

1927

## Natsihi Yearbook 1927

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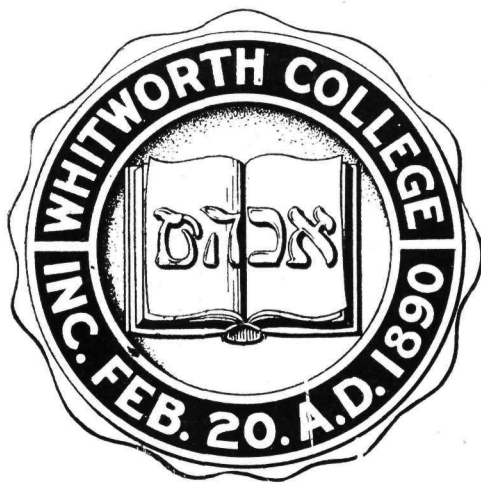
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**NATSIHI**  
**1927**

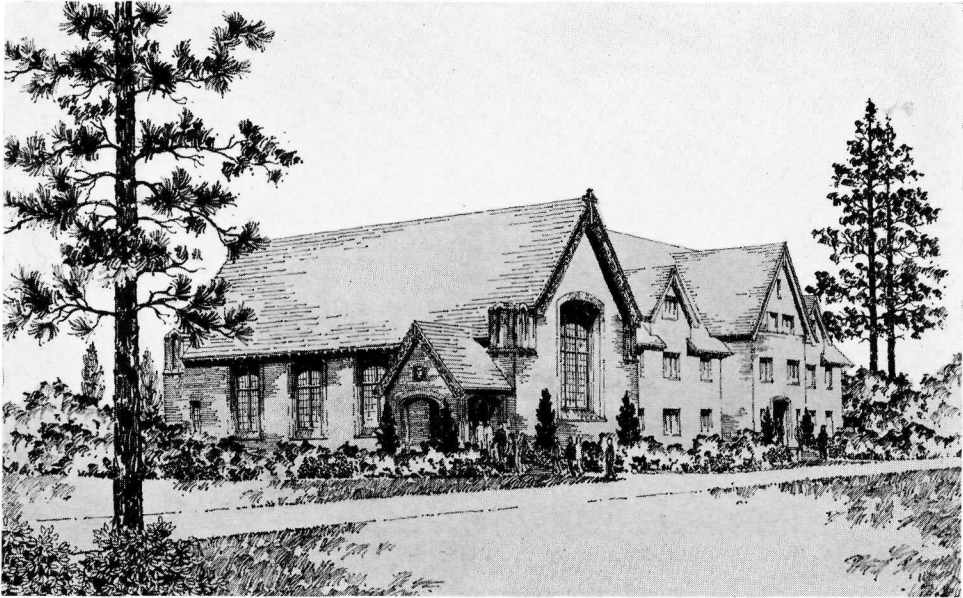
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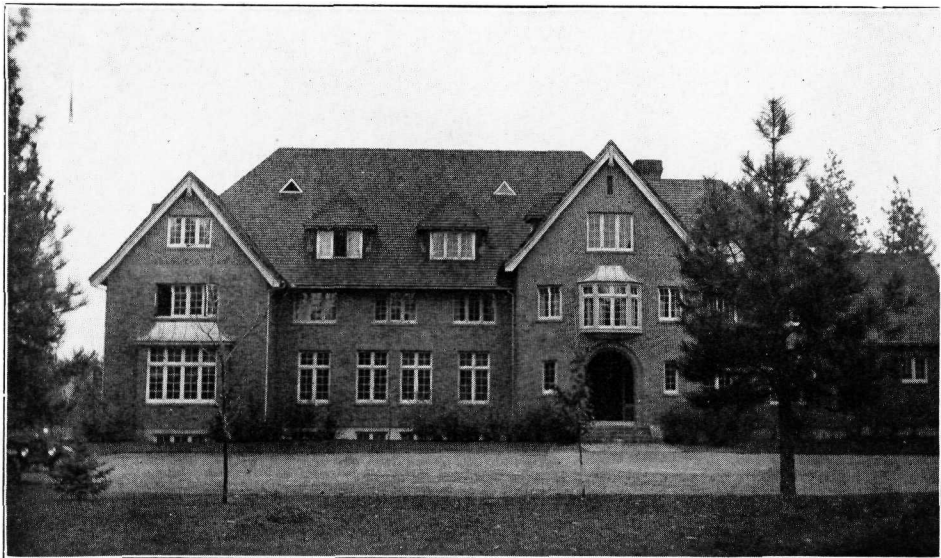
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*"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ."*



NEW BALLARD HALL

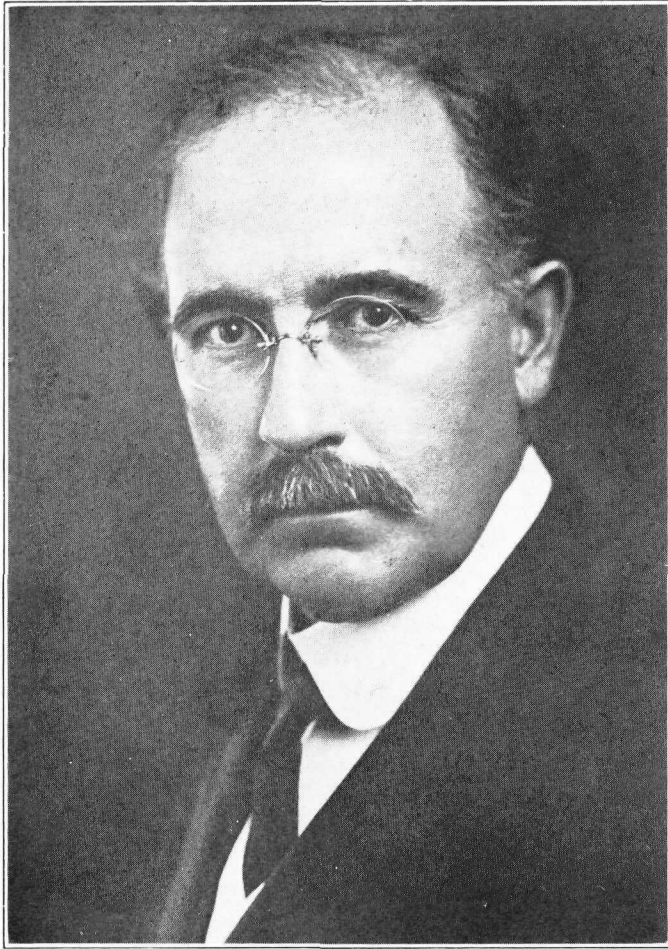


McMILLAN HALL

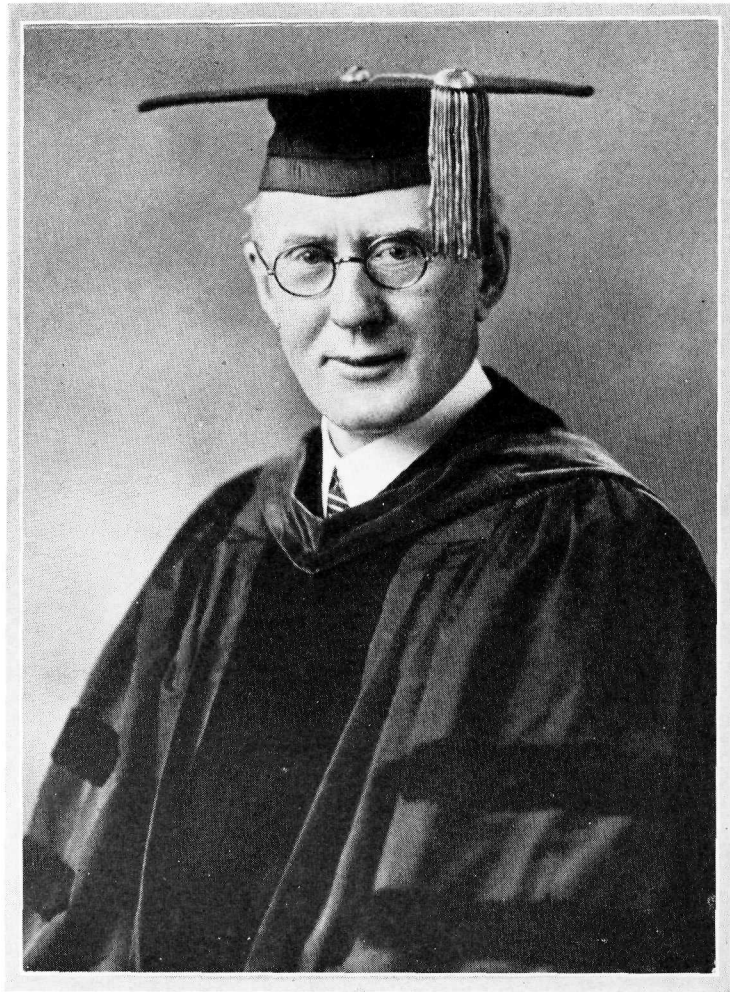
*Because of his large vision and optimism, his undaunted courage, his perseverance in retrieving the college from a large indebtedness, and his determination to rebuild Ballard Hall and to continue Whitworth as a college true to the fundamentals of the Christian faith, we respectfully dedicate this annual to*

**DR. WALTER ANSON STEVENSON**

*President of our beloved Alma Mater*



WALTER A. STEVENSON, Ph. B., A. M., Ph. D., D. D.



ORRIN EDWARD TIFFANY, A. M., Ph. D.  
*Dean of College*

## Whitworth Atmosphere

AS A NEW member of the Whitworth College staff I have frequently been asked, "What do you think of Whitworth?" As the months have passed by, I have become conscious of a peculiar charm and atmosphere surrounding and pervading the institution; and I have found that others, as well as myself, have sooner or later become aware of certain subtle influences associated with the environment. The two-hundred-acre campus, dotted with numerous evergreen pines and interlaced with alluring paths, the fertile valleys of the near-by Little Spokane, the picturesque falls, the imposing Five-Mile Prairie, the rising foothills of snow-covered mountains—all these give Whitworth a natural environment of varied beauty.

One day last October I left the College for a walk to the north, through woods, fences, irrigated sections, stubble fields, by-paths, and unknown trails. I finally came to a gateway with a tall stone pillar on either side. I passed through, walked a short distance to the brow of a cliff and beheld a scene of wondrous beauty. Below was a wide valley with a river winding its way through green pastures, moistened and refreshed by the recent rains. Against the background of high banks on either side were the green pines and the brown shrubbery of the hillsides. Down the valley to the westward was a gorgeous sunset. The clouds had lifted, except for a few fleecy patches on the foreground of the emblazoned sky. The deep green of the valley, the bright autumnal hues of the hillside, the clear blue sky, washed of its dust by a passing shower, the brilliant reddish glow from the departing glory of the sun, filled the entire landscape with a com-

posite of coloring that surpassed description. I was awed into silence and worship. My spirit was refreshed. I had found rest for body and soul. I quietly turned back to the work of the morrow with new hope and enlarged vision. This is the atmosphere, the spirit of nature, that surrounds Whitworth College.

Another element of the Whitworth environment that wields its subtle influence is the Christian idealism that permeates the various relations and activities of the institution. This benign influence emanates from the beautiful Murray Memorial Chapel, where faculty and students gather daily for worship. There God's infallible word is honored, gospel songs are sung, a brief but earnest Christian message is spoken, and a few moments are spent in prayer and communion with the Infinite. There life is transfigured; it is lifted out of the low and common-place into a higher altitude of vision. As the days come and go, life view points are changed and characters are so transformed that sordidness and sin yield to altruism and righteousness.

This new life finds expression in improved scholarship, in growing culture and refinement, in pleasant and wholesome relationships, and in more ethical and mature self-direction. This Christian idealism was well-exemplified in the life of Ballard Hall, where a "gentlemen's agreement" successfully replaced the customary dormitory "rules and regulations," and administrative discipline gave way to self-discipline on a Christian basis.

Such, to my mind, is the Whitworth atmosphere, in which germinate and develop the Christian faith and ethical view points of life that prepare young men and women for right living and effective life service.

—ORRIN EDWARD TIFFANY.



## *Foreword*

**A**S A symbol of the spirit of Whitworth, as a record of lasting friendships, and hours of joy and toil, and as a service to our college, whose future shall uphold the traditions of its past; if these things are embodied in the pages of this Natsihi, then our purpose has been accomplished.

# Board of Trustees

## Whitworth College

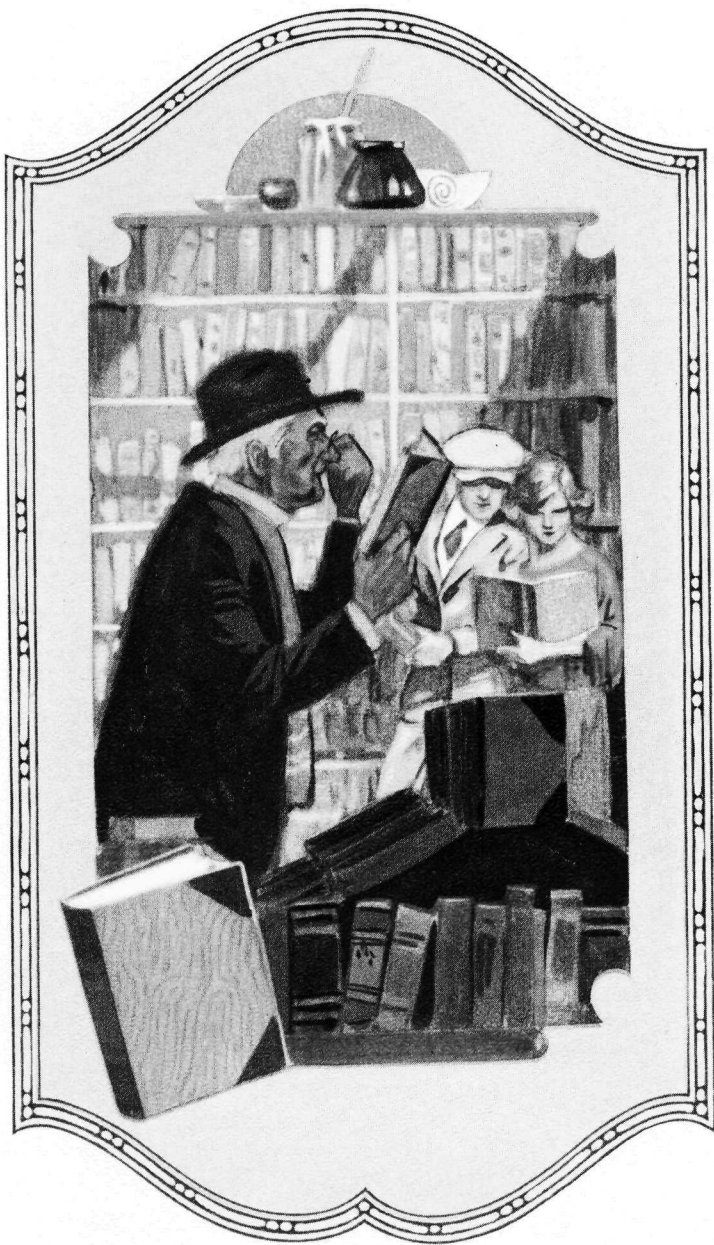


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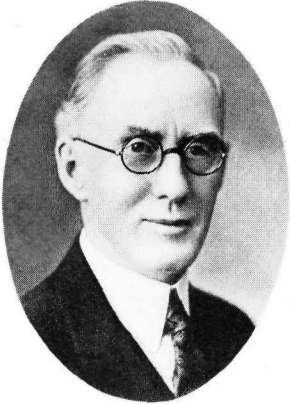
## TABLE *of* CONTENTS



Dedication .....	4
Administration .....	5
Foreword .....	8
Board of Trustees.....	9
Faculty .....	11
Classes .....	15
Organizations .....	27
Literary .....	51
Society and Calendar.....	67
Sports .....	78
Advertising .....	85



*Faculty*



ORRIN EDWARD TIFFANY  
*Dean of College.*

Head of History and Political Science Departments; A. B., A. M., Ph. D., University of Michigan; Phi Beta Kappa.



WALTER HENRY BUXTON  
*Head of Mathematics Department.*

A. B., University of Nebraska; A. M. University of Oregon.



REV. CHARLES WHERRY HAYS  
*Head of Department of Classical Languages.*

A. B., A. M., D. D., Washington and Jefferson College.



ALICE MORRISON  
*Dean of Women.  
Head of Departments of Education and Public Speaking.*

B. S., Amity College; A. M., University of Washington.



E. BEATRICE BARNES

*Head of Departments of Modern Languages and Journalism.*

A. B., Washington State College; Graduate work, Washington State College and University of California.



HERBERT LEIGH HUSSONG

*Head of Departments of Economics and Sociology.*

B. Ped., Fremont Normal; A. B. Fremont College; A. M., University of Oregon.



SELMA CROW

*Head of Departments of Biology and Home Economics.*

B. S., Whitman College.



ADELE WEVER STEVENSON

*Acting Bursar and Purchasing Agent.*

B. L., Olivet College.



JOHN CAMPBELL MARTIN

*Head of Departments of Chemistry and Physics.*

B. X., Tarkio College, Wis.; University of Illinois.



DOROTHY D. FARR

*Instructor in Voice and Glee Club.*

A. B., Whitworth College; Pupil of Professor Francis Woodward and of Professor Albert Ely.



MOSSIE BURKE HUSSONG

*Assistant Professor of English and Home Economics.*

B. Ped., Fremont Normal; B. S., Fremont College; A. B., University of Oregon; M. Ed., Colorado Teachers' College.

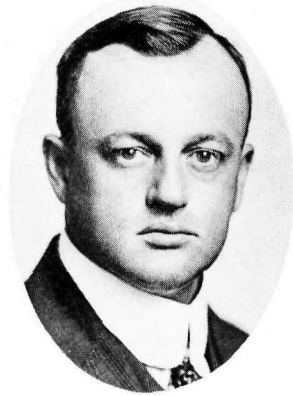


KATHRINE BELANGER TIFFANY

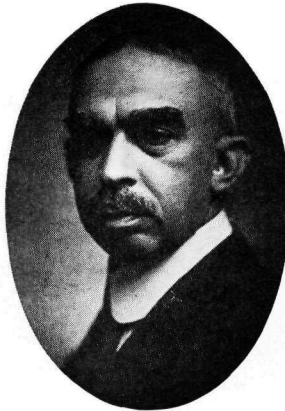
Normal Diploma, Mayville State Normal School; A. B., A. M., University of North Dakota; Graduate Work, University of Chicago, Harvard, and University of Washington.



JESSIE E. TAYLOR  
*Secretary to the President.*



EDWARD ACKLEY  
*Athletic Coach.*



DR. ORTON H. CARMICHAEL

Died Nov. 8, 1926

Orton H. Carmichael, D. D., who so wisely and graciously pointed us to the God of Nature by unfolding the Power and Love of God in Nature; whose quiet, unassuming character, manifested itself in a sincere and noble life, and won for him a place of highest esteem in the hearts of all who knew him.





*Classes*

## Seniors

### MARY RANSBURG

Kappa Gamma: Treasurer '24, Secretary '25-'27, Vice President '25, May Queen '26; W. A. A.: Treasurer '24-'25, Volley Ball Captain '25-'26, Tennis '24, Basketball '24-'25-'26-'27, President '26-'27, Athletic emblem and pin '25, Athletic sweater '26; Natsihi Staff: '26-'27; Pyramid Literary Society: President '23-'24-'25; President Student Government '24; Student Association: Executive Board '25-'26-'27, Vice President '25-'26; Class Secretary '25-'27, Treasurer '26-'27; Volunteer Fellowship: '25-'26-'27, President '26-'27; Glee Club: "Sylvia" '26, "Sailor Maids" '27; Dramatics: "Why Not Jim" '25, "Come Out of the Kitchen" '26; Oratory: Second Intercollegiate '24, Second Ballard '24.

### MARTHALENA MILLER

W. A. A.: Board '24, Secretary '25-'26, Basketball '24, Captain '25-'26, Captain '27, Volleyball '25-'26, Athletic emblem and pin '25, Athletic sweater '26; Kappa Gamma: President '26; Sphinx Literary Society: Vice President '25, Secretary '24; Senior Class Secretary '27; Volunteer Fellowship '25-'26-'27; Dramatics: "Prexy Proxy" '24, "Come Out of the Kitchen" '26, Recitation Intercollegiate Conference '25-'26-'27; Oratory: Ballard First '26.

### MELVIN GILMORE

Oratory '25; Debate '25-'26-'27.





DONALD BEAL

Student Body President '26; Vice President Student Body '26-'27; Executive Board '26-'27; President Alpha Psi Delta '26-'27; Secretary-Treasurer Alpha Psi Delta '25-'26; President Pyramid Literary Society '25-'26; Vice President Class '27; Vice President Class '26; Dramatics: '26-'27, "Come Out of the Kitchen" '26; Glee Club '24-'25-'26-'27; Operetta: '26-'27, "Sailor Maids" '27; Football Letterman '23-'24-'25-'26, Football Captain '26; Basketball Letterman '25-'27; Baseball Letterman '24-'25-'27; Tennis Letterman '24-'26; Annual Staff '26; Big "W" Club; Volunteer Fellowship '25-'26-'27.

CARL BOPPELL

Alpha Psi Delta: President '26, Vice President '27; President Class '26; President Class '27; Sphinx Literary Society: President '26, Treasurer '25; President Boys' Federation '27; Student Association Treasurer '27; Executive Board '25-'26-'27; Basketball '25-'27, Captain '26; Baseball '24-'27, Manager '25; Football '26-'27, Manager '25; Track '25; Adv. Manager Natsihi '25; Business Manager Natsihi '26; Natsihi Staff '27; Whitworthian Staff '27; Glee Club '24-'25-'26-'27; "Sylvia" '26; "Sailor Maids" '27.

## Senior Class History

*"The tumult and the shouting dies,  
The captains and the kings depart."*

IN a manner of speaking, the quotation given might be aptly applied to the class of '27 as it pursues its triumphant way down into the realms of immortal history. And who could pen an adequate history of such a class? Who could adequately present the trials, vicissitudes and vexations which have accompanied its career? Surely, such a deed would require a genius of no mean or mediocre order.

It is true that several of the class have fallen by the way and that a few of our brilliant stars now blaze in other skies. The lordly Mitchell and the illustrious Bell have departed from our midst and now shed a mellowing lustre over the fortunate institutions which they now represent.

Fate, however, so willed it, that the incipient genius was left to Whitworth, and thus enabled her to blazon forth in a glory now unworthy of her name, and to set forth a record of magnanimity and virtues which must ever be the astonishment of less gifted generations.

Consider for a moment Mr. Boppell and then confess that the class of '27 truly bears the palm of immortal victory. After serving Whitworth on the gridiron, the diamond and the basketball floor, and after gathering other honors too numerous to mention, he graduates with a selected few. It is true, as has been sometimes rumored, that he seemed to suffer from a gradual necrosis of the intellect during his last days, but this was fortunately temporary, for he rallied nobly, and the severest scrutiny today can perceive no diminution in his powers. Indeed, they seem rather to increase with the passing of time. Yes, gone but not forgotten.

Nor does the glory of the class cease with Mr. Boppell for who has not

heard of Mr. Beal? A diamond in the rough when he came to Whitworth, four years of collegiate instruction has left him polished to an almost inconceivable degree of brilliance. He has represented Whitworth in all branches of sports, and before his Olympian majesty even the most astute gods of the college have been forced to bow—and this to one of the class of '27.

Miss Ransburg is the beneficent goddess of the class and represents the gentler virtues. Four years of college finds her the same delightful girl that she was when she started; but she is wiser now and adds the virtues of knowledge to those of beauty. And there is something in a name after all, for who ever knew a girl with the name of Mary who was not so? Unlike Mr. Beal she required no polish and she leaves Whitworth with a host of pleasant memories behind her.

Miss Miller represents the other half of the feminine virtues belonging to the class of '27 and her four years of instruction have added to her wit, charm and readiness of comprehension. She has ably represented Whitworth as a speaker, and she leaves a number of gracious memories to be long remembered in the annals of the college. She graduates, but Whitworth will not forget her.

Last in number of the immortal five is Mr. Gilmore, a man of rare wit, but very doubtful learning. Time has worn him, we may say, to a frazzle, but since he is by nature extremely optimistic much is to be hoped for him. Mr. Gilmore is a composer of extraordinary merit, and his opera "Jejoshaphat in Boston" is universally admitted to be the one outstanding effort of the age.

And so the class of '27 goes down into the annals of time, departing in a blaze of splendor. Truly it is the twilight of the Gods!

## Senior Biography

FROM earliest tradition and custom it has been the privilege of the Junior Class to speed the parting Seniors. In this case, the task is especially pleasing. Looking back into underclass years, the writer can remember herself subjected to all manner of indignities by the notorious class of '27. Nevertheless, it is more in sorrow than in anger that she undertakes to set forth the shortcomings of the Senior Class.

Marthalena Miller, Senior athletic marvel, was born in Illinois, February 7, 1882. As a child she was noted for her unusual piety and for her thorough knowledge of Biblical literature. On one occasion she is said to have rendered the Twenty-third psalm with the following original variations:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth the horse to water."

