

1928

Natsihi Yearbook 1928

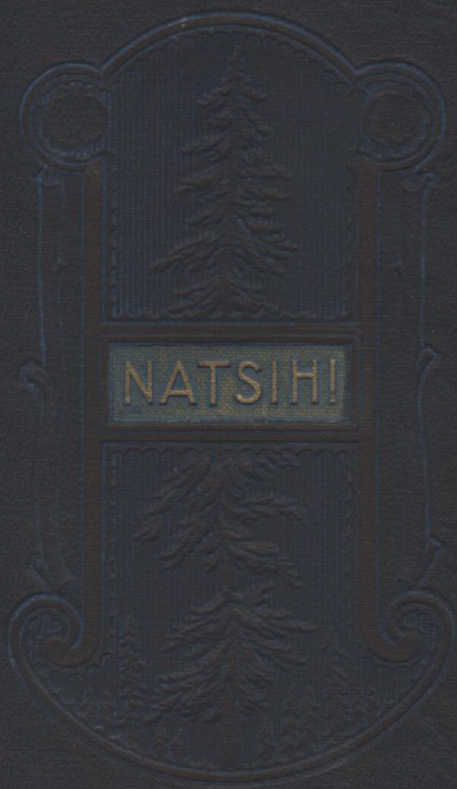
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1928

WHITWORTH
HERITAGE
COLLECTION

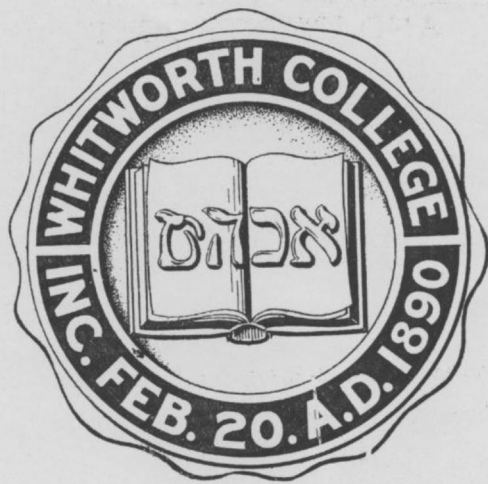
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NATSIHI

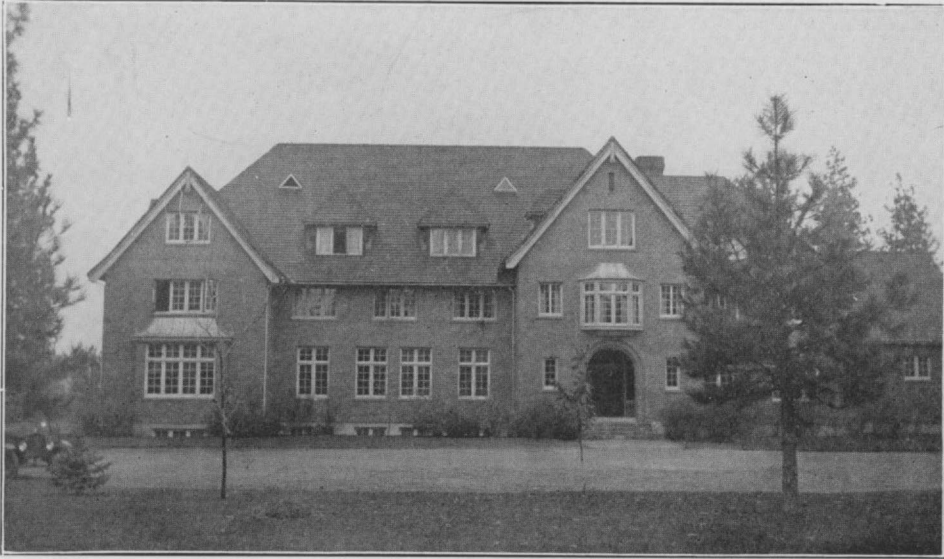
NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND TWENTY-EIGHT

ENGRAVINGS BY SPOKANE-AMERICAN ENGRAVING COMPANY
PRINTED BY UNION PRINTING COMPANY

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY
by the
STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
of
WHITWORTH COLLEGE
SPOKANE, WASH.



The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard our hearts and thoughts in Christ Jesus, now and forever more.



