due ceremony, and the supporters joined hands and danced around the flaming pyre with primitive passion, shouting the

battle cry, "I say to you, spit is a horrible word!"

A trifle calmed after the excesses of the past hour, the crowd gathered in Mu Zeta Rho, where Babe Shrader led them in a prayer for strength to continue the good fight.

Many plans are under way for the further progress of the campaign against indecency. A billboard will be erected at the end of the walk in front of the conservatory, bearing the words, "Abolish Smoking. It Is A Moral Issue!" Airplanes are to circle the edifice, and will drop miniature fire-extinguishers, with the legend "A drop of prevention is worth a gallon of cure." In the evening there will be a Crusaders' Ball at Rhizomia.

Excitement is at fever height as the situation reaches a climax. The board of trustees is expected to issue the decision in the near future, and every waking hour is being spent in an attempt by the students to swing the balance in favor of clearing the smoke screen from about Pacific.

Some fear that the students are waging a losing battle, for the administration has taken its stand unalterably with the trustees, but campaign manager Reginald Gianelli states that he and his assistants, Clark Briggs and Paul Grandall, feel that the threatened walk-out on the part of the student body will clinch the matter.

### Country Rings With Mothers' Praise Of Peace

Dr. Pease was hailed here today as College of Pacific's most sensational author. His new book, *True Confessions*, came from the press of Harper's Brothers yesterday, and has already rocked the nation to its very foundation by its sincerity and depth of pathos.

In this expose of the life of a college professor, Dr. Pease has showed his profound knowledge of the basic factor in life, idealism. He illustrates this trend by stating, bombastically, that marriages are made in heaven and that college professors make the best husbands in the world.

Critics have greeted this book as the year's brightest star on the literary horizon. They have extolled the author's buoyant optimism and unflinching cheer, as the beacon light of a new era in literature, which spells the downfall of iconoclasm. The overthrow of psychological morbidity which has permeated the letters of the past decade, is prophesied, due to the influence of Dr. Pease's "True Confessions."

Mothers all over the country have named this book as the answer to all their problems. They can be quoted as saying that it contains everything a young girl should know. They can give it to their daughters with perfect impunity, and pray for the best.

### What's New

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### Monday Concert Will Be Held As Usual Next Friday

The third annual band concert which falls on the first Monday of every month is expected to be given on Tuesday if the date is not put off until Wednesday or Thursday. Friday is the date that should bring to us this regular Saturday feature which the Sunday concert goes enjoy so thoroughly. Mr. Robert Gordon, director of the band, announces his program as follows:

Hot Potato Honey (Typically Collegiate), Martha Claussen.

Alabama Shimmy (Very, Very Hot!), Myron Roberts.

Women's Hall Rag (Low Down, no end), Louis Beuving.

Gordon wishes to have plenty of publicity on this concert as the numbers are all written slapped together and generally torn asunder by terrific students.

The band is composed of: Robert Gordon, leader; Robert Gordon, trumpet 1, 2 3 and 6; Leo Tanquary comprises the rest of the band.



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### OUR APOLOGIES

Notice to our readers: Because of the fact that we didn't have a catalog of all the students and faculty names, we have had to omit a few names of students and faculty members on the Pacific campus from this issue. We don't know, right off hand, everybody's name, or we would have had you in here. If you are not satisfied because of the omission, kindly give us your life history, as well as your complete name and what your worst crime is and we will tell next year's editor of the "Weekly" to be sure to include you in his edition.

### Local Greeks

(Continued from First Page)

Frosh membership has become so large (I am at a loss to account for it) that the house is now governed by a Frosh Council rather than a Senior Council. There was a slight disruption at the Open House, due to the fact that the committee on arrangements at Archamia failed to get together on the stories to be told about their various possessions.

### TAU KAPPA KAPPA

It seems that Tau Kappa Kappa is planning a new house which will be built during the summer. The house is to be built on the alfalfa field directly in front of Dr. Knoles' house. This site has two advantages: first, they will be nearer to the library; and, second, Dr. Knoles will know from personal observation that they are good little girls and obey all rules. A strange situation exists in the Tau Kappa Kappa house; even though this sorority has the distinction of having the best woman coalition worker on the campus as a member, it is rumored that the political situation at the house is slightly mixed to say the least.