Miss Miller was likewise an authority on the bisecting of defunct mice, her favorite weapon being the family paring knife. However, it is rumored that she was somewhat hampered in this pastime by parental disapproval.

A large section of Miss Miller's life was spent in the province of Alberta, Canada, where she attained the distinction of being the champion gopher trapper of the Calgary district. Miss Miller was ever an eager student of Canadian affairs and still endeavors to keep in touch with them through the columns of Eaton's mail-order catalogue.

At Whitworth Miss Miller has attained an enviable reputation. She has won fame as an athlete, having won the Women's Hop-Scotch tournament and the Senior Bean-bag meet.

In addition Miss Miller has noteworthy social talents. It is said that

she is never so much at home as when presiding over an automobile wreck. She is a thorough believer in the Chaperonage of the Congregational Ministry.

Melvin Gilmore, the poetic genius of the class, was born on August 6, 1890, in Potlatch, Idaho. His childhood days seem to have been passed in seething activity. At an early age Mr. Gilmore attempted to take a bath in a solution of lye. Strange to relate, his parents fished him out and as Mr. Gilmore himself puts it, "I was saved for an ungrateful posterity."

At a somewhat later date Mr. Gilmore attempted to crawl bodily through a wringer and became somewhat flattened out in the process. Keen observers will note that Mr. Gilmore still feels crushed.

Embittered by these misfortunes he turned to scholarly pursuits and soon grew to find his greatest pleasure in the gems of thought gleaned from the works of Noah Webster. His vocabulary began to grow rapidly. In a few years his relatives remarked with pride that there was no one left in the family who could understand him. At times his schoolmates still find it necessary to commune with him in the sign language.

Mr. Gilmore's college career has been fittingly called one continuous stream of eloquence. He can, and does, speak feelingly on all topics. His philosophical speculations are particularly noteworthy. Just at present Mr. Gilmore has decided that he is relatively non-existent. So far, he is the only Senior in the history of Whitworth College who has ever felt that way.

Mr. Gilmore is also an ardent admirer of woman's intellect.

Mary Ransburg, official Senior riot leader, was born near Yellowstone Park, April 27, 1881. Her roving disposition manifested itself at an

early age. However, her parents are said to have taken an unfair advantage of her by staking her out on a rope.

At Whitworth she has made an enviable reputation, having had a particularly strong influence over the class of '28. When asked how she maintained this influence, Miss Ransburg replied that she sought to lead them by love alone.

Her greatest achievement, perhaps, is the development of the Senior stare to its full glory. Miss Miller can gaze upon an offender and suggest that a broad expanse of wall meets her eye. Miss Ransburg can gaze at the same offender and suggest that there is not even a knot-hole in the wall. Naturally, this stare is effective.

Miss Ransburg is likewise an authority on the etiquette of receiving class bouquets. It is said that she can make the depths of her gratitude known in no uncertain manner. At the same time it must be admitted that one is not tempted to repeat the performance frequently.

In disposition, Miss Ransburg is docile unless disturbed, in which lamentable case, her manner is like unto that of an insulted hornet.

Miss Ransburg's present occupation is grieving over her imminent departure from the Junior girls.

Donald Beal, keeper of the Senior dignity, was born in California on August 7, 1890.

Mr. Beal's early life was spent in contemplating the beauties of nature. As a boy, he often attempted to imitate the cries of wild animals and eventually became highly proficient in reproducing the musical cadences of the coyote. Mr. Beal feels that he owes his success in the Glee Club to this practice.

Mr. Beal has always believed in keeping fit, it being his custom to spend several hours each day picking flowers. To this he undoubtedly owes his football prowess. Enthusiastic coaches have intimated that his matchless football form reminds

them of nothing so much as a young cat pacing a picket fence.

Whitworth College is indebted to Mr. Beal for his constant, self-sacrificing care of the library. He has been known to sit watching it for hours at a time. Certainly few students have the interests of the library so much at heart.

In closing, it seems necessary to refer again to the incomparable beauty of Mr. Beal's voice, especially when it is wafted up to the second floor windows of McMillan Hall, filling the hearts of his hearers with an overwhelming desire to cast upon him tributes of their regard—preferably heavy furniture.

Carl Boppell, self-admitted ornament of the Senior affliction was born in Okanogan, April 30, 1893. Of his early childhood little is known. On his second childhood Miss Tattersall refuses to comment.

Mr. Boppell is chiefly noted for a variety of classic dancing which is commonly called basketball. He likewise ornaments the football field and the baseball diamond.

Mr. Boppell is diligent in patrolling the halls of the Administration building. To tell the truth, he has become such a fixture that no one has ever noticed Whitworth's lack of statuary. Indeed, one visitor was heard to ask if it was Minerva.

In his spare time, Mr. Boppell rules over the Senior Class, holding an office somewhat less important than that of president of the United States. The dignity necessary to such an exalted office is supplied by his worthy classmates.

Like Mr. Beal, he is blessed (?) with a melodious tenor voice, which is fully appreciated by the Junior boys who state that they have never heard anything to equal it. They have been heard to remark furthermore that when it is heard in combination with Mr. Beal's cheerful warble, the effect is beyond description.

## Junior Pep Class

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the fact that the Seniors attribute unto themselves most of the virtues in the collegiate calendar, the Juniors feel that they have the right to remind the college, modestly, that the institution would undoubtedly flounder but for the genius, wisdom, and support of the class of '28.

Karl Rupp, the leader of the mighty band, is a recent and welcome addition. Mr. Rupp's chapel decorum together with his grace and endurance in the traditional Skip to M'Lou make him the model for many an ambitious underclassman. As a leader he is noted for his fair-mindedness and good sense.

Lessie Rasco, the next in order, saves the college schedule from chaos by her dutiful and regular tolling of class bells. Lessie is an all-around leader and one who possesses the invaluable quality of absolute dependability.

Phillip Laurie is another indispensable campus character. He is a skilled debater and a ready speaker, talent which he frequently manifests on the school bus. In addition, "Phil" is one of the bulwarks of the newspaper and annual staffs.

Jean Seaton, the fourth member of the class, performs a valuable service in giving the library shelves a pleasing variety by her original and unusual classifications. Jean also serves as one of the props of the English department.

Carl Laudenbach, our student body president and Natsihi editor, is one of the most versatile members of the class. He is not only an executive and a business man, but is also an all-around athlete. "Laudie" is likewise a much-admired, social butterfly.

Bertha Tattersall, the next in order, has proved her worth as an officer of

several campus organizations. "Bert" is one of the most tuneful residents of McMillan Hall and lifts up her voice in song at the slightest provocation. She is also noted for her ever-willing advice to the love-lorn. Unfortunately Miss Tattersall herself, is a man-hater.

Russell Boucher, our studious member, makes a specialty of heading the honor roll. In his spare time he acts as president of the "Bus-hoppers." Mr. Boucher is especially adept in escorting young ladies two or three miles to the nearest car-line whenever his trusty Ford has a stroke of paralysis en route from college.

Dorothy Dailey, a new member of the class, is a talented musician and a member of the college orchestra. Dorothy is celebrated for her angelic disposition and her beautiful smile. Her roommates, it is said, affirm that she is the origin of the expression "daily tribulation."

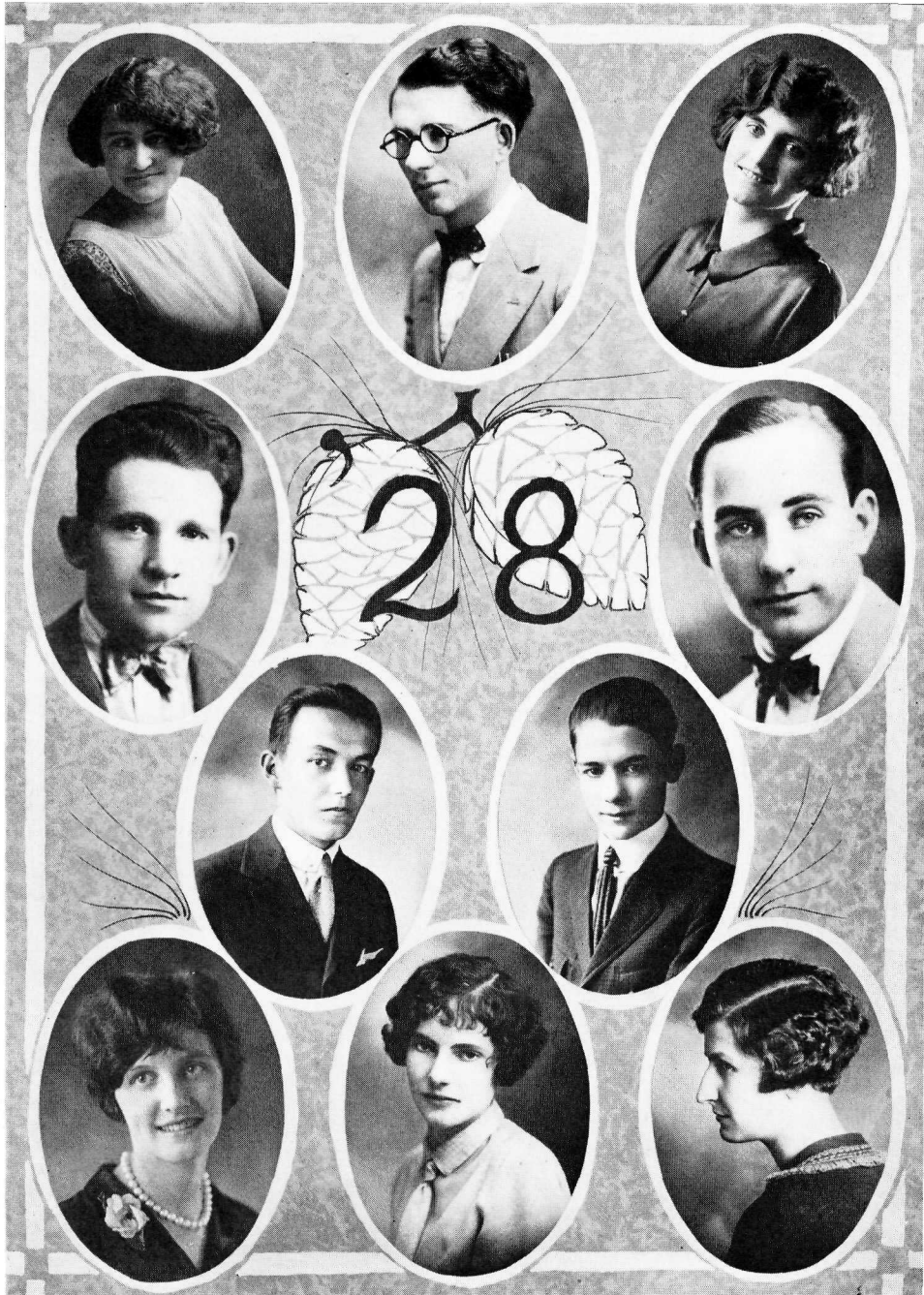
Alan Rice, last but not least of our masculine section, is an athlete as well as a forceful speaker and debater. Alan's flaming locks are an inspiration alike to his classmates and to his underclass admirers. It is generally understood that Mr. Rice looks upon the feminine sex as a necessary peril to his scholastic labors.

Lillian Brown, the last member of the class, regrets that she has nothing good to say about herself after burning the midnight oil to set forth herein the virtues of her classmates. Let it suffice to say that she strives ever to be to the class of '28 as the sap to the living tree, as the nut to the shell.

And so the old "pep" class of '28, depleted in numbers but strong in faith and courage, enters upon the last lap of its college career, carrying with it one clear-cut purpose—that we may be worthy of those who have gone before us.

L. G. B.

# Junior Class





## Class of 1929

THE class of 1929 organized during the first days of the fall semester to prepare for the class fight between the Freshmen and Sophomores. Early one morning during the first part of the semester the Sophomore boys put their 1929 flag on the pole and painted their numerals in conspicuous places on and off the campus. Then they removed their shoes and with Indian stealth sneaked up on the peacefully sleeping Freshmen in Ballard hall, quietly tying each one up on his bed. There were numerous escapes, due to improper tying but no one escaped out of the dorm. Then at 6 o'clock, the Frosh, tied in their pajamas, were removed to the furnace room of McMillan hall where a close guard was kept. When the Freshmen from town arrived, things grew interesting, for there were some tough ones yet to tie up. These however, were

taken care of and placed with the others in the coal dust of the furnace room. The Sophs' only mistake was that of letting the Frosh girls feed their unfortunate brothers. The Frosh boys cut themselves loose with the aid of knives and razor blades that the girls had slipped them. Then there was a glorious battle in the grime and dirt of the furnace pit, but a half hour of fighting found the Frosh tied again. There was very little fighting at the pole and at 2 o'clock the Frosh admitted their defeat and everyone shook hands.

The Sophomore class is well represented in every school activity, in football, basketball, and baseball; in debating and in the Women's Athletic Association officers' staff. This has been as a whole a very successful year for the class of '29 and has placed them as a very definite part of the activities of the college.



### A FOREST FIRE FANTASY

*There is smoke through the canyons drifting  
 Like a stream from the milky way—  
 A mystic stream like a wistful dream  
 That shapes at the close of day.  
 Is it smoke through the canyons sifting  
 Like a rhythmic river of light,  
 Or the souls of trees on a wafting breeze  
 From a forest fire tonight?*

—ALAN RICE.

## Sophomore Class



## Freshman Class



FRED CLANTON  
*President*

DALE BOUCHER  
*Vice President*

GERTRUDE FIFE  
*Secretary*

WILLIAM BOPPELL  
*Treasurer*

“WHERE are the verdant Freshmen?” They are about to become Sophomores unless a few F’s prevent, and so the Freshman life of the Class of 1930 is about to close.

On Monday, September 20, 1926, the halls and campus of Whitworth College were at the mercy of a score of green and homesick looking individuals who were immediately classified as Freshmen.

The first few weeks of life seemed almost unbearable but the Freshman bore up nobly and early showed their bravery when beset by the Sophomores who wielded paddles most effectively and made maids and janitors out of the entire class in order to down their spirit. For three months the Freshman “badge of authority” was green ribbons and caps, which proved very becoming.

The first big event in the Freshman class came on Monday, September 27, 1926, when the girls awoke in the morning to find that the lesser half of the class reposed in the furnace room of McMillan hall, through the

kind efforts of the Sophomores, and so the class “scrap” was on.

Unhappily none of the Freshman girls were pole-climbers and so the Sophomores carried off the honors.

During the same week the Sophs entertained the Freshmen at a party in the boys’ parlor of Ballard hall and this in a measure helped palliate the sorrows of the Freshmen for losing the class scrap. The compliment was returned to the Sophomores early in May when the Freshies entertained them at a kid party.

The Freshman class has proved very worthy of Whitworth College, and its members are well represented in all the college activities and organizations.

Class officers are Fred Clanton, president; Dale Boucher, vice president; Gertrude Fife, secretary, and Bill Boppell, treasurer. Mildred Post and William Dickson are Executive Board representatives.

The Freshman class is not at all conceited but the general and unanimous feeling of the class members is that the class of 1930 is going to make Whitworth College proud of it.

## Academy Seniors

### LAURA WILLEY

Entered from Nelson High School, Nelson, B. C., Canada; Executive Board of Student Association, Fall '26, Spring '27; Executive Board of W. A. A., Fall '26, Spring '27; Natsihi Staff '27; Whitworthian Staff, Fall '26, Spring '27; Glee Club: "Sylvia" '26; Dramatics: "Daddy Long Legs" '26.

### ELEANOR BRAND

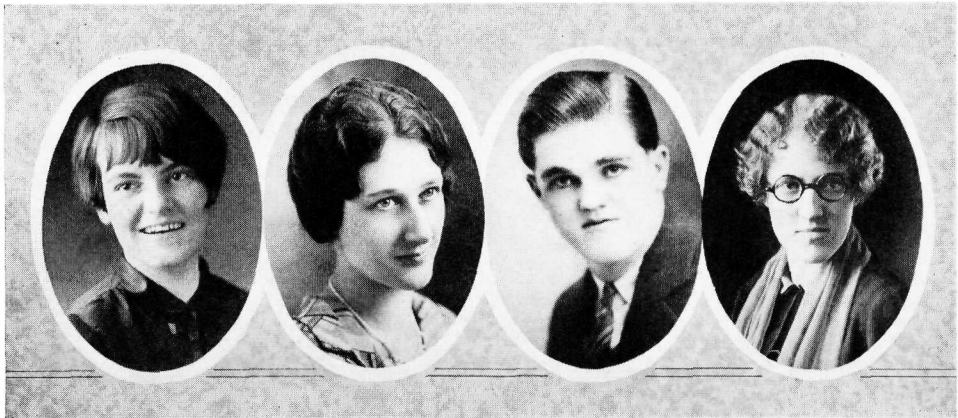
Tri-G '24-'25, Secretary '25, Vice President '26; Executive Board '26-'27; Glee Club '26-'27; Operetta '27.

### HELEN E. JACOBSON

Entered from Sandpoint High School 1925; Glee Club '25-'26-'27; Operetta: "Sylvia" '26; Tri-G '25-'26-'27, Treasurer '26-'27; W. A. A. Executive Board '26; Glee Club Concert '27.



## Preparatory Department



SCOTT KIMBALL  
*President*

JAMES BENNETT  
*Secretary-Treasurer*

ELEANOR BRAND  
*Executive Board*

HELEN JACOBSON  
*Vice President*

LAURA WILLEY  
*Executive Board*

LILLIAN BROWN  
*Class Advisor*

THIS page is dedicated to those interested in the Prep class. Of course one must bear in mind the dignity of the upper classmen, but the fact that the Preps are of such importance I think it will be overlooked. The prevailing supposition is, that the students of this class are invincible, and in the future, they will be recognized as leaders of men, masters of arts and sciences, and men and women of note in society. The unlimited knowledge and practical intelligence, possessed by this small group, has already profoundly moved the faculty and the student-body. At this rate what deeds and accomplishments will they establish when they confront the world, and mingle with famous men and women of this great nation?

One can not draw away from the fact that the foregoing statements are nothing but the

truth, even though they may seem a bit ironical.

I have always had the opinion that the college students believe the Preps to be of little significance, or they are a "bothersome lot," but it must be remembered that it is these academic students that will fill the vacancies left by college students, and it is they who will uphold the standards of Whitworth in the future.

While this quintet is struggling toward the apex of higher learning, leading to success, they have displayed a rare type of loyalty and spirit, which is beyond reproach. While they are attaining their preparatory education, they have been thrown among hardened college students where they learn the customs, activities, and above all have partaken of the college spirit at an early age. With all these advantages why shouldn't they make ideal college students?



*Organizations*

## Women's Athletic Association



**I**N THE spring of 1924 a new organization was formed under the leadership of Mrs. Irving R. Davis, athletic advisor. Heretofore athletics for women were limited to basketball and tennis. Under this new organization more activities were begun and a system of points with awards. Anyone earning five points in at least three activities is awarded an honor "W" letter, eight points in four activities a gold pin, and twelve points in five activities an athletic sweater. Awards were made at the close of this year to four girls: Pin and emblem, Lessie Rasco; Pin, Zada Padgham; Emblem, Margaret Ritter and Gertrude Fife.

The executive board for 1926-27 is: Mary

Ransburg, President; Bertha Tattersall, Secretary; Margaret Ritter, Treasurer; Hiking Captain, Helen Jacobson; Basketball, Zada Padgham; Hygiene, Lessie Rasco; Volleyball, Gertrude Fife, and Tennis, Laura Willey.

This system has prove efficient in not only distributing athletics through the year but in creating interest through awards. Three athletic sweaters have been won since the organization began.

Other events sponsored by the W. A. A. are: Football Banquet, April Frolic, and the May Morning Breakfast.

Two-fifths of the student association fees paid by the girls goes to further their own athletics.

## Kappa Gamma

Founded in Tacoma, Washington, 1901

Colors—Purple with Gold.      Flower—Violet.

*Sorora Supreme*

Dorothy Farr

*Sorora in Facultate*

Dorothy Farr

*Sorores in Collegii*

*Seniors*

Mary Ransburg

Marthalena Miller

*Juniors*

Dorothy Dailey

Lessie Rasco

Bertha Tattersall

Lillian Brown

*Sophomores*

Zada Padgham

Gladys Tattersall

*Freshmen*

Jessie Walton

Leah Grove

Delpha Coffman

Hallie Harris

Gertrude Fife



# Kappa Gamma



# Alpha Psi Delta

*Social Fraternity*

## FRATRES IN COLLEGII

*Seniors*

Carl Boppell

Donald Beal

*Juniors*

Carl Laudenbach

*Sophomores*

Bob Stevenson

Ralph Hansen

Lewis Randal

*Freshmen*

Bill Boppell

Fred Clanton

William Dickson

The Alpha Psi Delta fraternity is one of the older organizations on the campus. Organized for social purposes, the fraternity strives to make itself mutually beneficial to its members and the school. Each brother realizes that loyalty to Alpha Psi Delta is best shown in loyalty to his Alma Mater.

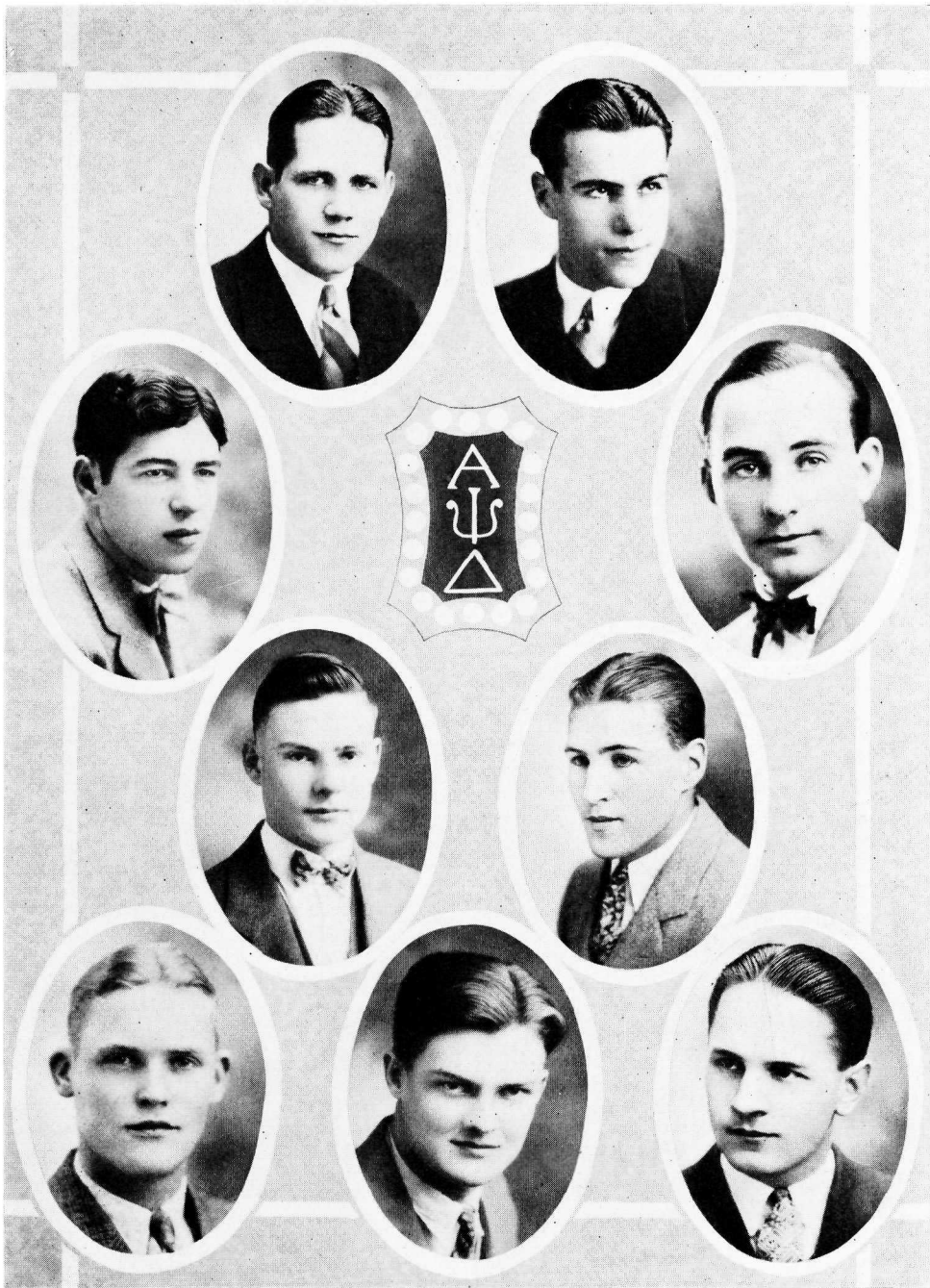
For that reason, each Delt is active in student activities, and thus individually makes the collective fraternity contribution to the success of the college. It is the policy of Alpha Psi Delta to make each year some material contribution to the campus. The gift this year is in the form of large pillars at the entrance to the campus.