McMILLAN HALL



NEW BALLARD HALL

Dedication

TO MR. H. H. McMILLAN—

Whose Christian faith, friendship, courage and financial support have helped Whitworth College over several periods of doubt and uncertainty

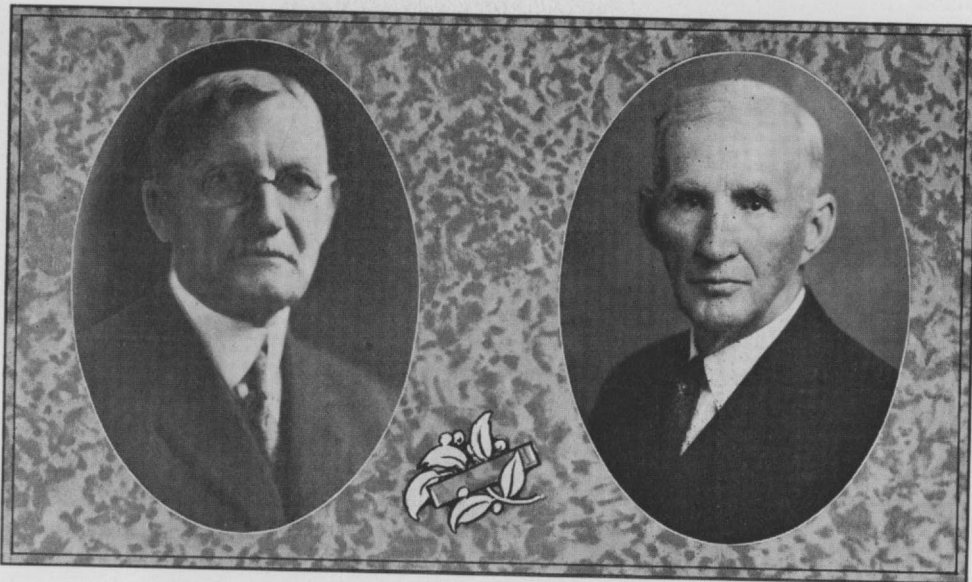
and

TO CAPTAIN W. R. BALLARD—

Whose genuine interest in Christian education has stimulated and encouraged both students and other supporters of the college to "carry on" to a higher ground

and

To both of these pioneers in this great Northwest whose vision has been clear and true, and whose interest in things eternal has been expressed in very vital and encouraging ways, the associated students of Whitworth College respectfully dedicate this issue of the NATSIHI.



CAPTAIN W. R. BALLARD
For whom Ballard Hall was named.

MR. H. H. McMILLAN
For whom McMillan Hall was named.

The Measure of a Christian College

The measure of a Christian college is found in its intellectual, cultural, esthetic, and spiritual values. A student's work and development in personality depend to no small degree upon his environment.

Does the student find himself surrounded with scholarly men and women? Are scholarship and learning prized? Does sound and active scholarship flourish? Is there freedom of opinion in matters controversial? Is inquiry stimulated? Are questions considered in an open, frank, and dispassionate manner? Is worth-while conversation encouraged? If so, then the student will be quickened mentally and stimulated in things intellectual.

Does the student find the college pervaded with a democratic atmosphere? Is there a warm geniality about the place? Is the well-being of all sought? Are the common refinements and conventionalities of life in evidence? Do courtesy and kindness seem instinctive in the group? Are the things worth while given pre-eminence? If so, then the college furnishes the surroundings in which the student is likely to acquire things cultural.

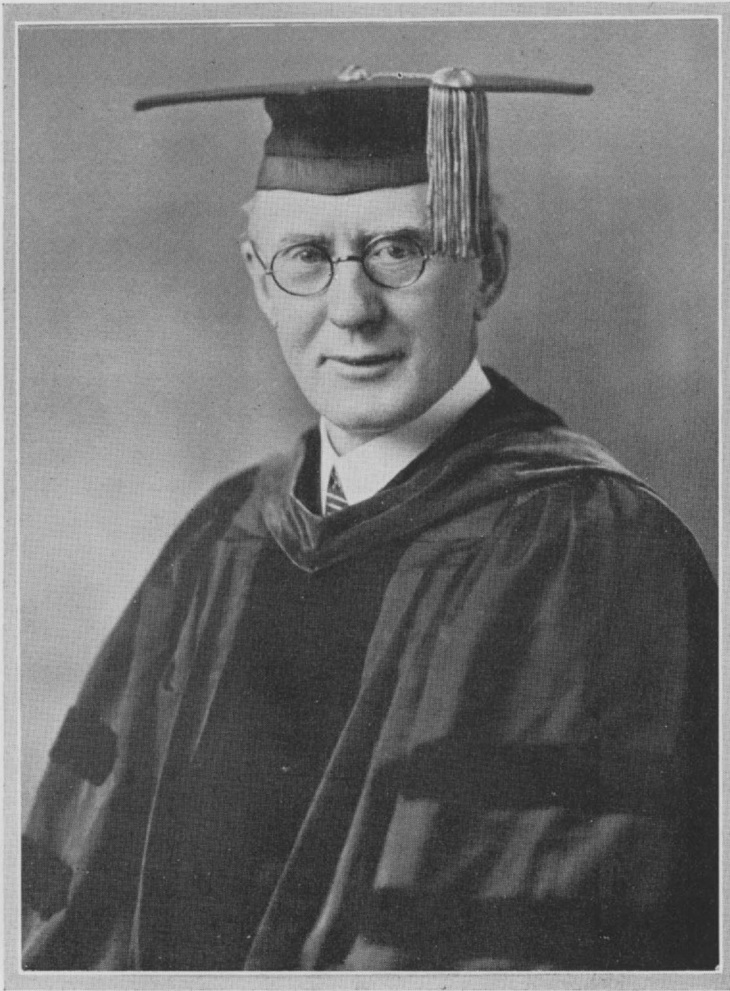
Is the campus beautiful? Is it well-kept? Is it adorned with trees, shrubs,