### ALPHA PI ALPHA

Apple Pie Apple has, believe it or not, the reputation for extreme neatness. I have been told that the favorite pastime of the brothers it to sit about eating candy and throwing the cups on the floor. Another thing that we understand gives them the greatest of pleasure is to turn each other's drawers out on the floor. The neighbors have been complaining recently that the boys leave at the oddest hours. I understand that the explanation lies in the fact that the fraternity pistol team finds it easier to practice when they

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### Professor Robert C. Root Is Host At Swimming Party; Dean Fred L. Farley Upsets Harmless Little Dip

Professor Robert C. Root was host at a delightful wading party last Friday afternoon on the lawn just outside the windows of his class room. A bevy of lightfooted maidens disported themselves gaily in the clear, limpid waters of the irrigated lawn, and the air was filled with their happy, girlish cries. Professor Root was unable to be with his guests during the entire afternoon, but was seen to lean from his window from time to time, exhort-

ing the little group to enjoy the play-time to its fullest extent.

Those present were: Dean Marian Barr, Miss Marjorie McGlashan, Miss Doris Schwoerer, Miss Dorothy Durand, Miss Lillian Berthelmer, Miss Nadine Esrey, and Miss Harriet M. Boss. The charming affair was only concluded at the appearance of Dean Farley, at which the truant girls ran shrieking in pretty confusion to hide behind the fig tree.

are in a slightly inebriated condition. The last meeting of the fraternity was an autograph meeting, where Mr. Milam gave the brothers all his autographs, saying that they would at some future time be worth a great deal of money.

### RHO LAMBDA PHI

Rhizomia's annual week-end party held several days ago was a great success—with the Brothers. Rho Lambda Phi had their weekly crying party last Thursday. The speaker of the evening was Alumni Brother Sawyer. His subject was "The Good Old Days, And I Remember When." The brothers felt rather down-hearted after this, but were soon cheered up with that good old cry, "Anyway, we have Briggs."

Whereupon the brothers adjourned to the back room for another glass of —

### EPSILON LAMBDA SIGMA

Epsilon Lambda Sigma has been having its difficulties. It seems that there was a surplus last year and the "modernists", led by the Mini sisters, want more obscure corners and sofas put in the house while the "old fogies", led by Dora Mitchell and Betty Shoemaker, want to spend the money for more study-tables. One unexplained



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### Pacific Snobs Deny Great Pulchritude

After interviewing some of the principal snobs on the campus, some interesting data was obtained.

The subjects were asked, "What is your reason for being a snob?"

These are the answers:  
1. Because I am so good looking  
2. Because I am so good looking  
3. Because I am so good looking

### Dancing

Dr. Werner did not attend lodge Thursday night. He is reported to have said that his car had flat tire, until he gave up in defeat, thus Dr. Werner did not attend Thursday night.

Poor Biff Strobbridge, his only exercise is at the dinner table, and he has athlete's foot.

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# SPORTS AND HELEN GENERAL

## RIGHTER DECLINES NOTRE DAME OFFER

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PAUL ARTHUR SCHILPP

### OUT OF THE (Soft) SOAP BUCKET

By MRS. LYNCH

Recent disclosures from the President's office reveals that Pacific has been granted the Far Western Conference titles in all four major sports for next year, and it doesn't seem fair that one school should get all that honor. Therefore, it is probable that the football team will play just for fun, and let the other teams beat them, and then the boys won't feel so much like celebrating as they did at the conclusion of the season last year.

From all indications it, looks as though Archania will win the intramural league hands down. The flashy

### Epsilon Lambda Sigma Enters Thrilling Contest

The College of the Pacific chapter of the Lucky Strike Club met in the Old Gold Room of Hotel Stockton Wednesday evening, with Mrs. Marian O. Pease as hostess. The blindfold test was given Audrey's cat, but she cheated and Graydon Voorhies said it wouldn't count.