The fraternity sponsors two social events during the year, namely, the St. Patrick's party and a beefsteak feed or breakfast during May. The members enjoy a stag banquet and a mixed banquet each fall and spring at the Davenport hotel.

## MAGISTRI OF ALPHA PSI DELTA

Don Beal.....	<i>Exalted Dux</i>
Carl Boppell.....	<i>Lesser Dux</i>
Carl Laudenbach.....	<i>Scribe</i>
Bill Boppell.....	<i>Custodian of Funds</i>
Bob Stevenson.....	<i>Keeper of the Inner Guard</i>

# Alpha Psi Delta



## Natsihi Staff

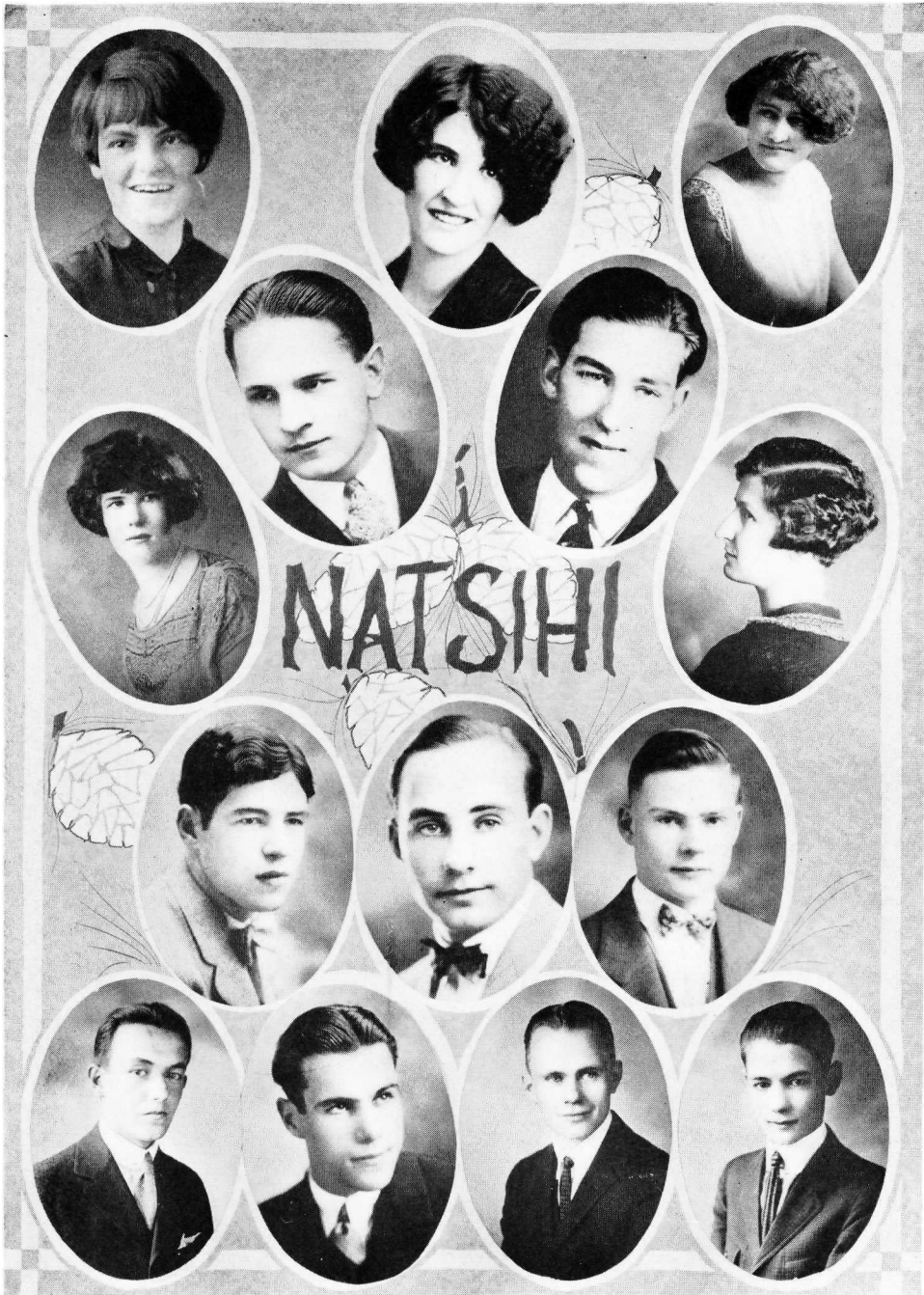
### EDITORIAL STAFF

CARL LAUDENBACH.....	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
William Dickson.....	<i>Associate Editor</i>
Everell Scharbroich.....	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
Lillian Brown, Melvil Gilmore.....	<i>Literary Editors</i>
Mary Ransburg.....	<i>Society Editor</i>
Laura Willey.....	<i>Art Editor</i>
Lessie Rasco.....	<i>Snapshot Editor</i>
Phillip Laurie.....	<i>Humor Editor</i>
Carl Boppell.....	<i>Organizations Editor</i>
Russel Boucher.....	<i>Athletic Editor</i>
Mildred Post.....	<i>Typist</i>
Scott Kimbal.....	<i>Contributor</i>
Fred Clanton.....	<i>Contributor</i>
Gene Garrett.....	<i>Contributor</i>
Karl Rupp.....	<i>Contributor</i>
Alan Rice.....	<i>Contributor</i>
Jessie Walton.....	<i>Contributor</i>
Clarence Rasmussen.....	<i>Contributor</i>
Gladys Tattersall.....	<i>Contributor</i>

### BUSINESS STAFF

LEWIS RANDAL.....	BUSINESS MANAGER
ROBERT STEVENSON.....	ADVERTISING MANAGER
Fred Clanton.....	<i>Assistant Advertising Manager</i>

## Natsihi Staff



## Student Association

Carl Laudenbach.....	<i>President</i>
Donald Beal.....	<i>Vice President</i>
Lessie Rasco.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Carl Boppell.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

### CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Mary Ransburg.....	<i>Senior Class</i>
Donald Beal.....	<i>Senior Class</i>
Lessie Rasco.....	<i>Junior Class</i>
Phillip Laurie.....	<i>Junior Class</i>
Lewis Randal.....	<i>Sophomore Class</i>
Lee Knole.....	<i>Sophomore Class</i>
Mildred Post.....	<i>Freshman Class</i>
William Dickson.....	<i>Freshman Class</i>
Eleanor Brand.....	<i>Prep. Class</i>
Laura Willey.....	<i>Prep. Class</i>
Dr. Tiffany.....	<i>Faculty Advisor</i>

The Student Association of Whitworth College is an organization which includes every student enrolled in the college. As soon as a student pays the required fee he becomes a voting member of the association and is entitled to a free copy of the college weekly, to free admission to all games on the home ground, to debates held at the college and to any other events designated by the association.

The Executive Board, which includes two faculty representatives and representatives from each college class and the President and Vice President of the Student Association is responsible to the organization for all funds. In addition, the board appoints managers for the various sports and for debate and oratory and the Editor-in-Chief, Business Manager and Advertising Manager of the Natsihi.

The board also has under its supervision the awarding of the gold "W."

The board is responsible for certain social events such as the All-College Mixer, the Hallowe'en Party and the Colonial Party.

## Executive Board



## Tri-G Club

**T**RI-G club, composed of Whitworth College girls, was first organized by the town girls of the college, but later came to include dormitory girls.

The club was organized primarily to promote dramatics and the members each year put on a play in which every one takes part. In this way talent is developed and often times discovered.

One of the Tri-G traditions is the St. Patrick's tea in honor of the dean of women, which was given this year at the home of Mrs. W. A. Stevenson on Thursday afternoon, March 17, 1927. The tea proved a very delightful affair at which about thirty were present. A very interesting program was given by members of the club and delicious refreshments were served at the close of the afternoon with Dean Alice Morrison presiding at the tea table.

Tri-G club is based upon three things: Good sportsmanship, good fellowship and good scholarship. Its aims are to uphold and heighten the standards of Whitworth College, as well as to enforce rules and regulations of the college.

The club pin is a silver inverted triangle with a blue enameled face having a silver "G" in each corner. For those who desire it a silver "G" with a chain may be worn as a guard.

Officers elected for the second semester were: Delpha Coffman, president; Bertha Tattersall, vice president; Leah Grove, secretary, and Helen Jacobson, treasurer. Miss E. Beatrice Barnes, professor of journalism and modern languages, acts as the club advisor.

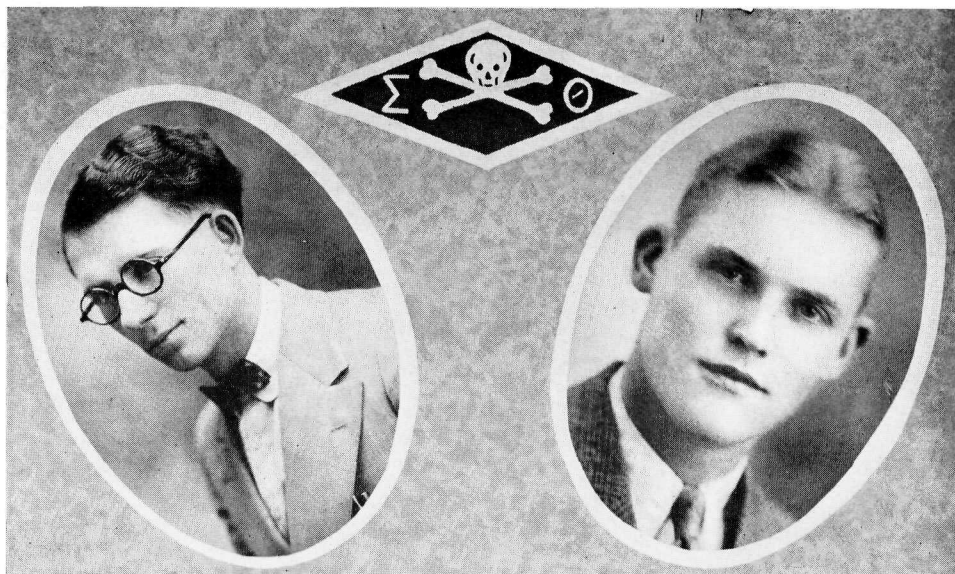
Regular meetings have been held every week, social and business alternating until a short time ago when it was voted that the business meetings be abolished for the rest of the school year.



# Tri-G's



## Sigma Theta



*Honorary Pre-Medical Fraternity*

### FRATRES IN COLLEGII

Karl K. Rupp, '28 ..... *President*  
Fred Clanton, '30 ..... *Vice President*

Sigma Theta was organized in 1923 by the Pre-Medical students of the college in order to quicken the general interest in this department as well as to afford a common meeting ground for the Pre-Medics on the campus. The fraternity has been recognized by the Deaconess Hospital, which permits members to watch surgical operations, a privilege not granted to the general public. Members among the alumni are: La Verne Barnes, George McMahon, Donald Henry, Neil Baldwin, William Newett and Floyd Corey.

## Volunteer Fellowship



**T**HE Volunteer Fellowship of Whitworth College includes all those who have decided to go into full or part time service for Christ. It is one of the largest and most active organizations on the campus and includes the presidents of three of the four classes. Mary Ransburg, as president of the Fellowship, has been instrumental in the carrying out of a number of special services held during the year. Margaret Ritter has had charge of the music.

Carrying out their motto, "Service for Christ," the gospel team has endeavored to conduct services in the churches in and around Spokane wherever they felt that their help was needed. Three long trips were made this year, one to Wellpinit, one to Oakesdale, and the other to Kettle Falls. The trips were successful both from the standpoint of service and the enjoyment which they gave. Many other services have been held locally during the year, including four in the Whitworth Community Church, two in the First United Brethren Church, two in the Fourth United Presbyterian Church, one in the Third United Presbyterian Church and one in the First

Evangelical Church. A short service was also held at the Volunteers of America and short trips were made to Hayford, Deep Creek, Fish Trap, Medical Lake and the Parental Home.

Besides the regular church services which they held, the Fellowship has been active in the Christian Endeavor and other branches of the Whitworth Community Church. Several successful chapel services have been held during school weeks.

Many members of the Volunteer Fellowship are active in churches throughout the Inland Empire and three of them are preaching in local churches.

All of the Fellowship members have enjoyed the trips taken during the year and the home-cooked meals which have come their way. Much valuable experience has been gained for actual life work. The real purpose of the organization, to render Christian service, has never been lost sight of. The officers are: Mary Ransburg, president; Lee Knoll, treasurer; Phillip Laurie, secretary. The Volunteer Fellowship expects to expand and enlarge its work next year with the growth of a bigger and better Whitworth.

## McMillan Hall



McMillan hall is a residence to be proud of, and has housed many a good time for its fair occupants.

The fall season started out well with several parties in the parlor, and numerous feeds which everyone enjoyed immensely.

One of the big events of the year came when the boys went to Ellensburg to play football on Thursday, October 21, 1926. At that time the girls tried diligently to engage transportation for the trip, but finally had to give it up. However, they wired the boys their felicitations and on Friday evening, October 22, McMillan hall occupants went into town and enjoyed a theatre party at the Egyptian. Returning home quite late in the evening, many of them declined to retire, but stayed up to greet the team when they arrived home from the game.

During the first semester the girls organized a club known as the Flibustieres to work in

conjunction with the Ballard hall group called the Buccaneers, but both were short lived, barely surviving a few weeks.

The second semester has proven much more exciting than the first in more ways than one. Everything sailed along quite calmly the first month with a few traditional feeds, but on March 8, an influence was felt which has changed things decidedly. Whereas the girls had had the free run of the building, a fire, completely demolishing Ballard hall, brought the ultimatum that the third floor be vacated.

It has been difficult to realize the real "fin-ickiness" of men until now. Indeed, they are such a studious lot that it has been necessary to abolish the 9 p. m. recreation period. Numerous also are the howls of protest against the 10:15 feeds.

McMillan hall has this semester alone stood for Whitworth college itself.

## Ballard Hall



### BOYS' FEDERATION

Ballard Hall is the men's dormitory of Whitworth. The men here are organized and are known as the "Infernal Brotherhood." Early in the year they formed a gentlemen's agreement with the dean and all rules in the dorm were done away with. The Infernal Brotherhood is composed of the old residents of the dorm. Each semester the new members are put through numerous tests and spats are administered. After several weeks they are allowed to go around unmolested. The Infernal Brotherhood was organized in 1884 and is one of the

most important organizations in the school.

This year the brotherhood established a court for the trial of their members. Several cases were up and tried before the court.

Towards the spring of 1927, the men planned to hold open house and the week previous to when it was to have been held, the disastrous fire destroyed the hall.

The Infernal Brotherhood continued its efforts in its new quarters in McMillan Hall and finished the year as strong as it began.



# Whitworthian



Ballard Hall  
VOL. 18 WHITWORTH COLLEGE, SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1927  
McMillan Hall  
NUMBER 17

## COMING COMMENCEMENT TO BE BIGGEST EVENT IN WHITWORTH'S HISTORY

### WHITWORTH IS CONDUCTING BIG ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN

Is to Raise Money and Boost Commencement.

### PARENTS TO GET LETTERS

Publicity Committee Chosen to Advise Graduation Exercises.

Whitworth college, under the direction of President W. A. Stevenson, has started an extensive advertising campaign for the two-fold purpose of raising money for the rebuilding of Ballard hall, which was burned by fire, and for the purpose of informing the public in regard to the monster open air Whitworth commencement week program to be held from June 12 to 16 on the college campus.

Whitworth has already received considerable newspaper publicity since the burning of Ballard hall on March 8. The story of the fire has appeared in newspapers and in various Presbyterian magazines. The result has been definite financial aid, but now an organized campaign is being planned on a large scale. A publicity committee, consisting of faculty members and students, has been selected to promote the commencement occasion. Circulars, Whitworthians, and newspaper stories are being mailed out in the Northwest and in the East.

According to a notice written by Mrs. O. E. Tiffany, chairman of the committee on invitations, each student is to hand in a list of twenty-five or more names of people whom he would like invited to the commencement, to whom letters will be sent. All students are asked to place the matter before their own church when they go home for spring vacation and to have their pastor arrange for a group to come to Whitworth by auto or special train, in June.

A letter has been formulated which, together with two issues of the Whitworthian, will be sent by each student to their parents asking them for one hundred per cent support in pledging money for the building of a "bigger and better" Ballard hall.

### NIGHT BUS TO RUN

Whitworth college students are now rejoicing over the fact that an 11 o'clock bus is now running between the college and town on Saturday nights.

President W. A. Stevenson is responsible for the convenience and has guaranteed the stage line its expenses.

This bus will also be run any night that it has a guarantee of at least eight passengers.

### STUDENT PASTOR SERVICES

Religious services to be conducted by Whitworthians on April 2, are:

Karl Bapp, '28	Medical Lake, Wash.
Philip Lorange, '28	Fourth E. P. Church, Spokane
Lewis Rosdal, '29	Faltrap, Wash.
Lee Knoll, '29	First Evangelical Church, Spokane
Whitworth missionaries in the field are:	
Miriam Cowell, '24	American School, Cairo, Egypt
Thelma Porter, '26	Mission School, Fremburg, Ky.

### MANY PEOPLE GIVE MONEY FOR REBUILDING BALLARD

#### Donation of Five Thousand Dollars Received.

A donation of five thousand dollars by Miss Sarah Beatty of Center, Ohio, is the latest encouragement received by President W. A. Stevenson in his planning of a new Ballard hall. Miss Beatty states, in her letter, that she has \$5000 worth of paying improvement bonds in the city of Spokane, which she will gladly donate to Whitworth if the Board of Trustees will accept.

Miss Beatty heard of the catastrophe through the columns of the "Presbyterian."

The Grace Presbyterian church of Brooklyn, New York, sent a letter expressing sympathy.

(Continued on page 4)

### LARGEST COMMENCEMENT IN WHITWORTH'S HISTORY TO BE HELD FROM JUNE 12 TO 16

#### PRESIDENT VISITS SEATTLE

President W. A. Stevenson arrived from Seattle on Wednesday morning, where he met with the Seattle committee on Tuesday. Dr. Stevenson also spent Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of last week in Seattle in session with the committee.

#### Six Big Speakers Will Deliver Addresses.

#### DR. GABELINE TO SPEAK

Campus to be Electrically Lighted for the Affair.

According to plans announced by President W. A. Stevenson in chapel, Monday, the biggest event of the year, and the biggest event Whitworth col-

### SPOKANE DAILY ACCEPTS PHOTOGRAPHS OF STUDENT

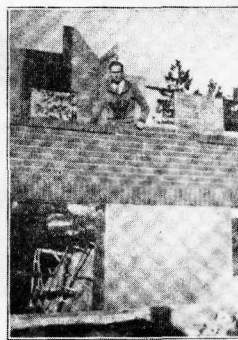
#### Chronicle Prints Pictures Taken by Clarence Rasmussen.

Clarence Rasmussen, student at Whitworth college, and who has seen three years of service with the U. S. marines in China, was interviewed by the Chronicle on Saturday as to the situation in China. Extracts from the Chronicle follow:

"Mr. Rasmussen was attached to the Asiatic fleet. He did extensive guard duty on the defense wall in and around Peking; aided in guard duty at the U. S. minister's palace, was one of 75 marines sent to Pei Tai Ho, the summer resort on the Yellow sea, following the kidnaping of a dozen or more Americans and British subjects in 1925.

(Continued on page 4)

### Students After Fire



These pictures, together with two others that are shown on page two, are being used by President W. A. Stevenson in a pamphlet that he is sending out for subscriptions for the rebuilding of Ballard hall. The cut on the left shows Lloyd Smith, standing in front of Ballard hall directly after the fire, and the picture on the right is of William Dickson, standing in the ruins of the building.



ASSOCIATED PRESS (SPokane)  
DR. M. A. MATTHEWS

lege has ever had will be this year's commencement exercises which will last four days, from June 12 to 16.

Six speakers of national reputation will deliver the addresses of the week. Dr. A. C. Gabeline of New York, editor of "Our Hope" and one of the foremost Bible teachers of the day, who will be in San Francisco to attend the Presbyterian General Assembly held during the last of May, has been asked by the senior class to deliver the commencement address. It is expected that he will accept the invitation. Dr. Mark A. Matthews, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Seattle, has accepted an invitation to lay the cornerstone of the new Ballard hall. A big man will be secured to speak at the close of the Ballard Oratorical contest, on which occasion Captain W. R. Ballard of Seattle will present the awards. On Baccalaureate Sunday the Whitworth gospel team will probably take charge of the services during the first hour.

Arrangements will be made for holding the meetings on the beautiful, (Continued on page 4)

## Whitworthian Staff



**T**HE Whitworthian, the official publication of Whitworth College, is put out by the journalism department, under the supervision of the journalism instructor.

For several years the Whitworthian was a minus quantity and the college had no official publication. However, in the fall of 1925 the paper was revived and published bi-monthly.

The first issue of The Whitworthian last fall was put out on Tuesday, October 19, 1926, and it was decided that it should be made a weekly publication, instead of the bi-monthly of former years.

The paper was put out under great difficulty as almost the entire newswriting class was without practically any experience. However, under the able tutelage of Miss E. Beatrice Barnes, journalism instructor, some talent was developed, and as a result, The

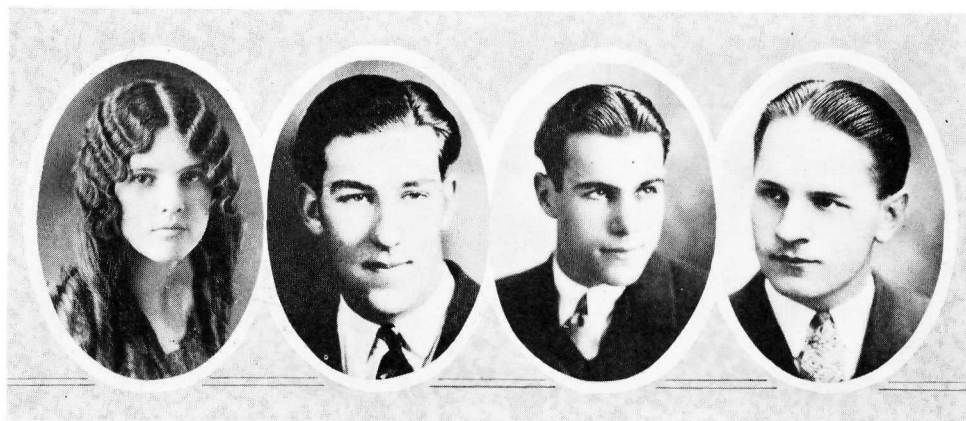
Whitworthian has become a publication of which Whitworth College may well be proud.

A lack of news has been prevalent several times but the paper has never failed to make its appearance although it is necessarily late occasionally.

Activities have been especially conducive to journalism work this year, almost everything from a wedding to a fire having taken place in the course of events.

The Whitworthian staff at present is made up of William Dickson, Editor; Jessie Walton, News Editor; Bill Boppell, Business Manager; Leah Grove, Circulation; E. Beatrice Barnes, Advisor; Phillip Laurie, Bill Boppell, Clarence Rasmussen and Gladys Tattersall, Features; Lillian Brown, Column; Lewis Randall, News; Alan Rice, Editorials; Carl Boppell, Sports; Mildred Post, Typist; Everell Sharnbroich, Exchange Editor and Laura Willey, Cartoons.

## Whitworthian Staff Edits Press



Jessie Walton  
*Society Editor*

Everell Sharnbroich  
*City Editor*

Carl Boppell  
*Sport Editor*

William Dickson  
*Editor*

The editing of the Spokane Daily Press was the biggest project carried out by the Whitworthian staff this year. Nine members of the staff left early on the morning of April 27, and under the leadership of Miss E. Beatrice Barnes, head of the Journalism department, performed all the work regularly done by the staff of the Press.

William Dickson, editor of the Whitworthian, was the editor for the day. He had charge of the staff, and was responsible for the appearance of the paper. The society pages and the dramatic section were taken care of by Jessie Walton. She was responsible for the writing up of "Cynthia Grey" and for the publicity on shows. The duties of city editor were taken care of by Everell Sharnbroich. His work involved the handling of telegraph dispatches and the writing up of out-of-town news. He was also in charge of the automobile section. The management

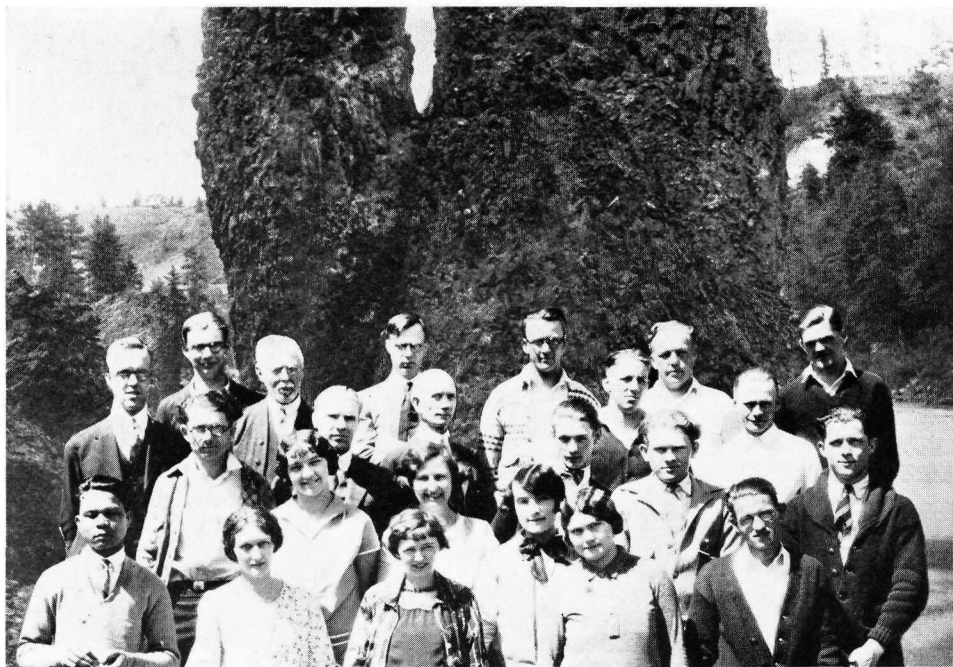
of the sport page was in the hands of Carl Boppell. He wrote the sport items of the day, and a "Sportorial."