and flowers, artistically grouped? Are the buildings clean and attractive? Are the color schemes pleasing and harmonious? Do beautiful pictures adorn the walls? Is good music heard frequently? Do beauty and dignity characterize the institution? If so, the student will become familiar with the esthetic.

Is the Christian way of living emphasized? Are the sacred scriptures held in reverence? Are they given a prominent place in the course of study? Is the religious life dynamic? Is evangelism continuous and effective? Is the missionary spirit active and aggressive? Are morality, righteousness, and good conduct in evidence? Is there a keen sense of obligation as well as of privilege? Is the church exalted? If so, then the college has that religious environment in which the soul of the student may experience a spiritual re-birth and his ambitions be permeated with a glow of the eternal.

Thus, if there is desire for high intellectual attainment, with refinement and culture, and appreciation of the beautiful, if the whole atmosphere is pervaded with the spirit of Christ, then in such an institution will the student find the full measure of a Christian college.

—ORRIN EDWARD TIFFANY.



ORRIN EDWARD TIFFANY, A.M., Ph.D.
Dean and Acting President

Foreword

For the purpose of making permanent by prose and picture these precious days of work and toil and lasting scenes of joy and recreation, and to emblazon on the recording panels of Time itself the golden memories of college life and campus congeniality, we edit this Natsihi.

Board of Trustees

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Faculty



ORRIN EDWARD TIFFANY, A.M., Ph.D.
Dean and Acting President
Professor of History and Political Science
A.B., A.M., Ph.D., University of Michigan
Member Phi Beta Kappa



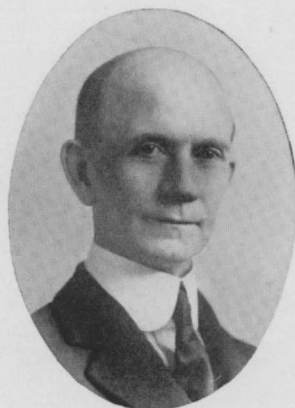
WALTER HENRY BUXTON, A.M.
Head of Department of Mathematics
Professor Mathematics
A.B., University of Nebraska, 1910
A.M., University of Oregon, 1924
Member Mathematical Association
of America, 1926
Author, "The Abuse of Scientific Method
in the Teaching of Science," 1927
Present position since 1923



CHARLES WHERRY HAYS, A.M., D.D.
Head of Department of Classical
Languages
Professor of Classical Languages
A.B., A.M., D.D., Washington and Jefferson



ALICE MORRISON, A.M.
Dean of Women
Head of Departments of Education and
Public Speaking
Normal Diploma, Oregon State Normal
B.S., Amity College
A.M., University of Washington
Graduate work, University of Nebraska,
Colorado and Oregon.



HERBERT LEIGH HUSSONG, A.M.
Head of Departments of Economics and
Sociology
B.Ped., Fremont Normal
A.B., Fremont College
A.M., University of Oregon
Graduate work in California State
University, Washington State University
Member: American Political Science As-
sociation; American Sociology Asso-
ciation



PAUL ATWOOD HARVEY, M.S.
Dean of Men
Head of Department of Biology and
Chemistry
B.S., Oregon Agricultural College
M.S., University of Minnesota
Teaching Fellow, University of Wisconsin
Austin Teaching Fellow, Harvard U.