The rest of the evening was spent in running off the semi-finals of the local smoke ring contest. It is hoped that Epsilon Lambda Sigma may place at least two candidates in the national contest to be held next month in Wisconsin. The social service committee of the Y. W. C. A. has volunteered to finance the campus co-eds, according to Lenora Coffman, president.

Archite nine has displayed all the form of a National League club, and may enter the race for the coast pennant at the conclusion of the intramural season. The stellar work of Frank Freeman in the box has threatened every ambitious team thus far. It is reported that the Alpha Kappa Phi men plan to run in Rabbi Collier and Gus Werner, the little man that carries all before him, as substitutes.

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### OUR PREXY'S PEARLY PAST IS PRODUCED

SMALL BEGINNINGS END  
IN UNRIVALED CAREER  
OF UNIMPAIRED RESULT

Our Prexy was born a good many years ago. At the ripe young age of 8 he graduated from the sixth grade and was duly enrolled in the seventh where he built up a wonderful reputation as a ping-pong player. Following six years of varsity competition on the ping-pong squad he graduated from grammar school and forced his way into U. S. C. (Dame rumor has it that it was approximately 3 P. M. in the morning.) He didn't steal anything, however, (except a ping-pong championship or two) and made good feeling among the inmates of the institution by cleaning up whole heartedly on the varsity aggregation.

Knoles says that he owes all his success to "Smello Hair Oil" (Adv.) and his snaky blackhand stroke (See Ken Smith for particulars). His change of tempo on the serve is very deceiving to his opponents and to quote him "this change of tempo or sleight of hand as it is sometimes called, invariably weakens the morale of the enemy insuring one an easy victory."

But win, lose, or draw, Knoles puts up a good fight until the last paddle is broken. His pet hobby is ping-pong because as he says, "ping-pong symbolizes all that is fine and wholesome in American youth."

The best student in the concrete class is a music major.

### Dean Erects Date Bureau

Due to lack of attendance at school dances and other social functions, Dean Barr will set up a date bureau in her office.

The bureau will be arranged most conveniently. In the files are to be all of the pictures of the male student body, with a physical and mental (this latter does not take up much room) description of the subjects. The blonds are to be the right hand file, the brunettes in the left, and the red haired men's pictures and descriptions in the middle files. If a man does not come in one of these categories, he is out of luck. In a few minutes, the date will be all fixed up and the lonesome little co-ed will no longer be lonesome.

Some of those expected to keep the bureau busy are: Doris Lundquist, Fay French, Ethel Kazebeer, Lischen Hawley, Barbara Watson, Audrey Squires, Dorothy Paddock, Eleanor Quandt, Helen Cottrell, Katherine Keime, Louise Hellman and Betty Kroeck. All girls claim the bureau is just the thing.

### SUBSIDIZATION FAILS

Nobody would think of accusing any of the houses of subsidizing athletes for their own good, but the fact remains that every year the coaches go carefully ahead and pick out all the good athletes from the high schools, and expect them to come and fight for the dear old Orange and Black. But these same boys are found in the line-ups when the time to play ball for The House comes, and the varsity has to worry along with such second rate material as it can muster from the dining hall force and the Manor.

### CAN YOU IMAGINE—

John Decater getting a ticket for driving too slow and blocking traffic? Bob Wicker being an old bachelor?

Prof. Gulick's six-thirty a. m. class have taken to staying up all night in order to be on time.



### Badlands Defeated By Cosmopolitan Word-heaving Crew

Two husky Pacificites, Carlos Wood and Edgar Parsons, administered a thumping to the debaters from Badlands University at a recent tournament by a score of 2-1 on the question: Resolved that light wines and beers should be served with all meals at the dining hall.

Parsons' arguments on the affirmative were particularly inspired; he won first honors.

The following is a word-by-word report of the contest: Parsons won the tip-off and carried the question into the opponents' territory at once. At one time a well-pleased ejaculation nearly wrecked his case as a Badlands player rushed in on him and forced him to retire to protect his own goal. Wood then rushed into the ring and with a few adjectives drove back the invaders. The gong sounded for the second round. As the team filed out onto the field, the crowd cheered for Edgar. "Boo! Boo!" they shouted. Some of the girls fainted. Wood raised his racket far above his head and served a scorching proper noun, but while Parsons bowed to the stands, Badlands scored. Score, 0-1.