All the regular "beats" of the Press were covered by the embryo reporters. Bill Boppell got acquainted with all the criminals at the police court. Alan Rice and Lewis Randal visited the court house in search of news, and while there called on the notorious Isadore Edelstein, who had just been sentenced to life imprisonment. Clarence Rasmussen spent the day begging answers at the city hall, and Gladys Tattersall spent the day writing feature stories and late news.

After the hard day at the Press office the Whitworthian staff were the guests of the regular staff at a luncheon. Very worthwhile talks were given by the regular editors and reporters about their work, and responses were given by the Whitworthian staff about their reactions to the day's task.



## Town Students



THE town students have at least one distinction which no one will deny. They may not be the brainiest group in school, although they do lead the honor roll, but they are the noisiest. What would Whitworth be without Russell's wagging tongue, Delpha's giggle, or Lillian's flashing sarcasm?

The bus is the fort of the town students who there hold full sway. On almost any school morning between the hours of 7 and 7:30 the town students, or at least a part of them, can be found occupying the middle section of benches in the bus station, busy at Greek, English or Bible which should have been studied the night before. Occasionally some one misses the bus (often on test days).

Then the bus starts with a hurried accumulation of students, books, overcoats and lunches. At faculty corner Professor Lillian Brown and sometimes Professor and Mrs. Hussong join the noisy bus brigade. The ice-house gang, so named because their favorite haunt is the little yellow ice house on Wall and Garland, are the next and last additions to the bus load. Ralph Schlichtig has a corner all his own,

where he waits placidly for the bus. In due time the bus hoppers arrive at Whitworth where they vex Miss Ranburg's orderly soul by strewing their belongings hither and yon. If all goes well, there is at least one argument or brawl on the bus every morning. In the evening all the doings of the day are rehearsed on the trusty old bus and all the weighty matters of the college are settled.

Recently a town student's club was organized with Russel Boucher as president; Delpha Coffman as vice president; Lloyd Beaver, treasurer, and Lee Knoll as secretary. The Town Club expects to put on at least one party during the year for the benefit of their friendly rivals in fun, the dorm students.

The town students have been signally honored this year by having a dining room of their own, the annex to the Domestic Science room. Strange to say, Miss Crow has removed the edibles from the Domestic Science pantry since this innovation.

Here's to the town students, a peppy part of Whitworth College.

## Orchestra



WHEN the school year opened in the fall of '26, Whitworth found herself the possessor of rich material waiting to be merged into one composite and shaped into a finished product. Under the guiding hand of the experienced master the material gradually took shape. After months of ceaseless shaping, tearing up, only to build better, the master set his product before the critical eye of the public and it was readily accepted.

Early in the year Professor Hussong gathered together students with musical ability and under his guiding care these students joined and an orchestra was formed.

Although not large, this orchestra won much fame and no little applause. Considering that the players had never played together before, it can be safely said that their success was marvelous.

Mr. Fred Clanton drew his bow across the sensitive strings of his violin with the confidence of a master. Always he could be relied upon, never wavering, never faltering, but playing with a steadiness that lent courage to any of the others who might be in doubt.

Miss Jessie Walton, although lacking the confidence and steadiness of Mr. Clanton, made up for it many times over in rich, mellow tones and unerring accents.

The harmonious background was made up of bass, reed and 'cello. The deep, melodious tones of the 'cello were teased by Miss Dorothy Daily, who added the right touch at the right time and left the listeners with the correct impression. Miss Dailey is truly an artist.

Another individual, who was a great benefit to the orchestra, was Mr. Everell Sharnbroich on the saxophone. Mr. Sharnbroich, aside from having a quick reading eye and super-human fingers, seems to be blest with a natural feeling for musical expression.

William Dickson, on the piano, added to the harmonious background and his steady time served to keep the orchestra together.

Mr. Maurice McQuillin on the cornet also aided greatly in the formation of a substantial background. Although lacking in experience and confidence, he made up in volume and tone quality.

## Glee Club



Music has taken a high rank among the classes of study in Whitworth college this year. The Glee Club, under the careful supervision of Miss Dorothy Farr, a graduate of Whitworth college, has been very successful. The importance of the Glee Club has been steadily increased until it has become a vital branch of general education. Two very

successful entertainments have been given by the Whitworth Glee Club. The first, which was given at the Lidgerwood Church, and the second given at Whitworth. Also the operetta, "Sailor Maids," was, to say the least, a great success. From time to time members of the Glee Club sing for special occasions. The members of the Glee Club are:

*Soprano—*

Gladys Tattersall  
 Bertha Tattersall  
 Delpha Coffman  
 Jessie Walton  
 Hallie Harris  
 Gertrude Fife  
 Zada Padgham  
 Lessie Rasco  
 Helen Jacobson  
 Selma Crow  
 Leah Grove

*Tenor—*

Carl Boppell  
 Donald Beal  
 Lewis Randal  
 Alan Rice  
 Dale Boucher

*Contralto—*

Mary Ransburg  
 Dorothy Dailey  
 Margaret Ritter  
 Kathryn Bockman

*Bass—*

Bob Stevenson  
 Harold Shippee  
 Fred Clanton  
 Carl Laudenbach  
 Clarence Rasmussen  
 Fay Schermerhorn

*Accompanist—*

Eleanor Brand

## Debate



Nineteen twenty-seven saw but two debates scheduled for Whitworth due to the fact that Spokane College and Lewiston Normal withdrew, thus leaving Spokane University the sole antagonist.

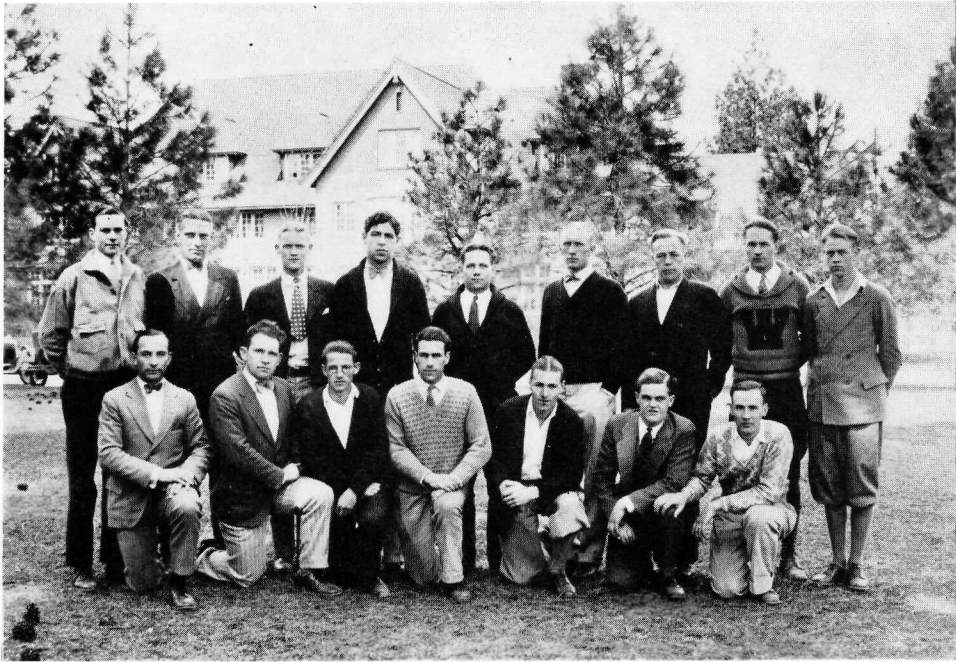
The Chinese question was selected as the theme for controversy and two debates were held, the negative and affirmative teams of each institution competing.

Affirmatively, Whitworth was represented by Lewis Randall and Phillip Laurie and so on the evening of February 23 they debated Spokane University in our auditorium. The contest was close and Whitworth won a well-

deserved victory by a two to one decision. Honors were shared equally by Laurie and Randall and each displayed ability which augurs well for the future.

In the second debate, held on the evening of February 28, in the auditorium of Spokane University, Whitworth was not so fortunate. The debate was close and Whitworth lost by a two to one decision. Melvin Gilmore and Alan Rice were the negative representatives and honors were shared equally. The season thus ended in a tie, with the ancient foe bowing to us in one contest, but winning from us in the other.

## “W” Club



### MEMBERS

Carl Boppell, F. BB. B.	Bill Boppell, F.
Donald Beal, F. BB. B. T.	Scott Kimbal, B.
Carl Laudenschach, F. BB.	William Dickson, F.
Robert Stevenson, F. BB.	Fred Clanton, F. BB.
Clarence Rasmussen, F. BB.	Gene Garrett, F.
Dale Boucher, F. BB.	Harold Shippee, F.
Alan Rice, F.	Fay Schermerhorn, BB.
Lewis Randal, Mgr. F.	Maurice McQuillin, Mgr. BB.

The “W” Club is one of the oldest organizations in Whitworth college. It had been dropped for several years, but was started again this spring. The club is composed of the men who have won athletic letters at Whitworth and is devoted to the promotion of the athletic interests of the college.

The officers who were elected to head the reorganized club are: William Dickson, president; Gene Garrett, vice president, and Alan Rice, secretary-treasurer.

## Campus Day

CAMPUS DAY, paradise for the industrious and purgatory for the lazy, was a grand success at Whitworth this year. Dr. Tiffany promised that the results would be disastrous for those who voluntarily avoided campus day, so every one was on hand, bright and early. It happened to be a cold day, so every one either had to wear an overcoat or work to keep warm.

Reinforced by a Ford bug, which ran occasionally, the road crew gave the roads a generous coating of ashes and then, their industry undiminished, they helped the campus crew remove the pine needles from the lawn.

The ball diamond was put in the best shape that it has been in for many a season. Even the rubbish which has accumulated on the end of the field from past campus day was removed by the Rupp truck company. The baseball diamond crew surely must have labored industriously, judging by the amount of dirt which adhered to their faces and persons.

Professor Buxton, head of the pruning committee, trimmed the trees on the campus for the first time in many a moon. If only he could have stopped their cones growing our campus would have stayed as clean as we left it on the eve of campus day.

Mention should be made of the fine work done on the tennis court under the captaincy of Bill Boppell. A certain group of martyrs also braved the dust and dirt of the gym and swept and garnished it. Even the faculty showed up to help in the elimination of dirt. Some of them worked all day long in making up the catalog. With

few exceptions the weak and lazy were conspicuously absent or else conquered their natural inclinations for one day at least.

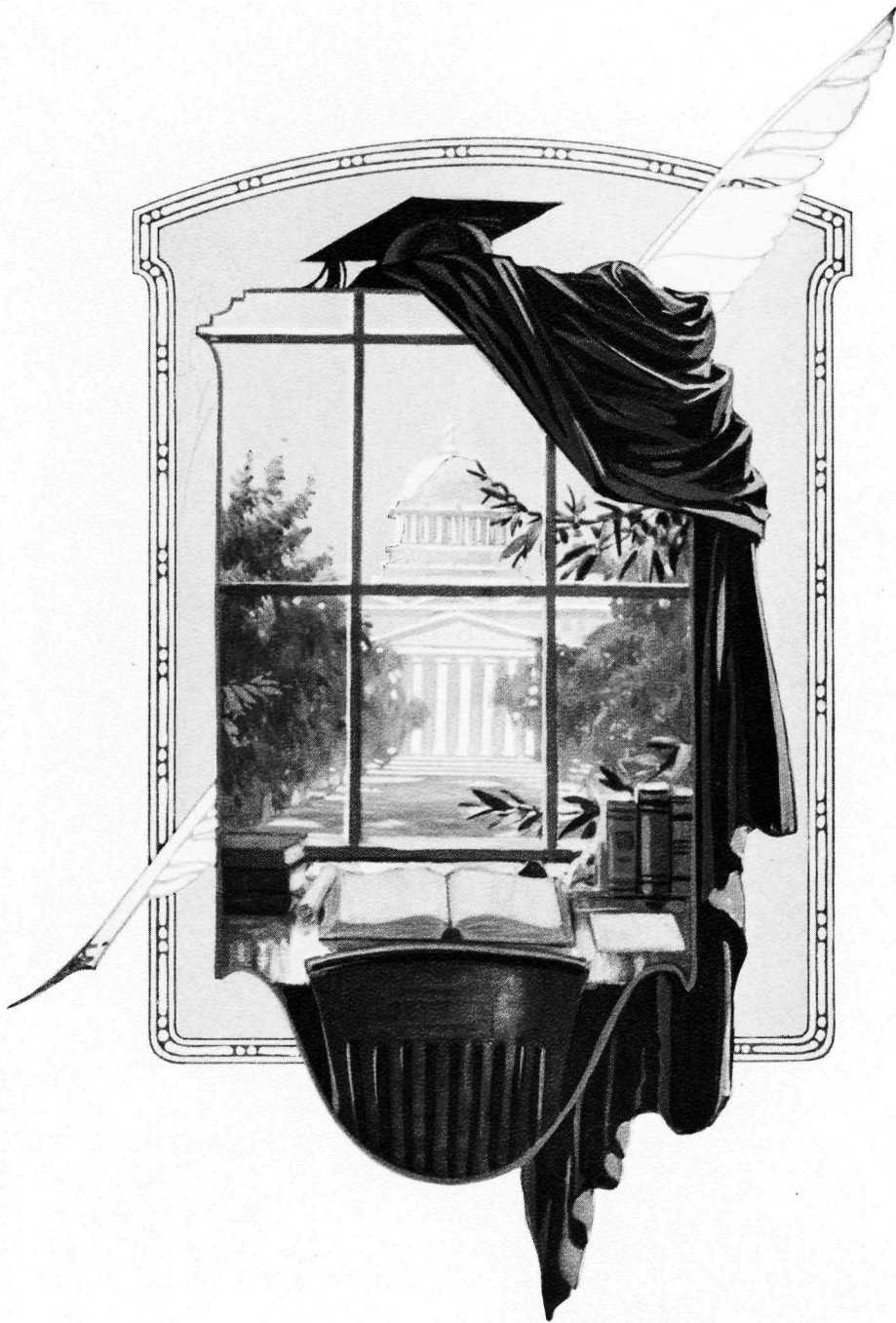
Last but not least in our narrative comes the lunch committee. A whole host of hot dogs were sacrificed for the occasion and reposing between luscious buns found their way into receptive mouths. All agreed that the work had not been done in vain. Besides the hot dogs, coffee, cake and various other delicacies were eagerly devoured. It was "some" job feeding such a mob, according to "Red" Post, who now feels competent to feed the animals in a menagerie. Due to the inclement weather, lunch was served in the college dining room instead of on the campus as is customary.

Even the President and Dean agreed that it was the most successful campus day ever put on at Whitworth.

After the campus lunch a baseball game between two picked teams of Whitworth stars was played on the local diamond. All the stars shone with equal brilliancy, so no outstanding ones can be mentioned.

The most exciting event of the day was the girls' volleyball game following the baseball game. Despite Zada's determination her team went down to gallant defeat.

As proof of his delight in the results of campus day Dr. Stevenson entertained the winning baseball and volleyball teams at a banquet at the Davenport Hotel in the evening. Even after the blisters and sunburns wear away campus day will be a day long remembered at Whitworth.



*Literary*

## Whitworth Spirit

FROM the first day as Freshman in chapel to the last day of the four years, president, faculty and students challenge one another with the slogan, "Whitworth Spirit." It grips the heart of the senior, for he has seen what it can do. But those who are seniors in the making must catch the fire. Thus the president and his helpers speak it from the platform, drop a word here and there of its past, and kindle its flame in the school loyalty of the youngest undergraduate.

Whitworth was founded many years ago; before it moved to Spokane, before it moved to Tacoma, when it was located at Sumner. Students of that first home for old Whitworth had their ideal for their Alma Mater. They knew and still know the meaning of the word "spirit." It has endured with them since their college days and has broadened from the atmosphere at Sumner to where they are now. Thus it grew and was carried in the hearts of the students at Tacoma, as a more fitting place for it to mature. We, the students of today, are proud of those men and women and the spirit which carried them forward to success. To us they are not graduates of Sumner, nor of Tacoma, but of the same old Whitworth that swells our hearts with pride.

Those who have gone before us were the pioneers. The spirit of them is challenging us to guard and cherish their Whitworth. Their ideal is being realized. They have their hopes and ambitions for the Alma Mater now and its progress has been an answer to them.

As the larger needs of the college were made manifest, another move was made, that from Tacoma to Spo-

kane. In the new home the undergraduates had much to encourage them and fire their hearts with loyalty. The backing of men and women of means, the response from the people of Spokane, and the beautiful campus, all helped to make their hearts swell with pride for their school. Also the monthly and yearly progress of the institution and the good examples that have been left for the students to follow, have done their part in the great work.

So much for the past. We, the students of the present, must carry on and preserve the same loyalty as those who have gone before. We must lose some of our number this spring, but they have gone the four years through and will go out with the same good influence, guided by the same loyal spirit, as those who have gone before them.

In the recent misfortune that befell Whitworth in the loss of Ballard Hall, a great test was given to those who were closely connected with her. They stood that test, however, without the slightest trace of faltering. Never was more determination and deep feeling shown for the Alma Mater than in the days following the fire. There is no doubt that a still newer and better Whitworth will be raised from the ashes of Ballard.

The great example which has been set by the president has been and will continue to be the corner stone around which all can rally. There is not a student now in Whitworth who will go out into the work-a-day world that will not carry the memory of him and by that memory be instilled with a loyalty and spirit for the Alma Mater that cannot be quenched until he is called to the fold of the great Maker.



## Elephant Tracks

IT WAS a perfect June dusk. The sun had gone down, but a soft after-glow still warmed the sky, and only the drowsy calling of the crickets broke in upon the quiet of the evening.

Abner Johnson was on his way home. He had put in a hard day at the country store, and the usual questions had been discussed; the destinies of nations had been settled; the political situation had been clarified, and what is more important still, the feminist movement had come under so severe a scrutiny that the question had been settled for all time.

In a way, Abner Johnson was peculiarly fitted to give a dissertation upon feminine foibles, and to enlarge upon their characteristic idiosyncracies, for he was a confirmed bachelor, and with the single exception of one never to be forgotten occasion, had never been known to engage a woman's affection. But the one who had done so! Well, she *was* pretty. Blue forget-me-not eyes and the clearest peach-bloom complexion in the world. And as for her dimples, a whole book might have been written on them, only it wasn't, and after she had politely refused Abner, she absent-mindedly married another man, which thing at the time, so he bitterly reflected, was probably what they all did.

But Abner never thought about such things any more. He was now fat and forty, and fat and forty is not romantic. Then, too, he was bald, and it is a well-known fact that baldness and romanticism have so mortal an antipathy that we can scarcely think of a bald-headed man being in love without being provoked to immoderate laughter. There would seem to be a subtle sense of the ludicrous in such a situation, something as though Cupid had tried to play a practical joke.

And so Abner was a bachelor, and

now as he went homeward in the evening quiet, he mused pleasantly upon the events of the day. His cynical wit had never shown to better advantage, and it gave him a generous sensation of warmth to be looked upon by the men of a younger and more foolish generation in a kind of awe-struck silence as one of those most remarkable of all living creatures—a confirmed misogynist. Indeed, there is nothing that flatters a man quite so subtly as to tell him that he is impervious to feminine charm; it gives him a distinction, and elevates him from the commonality of men, insomuch that he is even looked upon with more favor by the women, as being set apart; more difficult to attain, and therefore more worthy of their artifice, and the cunningly contrived devices which they employ. The subjugation of such a man is looked upon as a triumph of art; a tour de force, and such a man as has been described, Abner pleasantly reflected, he certainly was.

Meanwhile, as the dusk began perceptibly to deepen, Abner coaxed his horse into a brisk trot, with the result that he soon reached the cross-roads, and there in the the rapidly gathering gloom he beheld a flaming poster. Curious to see what it might be, he stopped for a moment and looked at it more closely. Then he chuckled to himself. Why, it was a circus bill, and how it brought back the old days when he was a child! The pink lemonade, the bearded lady and the human skeleton, the dogs, and ponies, and animals, and the thousand and one things that go to make up a circus. Certainly he would have to see it tomorrow. The town in which it was to perform was close. Then he drove rapidly onward and thought no more about it.

On reaching home he stabled his faithful steed, a venerable animal of some nineteen summers, and went

through the usual routine of tasks; milked all his cows, eight of them to give the exact number, and was mildly surprised when Lady de Kol, the apple of his eye, and also one of his chief difficulties, failed to kick him into the gutter, as was her customary procedure when she was practically milked. Everything seemed to conspire to put him in good humor, and when all his work had been finally completed, he went to bed and slept the sleep of the just.

When the alarm clock rang at five in the morning, Abner was up brisk and alert, and when he had reached the barn he was treated to a surprise. There were a number of huge and strange looking tracks in front of the building; the main doors were wide open; a large quantity of clover and other fodder had been eaten, and the frightened cows in breaking loose had jammed their way out through a small door in the rear and upset all the cans of milk. For one astonished instant Abner gazed upon the destruction, and then he fell into a Berserk fury. The creature should pay for this deviltry with its blood!

Rushing to the house he secured his shotgun, and then sallied grimly forth. The tracks were absurdly easy to follow. They led through a field of clover; mashed their way across a short distance of plowed field, and finally brought him to a heavily timbered tract of land with which he was quite familiar. For an instant he hesitated. There was a heavy dew on the rank growth of underbrush and to go through it would drench him to the skin. Rage, however, overcame his natural caution, and he followed the trail down a long and winding path, which led him steadily toward a small river.

When he finally reached the stream, the chase had lasted for about an hour. The tracks by this time looked very fresh indeed, and Abner halted suspiciously and gazed about. No sound broke the morning stillness, however,

except the twittering of a few early birds, and so he plunged ahead, only to stop suddenly short. There was a movement in the tall grass and underbrush some hundred yards or more in front of him. Without taking the trouble to investigate more closely, he raised his shotgun and fired.

The result was terrifying. A hoarse roar of rage smote his ears, and then his horrified eyes beheld a vast grayish bulk rear itself into sight as if by magic, and then start crashing directly toward him through the brake. An elephant! And what a monster! It had escaped from the circus, of course. All these things were realized in an instant, and while it may be truly said that Abner was no foot racer, yet upon this occasion he did miracles.

Blindly choosing the nearest path, he fled down its crooked course with all the speed lent to a man's feet by terror.

Nevertheless, the elephant gained steadily, and the hair of the horrified Abner arose and stood on end as he heard the thundering fury of the gigantic beast behind him breaking down any number of small trees in the course of its mad pursuit.

There was but one forlorn hope of escape. The path which Abner was on led to the river where a small bridge crossed it. If he could reach the bridge he was saved, for the elephant could not possibly cross the structure without breaking it down and falling into the stream. Fortunately, too, the distance was short, very short, and he might win the race. To say that he redoubled his efforts, however, would not be at all true, for the reason that he was already doing all that he was capable of. The sound of the horrible crashing behind him had increased in intensity, and when he reached the last turn in the trail he sprang forward in a tremendous leap, only to recoil and fall nearly backward. Directly in the path, and suspended from the branch of a tree which stretched over it, was the most

(Continued on Page 55)

## Bits of Life

**T**HE little turns of life often hold for us a tender meaning that we cannot describe, yet at the same time if one looks closely, there may be found a note of unhappiness or sorrow, or even regret. It's a long lane that has no turning and it's a long life to live without some happy event to inspire and thrill one to a point where life is really worth working for. Yet the world seems to move on apparently leaving a rough path for us to follow, seemingly unfavorable, while in reality just a test of our makeup and our moral and mental courage.

It was near the close of May. The sun shone its brilliant rays over the little island of Tamea. The foliage was budding out with its springtime radiance of green. The little kingdom was beaming with all that creation could offer.

The wavering of the tall palms under the strain of the South Sea winds recalled a note of regret, even as the morning sun sparkled its way across the breakers, that rallied against the sandy beaches of the little island.