KATHRINE MACDONALD TIFFANY, A.M.
Head of English Department
Diploma, Mayville State Normal School
A.B., A.M., University of North Dakota
Graduate work in Universities of Chicago,
Harvard, and Washington



THORSON HOMER BENNETT
Coach and Physical Director



DOROTHY DUNHAM FARR, A.B.
Instructor in Voice and Glee Clubs
A.B., Whitworth College
Pupil of Professor Francis Woodward
and of Professor Albert Ely



GERTRUDE F. MATHER
Violin, Orchestra
Student, Charles Heydler, Cleveland,
Oberlin Conservatory
Adolph Weidig, American Conservatory,
Chicago



JESSIE EMILIA TAYLOR
Secretary and Bursar

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,
Forever aye.*

*Bring on the dear old flag of Crimson
and Black;
Bring on your sons and daughters who
never lack,*

*Like men of old in giants
Placing reliance, shouting defiance,
Os-kee-wow-wow!*

*Among the pine-clad hills and moun-
tains so grand,*

*For honest labor and for learning we
stand;*

*And unto thee, we pledge our hearts,
our hands,*

Our Alma Mater, Whitworth Dear.



Classes

Seniors

RUSSELL M. BOUCHER

Major: Mathematics

President Senior Class. Dramatics: "The Neighbors", "The Professor". Business Manager. Town Students' Organization: President, '26, '28. Cosmos Club: Treasurer, '26. Scholastic Scholarship, '27. Honor Student. Whitworthian: Business Manager, '27-'28. Natsihi Staff: Sport Editor '27, Humor Editor '28. Town Boys' Club '25.

LILLIAN BROWN

Major: Classics

Kappa Gamma: Secretary Fall '26, Vice President Spring '27, President Fall '27. Tri-G Club: Charter Member, Vice President Spring '25, President Fall '25, Spring '26. Secretary-Treasurer Fall '26. Class Vice President 1927-28. Class Advisor to Preparatory Department '26-'27. Whitworthian Staff '26-'27, '27-'28: Column '26-'27, Features '27-'28. Natsihi Staff '25, '26, '27, '28. Literary Editor '26, '27, '28. W. A. A.: Treasurer '27-'28. Town Girls: President '27-'28. Class Plays: "The Neighbors" '28, "The Professor" '28.

PHILLIP A. LAURIE

Major: History

Volunteer Fellowship: '26, '27, '28. Secretary, '27, '28. Debate: '26, '27, '28. Whitworthian Staff: '26, '27, '28. Feature Writer. Natsihi Staff: Humor Editor, '27, Associate Editor, '28. Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest: First place, '28. Ballard Oratorical Contest: Third prize, '26, Second prize, '27. Scholastic Scholarship '26. Dramatics: "The Professor", "Daddy Long Legs". Cosmos Club '25. Executive Board, '27. Honor student. Town Boys' Club '25. Adelpian Club '25.





LESSIE E. RASCO

Major: History

Kappa Gamma: President, spring '27, May Queen, '27, Vice President, fall '26, Secretary, Spring '26. W. A. A.: President, '28; Secretary, '26; Hygiene Captain, '27; Volleyball, '26, '27, '28; Basketball, '26, '28; Athletic emblem and pin, '27; Athletic sweater, '28. Natsihi Staff, '27, '28. Pyramid Literary Club, '25. Tri-G Club, '27, '28, Vice-president, fall, '27. Student Association: Executive Board, '26, '27; Secretary, '27. Class Treasurer, '26; Vice-president, '27. Volunteer Fellowship: '25, '26, '27, '28; President, '28; Vice President, '25. Glee Club: '25, '26, '27; "Sylvia", '26, "Sailor Maids", '27. Dramatics: "Why Not Jim," '25; "Come Out of the Kitchen", '26; "Daddy Long Legs", '26; Senior Play, '28.

DOROTHY DAILEY

Major: Bible

Kappa Gamma: '27, '28, Treasurer '27. May Queen '28. W. A. A.: Volley Ball '27, '28, Captain '28, Basketball '27, '28; Tennis '27; Athletic emblem and pin '28. Natsihi Staff '28. Whitworthian Staff '28. Senior Class Treasurer '28. Tri-G Club '27, '28. Glee Club: "Sailor Maids", '27. Dramatics: "The Goose Hangs High", '27; "The Obstinate Family," '28; "The Professor," "Neighbors." Orchestra '27, '28.

ALAN R. RICE

Major: History

Football: Letter, '26. Volunteer Fellowship: '22, '23, '26, '27, '28. Dramatics, "Merely Mary Ann", '23; "The Goose Hangs High", '27; "The Professor", '28. Whitworthian: Editorial Staff, '26, '27. Oratory: Ballard Oratorical Contest, '27. Natsihi: Editorial Staff, '28. Member "W" Club.