With the kick-off, the Pacific team recovered, and soon were again in Badlands' territory. Wood told an Irish story. Score, 1-1.

In the final period, with the score tied, George Crane rushed into the fray with a glass of water for Parsons who was weakening under the strain. With a gleam of victory in his eye, Parsons swept through a broken field with a participle dangling under his arm, sped around a curve and up the home stretch to win by a nose.

### TIGER LILIES POWERSTHATBE ALMOST WON A EJECT "PRIDE OF GAME — YEAH? SONORA" !!

FRANCIS IS STAR OF DAY  
AND STAYS ON BENCH  
WHERE HE BELONGS

(Special to Weakly by Tapped Wire)

Rumors have been running rampant over the campus lately to the effect that maybe Pacific won a game against somebody by a score of more or less than something sometime. This was an excellent game and showed the potent possibilities of somebody. Up until the last 69 minutes of play the outcome was never in doubt, but with only 58 minutes to go, the opponent made a touchdown from the middle of the floor or maybe it was a free throw from the fifty-yard line. Anyway, this brought out the worst that was in the Tiger aggregation and one of them, namely, "Snob" Wilmarth, took first place in the 100-yard vault by sliding home after a two base punt, giving the game to one of the teams by a big score.

The star of the game was undoubtedly that great personality "Snake" Francis. However, he might have been playing his favorite game of miniature rootball on the davenport at Archania and probably didn't play, so after all we don't really know whether he starred at all.

The writer didn't go to the game but heard the results the night before it was played. But come to think of it, that game was played tomorrow night and anyway it was a pretty good game even if the score was too big and even if the team did lose when it tied after winning.

### 'Moneybags' Manager Climbs Light Tower As Sheep Care For Turf

There's one guy around here who works harder keeping out of work than if he did the amount of work the real job requires. He is always running up and down the tower light stands adjusting them. Well, if he would adjust them in the first place he wouldn't have to keep doing that every day. Bob Breeden is his name, now that everyone has guessed it—he is a very irresponsible sort of a guy. Just like a monkey—he runs up the light tower.

Bob has got a bunch of sheep running in the stadium. He says that they will keep the grass down better than a lawn mower—"Variety of life is my motto," says Bob, smiling, and we think, "Poor Bob", if variety of life is the spice of life, as he suggests, this old world is plenty spicy, and no doubt the football field will be plenty spicy for our football players next year.

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## The Pacific Weekly Editorial Page

MAY 21, 1931

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY  
THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC  
STAFF—SPRING SEMESTER—1931

HER HIGHNESS, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: LENORA COFFMAN  
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First Left Assistant Editor: Donald Stanford  
First Right Honorable Assistant Editor: Katherine Kinsey  
First Left Honorable Assistant Editor: Kenneth Chandler  
High and Mighty Arbitrator of Social Affairs: Carl Page  
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MANAGER: MARGARET SPOONER  
The Editor of the Weekly will accept for publication communications of not more than 300 words in length when signed by the author. The author's name will not be published if such is desired. The Weekly will not assume the responsibility for the contents of any such communication. Such material must be handed to a member of the Staff on Tuesday before the publication of the Weekly. The Editor reserves the right to reject any communications that are deemed contrary to the spirit of Pacific.

FOR RATES ON ADVERTISING WRITE OR SEE MANAGER  
Entered as second-class matter October 24, 1924, at the Post Office at Stockton, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.  
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103 of October 3, 1917, authorized October 24, 1924.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00 A SEMESTER

## RAZZ EDITIONS

"Can great Pacific not laugh with those  
Who dare to mock the freckles on her nose?"

No college is perfect. Even Harvard has some features less praiseworthy than others.

Laughter and mockery are good tonics. We are ever in danger of taking ourselves too seriously. A sense of humor is a valuable safety valve.

This razz edition is put out to amuse the readers. If there are some elements of deeper truths underneath the bubbling effervescence it is because we believe that some reforms may be accomplished better by satire.