It was morning with a brilliancy that excelled. It flung a challenge, "a significance to one soul that meant happiness and contentment." What a small mite she seemed in comparison with the world in which she lived. Would she ever forget and forgive, or would—the thought vanished abruptly as a quake shook the little island. This terrified her, gave her a sense of terrific awe and loneliness. Yet did she realize that this was a forewarning of unhappy days that were to follow. She was not alone in her disillusion for just a short distance to the southward the good ship Hawaii with its light-hearted passengers was nearing an impending doom that threatened the honey-mooners' ship from a terrific standpoint.

Why had Bob Langford chosen to roam in the remote parts of the

world? To deduct himself from his worldly pleasures and search for happiness in wandering indefinitely, to where he could only trust to chance. The past three years had told on his handsome young face. The lines that once expressed the excellence of youth now gave way to the thought of suffering and mental strain. He was one among many, yet the wanton look on his worn countenance was a revelation of something past. Gone forever—a thing not to be thought of. But a memory buried in life's grave of events passed from his life forever. The human Sapel walks through life heedless and unaware of the fate that lies at his feet ready to shape a bitter end which is truly the end and yet the beginning of life.

Who could foretell that two hearts beating as one, yet in pain, were to be washed together by the waves of circumstance? What man or woman can see the mold that enfolds their lives and binds them to a path destined for them to pursue? Yet as Bob Langford watched the little swell rise and fall from the bow of the ship, he could only conceive of a proposed happiness that seemed circumstantial and in no wise a forecoming event in his unhappy life.

The merriment was brought to a close by a sudden rock of the ship that brought despair to the morale of the merry makers. Too well they knew that the island which they were nearing was doomed to destruction. That was made manifest some time later. A realization came to the crowd that dismay was in store for them. This awe seemed real as the sea beat the ship from its course, and brought anguish to the hearts of two thousand pleasure seeking souls.

The last thought of Bob Langford was that of peace everlasting. It seemed quite enticing to feel the arms of death coldly enfolding themselves

around his stricken body. He prayed that his past might be judged according to the sorrow of his life. That she who caused the afflictions of his mental self, would reap what was in store for her. Only that the curse of a torn soul might render itself upon one who was responsible for its keeping. Yet the revenge was not his, and in the last moments his heart softened as the thought of a perfect love that had always held a tender spot in his heart. He wished that the wrongs were forgiven, and only to love and live and fight for the one he had cherished deep in his heart as his own.

The little island was a-tremmer, the gale was bending the trees to the breaking point. While the mad waves sent their spray evenly over the rugged cliffs back to the beach. What was to happen? Had she lived her life until the present without sensing the reality of things? Must it take a calamity to awaken her to a sense of truth about living. These thoughts rotated in her mind as the storm grew even more terrific, and as a passing thought she

wondered if in time she must pay in the manner in which she had lived—so unjustly.

The truth seemed to appear before her eyes now, and as the waves whipped over the barren where she stood, something gripped her soul and tore at the strings of her heart and whispered, "repay—repay."

September came. The leaves were falling now. The once green jungle was donning its amber coat even as the trees sang a song of remembrance. A touch seemed to be displayed like that of a passing day. The splendor and the cheeriness of the little haven of the south seas were slowly ebbing away and giving place to another circumstance.

Wrong had righted itself. The peace was there in spite of the fallen leaves, the inspirations of the sparkling water gave vent to feeling as the hearts of Julia and Bob Langford melted into an eternal mold of everlasting happiness.

—C. R.



## ELEPHANT TRACKS — *Continued from Page 53*

enormous hornets' nest which he had ever seen. But, of course, at this point our story properly ends.

It is really remarkable to reflect upon the course of human events, and to ponder upon the things which happen to us. Consider for a moment, dear reader, the gravity of the situation. We have on the one hand a

whole colony of easily exasperated and terrible insects; on the other hand a hurtling bulk of nearly eight tons of infuriated animal flesh. Consider, too, that there is practically no time for choice. A decision must be made at once. And his choice? What was it? The hornets or the elephant? It would be curious to know, wouldn't it? But what would you have done?

## A Classical Nightmare

TO "Storm and Stress," more commonly known as the Senior Women, the author humbly dedicates this noble work:

*"I bant obscuri sola sub nocte per  
ambra, perque domos Ditis vacuas  
et inania regna—"*

The weary student disentangled his head from a "Virgil," shook off a classical dictionary and leaned wearily upon a copy of Dante's *Inferno*. His head nodded, his eyes closed, and he felt himself sinking down—down—"through the shadows," he thought sleepily.

Yes, he was really sinking down—down—right through the foundation of Whitworth College. Suddenly he stopped. The rushing of water came to his ears and he found himself standing on the shore of a huge stream. The gloom parted before his eyes and he beheld, slowly wafted toward him, a strange misshapen boat manned by an even stranger figure.

"Ah ha! Charon," cried the student, "I know you. When I was a Latin student in the upper regions, Dr. Hays told me all about you."

Charon snorted and waved the student into the boat. As the student stepped in he thought he caught a familiar gleam in Charon's eyes. Just then Charon, having made several vain attempts to start the boat, got out to crank. When he returned the student approached him.

"Pardon me, Charon," said the student timidly, "but when you were in the upper regions wasn't your name 'Dale'?"

Charon glared and asked for the student's fare. Hastily handing him a counterfeit nickel, the student shrank back into a corner.

Squeak! Squeak! After a few minutes the boat came to a stop. Charon alighted, followed by the

shivering student. Immediately a strange animal rushed upon them. It had three heads, each head bearing large ears, and an enormous mouth which was always open. "Why!" exclaimed the student, "if it isn't Russel, Graham and Phillip!"

The three mouths howled, six large ears waved merrily in greeting and the student passed cheerily into Hades, leaving Charon on the outside feeding wieners to the heads.

A long, dark corridor stretched before the student. Suddenly from out of the gloom came a voice. "Hot dog!" said the voice. "It won't be long now!" The voice was followed by a groan and the sound of a broom constantly sweeping.

The student winked a tear from his eye. "Poor Jessie," he said compassionately, "can it be that she is to spend eternity becoming acquainted with the uses of a broom?"

Saddened, he walked on. Suddenly a great conglomeration of sounds met his ears. The sounds seemed to come from a deep, black pit at his feet. Sinking to his knees, he peered over the edge.

What a sight met his eyes! Here were collected all those who were condemned to suffer eternally for sins of especial blackness. Gladys Tattersall and Melvin Gilmore were compelled to expiate their literary crimes, by eternally reading each others poetry. Mildred Post and Leah Grove were doomed to play duets everlastingly and Professor Crow gnashed her teeth as she prepared her own assignments.

Grief-stricken, the student rose and continued on his way. One sad sight after another met his eyes. A whole troop of familiar shades paced by. Lloyd Smith came first with his beauty horribly mutilated, his long, glossy locks being shorn completely off. Eleanor Brand was syncopating hymns on a mouth organ in payment

for the musical murders she had committed on earth. Harold Shippee was compelled to knit dozens upon dozens of pairs of socks for Ralph Hansen. Ralph, in turn, was compelled to sing tenor in the Hades Glee Club.

The student burst into tears and turning to a pale shade sobbed, "Is no one happy in Hades?"

The shade turned and pointed silently in the direction of the Elysian Fields. The student slowly turned his footsteps thither.

Presently strange sounds and anguish were borne to him. Hastening his footsteps, he hurried toward a little mound, whence the sounds seemed to come.

Seated at the foot of the mound were a number of Juniors with woe-ful looks upon their faces and dolefully singing the praises of their class. Seated above them on the mound was a Senior who, from time to time, would strew coals of fire upon the heads of the miserable Juniors.

"What is this place?" asked the student curiously.

"This," said the Senior, taking up a shovelful of fresh coals, while over

his face stole a look of ineffable bliss, "this, is Heaven!"

The student started. His eyes had fallen upon the most miserable of the Junior shades. It looked familiar. It couldn't be—it was—it was himself! Sizzle! Jip! A coal dropped down his neck. Squirming, he tried to shriek a protest and instead found himself singing:

*"We are notorious, boneheads so glorious!*

*There are no more like us!*  
*Long live our class!"*

His voice ended in a doleful wail. Rising ominously the renowned Senior raised in her mighty hand the dread thunder-bolt, the weapon of the Father Outstanding, himself, Jupiter Stevenson, Mighty Ruler of the Whitworthian Universe.

Crash! Bang! The wicked Junior disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

The student opened his eyes and looked cautiously around. His chair was overturned and he lay on his back on the floor of his own room. Clapsed to his breast he held "Dante's Inferno."  
—L. G. B.



## Freddy Freshmun

Dere Sally:

WELL as schoel is about over and I'm beginnin' ter feel educated I'm gointer write you a letter tellin' my impression of college life. It's an awfull fine feelin' when ya feel yer educated. It makes yer west kinder swell up and you feel kinder big and important. I sure have learned a lot since I cum to Witwort. Ya know spoon and mush means moren jest breakfast food and the thing ya eat it wid. It means moonlight n love and things like that. I learned all that here at Witwort.

College grub aint so bad. I did find some sand in a biscuit wan day wich made me kinder peeved because I aint no chick wat has ter have grit in its gizzard to make it work. The cook is sure a swell person ter git next too cuz she kin regulate the size of pieces of pie and so forth. Then we larn manners in our eatin' at college. Fer instance when the presidents home you mustn't pick up meat in yer fingers and it aint wize ter drink outa yer saucers wen the Deans lookin'.

I aint gut much use fer Sophomores. Ya kin always tel a soph cuz he acts so kinder important and gits awfull handy wid a paddle when a freshie don't behave. Take my advice if ya ever go ter college take along some swell sophy pillows and git used ter havin' a lotta hot mustard plasters on ya, thin maybe ya kan survive initiashun widout havin' ter miss classes.

The Juniors aint quite as handy wid a paddle as the sophs but they sure suffer from enlargement of the head. A Freshie knows he don't know nothin', a sophomore thinks he knows a lot but a junior thinks he knows everything. A senior is wus yet, he knows enough ter know he aint begun ter know anything so he tries ter fool the public by makin em

think he knows more than is. I wonder if seniors git ter be human agin after they leave schoel.

The faculty is kinder important once and a while when the football team aint playin a big game er there aint no school plays er nothin'.

I kin stand most of the faculty all but English teachers. I'm in favor of a liberty league ter free us from their awfull foreign dominashun. I'll bet Abe Lincoln didn't study nothin' but good old U. S. A. wen he went ter college and that's good enough fer me. As Precedent Buffalo Bill sed after the civil war Americy, fer Americans. The most important member of the faculty is the cook. Yer body is jist as important as yer brain and the cook has the hull job of feedin' yer body while a dozen teachers er so has the job of feedin' yer brain.

The Precident comes next I guess. He has ter git all yer money and see that ya don't fergit none of yer bills. He has a secretary ta do the dirty work for him such as extractin' dollars and etc., The Dean does the enrollin'. My name was enrolled on the county records at home when I wuz born which was enrollin' enough it seems ter me. The Dean makes ya tell him all about wat ya done in schoel. Talk about wimmin bein' inquisitive. The Dean of the college is a hull lot worse. Hes worse than a cross between a criminal lawyer and a tax collector. The rest of the faculty jist kinder sitt in their rooms and ya go and tell em ya don't know yer lesson about twice a week. I think colleges wud be lots more interestin' if the faculty was reduced ter the cook and the coach.

Everybody at college is sposed ter have a gurl. It's jist like fishin' in the creek ya jist hafter take yer chance on gettin' a good wun. Like as not it's like bitin' inter an apple, the wun wat looks nicest is sour inside. Then after ya git yer gurl ya kinder tag around



after her and look at her like a puppy, teasin' fer a bone, ya know kinder soulfull and solemn like you'd et somethin that didn't agree wid ya.

Yere sposed ter study in college bout once a week sos ya won' fergit wat coarse yere takin'. If ya look long enough ya kin find out wat teachers is fooled easiest and wat ones is hard and aint sorry for ya when ya git a sudden headache or somethin like that. The chem. teacher at Witworth is awfully dangerous; they even keep him in a separate buildin' cuz of his dangerous habits of monkeying with hydrogen sulfide and stuff like that.

Wal, Sally, college is a swell place, but it aint gut nothin' on the farm,

I would rather pet Helen the pig than ter do the kinder pettin wat happins here and as fer mush I'd rather have good old corn meal mush outer a spoon. Jist the same Witwort is a swell place and all the kiddies wat is here is swell even the sophomores cuz they are like limberger cheese they kinder improve with age. I'm gointer cum back next year when I ain't no freshie and finish polishin' up my educashun. Bye Bye till yer college sweeties come home wich ain't gointer be long now.

With barrels of Love little Honey Lamb—

Yer Darlink Freddy Freshmun.



#### A BALLAD

*Our times have gone from bad to worse  
And women are but things of clay,  
A thing I scarcely need rehearse  
Their bills incite to smite and slay;  
But flesh is grass and grass is hay.  
I'm heavy both in heart and mind,  
But evil cheer I feel today,  
I always draw the hungry kind.*

*You say they want no lengthy purse—  
A fig for all the things you say!  
Before this one eternal curse  
We vainly strive, do what we may.  
Their thirst for drink I try to stay,  
But as of old I always find,  
Of blondes and brunettes grave and gay  
I always draw the hungry kind.*

*In vain I look for one averse  
To spending wealth; none tell me nay,  
The bills as usual I disburse,  
I seem somehow a favorite prey  
And vainly all their kind inveigh.  
The type toward me seems inclined  
Of pulchritude a long array,  
I always draw the hungry kind.*

#### ENVOY

*Brethren, our bills are hard to pay,  
But to this curse I bow resigned.  
In some unknown peculiar way  
I always draw the hungry kind.—M. G.*

## The Ballard Hall Fire

AT ELEVEN o'clock on the night of March 7 every fellow had gone to his room and the halls of Ballard were silent.

But at 2:40 the next morning suddenly voices were heard: "Fire! Fire! Everybody up! Fire! Fire!"

In about sixty seconds everyone was at his door, looking out, seeing smoke and the light of flames. Then each started to rescue what he could, in an orderly way. Dresser-drawers, suitcases, sheets, blankets—anything and everything were used to convey articles from the burning hall to the ground below. Pillows were thrown out the windows and trunks were dragged down the stairs.

As every second went by, the smoke became more dense, the flames grew closer. Here and there and everywhere we could see falling timbers; and as we looked up into the sky we could see millions of sparks floating around.

Then, as if by instinct, every boy seemed to know when it was too dangerous to stay in the building any longer, and so, gathering everything we could into our arms and pockets, we made a rush for the burning stairs and out into the campus.

By that time the fire had gained rapid headway. The blaze was lighting the sky like a huge torch. It could be seen for miles around. If it were not for the fact that Ballard was

our home and seemingly a vital part of our lives, the scene would have been a wonderful one to view.

All the boys were out on the campus now removing their few saved belongings to safer places on the campus, where sparks and glowing embers would not endanger them. There was little talking. Each worked rapidly. Friends passed by without noticing each other. Everyone was helping someone else without stopping to see who it was.

By 5 o'clock everything that possibly could be done had been done. Students then gathered around in groups and talked. Each one tried to keep up a cheerful appearance, though down in their hearts there was that feeling of loss and gloom. Each one tried to cheer and encourage someone else, even though he might himself be the most in need of it.

Then, as the day broke, students and faculty of both halls gathered as of a common mind into the recreation room and there in song and speeches gave expression to the Whitworth spirit, now greatly increased by their common loss—the spirit of an increased loyalty to their Alma Mater, an increased devotion to its ideals, an increased willingness to sacrifice for its aid, and an increased readiness to lend a helping hand to make Whitworth College bigger and better as the years go on.

—EVERELL SHARNBROICH, '30.

## The Fire

DOROTHY and I awoke suddenly in what seemed to be the middle of the night. But we heard voices, people running through the halls, girls calling to each other, footsteps running outside. This was no proper mode of action in the middle of the night or early morning! I called to Dorothy, as she sat up in bed, I heard her gasp and try to speak, but speech would not come. Then I turned to look toward the windows and realized dimly what was wrong. The windows were red with a strange light, the kind of light that is seen through ising-glass in stoves. Up we jumped out of bed to the window. Ballard Hall was aflame! Boys were running and calling to each other. Some were carrying bedding and all sorts of property to all parts of the already strewn campus. Most of them were running around half-dressed. As we looked, several came out of Ballard Hall with arms loaded, while others were re-entering the building. Not being able to see the full extent of the fire I rushed to the other window, the side window. With a jerk of the blind which sent it flying upward, the whole scene burst upon me. Ballard Hall was one mass of flames. I did not need to look long; it was not necessary. The awfulness of its grandeur was appalling. With another glance I turned away; there were other things to be done.

Rushing out into the hall we found that the other girls were gathering together as many of their belongings as possible. Returning to our room, we hastily dressed, and did the same. A queer procession it was as we with hands and arms loaded, trundled down the stairs and across the campus.

The morning was bitter cold, and the wind, which was blowing terrifi-

cally, acted as if desirous of blowing us away. Sparks from the burning building rained upon us, and burned various articles strewn about the campus before the conflagration was noticed.

The fire engine soon arrived, but it was impossible to save Ballard Hall, so all the attention was turned toward saving McMillan Hall. The wind blew the sparks directly towards our dormitory, and this, added to the proximity of the two buildings, made the danger very great indeed. But water was turned onto our roof, soon freezing and making a coat of ice, and the danger gradually lessened. The time came when there was little left to do but watch. With varied emotions we looked upon the ruins of Ballard Hall. How greedily the flames licked every available surface, and relentless and awesome as they were, they nevertheless seemed to grip us with an awful fascination.

It was a dejected looking group that gathered in the "Rec" room. Sleepy and tired, numb and cold, most of the boys half dressed, we looked like a refugees' camp. But it was when we sent our "Alma Mater" ringing out, that a hard, huge lump filled our throats and a mist spread before our eyes. Never before nor never since have I heard our college song sung with such vim and meaning, for a deeper realization of what Whitworth meant to each one of us and thankfulness that the tragedy had been no worse filled our hearts to overflowing.

Then when at chapel, Dr. Tiffany read the telegram from President Stevenson, "We will rebuild Whitworth bigger and better," the student body stood as it ever will stand, ready to take up our share of bringing about that bigger and better Whitworth.

—KATHRYN BOCKMAN, 30.

## “Resurgam”

A STRANGE feeling of loss and emptiness came upon me as I gazed forlornly at the ruins of what was once Ballard Hall. While Ballard existed it had been only a building housing the men of Whitworth, but now that it was mysteriously gone, it had become as a casket containing many precious memories. I remembered the many little social affairs given in the men's living room, the glowing fire and marshmallow roasts, the games played and the programs enjoyed, and as I gazed, I felt a poignant clutching at my heart as if I had lost a dear old friend. Strange, I had not thought so much of Ballard before; but now Ballard Hall, carrying with it the outward sign of memories, was GONE. Only a few scarred walls stood up bare and bleak as the rain poured, and I shivered, but it was my soul, not my body, that was chilled.

But stop, what was this which rose out of the ruins and beckoned to me? It was an old man with white, hoary locks and an unquenchable courage and spiritual fire in his glance. *This* spirit was indomitable and could never die. It was the spirit of Whitworth which came forth with dignity and

sounded this trumpet declaration, “Whitworth College can not die. Adversity will serve but to strengthen her roots. Whitworth College, and that for which she stands, shall live and go on to higher and better things.” I saw the eyes of old Doctor Whitworth glowing with prophecy and with a glorious light. His enthusiasm fired me and I saw his vision.

Gone were the naked upstanding walls and charred wreckage. The cornerstone was laid for the new Ballard Hall. In time new walls grew until fully formed and out of the haze came a building, a beautiful building as a monument to the spirit. New students came and new ties were formed year by year, having always as their foundation the old memories and old ties out of which had grown bigger and better things. It was a new Ballard, but the old spirit of Whitworth was not a new spirit. It was the same but had merely changed its abode, and in fancy, on a quiet day, I saw the serious and noble face of old Doctor Whitworth from whose eyes shone forth an unquenchable light.

—GLADYS TATTERSALL, '29.



## The Morning After the Night Before

ON THE fateful morning of March 8, as I turned into the drive leading to the school, my thoughts were far afield. However, they were brought back with a jump. Everything and everyone was in a state of indescribable confusion; beds, clothing, furniture, and personal belongings littered the campus and surrounding grounds like so many boulders on a rock-strewn plain. The parking place in front of McMillan Hall was strewn with charred wood, broken

fire hose and debris of all sorts. Ballard Hall was no more. It was a smoking ruin. The walls and a bit of the first floor on one side remained standing as a mute symbol of what had once been. A large water pipe in the center of the ruin had broken a short time after the fire had started, and the amount of water thus escaping had saved some of the apparatus from the chemical laboratories in the basement. Everything else was damaged beyond redemption.

People were running here and there trying to do something, but in fact doing very little. Near the front of the administration building stood most of the students. Only once in my life had I ever seen anything to compare with the apparel that the boys had on, and that was in a little old Gypsy camp in Kansas. Those who had been fortunate enough to save anything were the better dressed and they had on old overalls and ragged shirts. The others were attired in blankets, old shawls, and any other odds and ends that helped to keep them warm. Most of the latter finery was borrowed from the girls, whose home had escaped the fire unharmed.

The tall chimneys and grim walls of Ballard Hall still stood, grim and

silent, amidst the smoke and fire as if to say, "We're down for the time being, but we'll rise bigger and better than ever before." This same idea shone from the faces of students and faculty alike. The old Whitworth spirit was already making itself manifest. There was no quitting when support was most needed.

Shortly after I arrived, snow began to fall. Again there was a bustling about to save what little was left. This time, however, it was water instead of fire that was doing the damage. In about fifteen minutes all was safely stored under shelter and school began. We did not miss one class that day. Nothing could stop the habit of regular class attendance that we had formed, except perhaps complete disaster.

—LLOYD BEAVER, '29.

## Lost

**L**OST! Somewhere in New York; God knew where, but Olive didn't. But she did know why she was lost. Mrs. Hall, one of those infallible ladies, had put her on the wrong subway train, and now she was in what seemed to be the toughest hole in New York. She pondered over the testimony of her wrist watch, which declared the hour to be 1 o'clock a. m. Of course everybody wants to know why Olive didn't get lost in the daytime instead of at such a lawless hour of the night. Well, Olive was a pretty girl. Don't get me wrong, I haven't told you why yet. It isn't that kind of a story. I repeat, Olive was a pretty girl. Her aunt, with whom she was staying, told her so; the boy back home told her so, and Olive herself knew it, so, of course she was pretty.

The invitation to dine at the Halls' had made Olive very happy to accept, for both members of the family had been old schoolmates, and she had seen

neither for a long time. Consequently a few days later she had been driven to their residence on Long Island and after dining and talking for several hours the Halls started to take her home in their car. They took her as far as Brooklyn Bridge, where after being caught in a traffic jam which seemed as though it would never dissolve, had, upon her pleading, put her on the subway. Mrs. Hall had assured her that she would be placed on the right one, and her New York cocksureness dispelled all doubt from Olive's mind.

In her car there were only two couples besides herself, and Olive felt as lonely as a Maraschino cherry in a fancy sundae. Worse yet, they seemed to take Satanic delight in her plight and giggled between themselves, much to her discomfort. Suddenly a familiarly unfamiliar station flashed by; another; Olive consulted the conductor and was informed that she was on the wrong train. He ad-

vised the use of the trolley and gave her full directions to obtain it. At the next station she left, followed by the two devilish couples who were still giggling at her predicament. Olive had always followed the crowd to get out of the subway, but here there was no crowd to follow, for lag as she would, the couples would lag too, so Olive had to chance getting out by herself. She did it, luckily, the first trial, and emerged into that place somewhere in Gotham at the beginning of this story.

Olive was somewhat befuddled as to the conductor's directions, but she started off in what seemed to be the right direction, and came upon what seemed to be the right car line.

"Does this car take me to Lindley?" she asked.

"Yiss," replied the conductor. (He is a foreigner, as you can tell from his pronunciation).

Olive realized that he had misunderstood her when, after riding about twenty minutes, she repeated her question.

"A-a-h! I tink you say Tiffany!"

Olive made a quick exit.

Now, Olive had not thought there could be a tougher place than the first, but here there was not a woman in sight. There were several men in sight, and she questioned one leaning against a post.

He wagged his head thoughtfully for some time.

"Over—hic—"

(Olive must get home!)

She hurried down the street, and O, joy! A policeman. Olive didn't know how to broach the subject, for she hated to admit that she was lost.

"Ah—I'm not a New Yorker—" she began.

The John Law eyed her disdainfully.

"I am perfectly aware of the fact, Madam," he informed her, oh, so coolly.

The reply startled Olive very much, and made her feel very tiny

beside him, but she managed to explain her case and was put on the proper car with instructions to transfer at a certain point.

She reached the certain point but the certain street car was not forthcoming. She waited and waited, while cab after cab darted up, slowing down upon viewing a prospective passenger, and then went on. Suddenly a cab drew up before her and stopped. Olive stepped forward one step—and stopped.

"Never take a cab alone!"