KARL K. RUPP

Major: Chemistry

Student Association: President '28, Executive Board: President '28. President Junior Class '27. Natsihi Staff: Editor-in-chief '28. Alpha Psi Delta Fraternity. Sigma Theta Fraternity: Secretary '25, President '26 '27 '28. Cosmos Club: President '26. Sphinx Literary Society. Adelpian Club '25. Ballard Oratorical Contest, '25. Intercollegiate Declamation Contest '28. Honor Student. Whitworthian Staff: Alumni Editor '28. Orchestra '28. Volunteer Fellowship '25. '26, '27, '28. Town Boys' Club '25. Dramatics: "The Professor," "Neighbors".

CARL LAUDENBACH

Major: History

Student Association: President '27. Treasurer '26, '28. Executive Board '25 '26 '28, President '27. Natsihi Staff: Associate editor '25, Editor-in-Chief '26, '27. Business Manager '28. Alpha Psi Delta '25 '26 '27 '28: President '28. Secretary '27. "W" Club '27 '28: President '28. President Boys' Federation '28. Treasurer '25. Vice-President Sphinx Literary Club '25. Vic-President of Class of '23. Dramatics: "Sailor Maids", '27; "Come Out of the Kitchen," '26, "Sylvia" '26. Glee Club '27. Football '25 '26 '27: All Conference Team '27. Basketball '25 '26 '27: Captain and Manager '28. Baseball '25 '27: Manager '26.

THORSON H. BENNETT

Major: English

Transferred from U. of Oregon, Eugene. Athletic Coach. Whitworthian Staff. "The Professor."





GERTRUDE M. E. JOHNSON

Major: Languages

Entered from W. S. C., fall '28, completing course in three and one-half years. Orchestra, '28. Volunteer Fellowship. Dramatics, "Neighbors", and "The Professor".

JEAN SEATON

Major: History

Tri-G Club: Charter Member, '25, '26, '27, '28, Secretary-Treasurer Fall '27. Volunteer Fellowship '27, '28. Natsihi Staff '28. Class Secretary '28. Operetta "Sailor Maids" '27. Sphinx Literary Society '25.

CHARLES BOYNTON

Major: Chemistry

Volunteer Fellowship
Orchestra '28.

Senior Class History

In the fall of 1924 over thirty freshmen entered Whitworth. The first day of the term the class of 1928 was organized with Dave Adams as president and Dr. Carmichael as class advisor. Shortly after the beginning of the year the freshmen won the annual class fight with the sophomores by a very narrow margin. The freshmen immediately entered into Whitworth life and before the year was over they had been represented in oratory, debate, music, dramatics, literary work and athletics. In October the class successfully assumed the responsibility of producing a Whitworth float for the Halloween parade. At the beginning of the second semester Dave left and Maybelle Tibbits became class president. On the evening of March 16th the freshmen slipped away from the ever-vigilant sophs and enjoyed a pleasant evening at Mead. The close of the college year found a great majority of the freshmen planning to return as sophomores.

Over twenty members of the class returned the second year. Charles Sharp was elected class president and Miss Barnes was chosen class advisor. On the occasion of the annual class fight both boys and girls took part in inter-class contests and both sophomore teams were victorious. At the beginning of the second semester Charles left and Lindalee Miller became president. On March 16th the Sophs "sneaked" to Downriver Park. During the year the class gave constant support to the enfeebled seniors and finally shared in the guilt of the aforesaid iniquitous females. The sophs weathered a stormy year, fit-

tingly closed by the descending wrath of the junior ladies.

Junior year found only eight of the original members in their places. Two of these, Lindalee Miller and Bill Davis, committed matrimony and left for Boston. Dorothy Dailey and Alan Rice presented themselves to the class. Karl Rupp became dissatisfied with the class of 1927 and joined the 1928's. Bertha Tattersall, exiled from 1929 at the request of her classmates, came to join 1928. Karl was elected president and piloted the class through a successful year. Miss Crow was class advisor. The seniors were duly entertained at Coeur d'Alene and their graduation was tenderly supervised by the Juniors. At the close of the year 1928 bade 1927 a tearful farewell.

Senior year found nine of the original members back, augmented by three later additions, Gertrude Johnson, Thorson Bennett, and Charles Boynton. The class openly assumed the leadership of the college. Russell Boucher was elected president and Miss Morrison became class advisor. The seniors benevolently supervised the mixer and got the "Frosh" off to a good start. Later they spoke words of wisdom in chapel. In May the juniors took the seniors for a glorious evening at Twin Lakes. The next week the seniors held the traditional all day sneak.

Now the class is graduating, taking with it valued friendships and happy memories. We have tried to be loyal Whitworthians and loyal friends. In that way we wish to be remembered.

—L. G. B.