This is the first time in several years that a razz edition of the Pacific Weekly has been printed. It was the fear of past Weekly staffs that too many feelings would be hurt and too much animosity aroused by such a publication. We do not believe this to be true. We think that the members of the College of Pacific faculty and student body are big enough to take a joke. It is only little men that cannot laugh with others at themselves.



## Express &amp; Hauling

DeMarcus Brown, director of the Pacific Little Theater, spent an enjoyable evening at home last week. Mrs. DeMarcus Brown, wife of the director of the Pacific Little Theater, accompanied him. Mr. Brown is the director of the Pacific Little Theater.

looking terrible. It is believed a floating rib or two is the cause. Funeral arrangements, if necessary, will be handled by I. Died and Co.

Lucille Brubaker and Ruth Dick, sorority sisters, presented Miss Lenora Coffman a tiled swimming pool last night. The package was wrapped in red and green, and Miss Coffman thanked her friends by taking the first dip. The pool was purchased with funds from a collection gathered on various street corners for the unemployed.

## Beauty Culture

Professor Lawrence Berger, world famed connoisseur and collector of beautiful femininity, today stated that the subject of his lecture, formerly announced as, "Finding Beauty In Unexpected Places," will be changed to "Charm From Every Angle." Professor Berger has but recently returned from an extensive European tour, during which his main interest was the accumulation of data for his lecture.

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## Bigger Words, Louder Words Wilt Theory Of Natural Causation; Time Limit Up As Goal Is Neared

## Insurance



The heavens paused; the constellations hesitated; the universe waited—breathlessly—expectantly—

Prof. Paul Arthur Schilpp, of newspaper fame, was proving to an enraptured audience last week Wednesday that there was need for a personal God.

And Rev. Milam C. Dempster sat back in his chair. He does not believe in a personal God. And he was going to deliberately take his life into his own hands and tell Mr. Schilpp wherein he erred. It was an undertaking fraught with danger and difficulties.

It was, as President Tully C. Knoles subtly hinted from his precarious position as chairman, a debate between the enthusiastic and the intelligent.

Mr. Schilpp arose at 8:15 p.m. Wednesday night in Anderson Hall and started his speech in favor of a personal God. The rigid construction of his dress suit, like the sides of a boiler, encased a tremendous amount of Godly steam—but there was no explosion. For in all boilers there

is a safety valve—and the affirmative speaker had a very effective safety valve directly under his nose and above his chin. And his hair was nicely combed—but not for long. The artificial breezes were too great. He spoke in words of several syllables.

And then up spake the Rev. Dempster. He was very nice. He spoke in words of one syllable. Everyone understood. It was fine and very simple the way he refuted Schilpp's unrefutable arguments and the weather got darker and stormier for dear old Pacific. Down went Schilpp in a cloud of natural dust, caused by natural causation without a cause. He was covered with a slime of "Inherent Nature of Things" and the room became

darker as God drifted out the back window and the black wave of atheism engulfed the audience.

And President Knoles sat in the middle of the conflict and smiled and smiled for it is not often that Schilpp is heard saying "Yes" to a question, when it is possible to say "No".

It looked bad with Schilpp huddled in his philosophical corner covering against Dempster's withering fire. But not for long. The fighting Bengal was not so easily downed.

Up shot Schilpp for his ten minute rebuttal. Words came. Bigger words. Louder words. And now it was Dempster's turn to wilt and shrink. Down went the theory of natural causation. It was glorious. Ten yards! Twenty yards! The shadow of victory in sight for dear old Pacific! And then—

"Your time is up," announced the timekeeper.

"Thank God," murmured Dempster. "Glory Hallelujah!" echoed the audience.

## Girls At Last Disclose Opinion Of Men's Dorm; Mere Men Reciprocate In No Uncertain Terms

## THE GIRLS' DORM

The girls' dorm is the reason for the corruption and loose morals existing among the men on the campus.

The best way to announce an engagement is to tell someone living in this famed house. It will be broadcast immediately.

In spite of rouge and lipstick, these dear girls are not as bad as they have been painted. Most of them carry on their pursuits very seriously and they are the ones responsible for the reputation our college has.

But in our experiences with these maidens, some questions have arisen.

These we would like to answer so that the girls will not be misunderstood.