That was her aunt's pet warning, and Olive had heard stories of other women who had, but—she must get home. Still she didn't want any more trying experiences—she stepped back. The driver still waited. Olive threw discretion to the winds, stepped up to the cab and proceeded to impress the driver's photograph in her mind.

"Where to, Miss?"

She directed him as best she could and began her journey again, but with mental provision that if he began driving the wrong way, Olive would leave. Meanwhile she looked for familiar landmarks.

"Is this the place, Miss?" asked the driver coming to a stop.

It was still unfamiliar.

"I-I-I'm afraid not."

Olive was on the verge of a breakdown into the weaker sex's manifestation.

The driver was puzzled for some time.

"Haven't you ever been there before?"

"I live there——"

He was dumbfounded.

"And this doesn't look familiar?"

"N-n-no."

The tears were just about to stream down pretty Olive's cheeks and ruin her makeup.

"Confounded old fool that I am! It's the next block."

Our heroine soon sees her aunt running up and down in front of a

Continued (in adds) on Page 88

## Ode

*She came into my heart again  
I thought that love had left it;  
I never (till I felt her smile)  
Knew how she had bereft it.*

*And never till I felt her hand  
So small and white and slender  
With it's soft pressure in my own  
So exquisitely tender.*

*Had I remembered love at all  
And then one fleeting minute  
She gave the gladness of her smile  
And all her heart was in it.*

*She gave the gladness of her smile  
And bade my hopes to rally;  
For she's as modest and as sweet  
As Lily of the Valley.*

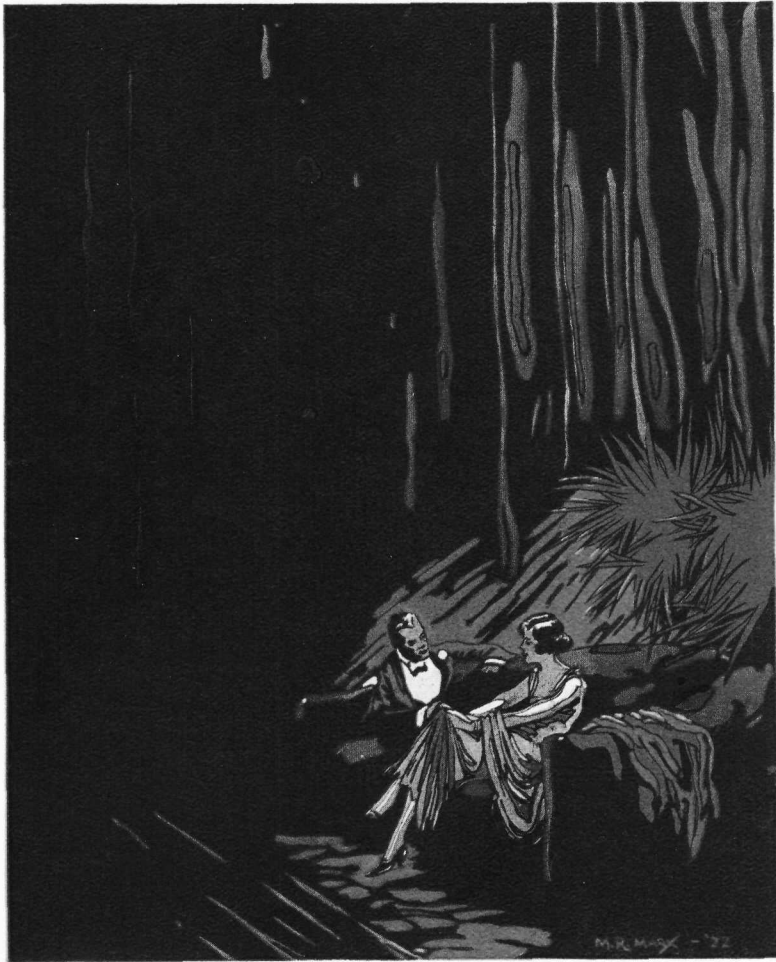
*Her voice is like a singing brook  
That runs in pebbled places  
With more of loveliness and charm  
Than Heaven has of graces.*

*She's quite as graceful and as shy  
As any fleet gazelle is;  
And she's the gladness of my life  
And of my heart the belle is.*

*She laughs—and all the world is fair  
As her blue eyes can make it;  
She smiles—and every heart that sees  
Cries out for her to take it.*

*And though hope may with some perhaps,  
Re-blossom quite as greenly  
There's not a heart in all the world  
That's half so fair and queenly.*

—M. G.



*Society*



## Society

ONE gay round of society events is related the year around, and yet students complain of nothing to do. The Volunteer Fellowship ended their summer's work with a party at Miller's to welcome the out-of-town members on September 21. College social life started with the President's Reception, an annual affair, at which this year a few new jokes were told. On the afternoon of the same day the Kappa Gamma sorority ushered in the new school year with their annual autumn tea for all girls.

The Woman's Athletic Association began their year's activities with the Fall Rally on September 29. The Soph-Frosh fight was staged (mostly in the furnace room) on September 27 and good will again reigned on September 30 after the Frosh-Soph party.

Oct. 1.—Lillian Brown mixed the Student Body at the annual mixer. It was a successful party and the "Green Cap" Frosh orchestra was introduced to the students. It seems to have dissolved itself during the year. Perhaps it was the pressure of Sophomore demands that caused it.

Oct. 7.—The unworthy new "dorm" occupants roamed about our halls with amusing and individual hair cuts as a result of initiation into the "Infernal Brotherhood." The Tri-G society acted as agents for the prominent dentists of the city by giving a taffy-pull to all girls on Oct. 14. Their efforts had no direct results. However, it was proved by debate that "It is more advantageous to chew taffy with false teeth."

Oct. 15.—What do you think—our little college folks scampered about in front of McMillan in frolicksome games of three deep, etc., and they ushered in the new era of music this year—"Hi, Diddle Diddle" and "The Farmer in the Dell" with its parody of "Hi, Ho, the Merio."

Without being forewarned of the

coming defeat the college football team rallied around a huge bonfire on Oct. 20 and even burned an Ellensburg mummy. Yells and stunts were the main features, but frankfurters and buns were most enjoyed.

Just for spite, eighteen girls walked to the carline and back in a body just to see a movie. If the men go away again, they'd better bring home a score to appease the motley crew of ladies.

Oct. 28.—Brought the first Hallowe'en party by the Kappa Gamma sorority for all college girls. Several of our alumni attended.

"We'll all go down to Rous' 'em" and "Skip to M' Lou" and other games of equal sport were features of the Student Association party held in the gym on Oct. 29. Costuming was unusually good and when cider and doughnuts and apples were served those participating in the games hardly stopped to eat. Such was the fun!

The Alpha Psi Delta fraternity entertained lady friends at a banquet at the Davenport hotel in the Mandarin room on Oct. 30. The art of "spark making" was taught the ladies. A musical program on a "portable Victrola" was enjoyed.

We like Oakesdale! Miss Crow brought up a big feed for the dormitory girls on Oct. 31.

Oh, yes, several succumbed—Queen Marie was charming enough to attract practically all our student body to charter a bus on Nov. 2.

The Bethel Minstrels entertained the Whitworth students and community on Nov. 12.

Nuptials announced on Nov. 14—Lindalee Miller and Bill Davis join in wedlock. Then clouds gathered and two showers followed. The Kappa Gamma girls consulted the weather man and ordered the first shower. Then the dorm girls followed.

Our worthy (?) seniors were entertained at a dinner by Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hussong on Nov. 18. On Nov. 22 the annual Kensington was given by the Kappa Gamma sorority at Mrs. Stevenson's home. Memories of childhood were recalled when each girl contested for the prize of the best sewing card. The color scheme was carried out in the sorority colors—purple and gold. Little raffia sewing baskets filled with candies were used as favors.

On Thanksgiving day, Nov. 25, the Gospel team made a delightful and profitable trip to Wellpinit—on the Spokane Indian reservation. The team will speak for itself about the wonderful Thanksgiving dinner held with the descendants of the natives of this country. It was indeed a unique experience.

Miss Morrison gave a party for the students and alumni friends available during vacation on Nov. 26. It was a "different" and interesting party.

The Volunteer Fellowship attended a surprise party for Jo Smith at her home on Nov. 27. Miss Barnes entertained the group with "tricks." She's just full of those little things.

Miss Fife and Miss Harris gave a feed for all the girls of the dormitory on Nov. 28.

The Gospel Team made a three-day trip to Kettle Falls. A king would not have been treated more royally—just one grand chicken dinner after another. They left on Dec. 10 and returned the 12th.

The dorm boys went to Whipple's for a feed.

On the eve of Dec. 16 all the little Whitworth boys and girls went to a Christmas party to see Dr. Hays play Santa Claus. Everybody got a present and a pop corn ball and a box of home made candy.

On Jan. 7 the Scribbler's club had a party in the boys' parlor.

The girls gave the boys of Lewiston and Whitworth basketball teams a feed after the game on Jan. 15.

That night a group of the boys serenaded the girls and left them a feed on behalf of their loyal support. The girls take this opportunity to say "Thank you."

The end of the semester and tests put an end to social life for a while and then on Feb. 10 the president and his wife gave a dinner at the Davenport to the honor roll students of the first semester.

Feb. 11 the Kappa Gamma girls were entertained by their alumnae and on Feb. 12 they welcomed seven girls into their midst as members. That same evening the Alpha Psi Delta fraternity received four pledges into their group. Both affairs were held at the Davenport hotel.

On Feb. 13 the students had dinner with the Spokane trustees of the college and their wives. Our Indian friend, Dr. Hayes, spoke. He has now quite a warm spot in the hearts of all Whitworthians.

Professor Martin and his wife invited a college group to their home for an informal party on Feb. 19. Rook and flinch were the main features besides a wonderful fruit salad and cake.

The annual Colonial party with powdered hair and swishing skirts came on Feb. 25 this year. It was a delightful, yet fatiguing affair, so Marthalena and Russell say.

After many weeks of heart-rending practice our Glee Club made its first appearance on March 4. We don't know if the Lidgerwood folks enjoyed it or not, but we do know that the folks on the stage enjoyed the buns for their bonfire.

Mrs. Whipple kindly extended the compliment to the girls and gave them a feed on March 5.

Then came the fire and we moved all the homeless into McMillan and social life continued.

After practicing the Glee Club program at the Lidgerwood church, the Whitworth community gave

them a hearing on March 11. They appeared to enjoy it.

March 12 is a memorable date. The entire student body of Whitworth succeeded in arousing at six and met its president as he arrived from New York at the station. He was greatly pleased and they took him home for breakfast. That evening Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hussong entertained the boys at their apartment to a wonderful feed, so they say, of noodles, chicken sandwiches, etc.

Miss Taylor received a box from home and gave the girls a feed on March 14.

The Tri-G Club gave a St. Patrick's tea on March 17 in honor of Miss Morrison, dean of women. White and green was the color scheme and a musical program was enjoyed.

Following this on March 18 the Alpha Psi Delta boys gave an annual St. Patrick's party in Murray Hall. It was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed. On refreshments, decorations and programs was the well-known shamrock. The program, we will admit, was unusually good.

Alas, and do the students grieve, when for Open Dorm the dirt must leave? On March 25 such was the plight when the new tenants of third floor, as well as the girls on second, scoured (?) their rooms for inspection. The young men entertained us with a rare program and oh, how clever our Juniors! Let the girls

keep their silent opinion about the third floor rooms.

Every year our girls add another April Frolic. You wouldn't believe that girls could have so much fun at a girl's stag party. Half of the girls dressed as gentlemen and the other half dressed as girls. A picnic supper at Cook's Lake is followed by a girls' dance with light refreshments at the college. This event came on April 21.

Speaking of traditions, here's another! On May 3 the W. A. A. gave a May morning breakfast to the students and faculty. The dining room was scented with flowers and blossoms and was a beautiful sight.

Later in May came the biggest affair of the year, the Kappa Gamma May party. Lessie Rasco was crowned Queen of the May by her classmate, Lillian Brown. Ten girls tripped the light fantastic about the May pole. The room was beautifully decorated in a bower of kinnikinnick and lilacs and wisteria.

Later in the year the Alpha Psi Delta fraternity gave their annual beef steak breakfast to the whole student body and faculty at Cook's Lake. Yumm! We wouldn't miss it!

Commencement week was a gay week of society affairs from beginning to end. The year's book closed with the biggest commencement in the history of the school. The cornerstone to the future Whitworth was solemnly laid on June 16, graduation day.

## Calendar

SEPT. 21—Registration. Volunteer Fellowship Party. Girls' dorm initiation.

Sept. 24—Kappa Gamma entertains all the girls of the school at their annual fall tea.

Sept. 27—Fight! Fight! Fight! The Sophs succeeded in keeping their inferiors locked in the "coal bin."

Sept. 28—First Glee Club practice.

Sept. 29—W. A. A. rally around a bonfire.

Sept. 30—Friendships again reign after Frosh-Soph party.

Oct. 1—Annual Mixer—everyone acquainted.

Oct. 3—Dr. Hays preaches.

Oct. 4—Miss Barnes parts with her curly locks amid a crowd of feminine witnesses. Boys express opinions after dinner.

Oct. 6—First scrimmage with N. C.

Oct. 7—Infernal Brotherhood initiates. New haircuts in vogue.

Oct. 10—Volunteer Fellowship holds first meeting of Volunteers of America.

Oct. 11—Choir practice. Miss Morrison entertains guests at dinner.

Oct. 12—Seniors enlist a new recruit. Dr. Carmichael leaves for his home in N. Y. Practice game with Gonzaga.

Oct. 13—Mrs. Hussong takes H. E. girls for a trip to the museum.

Oct. 14—Tri-G taffy pull—despite the tragic results of blisters and dentist bills—Yum! YUM!

Oct. 15—Play hour. College folks do not believe in putting away childish things to become men and women—or else they're in their second childhood—anyway they play three-deep, farmer in the dell, etc. After their play they attended a community meeting.

Oct. 16—Dr. Tiffany arrives to take Dr. Carmichael's place.

Oct. 17—You'd think it was springtime judging by the couples on the campus. Volunteer Fellowship leads Whitworth church.

Oct. 20—Scrimmage N. C. Bonfire and pep rallies, for the Ellensburg game.

Oct. 21—Boys left for Ellensburg. Ralph and Everell walk to Ellensburg to see game.

Oct. 22—Lost to Ellensburg—All dormitory girls walk to town to show.

Oct. 23—Men return at 5:30 a. m. Girls drink coffee to await the triumphant return.

Oct. 27—Alumnae Delilah Barber, Sara Miller and Dorothy Brenton arrive.

Oct. 28—Kappa Gamma Hallo-we'en party.

Oct. 29—Student Association Hal-lo-we'en party. Students have a "rouse 'em" good time.

Oct. 30—Alpha Psi Delta banquet at the Davenport.

Oct. 31—Miss Crow feeds the dormitory girls with Oakesdale food. Mrs. Hayes shows pictures of Palestine and the land of the Exodus.

Nov. 1—Helen Jacobson is taken to the hospital. Football practice resumed.

Nov. 2—Students charter bus to see "The Queen Marie of Roumania."

Nov. 5—Mildred Post washes car for initiation. Volunteer fellowship at U. B. Church.

Nov. 6—Boys walk to Idaho to see game.

Nov. 8—Girls' meeting. New rules of absence and tardy penalties read.

Nov. 11—Armistice certainly celebrated at Whitworth. Girls serpentine tables at dinner and later through the boys' dorm. Spokane College paints Whitworth—Grrr!

Nov. 12—S. C.-W. game, 21-0 in

our favor. The Bethel Minstrels entertained the college and community.

Nov. 14—"Lindalee" and "Bill" take the fatal leap, with a group of their fraternity and sorority friends as witnesses. Gospel team at Deep Creek.

Nov. 15—Hear of Dr. Carmichael's death. Every student grieved.

Nov. 16—Kappa Gamma shower for new Mrs. William B. Davis.

Nov. 17—Dorm girls shower Mrs. Davis.

Nov. 18—Mr. and Mrs. Davis leave for Boston. Senior dinner by Mrs. Hussong in our H. E. dining room. Ask the seniors how good it was.

Nov. 19—Pep rally and lost to S. U., 29-0. Count the pieces.

Nov. 21—Gospel team at Fish-trap. Florence hears ghost.

Nov. 22—Kappa Gamma annual Kensington at Mrs. Stevenson's.

Nov. 23—Executive board elects annual staff. Student Body Christmas seal drive started under the leadership of Lessie Rasco.

Nov. 24—Won game from Spokane College, 20-0. Some students go home.

Nov. 25—Gospel team goes to Wellpinit. Big Thanksgiving dinner with the Indians.

Nov. 26—Miss Morrison entertains alumni and students in boys' parlor. Good time.

Nov. 27—Volunteer Fellowship attends a surprise party for Jo Smith. Miss Barnes proves quite tricky.

Nov. 29—Girls start B. B. Hallie and Gertrude give a feed. Dr. Stevenson returns.

Nov. 30—Young men learn what it means to borrow a W. A. A. basketball.

Dec. 3—Football banquet. George Hall is captain-elect.

Dec. 6—White Cross talk in Chapel.

Dec. 10—Mr. and Mrs. Whipple give a party to dormitory men.

Dec. 11—Volunteer Fellowship goes to Kettle Falls for three-day trip.

Dec. 14—Boys scrimmage with Weis Bros. Dr. Hayes' Ford freezes.

Dec. 15—Debate on evolution.

Dec. 16—Student Body Christmas Party. Dr. Hayes was our jolly old St. Nick

Dec. 17—Everyone speeding home for the holidays.

Jan. 4—Students return to welcome new dean—Dr. Tiffany.

Jan. 5—Dr. Stevenson leaves for the east. Young Romeos serenade Juliets.

Jan. 7—Scribblers' party in boys' parlor. We guess it is a penmanship class.

Jan. 11—Religious Life Emphasis week opens with a stirring address from Baxter.

Jan. 14—Defeated by S. C. at S. C. despite our new pirate heads.

Jan. 15—Defeated again by Lewiston at Whitworth. Young ladies of Whitworth give a feed to team and rooters. A serenade with a feed was given in return.

Jan. 18—Girls warble out among the pines, yet their sincere efforts were unappreciated.

Jan. 19—Mrs. Hussong entertained H. E. Girls at a dinner in her house. B. B. team plays St. Joseph.

Jan. 21—V. F. leads chapel. Brr, it's cold. Students are kindly affectioned to radiators.

Jan. 24—George Hall leaves school.

Jan. 26—Mr. J. Hucabee speaks in chapel on Student Volunteer Movement. Spends day with students.

Feb. 1-4—Exams! 'Nuf Sed.

Feb. 5—Shippee and Shamrock think spring has come.

Feb. 7—Rasty left school and Jessie.

Feb. 8—New start in new semester. Helen Jacobson back again. Freddie Metzler leaves school to join our rivals at S. U.

Feb. 10—Honor students are en-

tertained by Prexy and Mrs. Prexy at the Davenport.

Feb. 11—Alumnae Kappa Gamma entertain active members. Julia Stunkard visits sorority girls.

Feb. 12—Kappa Gamma and Alpha Psi Delta initiation banquets.

Feb. 15—Students have dinner with trustees.

Feb. 19—Professor and Mrs. Martin give a party for some of the college students.

Feb. 20—Gospel team at Medical Lake, Hayford and 4th U. P.

Feb. 21—S. C.-W. game. Lost 21-9.

Feb. 22—Gospel team leads chapel.

Feb. 23—Won debate from S. U. Congratulations to Philip and Lewis.

Feb. 25—Colonial party in Murray Hall.

Feb. 28—Lost debate to S. U.

March 4—Glee Club concert at Lidgerwood.

March 5—Girls' feed at Whipples.

March 8—Fire! Fire! Boys' dormitory burns to the ground. Despite the tremendous spirit loss, a wonderful spirit prevailed among the students. The young men move in the third floor of McMillan.

March 9—New beds arrive.

March 10—Dr. Hayes, our Indian friend, speaks in chapel. Sympathized with us in our loss.

March 11—Glee Club concert at Whitworth.

March 12—All students meet Dr. Stevenson at station on his return from east. Mr. and Mrs. Hussong entertained the young men at a chicken feed.

March 14—Miss Taylor treats the "dorm" girls from a "box."

March 15—Operetta tryouts for "Sailor Maids."

March 17—Miss Morrison honored at annual St. Patrick's tea given by Tri-G Club to all the girls of the school.

March 18—Alpha Psi Delta St. Patrick's day party given.

March 19—Funeral for Henry Newton.

March 25—Open Dorm. To clean or not to clean could not be questioned.

March 27—Students interested in "Spiritualism."

March 30—Rodney Crane visits school.

April 1—Everyone leaving for vacation. There is no time for April fooling.

April 6—Vacation hike to Whitworth rocks by those here.

April 11—Back in school. Spring has come. Third floor occupants effected a change in the girls' schedule.

April 23—Campus Day—Prexy says it was a greater success than ever before. The afternoon program included a baseball and volleyball game, the winners of which were invited to a dinner at the Davenport by Dr. Stevenson.

April 26—Game with S. U., 12-5 their favor.

April 29—Game at S. U., 12-1 their favor.

May 2—Bob Stevenson elected football captain in lieu of George Hall. Work on new building begins.

May 6—Game with S. C., 13-11 our favor. Seniors choose class play.

May 9—Seniors at last recognized in formal chapel service.

May 10—Game with S. U., lost 7-1.

May 12—May Morning Breakfast.

May 13—Junior-Senior Banquet.

May 20—Kappa Gamma May Party. Lessie Rasco crowned Queen of May.

May 27—Alpha Psi Delta Mixed banquet.

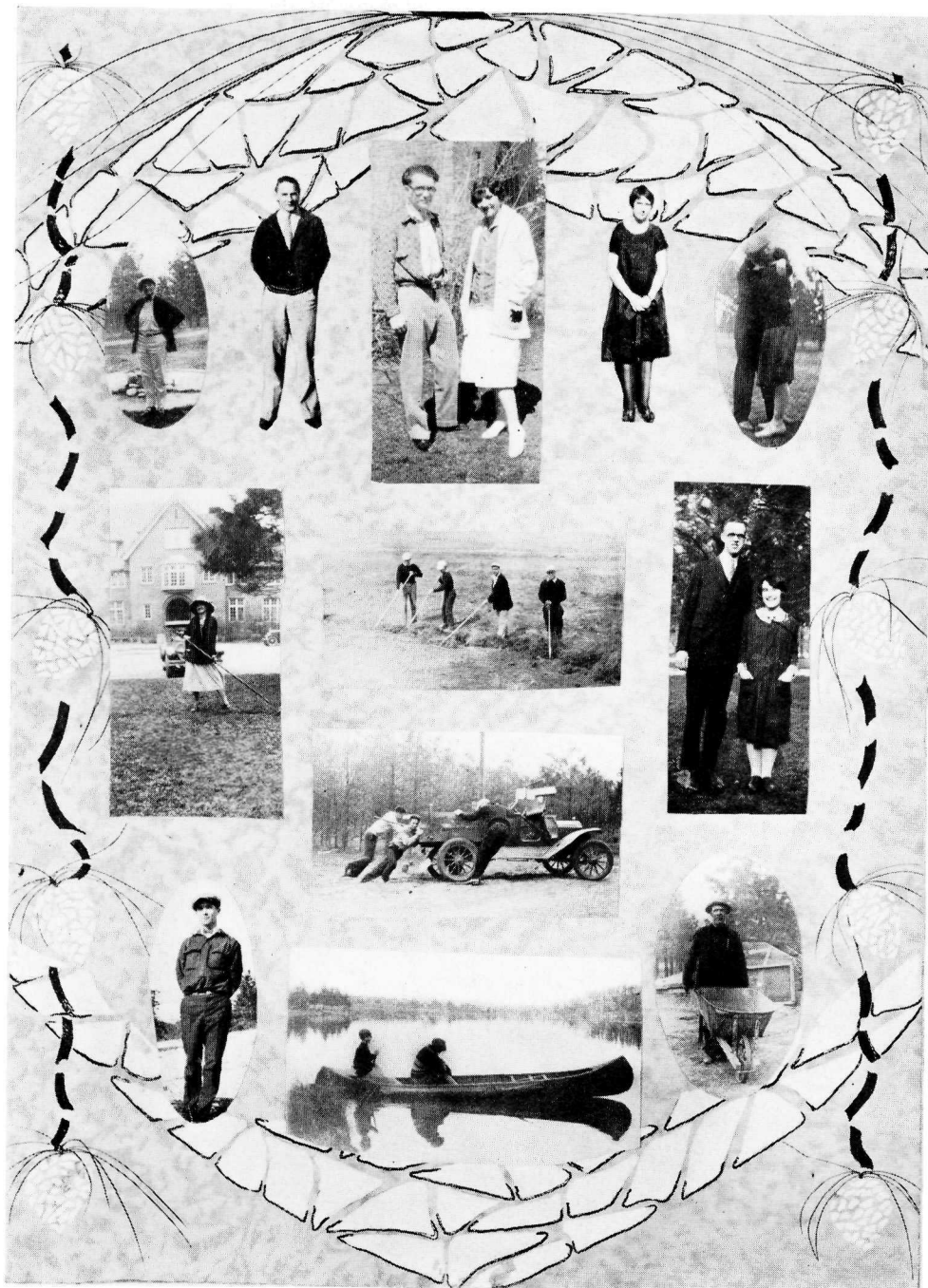
June 3—Senior Class play.