Senior Farewell

We have come at last to the saddest task of our senior year. After four years of close association we must say good-bye to Whitworth, to our friends in other classes, and to each other.

One morning nearly four years ago over thirty met and organized the class of 1928. Of the original class six remained to graduate. From time to time, we who have remained through four years have been glad to welcome new members into our class and to make these new friends, close friends. During the four years the spirit of the class has not changed. At the outset we pledged our class to democracy and we have been true to our pledge.

Then we are proud of the very fact that we have attended Whitworth during a critical time in the growth of the institution. At times it does not seem to us that we have been able to do a great deal for our college. Somehow, now that we have come to the end of our college life, we have wanted to

abandon the spirit of humorous braggadocio with which we have met inter-class rivalries. Our only boast is that we have stayed with our college when it needed us.

To the incoming senior class we leave the responsibility of maintaining Whitworthian traditions. As freshmen we understood that Whitworth had a number of cherished traditions which had stood the test of years. These traditions are the fine democratic spirit of Whitworth itself have become dearer to us every year. In leaving, we are proud to entrust them to the class of 1929.

Finally, we wish to express our appreciation of all that our college life has meant to us. To us it has meant growing and learning and trying; it has meant idealism and friendship. For us one word describes some of the happiest times of our lives. That word is—*Whitworth.*

—L. G. B.

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 canyon sifting
Like a rhythmic river of light,
Or the souls of trees on a wafting breeze
From a forest fire tonight?

Ah, there's beauty, transient beauty,
But it's maddening to me;
For I know a thousand stalwart pines
Are never more to be.

Man has butchered them, has slaughtered
them,
Has burnt them at the stake—
Leaving shameful desolation,
Hopeless, lifeless, in his wake.

—ALAN R. RICE.

Senior Biography

It was found on appeal, that the seniors, with the exception of Alan Rice, were too self-effacing to write their autobiographies and that the Juniors had not sufficient literary training to treat so stupendous a subject. Accordingly, it was decided that two of the modest members of the class of 1928 should say a few humble words. The two shrinking violets offer this lowly data.

Russell Murray Boucher, our most shrinking member, came down to earth on the outskirts of Medical Lake and has remained on this globe ever since. He was by nature a quiet, timid child, who would retire under the bed at the first howl of a dog just as he now retires into a coat-closet at the approach of a faculty member. He was ever a tender-hearted little man and so acquired a fondness for pets. Later he lost interest in most of them but he still retains his absorbing interest in ponies.

At the tender age of twelve he first beheld the sky-scrapers of Spokane. He babbled with delight and has been babbling ever since. Dr. Hays prophesies a great future for him as an auctioneer.

Our most shocking member, Lessie Rasco, burst unto the scene in Texas during the hottest part of the Mexican War. Both catastrophies are still remembered by old-timers. In her youth, Miss Rasco's rattle was a cowbell, a fact for which account her present fondness for bells of all kinds. While she was still a child, she swallowed a stick of dynamite, and a family of tarantulas. The effect can be seen in her disposition even yet.

In leaving Whitworth, Miss Rasco does not know just what her life work will be but she has been assured that "Dean" Elmer Whipple will recommend her for a position as sexton and janitor.

Carl Laudenbach, our galloping snail, galloped in from Missouri several decades ago. He immediately made the acquaintance of all the Missouri nightingales of the "feminine persuasion" and has been right at home ever since.

At Whitworth, Mr. Laudenbach is the college social lion. When he finishes his college course he expects to purchase the Clarkston fresh fish market where he will continue to tell fish stories. He already is making plans to enter politics and capture the position of dog-catcher on the strong recommendation of Prof. Hussong, mentor of the American Government class.

Jean Seaton, our class optimist, gave her first feeble cry on the clam flats of Port Townsend, Washington. She immediately began to prepare for Whitworth, and while cutting her first tooth began to study the clam in its native habitat. While in the society of the aforesaid clams she acquired the habit of assuming the burden of conversation, a practice which she has never forgotten.

At college she immediately became a household pet of Dean Weaver. During Miss Seaton's first year, Dean Weaver evolved a new definition of "catch-as-catch-can." Indeed, she became so fond of Miss Seaton that Mrs. Weaver is said to have fainted with joy upon hearing that her favorite freshman had deserted the town girls and moved into the dormitory.

Karl Rupp, our handsomest curlylocks, was presented to the citizens of Salt Lake City early in the history of Utah. He served as president of the Mormon Ladies Aid until his first whiskers sprouted and then he absconded with the funds of the society. On the way to Spokane he met Miss Marthalena Miller and escort coming in from Calgary. On the historic day of the victory of Manila

Bay the humble couple forded the Little Spokane at Dartford. A monument is to be erected at the spot by the Ladies Aid of Whitworth College. Spokane has changed a great deal since Miss Miller and Mr. Rupp came. Mr. Rupp is shortly to be made the superintendent of the crematory.