Question: Why is so much incense burned in the girls' dorm?

Answer: To make the dormitory impervious to a Chinese temple.

Question: Why are the doors of the beau-pens nailed open?

Answer: Because the girls are always going in to study their lessons and locking the door.

Question: What is the reason for the trouping of girls out toward the stadium after dinner?

Answer: To enjoy the sunset, of course.

Question: Why do the first story windows open at about three of four o'clock in the morning?

Answer: Mosquitoes.

At any rate, the girls' dorm is a fine thing—it gives the college its heavy atmosphere.

Their motto: "We must diet."

A dinner in honor of William Morris, student body president-elect, was held in the kitchen of the dining hall yesterday. The gas stove was painted a dark black, and the host wore a faded tie, a torn pair of trousers, and table decorations covered the table, the guests having to eat on their laps. It was an informal affair, and the leftovers will be served those that regularly eat in the dining hall.



## THE PACIFIC COLLEGIATE FORD

Body—the big part—George Corson.

Front lights—made to shine—Audrey Squires, Gwen Beamguard.

Tail light—doesn't work half the time—Elmer Stevens.

Bumper—three jumps ahead of anybody—J. Douglas Conway.

Wheels—always around—Betty Moore, Virginia Cockingham, Isabel Falch, Ethel Kazebeer.

Fenders—that protect the wheels—Frank Heath, Jack Roberts, Fred Babcock, Ovid Ritter.

Gas tank—often low—Babe Schrader.

Oil—keeps things running smoothly—Lenora Coffman.

Springs—lively parts—Betty Hyde and Harriett Sulser.

Brake—something handy—Paul Hubbard.

Crank—always starting something—Bob Fenix.

Fan—furnishes air—Leo Tanquary.

Carburetor—distributor of hot air—Walt Robertson.

License—very necessary—J. Henry Smith.

Running board—always getting stepped on—Bradford Champlin.

Valve cap—small but important—Margaret Spooner.

Nuts—not always there—Charley Bottarini, Herb Crawford.

Spare tire—ready in case of emergency—Bruce Henley.

Cut-out—very noisy—Howard Bailey.

Shock absorbers—The profs.

Horn—Clark Briggs.

## THE BOYS' DORM

The boys' dorm is that part of Pacific's campus that exists because the administration of the college lets it.

It is the center of learning and culture. Within its confines, you can discover all the qualities of civilization; namely: standardization and dissipation.

When the door opens in the evening, exit all the Greek gods, to study about Greek goddesses. The rest, who are too timid to ask for a date from one of the girls who pine their hearts out in the lobby of the dorm, go to the levee for a smoke.

These little boys are so noisy that they have driven themselves insane so fast that no girl goes for a ride with them without wearing hiking clothes, and so childish that they would be wearing rompers if their manias hadn't told them they should wear long pants.

After these playful boys have waved their rattles for a while, they shoot off some fire-crackers and then gather in the reading room to plan some intelligence.

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## PACIFIC'S PROBABILITIES

Thursday, May 21:  
Band Concert—practice for the band boys.  
Faculty Cigar-Smoking Contest. Dr. Knoles' office.

Friday, May 22:  
Alpha Theta Tau Benefit Bridge (of sighs).

Saturday, May 23:  
Epsilon Lambda Sigma Formal Dance and Easter-egg Hunt. No men allowed.

Tau Kappa Kappa Formal Dinner, at the Stockton Country Club. (That levee atmosphere!)

Monday, May 25:  
Mathematics Club Meeting for Potential Einsteinians. No refreshments.

Tuesday, May 26:  
Recital.

Wednesday, May 27:  
No School (official)?

Thursday, May 28:  
Epsilon Lambda Sigma Formal Initiation. You know "Early to bed, early to rise."

Friday, May 29:  
Omega Phi Boat-ride.

Sunday, May 31:  
Organ Recital, for the appreciative dozen.

gent escape such as sending in a fire alarm or pulling a fuse.

In spite of these boyish pranks, we, the women of the girls' dorm, thank God for these men—without them college would hold no amusement for us.

Give me a nickel's worth of sorts. Sorry, but I am out of sorts today.

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SMELL A RAT?"

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