June 13—Senior Class Day.

June 14—Operetta, "Sailor Maids."

June 14—Alpha Psi Delta. Beef-steak breakfast.

June 16—Commencement exercises.









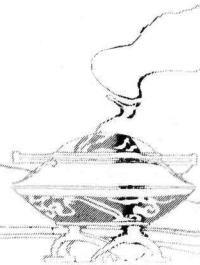
## Whitworth, Alma Mater

*We're loyal to thee, Whitworth dear  
We'll ever be true, Whitworth fair  
We'll back you to stand 'Gainst the best in the land,  
For we know you are noble and grand, Rah! Rah!  
We ever will stand for the right,  
For your place in the land we will fight.  
Your name is our fame protector,  
We'll honor, love and respect you.  
Foreyer aye.*

*Bring on the dear old flag of Crimson and Black.  
Bring on your sons and daughters who never lack  
Like men of old or giants  
Placing reliance, shouting defiance, Oskywahwah,  
Among the pine clad hills and mountains so grand,  
For honest labor and for learning we stand,  
And unto thee, we pledge our hearts, our hands,  
Our Alma Mater, Whitworth Dear.*



*Athletics*





## Football

Though the scores of the past season on the gridiron show that Whitworth did not win all her games, it cannot be said that the season was not a successful one. Several veteran players turned out at the beginning of the season. These were Laudenbach, Stevenson, Beal, Metzler, C. Boppell and Hall, all of whom won places on the team. At the annual football banquet, letters were awarded as follows:

Clanton, R. E.; Shippee, R. T.; Laudenbach, R. G.; Stevenson, C; Garrett, L. G.; Dickson, L. T.; Rasmussen, L. E.; Beal, Q.; W. Boppell, R. H.; C. Boppell, L. H.; Hall, F. B.; F. Metzler, D. Boucher, A. Rice, also received letters and Lewis Randall received a manager's letter.

### THE ELLENSBURG STRUGGLE

The Whitworth Pirates under the new coach, "Pete" Ackley, opened the 1926 gridiron season with a hard struggle with the Ellensburg Normal team. The trip was made to the Normal town in cars, and after a night's driving, for a part of the team, they arrived at their destination, sleepy and weary, which accounts for the overwhelming score by which the teachers overcame the Whitworth team.

The whole of the team deserves honorable mention for the way in which they held the teachers' team. Although the score would make one think that the game was a walkaway, it was not, and considering that the normal team had not been scored upon this year, and had beaten both the Idaho and Washington Frosh teams, our team gave them a hard fight.

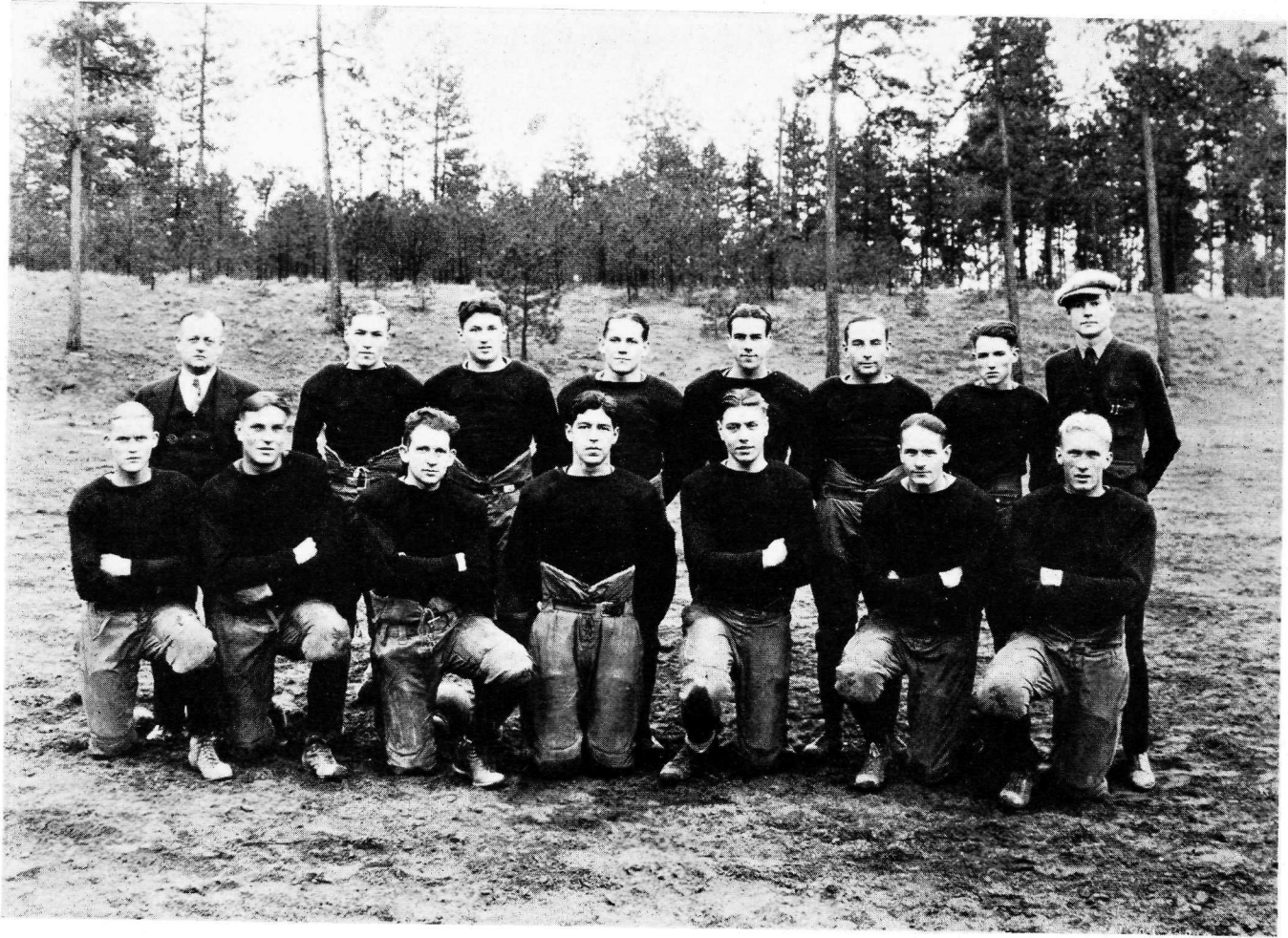
### SPOKANE COLLEGE GAME—WON 21-0

In the next game of the season the Whitworth team defeated the Spokane College team by a score of 21-0. After battling through a scoreless first quarter, the Pirates unleashed a passing offensive in the middle of the second. A forward pass from Hall to C. Boppell resulted in a touchdown, and Hall booted the ball over the goal for another point. During the third quarter, Hall scored a touchdown and also added a point by a well-directed kick. After consecutive line-bucking and passing, a place kick was attempted and failed, giving the college their first down on the ten-yard line. Luck, the Swedes' quarter, punted to his forty-yard line and Hall returned the windbag for the Pirates' last touchdown, and also drove the pigskin through the posts for the remaining point, making the score 21-0.

### SPOKANE UNIVERSITY COMBAT—LOST 29-0

On a cold, wintry Friday afternoon the Pirates went down to defeat before the Spokane University team to the tune of 29-0. Whitworth threatened for the only time when, after an exchange of punts and passes, placed the ball on the Crusaders' ten-yard line. Here the University's defense tightened up and a place kick failed.

During the second half Spokane U. was able only to push over one touchdown, and gained two points from a safety. In the fourth quarter Whitworth was practically invulnerable to the Crusaders' slashing offense, which had bewildered our team in the first half of the game. The game ended with a score of 29-0 favoring the University team.



## SPOKANE COLLEGE—WON 20-0

In the last game of the season the Spokane College team went down to a second defeat before Whitworth to the tune of 20-0, before an enthusiastic crowd of rooters.

C. Boppell and Hall took honors in scoring. Hall made two touchdowns while Boppell made the other. In the first half the Pirates were able to drive over only one touchdown, but in the next half passed over two more and when the final gun stopped the Swede massacre, the ball was in Whitworth's possession on the chieftain's yard-line.

This game concluded a successful season for the Pirates, having won two out of four games.



## Basketball

First call for basketball was issued by Coach "Pete" Ackley immediately after the last football game, and a squad of nine answered his summons. Of this number, four from the previous season answered the call, making prospects very rosy for a winning season. The veteran players were Carl Laudenschach, Don Beal, George Hall and Carl Boppell.

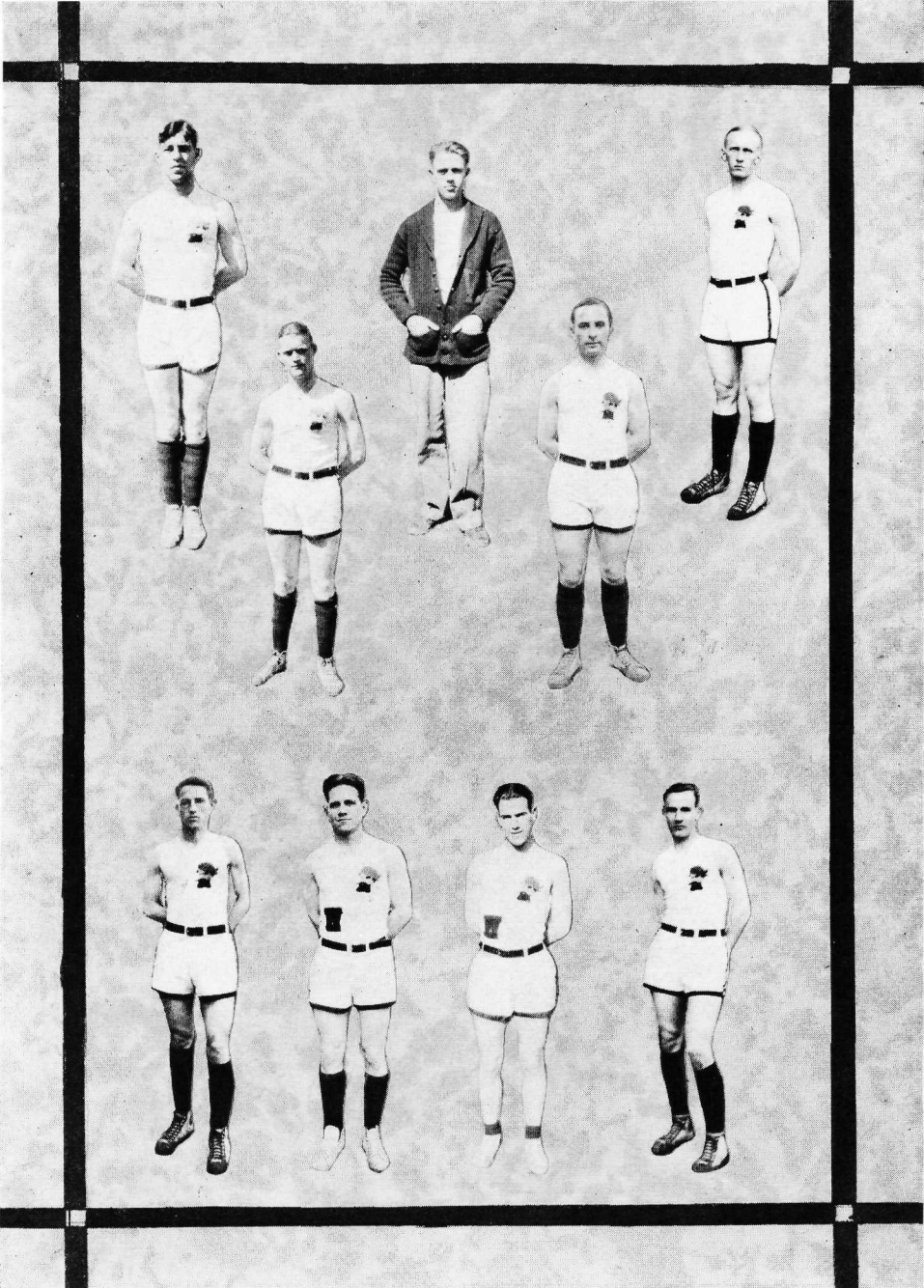
In a fast, exciting game the Pirates were defeated by the Spokane College team by a 22 to 18 score, after they had battled an extra five minutes to break the tie, which was the result of the fourth quarter. In the College game the Whitworth quintet jumped into the lead and held it until the last 30 seconds, when a long shot tied the score, 18 to 18. This game showed that the Pirates had fine material, but they lacked team work.

In the second game of the season, the Whitworth team came out with the short end of the score in the Lewiston Normal game. The team showed more fight in the game with the teachers than with the Swedes, but they were unable to break through the rangy Lewiston team. Hall led the Pirates, scoring with 11 points and Boppell followed with 7, while Gill was high point man for the winners with 16 points. Laudenschach and Stevenson played stellar games at guard, while Rasmussen worked well at center. Beal and Boucher, who acted as substitutes, showed good form during the time they were in the game. Although Whitworth lost, it wasn't because they hadn't played their best, but because they had come up against the best team in the conference.

The Whitworth Pirates were vanquished by the Spokane University Crusaders in two games. The games were fought fast and hard, but the Whitworth five were unable to withstand the fast pace set by the winners. This was partly due to the withdrawal of George Hall from the college, and the fact that it was exam week accounts in some measure for the lack of endurance, but training was the real cause for the differences between the teams. Beal, Boucher and Rasmussen made all the points for the Pirates.

Spokane College defeated Whitworth in the last conference game of the season. The only player on the Pirates' quintet able to score was Laudenschach, who was responsible for all their tallies. He made three field goals and two free throws.

In chapel, letters were awarded to the following: Rasmussen, Laudenschach, Boucher, Schermerhorn, McQuillin, Beal, C. Boppell, Stevenson and Clanton. McQuillin was also awarded a manager's letter. As only two are lost by graduation, Whitworth is sure to have a winning team next year.





## Baseball

Whitworth... 5—Spokane U... 12  
 Whitworth... 1—Spokane U... 12  
 Whitworth... 13—Spokane C... 11  
 Whitworth... 1—Spokane U... 7  
 Whitworth... 6—Spokane C... 6

With spring comes baseball at Whitworth. When Coach Ackley issued the first call for varsity aspirants there was no galaxy of stars. Three letter men responded: Scotty Kimball, short; Carl Boppell, left field, and Don Beal, third. The rest of the positions were filled with new men. At the time of writing all the games have not been played, but the Pirates have shown up well considering the lack of experienced men.

### FIRST SPOKANE "U" TILT

The Whitworth Pirates dropped their first game to the snappy Spokane "U" team Tuesday, April 26. The score was 12 to 5. Both teams displayed ragged fielding at times and were weak in hitting. The score was six to five at the end of the eighth, but a ninth inning rally boosted the crusaders' total to 12.

### CRUSADERS SWAMP PIRATES

In the second game with Spokane "U" Whitworth was beaten, 12 to 1. The game was slow due to bad weather and the Whitworth team was unable to hit Huffman, the Crusaders' pitcher.

### WHITWORTH 13—SPOKANE COLLEGE 11

In a game filled with errors the Pirate nine won from Spokane College, 13 to 11. Rasmussen started in the box for Whitworth, and pitched himself out of bad holes several times. Garrett went in in the fifth and held the college to a few scattered hits. Beal, the Pirates' third baseman,

turned his ankle on a slide to third, and was out for the rest of the season.

### AGAIN LOSE TO S. U.

Whitworth again lost to the Spokane "U" nine, May 10, to the tune of 7-1. Hansen started for the Pirates and worked well for two innings. Rasmussen replaced Hansen and held them to three runs until the sixth, when Garrett took his place. The Pirates' lone score came in the last inning, when Boppell scored on Hussey's hit to center.

### PLAY TWELVE-INNING TIE

The game between Spokane College and Whitworth, held on the S. C. diamond Friday, May 13, was called a tie after twelve innings had been played. The score was 6-6. The contest was the most interesting and best played of the season. Hansen started in the box and pitched well for two innings, when he was relieved by Garrett. Garrett did excellent work, fanning sixteen men. The game was close, first the Pirates, then the college taking the lead. Dickson starred in the field, and showed up well at bat, getting a three-bagger. Laudenbach got a three-base hit and a two-bagger, but was put out trying to stretch them.

### THE PLAYERS

There will probably be thirteen players awarded letters this spring. Those who played regularly for the Pirates are: Gene Garrett, Clarence Rasmussen and Ralph Hansen, pitchers; Clifton Hussey, catcher; Carl Laudenbach, first; Dale Boucher, second; Scott Kimball, short; Don Beal, third; Jimmie Bennett, third; Carl Boppell, left field; Bill Dickson, center field; Bill Hynd, right field, and Al Morris, right field. Maurice McQuillin is the team's manager.



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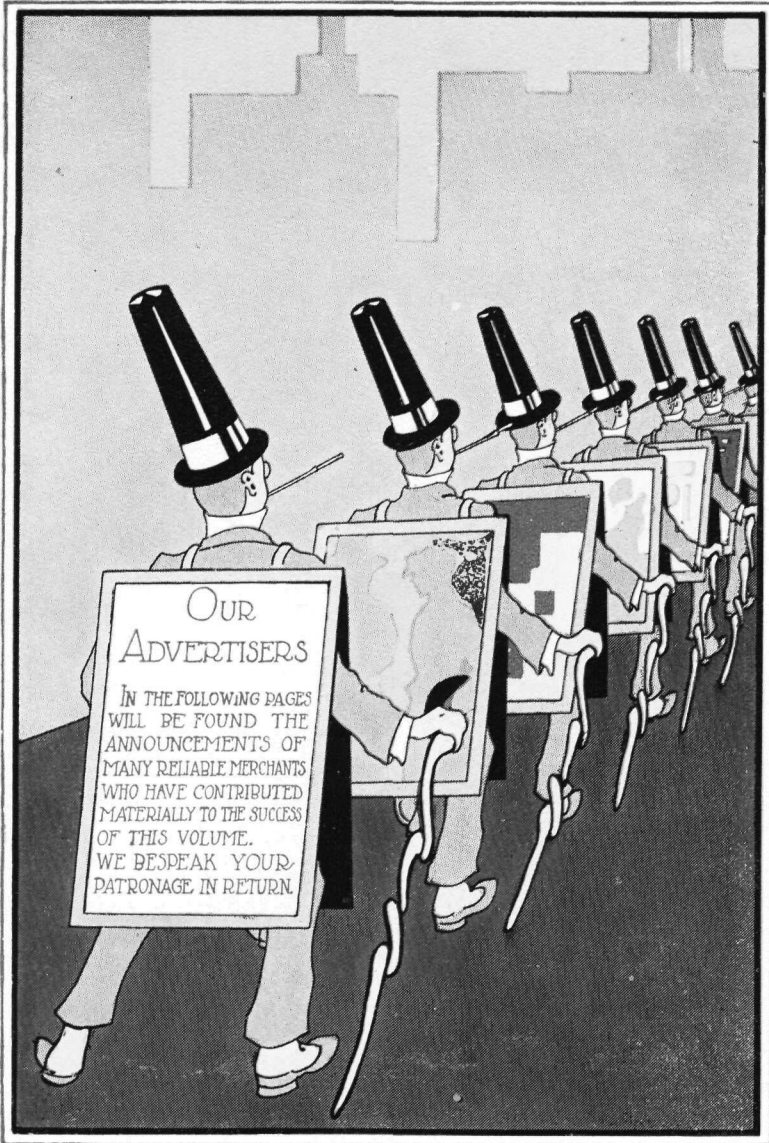
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Carl B.: "Gee, the spice box in The Whitworthian was rotten last week!"

Carl L.: "Yes, I see you were mentioned four times in it."

—w—

Lillian Brown: "Why in the world are you tagging me around?"

Phil L.: "Trying to get an inspiration for jokes for the Natsibi."

Lillian B.: "I must be inspiring all the jokes in the annual."

Phil L.: "Well, you are the funniest person around here."

—w—

Professor Martin: "When I was young I was a bashful boy."

Mrs. Martin: "Yes, and he's never really grown up, you know."

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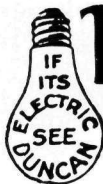
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Rasty (during sub-zero weather): "It was sure cold last night; I had to get up and put a coat on."

Beal: "Do you mean to say you slept with your overcoat on?"

Rasty: "No, you dumb egg, I put the coat on the bed."

—w—

Lewis Randal: "Oakesdale must be a pretty old town."

Margaret Ritter: "Sure it's an old town. Miss Crow was born there."

### LOST

Continued from Page 65

familiar house and in a few moments is weeping hysterically in her arms. The cab driver goes away with her aunt's lavish tip in his pocket and the story ends right now.

Now, can anyone tell me the moral to this story? Think real hard and read it several times. At first you will conclude that it hasn't any, but after due thought you will find that it is "Keep away from New York."

—GENE GARRETT.



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—w—

Red Post: "I'm very fond of cats, especially long-haired angoras."

Dale Boucher: "Is that why you like to sit beside Curley in the bus?"

—w—

Miss Morrison: "Don, what are the marks of an educated man?"

Don Beal: "I haven't had time to think about myself much lately."

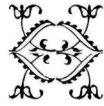
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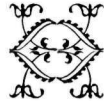
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Spokane

Graham Potter: “Why does Fat Garrett always walk into town in the afternoons?”

Al Morse: “Oh, that’s so the bus can make the hills on high.”

—w—

Lillian Brown (very resignedly after much teasing): “Do you know what my favorite Bible verse is?”

Russell B. (doing much of the teasing): “No, what is it professor?”

Lillian B.: “How are the wicked now gathered around about me?”

—w—

Helen Jacobson: “How is Red Post feeling today?”

Russell B.: “Not very well, she hit me only three times while going down on the bus last night.”



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Miss Barnes: "It pains my conscience dreadfully to give you a 'C' on this terrible theme."

Garrett: "Why let the poor thing suffer? Give me an 'A' and kill it quick."

—w—

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"Leave me be, I'm very busy—  
Want to settle many a doubt.  
Melvin made a speech this morning  
Wish I knew just what about—"

"Were this dictionary larger  
I might find his shortest word  
That would give me just an inkling  
Of the glorious speech I heard."

—w—

Lily Schwendig: "Lloyd, don't you think violets are wonderful?"

Lloyd S.: "Yes, but lilies are far more substantial and lasting."

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Dr. Hays (in Greek): "What does Ti Ti Ti mean? Why, doesn't anybody know what Ti means?"

Margaret Ritter: "This isn't the Boston tea party."

—w—

Song in chapel: "Some day the dumb shall sing."

Russell Boucher: "Glory Hollelyzah! The time has come now. Hear Bope and Don."

—w—

Freddy: "Jean, are you twins?"

Jean: "Why, no; why do you ask?"

Freddy: "I didn't think one person could be so dumb."

—w—

New Student: "Do they often hear thunder like that here?"

Don: "That's not thunder. That's Sharnbroich singing."

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Helen Jacobson (after drawing on board):  
"Can you see my figure?"

Red Post: "Sure, but it isn't much to  
look at."

—w—

Gladys Tattersall: "I'm taking reducing  
exercises."

Russell B.: "For goodness sake leave  
enough to hang your hat on."

—w—

Bope: "Bert is the prettiest girl in the  
United States."

Beal: "Why don't you say the world?"

Bope: "I haven't been to Africa or India  
yet."

—w—

Gilmore: "May I inquire as to just what  
ails that man Smith?"

McQuillan: "Mostly wheels."

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Dale Boucher (holding up cracked cup):  
"Is this the best example of Whitworth's  
China?"

Gladys T.: "No, Rasty is."

—w—

Karl Rupp: "These hot dogs are all right  
except for one thing."

Marthalena: "Why, aren't they cooked  
right?"

Karl R.: "Yes, but I wish you would  
skin them before you serve them."

—w—

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Prof. Hussong: "Lewis, will you cut my hair?"

Lewis R.: "Yes, sir; as soon as I can get my magnifying glass."

—w—

Alan Rice: "Doesn't Margaret look like a peach?"

Scotty K. (noticing sunburned nose): "No, she looks more like a sun-kissed orange."

—w—

Mary R.: "Don Beal! How in the world did your finger nails get so dirty?"

Don: "Gee! I musta been scratching my head again."

—w—

Jean Seaton: "Don't you think Lee Knoll is handsome?"

Irene Lampkin: "I don't know, I can't see up that far."

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Lillian Brown: "What's going on here?"

Lloyd S.: "Senior appreciation day program."

Lillian B.: "Sounds like Senior depreciation day to me."

—w—

### AFTER BASEBALL GAME

Smith: "You deserve the palm of victory, Scotty."

Scotty: "I would rather have the palm of Zada."

—w—

Rice: "I must go to bed later and get up earlier."

Bill H.: "Why is that?"

Rice: "Doctor's orders."

Bill H.: "Doctor's orders—what do you mean?"

Rice: "Dr. Tiffany's."

Schermerhorn: "I wish I had a block to stand on."

Rice: "Why don't you stand on your head?"