Dorothy Marthy Dailey, our most punctual member, was born on the slopes of Mount Rainier many long years ago. While still in her youth she slid down to Seattle and stopped at the church of Dr. Mathews. Being unable to slide farther she stayed. She is a familiar figure on the McMillan Hall stairs. At Mr. Randal's first ring she trips gaily down with a grace she acquired in the Kappa Gamma May party. Now that she has played opposite Mr. Boucher in the senior play she aspires to even greater heights. She is now engaged in reading the "Diary of a Minister's Wife" and is looking for pointers.

I, Alan Rice, the most outstanding member of the class of 1928, came to be a blessing to the society in the "City of Brotherly Love" at the time of the Centennial exposition. I have a most engaging personality. No other engaged man on the campus can beat my social batting average. Women fall for me at first sight. I have been forced to take to the mountains to escape them. I prophecy a great future for myself in any vocation I happen to choose. I believe, however, that I am peculiarly fitted for the position of a vaudeville exponent of the Charleston.

Gertrude Johnson, our most affectionate member, has forgotten the date of her birth and so far no town has admitted that she was born within its limits. In early life weighty matters began to annoy her. She developed a fondness for Swedish literature and learned all the known endearments of five languages. Her scholastic pursuits were rewarded. One day at a circus she met "Ole" and proposed to him. The proposal is still under consideration but Miss Johnson, when interviewed on the subject, said "I

will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Charles Boynton, our bold desperado, was found among the cornstalks of Iowa. He was early interested in the sporting world and lost his first race with a snail. In recent years he has staged a comeback and has won several such races. Mr. Boynton is one of Whitworth's early pioneers. Whitworth has given him everything that he has except his wife. When the present seniors were freshmen, Mr. Boynton and Miss Florence Hughes were completing their romance. Thus matrimony snatched our tender Charles from our very arms. Four years later his wife allowed him to return to Whitworth where he is seeking further blessings.

Thorson Bennett, our beau brummel, bawled his first football signal in the wilds of eastern Oregon. He early manifested a fondness for athletics and very shortly began to take part in such games as "Pussy wants a Corner" and "Hop Scotch." The first time he got his face dirty he liked the effect so well that he decided to grow a mustache. He is still bravely trying. Mr. Bennett says that he aspires to teach Browning. Possibly he thinks Browning still has something to learn.

Phillip Annie Laurie, our most charming and talented member, was born in Borneo and has been a living example of retarded evolution, ever since. In his extreme youth he attempted to dive into a tub of boiling water, possibly in an attempt to find endings for orations. His mother being afraid that his clothes would shrink prevented him. In college Mr. Laurie has gladdened many hearts. He takes a benevolent interest in everyone and everything. The student body as a whole confesses that it would be unable to get along without him. The faculty, however, is unable to get along with him—and expects to dismiss him from school early in June.

(Continued on Page Eighty-four)

The Senior Sneak

With Laudenbach at the gear shift,
We're outward bound today.
It matters not what glistening lake,
Hayden or Coeur d'Alene.

We're sick of stuffy school rooms,
Of work, and books, and grind.
Give us the blue of the open lake
For the classroom every time.

You can have your dull old French book
For it's all Greek to me.
Give me a little rowboat
Where I can feel I'm free.

A swayin' through the water
Like a rollin', drunken dray,
A hammered, battered little tub,
Will bring us back today.

And when she does there's waiting
A memory to store
'Mong those happy days soon over
That will come to us no more.

And if she won't, she won't then,
And I'd just as soon be there
As in some shady school house
With professor in his lair.

So rent the little rowboat
We're outward bound today.
And let us all remember, we're on
The Senior Sneak. Hooray!

—ARTHUR ROBERTS.

Class of 1929

This history of the Junior Class must necessarily begin with Lewis Randal, not because he is president, but on account of his versatility. Mr. Randal is vice-president of the student body, has served twice as football manager, has been a successful debater, and is vice-president of the Inland Empire Student Volunteer Union. He is also the regular pastor of the Rosalia Federated Church this spring. Mr. Randal is noted for his Dailey interest in the Senior Class.

Lee E. Knoll is the next member of the class under consideration. In spite of the fact that he looks down on everyone else on the campus, he is nevertheless quite congenial, even to the diminutive Freshmen. He is to be commended for his splendid work in editing the Whitworthian this year and bringing praise upon it from scores of outside sources.