—w—

Miss Morrison: "What is a chaperone?"

Bill Dickson: "A necessary evil."

—w—

Mrs. Hussong (to English class): "Write a narration on how you earned your first dollar."

Mr. Smith: "Won't twenty-five cents do?"

—w—

L. Willey: "Why hasn't that pig got a curl in its tail?"

Laudy: "It rained today and took all the curl out of it."

—w—

Mr. Rice: "These eggs are sure cowards."

Mrs. Tiffany: "Why?"

Mr. Rice: "When you strike them they run."

—w—

Mrs. Stevenson (at the table): "You know I am awfully fond of rice."

Mr. Rice: "Thank you."



--for

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and Monograms

—See—

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Graham Potter: "Why do they call Irene  
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Russell B.: "Because she is beautiful but  
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—w—

Suggested gifts to Whitworth celebrities:

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Ralph Hansen—Book on how a bashful  
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Red Post—One pair of boxing gloves and  
a punching bag.

Helen Jacobson—One handsome hero.

—w—

Ralph Schlichtig—"Why are they going to  
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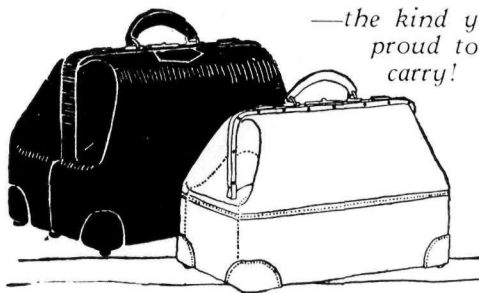
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Schermerhorn (suspiciously): "Why are you watching me eat?"

Laudie: "I was thinking of the days when I used to watch the concrete mixer work."

—w—

Russell B.: "Oh! I'm Delph's inspiration."

Lillian Brown: "Humph! You're my exasperation."

—w—

Lessie Rasco: "Did you say the new student was lonesome?"

Delpha (Looking intently at Bill): "Oh! I didn't notice. I got over looking for that a long while ago."

—w—

Stranger: "Is that man advertising a barber shop?"

Shippee: "No, that's Dr. Stevenson wearing his red and black necktie."

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Carl Boppell (passing song-books in chapel): "I suppose I ought to give the Juniors a couple."

Phillip L.: "Well, even if the Juniors can't sing, they at least know enough to keep still."

—w—

Alan Rice: "I used to get terribly homesick to hear the bullfrogs in the old pond at home, but I don't any more."

Margaret R.: "Why not?"

Alan Rice: "I sit beside Phil Laurie in chapel."

—w—

Delpha: "Why in the world did you tell me not to stand beside you at the reception last night?"

Nap Brown: "I was afraid somebody might think I knew you."

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Dorothy Dailey: "Don't you think we ought to have some by-laws for our club, Lewis?"

Lewis R.: "Yes! They're the only in-laws I have any use for."

—w—

Sharnbroich: "So you'll get seventy-five thousand bucks when your Dad dies!"

Fay S.: "Sure thing."

Sharnbroich: "I'll bet he will think he's getting rid of you cheap at that."

—w—

Carl Boppell: "Do Bert and I bother you by talking in chapel?"

Jean Seaton: "No, it bothers me worse when you whisper so I can't hear what you say."

—w—

Uncle Ike says the difference between a cat and a woman is that a woman'll put on spring clothes and a new bonnet at Easter whether it's cold or warm weather, while a cat never sheds its hair 'til warm weather comes.

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Marthalena Miller: "Jessie Walton, remember you are but a new pledge. Let your older sorority sisters go through the door first."

Jessie: "Yessum. Age before beauty."

—w—

Miss Morrison: "Karl, can't you turn out for debate?"

Karl: "I'll get plenty of that after I'm married."

—w—

Ralph Hansen: "What are you debating about tonight, Rice?"

Alan R.: "On evolution."

Ralph H.: "What's the other side debating on?"

—w—

Mrs. Stevenson (anxiously): "Oh, Mister Referee, can you tell me how many quarters there will be to this game?"

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E. 706 Sprague Avenue

Fred Clanton—"Spring fever is producing ignorance in me, Dr. Hays."

Dr. Hays—"No, I wouldn't say producing, I'd say continuing it."

—w—

Shimmie: "Why does Robert have such a sad face?"

Alan Rice: "Probably because it's his face."

—w—

She: "Oh, I want a strong silent man, full of grit."

He: "What you want is a deaf and dumb ash man."

—w—

Leah G.: "Gee, Shippee must get lots of individual instruction."

Rasty: "Why?"

Leah: "Well, I heard him say he was in a class by himself."

—w—

EPITAPH

Within the musty grave lies  
Alan Rice;

A customer bought real silk  
twice.

—w—

Lady: "Can't I sell you a fine pair of real silk hose?"

Lady: "How much?"

Lady: "Only one dollar a pair."

Lady: "My daughter is one-legged. Can I get one stocking for fifty cents?"

—w—

Dr. Stevenson: "My good man, I didn't see you at the Charity supper last night."

Good Man: "No, sir, I passed the collection plate."

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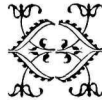
## *The Palace*

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*Congratulations to Whitworth  
Class of June, 1927, and to  
the Entire Faculty*

## *To the Seniors*

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"Daddy, who's that man running up and  
down the smoking car with his mouth open?"

Fond Papa: "That, my son, is a Scotch-  
man getting a free smoke."

—w—

Interested visitor at open dorm: "Mrs.  
Tiffany, do the boys always keep their rooms  
this clean?"

Mrs. Tiffany: "Oh, yes; only sometimes  
they don't get their rooms cleaned up this  
early."

Visitor: "Let's see, it's now 10 p. m."

—w—

Kathryn Bockman: "Laura, what is Bill  
training to be?"

Laura Willey: "A perfect husband."



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Phil L. (clerking in papa's store): "Little boy, will you have pasteurized or raw milk?"

Little Boy: "Aw, go soak, I want cow's milk."

—w—

WHITWORTH AMBITIONS

Delpha Coffman—"To be as thin as Lee Knoll."

Bob Stevenson—"To be like fawther."

Dean Tiffany—"To cover up the bald spot on top of my head."

Melvin Gilmore—"To be a good sport and be full of pep, old sock."

Phil L.—"To hear and know everything that goes on at Whitworth."

Olga Jacobson—"To vamp Shimmie."

Bill Boppell—"Lost it in the fire."

Jean Seaton—"To weep gracefully."

Carl Boppell—"To learn how to eat soup silently."

—w—

Smitty: "Hansen, why do you wear those loud red socks?"

Hansen: "Oh, to warm up my feet."

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Chas. A.  
*Libby*  
Studio

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Dr. Hays: "If you can't sing, follow my example and make a joyful noise."

Red Post: "Wonder how much noise he could make if he were sad."

—w—

Bill D.: "Why do you suppose Delpha wants a silver ring instead of a gold one?"

Smitty: "Silence is golden. She doesn't like the connection."

—w—

Laudie (after listening to 15-minute prayer in chapel): "Has eternity begun already?"

—w—

Lillian Brown (listening to usual morning turmoil on the bus): "This reminds me of the children's hour."

—w—

Bob S.: "Look at me if you want to see a self-made man."

Zada P.: "I should hope you were. Nobody else would claim the job."

—w—

Melvin Gilmore: "Well, ladies, so you'd like to have me take you down to the service station? Well, I'll go if you can't find anyone else to do it."

Lucy and Curley: "Oh, you'll have to take us, we asked everyone else first."

—w—

Irishman: "And will ye lend me at match, Sandy?"

Sandy: "Here ye are."

Irishman: "Now, I've gone and left my tobaccy home."

Sandy: "Then ye will not be needin' the match. Give it here."

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---

Fred Clanton: "The only poem I ever wrote was:

"The little cat stood on the chair  
And plastered down each shiny hair—"

Leah G.: "Who told you that was poetry?"

—w—

Dr. Tiffany: "Miss Brown, could there be any sin without wicked men?"

Lillian B.: "I never knew of any sin yet but what there was a man at the bottom of it."

—w—

"Is Don really going as a missionary to the Philippines?"

"Yep, didn't you ever read the Bible verse that says, 'Let the Heathen rage?'"

—w—

"Lewis has surely fallen for Dorothy."

"Yep, another fallen angel."

---

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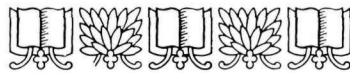
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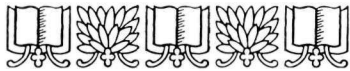
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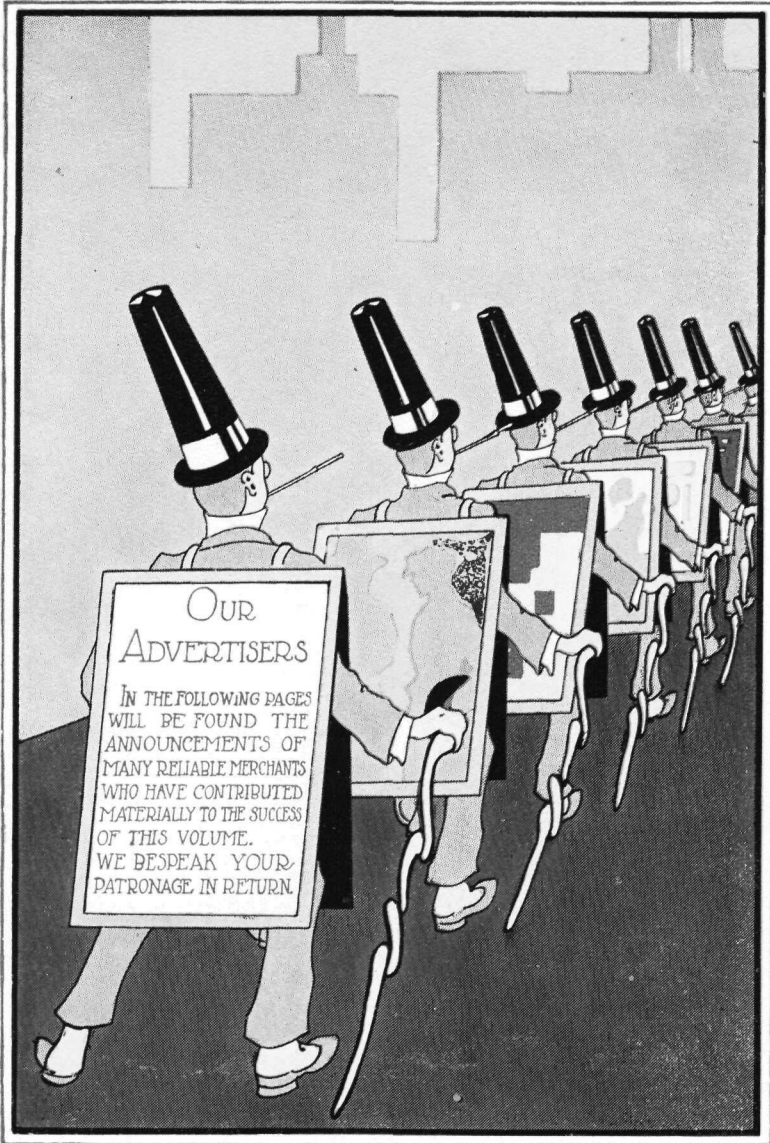
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Carl B.: "Gee, the spice box in The Whitworthian was rotten last week!"

Carl L.: "Yes, I see you were mentioned four times in it."

—w—

Lillian Brown: "Why in the world are you tagging me around?"

Phil L.: "Trying to get an inspiration for jokes for the Natsibi."

Lillian B.: "I must be inspiring all the jokes in the annual."

Phil L.: "Well, you are the funniest person around here."

—w—

Professor Martin: "When I was young I was a bashful boy."

Mrs. Martin: "Yes, and he's never really grown up, you know."

## Joyner's Original Cut Rate Drug Co.

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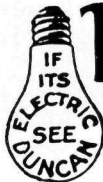
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Rasty (during sub-zero weather): "It was sure cold last night; I had to get up and put a coat on."

Beal: "Do you mean to say you slept with your overcoat on?"

Rasty: "No, you dumb egg, I put the coat on the bed."

—w—

Lewis Randal: "Oakesdale must be a pretty old town."

Margaret Ritter: "Sure it's an old town. Miss Crow was born there."

### LOST

Continued from Page 65

familiar house and in a few moments is weeping hysterically in her arms. The cab driver goes away with her aunt's lavish tip in his pocket and the story ends right now.

Now, can anyone tell me the moral to this story? Think real hard and read it several times. At first you will conclude that it hasn't any, but after due thought you will find that it is "Keep away from New York."

—GENE GARRETT.

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—w—

Red Post: "I'm very fond of cats, especially long-haired angoras."

Dale Boucher: "Is that why you like to sit beside Curley in the bus?"

—w—

Miss Morrison: "Don, what are the marks of an educated man?"

Don Beal: "I haven't had time to think about myself much lately."

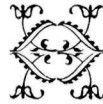
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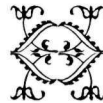
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Spokane

Graham Potter: “Why does Fat Garrett always walk into town in the afternoons?”

Al Morse: “Oh, that’s so the bus can make the hills on high.”

—w—

Lillian Brown (very resignedly after much teasing): “Do you know what my favorite Bible verse is?”

Russell B. (doing much of the teasing): “No, what is it professor?”

Lillian B.: “How are the wicked now gathered around about me?”

—w—

Helen Jacobson: “How is Red Post feeling today?”

Russell B.: “Not very well, she hit me only three times while going down on the bus last night.”



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Miss Barnes: "It pains my conscience dreadfully to give you a 'C' on this terrible theme."

Garrett: "Why let the poor thing suffer? Give me an 'A' and kill it quick."

—w—

OUR SENIOR STAR

"Leave me be, I'm very busy—  
Want to settle many a doubt.  
Melvin made a speech this morning  
Wish I knew just what about—"

"Were this dictionary larger  
I might find his shortest word  
That would give me just an inkling  
Of the glorious speech I heard."

—w—

Lily Schwendig: "Lloyd, don't you think violets are wonderful?"

Lloyd S.: "Yes, but lilies are far more substantial and lasting."

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Dr. Hays (in Greek): "What does Ti Ti Ti mean? Why, doesn't anybody know what Ti means?"

Margaret Ritter: "This isn't the Boston tea party."

—w—

Song in chapel: "Some day the dumb shall sing."

Russell Boucher: "Glory Hollelyzah! The time has come now. Hear Bope and Don."

—w—

Freddy: "Jean, are you twins?"

Jean: "Why, no; why do you ask?"

Freddy: "I didn't think one person could be so dumb."

—w—

New Student: "Do they often hear thunder like that here?"

Don: "That's not thunder. That's Sharnbroich singing."

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Helen Jacobson (after drawing on board):  
"Can you see my figure?"

Red Post: "Sure, but it isn't much to  
look at."

—w—

Gladys Tattersall: "I'm taking reducing  
exercises."

Russell B.: "For goodness sake leave  
enough to hang your hat on."

—w—

Bope: "Bert is the prettiest girl in the  
United States."

Beal: "Why don't you say the world?"

Bope: "I haven't been to Africa or India  
yet."

—w—

Gilmore: "May I inquire as to just what  
ails that man Smith?"

McQuillan: "Mostly wheels."

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Dale Boucher (holding up cracked cup):  
"Is this the best example of Whitworth's  
China?"

Gladys T.: "No, Rasty is."

—w—

Karl Rupp: "These hot dogs are all right  
except for one thing."

Marthalena: "Why, aren't they cooked  
right?"

Karl R.: "Yes, but I wish you would  
skin them before you serve them."

—w—

PAID ADV.

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Prof. Hussong: "Lewis, will you cut my hair?"

Lewis R.: "Yes, sir; as soon as I can get my magnifying glass."

—w—

Alan Rice: "Doesn't Margaret look like a peach?"

Scotty K. (noticing sunburned nose): "No, she looks more like a sun-kissed orange."

—w—

Mary R.: "Don Beal! How in the world did your finger nails get so dirty?"

Don: "Gee! I musta been scratching my head again."

—w—

Jean Seaton: "Don't you think Lee Knoll is handsome?"

Irene Lampkin: "I don't know, I can't see up that far."

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## *May we say a word, too?*

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Lillian Brown: "What's going on here?"

Lloyd S.: "Senior appreciation day program."

Lillian B.: "Sounds like Senior depreciation day to me."

—w—

### AFTER BASEBALL GAME

Smith: "You deserve the palm of victory, Scotty."

Scotty: "I would rather have the palm of Zada."

—w—

Rice: "I must go to bed later and get up earlier."

Bill H.: "Why is that?"

Rice: "Doctor's orders."

Bill H.: "Doctor's orders—what do you mean?"

Rice: "Dr. Tiffany's."

Schermerhorn: "I wish I had a block to stand on."

Rice: "Why don't you stand on your head?"

—w—

Miss Morrison: "What is a chaperone?"

Bill Dickson: "A necessary evil."

—w—

Mrs. Hussong (to English class): "Write a narration on how you earned your first dollar."

Mr. Smith: "Won't twenty-five cents do?"

—w—

L. Willey: "Why hasn't that pig got a curl in its tail?"

Laudy: "It rained today and took all the curl out of it."

—w—

Mr. Rice: "These eggs are sure cowards."

Mrs. Tiffany: "Why?"

Mr. Rice: "When you strike them they run."

—w—

Mrs. Stevenson (at the table): "You know I am awfully fond of rice."

Mr. Rice: "Thank you."

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—See—

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Graham Potter: "Why do they call Irene  
Niagara Falls?"

Russell B.: "Because she is beautiful but  
dangerous if you get too close."

—w—

Suggested gifts to Whitworth celebrities:

Professor Buxton—A safety razor and six  
blades.

Ralph Hansen—Book on how a bashful  
man can make love.

Red Post—One pair of boxing gloves and  
a punching bag.

Helen Jacobson—One handsome hero.

—w—

Ralph Schlichtig—"Why are they going to  
give Professor Buxton a doctor's degree?"

Clifton Hussey—"Because, after the first  
day in his class, half the students were cured  
of insomnia."

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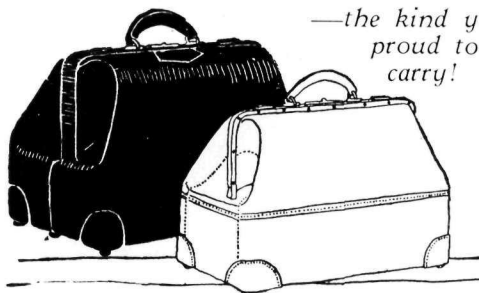
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Schermerhorn (suspiciously): "Why are you watching me eat?"

Laudie: "I was thinking of the days when I used to watch the concrete mixer work."

—w—

Russell B.: "Oh! I'm Delph's inspiration."

Lillian Brown: "Humph! You're my exasperation."

—w—

Lessie Rasco: "Did you say the new student was lonesome?"

Delpha (Looking intently at Bill): "Oh! I didn't notice. I got over looking for that a long while ago."

—w—

Stranger: "Is that man advertising a barber shop?"

Shippee: "No, that's Dr. Stevenson wearing his red and black necktie."

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Carl Boppell (passing song-books in chapel): "I suppose I ought to give the Juniors a couple."

Phillip L.: "Well, even if the Juniors can't sing, they at least know enough to keep still."

—w—

Alan Rice: "I used to get terribly homesick to hear the bullfrogs in the old pond at home, but I don't any more."

Margaret R.: "Why not?"

Alan Rice: "I sit beside Phil Laurie in chapel."

—w—

Delpha: "Why in the world did you tell me not to stand beside you at the reception last night?"

Nap Brown: "I was afraid somebody might think I knew you."

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Dorothy Dailey: "Don't you think we ought to have some by-laws for our club, Lewis?"

Lewis R.: "Yes! They're the only in-laws I have any use for."

—w—

Sharnbroich: "So you'll get seventy-five thousand bucks when your Dad dies!"

Fay S.: "Sure thing."

Sharnbroich: "I'll bet he will think he's getting rid of you cheap at that."

—w—

Carl Boppell: "Do Bert and I bother you by talking in chapel?"

Jean Seaton: "No, it bothers me worse when you whisper so I can't hear what you say."

—w—

Uncle Ike says the difference between a cat and a woman is that a woman'll put on spring clothes and a new bonnet at Easter whether it's cold or warm weather, while a cat never sheds its hair 'til warm weather comes.

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Marthalena Miller: "Jessie Walton, remember you are but a new pledge. Let your older sorority sisters go through the door first."

Jessie: "Yessum. Age before beauty."

—w—

Miss Morrison: "Karl, can't you turn out for debate?"

Karl: "I'll get plenty of that after I'm married."

—w—

Ralph Hansen: "What are you debating about tonight, Rice?"

Alan R.: "On evolution."

Ralph H.: "What's the other side debating on?"

—w—

Mrs. Stevenson (anxiously): "Oh, Mister Referee, can you tell me how many quarters there will be to this game?"

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E. 706 Sprague Avenue

Fred Clanton—"Spring fever is producing ignorance in me, Dr. Hays."

Dr. Hays—"No, I wouldn't say producing, I'd say continuing it."

—w—

Shimmie: "Why does Robert have such a sad face?"

Alan Rice: "Probably because it's his face."

—w—

She: "Oh, I want a strong silent man, full of grit."

He: "What you want is a deaf and dumb ash man."

—w—

Leah G.: "Gee, Shippee must get lots of individual instruction."

Rasty: "Why?"

Leah: "Well, I heard him say he was in a class by himself."

—w—

EPITAPH

Within the musty grave lies  
Alan Rice;

A customer bought real silk  
twice.

—w—

Lady: "Can't I sell you a fine pair of real silk hose?"

Lady: "How much?"

Lady: "Only one dollar a pair."

Lady: "My daughter is one-legged. Can I get one stocking for fifty cents?"

—w—

Dr. Stevenson: "My good man, I didn't see you at the Charity supper last night."

Good Man: "No, sir, I passed the collection plate."

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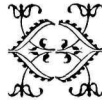
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"Daddy, who's that man running up and  
down the smoking car with his mouth open?"

Fond Papa: "That, my son, is a Scotch-  
man getting a free smoke."

—w—

Interested visitor at open dorm: "Mrs.  
Tiffany, do the boys always keep their rooms  
this clean?"

Mrs. Tiffany: "Oh, yes; only sometimes  
they don't get their rooms cleaned up this  
early."

Visitor: "Let's see, it's now 10 p. m."

—w—

Kathryn Bockman: "Laura, what is Bill  
training to be?"

Laura Willey: "A perfect husband."

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Phil L. (clerking in papa's store): "Little boy, will you have pasteurized or raw milk?"

Little Boy: "Aw, go soak, I want cow's milk."

—w—

WHITWORTH AMBITIONS

Delpha Coffman—"To be as thin as Lee Knoll."

Bob Stevenson—"To be like fawther."

Dean Tiffany—"To cover up the bald spot on top of my head."

Melvin Gilmore—"To be a good sport and be full of pep, old sock."

Phil L.—"To hear and know everything that goes on at Whitworth."

Olga Jacobson—"To vamp Shimmie."

Bill Boppell—"Lost it in the fire."

Jean Seaton—"To weep gracefully."

Carl Boppell—"To learn how to eat soup silently."

—w—

Smitty: "Hansen, why do you wear those loud red socks?"

Hansen: "Oh, to warm up my feet."

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Dr. Hays: "If you can't sing, follow my example and make a joyful noise."

Red Post: "Wonder how much noise he could make if he were sad."

—w—

Bill D.: "Why do you suppose Delpha wants a silver ring instead of a gold one?"

Smitty: "Silence is golden. She doesn't like the connection."

—w—

Laudie (after listening to 15-minute prayer in chapel): "Has eternity begun already?"

—w—

Lillian Brown (listening to usual morning turmoil on the bus): "This reminds me of the children's hour."

—w—

Bob S.: "Look at me if you want to see a self-made man."

Zada P.: "I should hope you were. Nobody else would claim the job."

—w—

Melvin Gilmore: "Well, ladies, so you'd like to have me take you down to the service station? Well, I'll go if you can't find anyone else to do it."

Lucy and Curley: "Oh, you'll have to take us, we asked everyone else first."

—w—

Irishman: "And will ye lend me at match, Sandy?"

Sandy: "Here ye are."

Irishman: "Now, I've gone and left my tobaccy home."

Sandy: "Then ye will not be needin' the match. Give it here."

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Fred Clanton: "The only poem I ever wrote was:

"The little cat stood on the chair  
And plastered down each shiny hair—"

Leah G.: "Who told you that was poetry?"

—w—

Dr. Tiffany: "Miss Brown, could there be any sin without wicked men?"

Lillian B.: "I never knew of any sin yet but what there was a man at the bottom of it."

—w—

"Is Don really going as a missionary to the Philippines?"

"Yep, didn't you ever read the Bible verse that says, "Let the Heathen rage?" "

—w—

"Lewis has surely fallen for Dorothy."

"Yep, another fallen angel."

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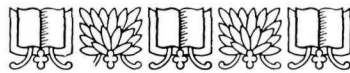
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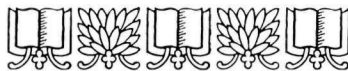
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