Miss Padgham is distinctly noted for her athletic ability. Girls are not allowed to participate in football games under Conference rules, otherwise Zada might easily have won the "W" Club medal this year. As to dramatics: she delights to take the difficult roles in plays and such things. But most of all, "Padg" should be complimented for her endurance, as she is the only member of the fair sex to remain with this notorious class for three whole years.

This was Frank Tiffany's first year at Whitworth but already he has won a name for himself in many lines including declamation, news writing, preaching, and safe-breaking. Mr. Tiffany demonstrated his reading ability in the annual declamation contest and at numerous social events.

Carl Lewis was also a new student at Whitworth, having transferred here from Willamette University. Mr. Lewis is very much interested in experimental psychology, especially the psychology of dreams; indeed when he is not dragging

his weary bones to and from classes he is almost certain to be on a research tour through that mysterious Land of Nod.

Although this was Miss Clapp's first year at Whitworth, she easily won a place in the social and literary life of the college. She serves as Assistant Editor of the Whitworthian. She is also very much interested in the athletic management.

Julian Garcia came half way around the world to attend Whitworth. Julian is blest with a cheerful disposition—except on various and sundry occasions. He is deeply interested in oratory and poetry, and is noted for his talks in Public Speaking class and for his poetical lyrics.

Although Mr. Warber did not enter the Junior Class until the last quarter, he has shown by his loyalty that he is well deserving to become a member of this illustrious group. Mr. Warber has served as the librarian for the past year. Due to his heroic efforts the library has been reclassified and properly catalogued, a feat that has not been undertaken for years. Mr. Warber enrolled last fall as a Senior, but outside activities, including his ministerial and library work, permitted him to carry too few hours for graduation.

R. L. H.

Postscript. The author of the above manuscript is none other than the old timer, Ralph Hansen. Athletics alone are not enough to satisfy his lust for brain and brawn; hence his fame as the marathon-walker of the great Northwest. A little thousand-mile jaunt means nothing in his young life. He is popular with the girls, but he doesn't know it. So don't tell him. Perhaps it is because he's from the land of the big he-men on the upper regions of the mighty Columbia.

L. G. R.

Junior Class



Class of 1930

When the Sophomore class organized during the first days of the fall quarter, we had a hard problem to face. The Frosh-Soph class fight was due and the odds were greatly against us. We had only five boys while the Freshmen had about twelve. However, early one morning, the Sophomore flag was placed upon the pole, numerals painted in numerous places, with the Sophomores armed with handcuffs, the fight was on. The Frosh in the dorm were easily quieted, handcuffed, and locked in a room. When the cars came out, others were handcuffed and also locked up. Due to the help of a Junior who wanted to get into the fight, they were unlocked, and their handcuffs filed off. This made the situation serious. The hardest freshmen to get were those who came out in the bus, for they were ready to fight. The struggle ensued till class-time, and then we received orders to stop mauling around and attend classes. With this command, everything ceased, hand-cuffs were removed, and at the set time of 4 o'clock, the Sophomore flag was still up. So the Sophs won their annual fight.

The annual Soph-Frosh party, given by the Sophomore class for the Freshmen, was given in February, and it was reported the liveliest party given here for years.

The Sophomore class was represented in nearly every school activity, in football, debate, oratory, orchestra and other extra-curricular activities. The year has been very successful for the class and has given them a definite part to play for their Alma Mater.

Delpha Coffman is the president of the class. She is our musician and plays for chapel services. During lunch hours she also holds half-hour concerts for the benefit of charity and the town students. It has been reported that Delpha is leaving school next year for . . . well, wait until next year and see.

Clifton Hussey has been active in athletics and helped to make our line for this year's football team.

Ester George is the secretary and treasurer of the class. She is one of the main stays of the advanced French-class, and her general scholastic standing is always above the average.

Lloyd Smith seems very much interested in helping to bring a large number of students to Whitworth and has already secured one to enter in 1946. Lloyd is self-appointed assistant professor of French and holds his classes any time from 3 a. m. until 3 a. m.

Leah Grove is the debater of the class. She well represented Whitworth in the debates and helped bring home the bacon. She is one of the honor students and is also representative on the Executive Board.

Bill Boppell was quarterback on the football team and was a high point man in basket ball. He left school at the beginning of the fourth quarter.

Lilly Schwendig nearly always pulls down position No. 1 on the honor roll, and when asked how she does it she only replies "Oh, I don't know." Lilly also flits about in the dining room to the beck and call of the tinkling glass.

Maurice McQuillin has a strangely strong tendency to stay around McMillan Hall. We suppose it is because he likes to be near his classrooms. Mac won his letters in football and basketball and is always ready to do his part in anything that comes along.

Kathryn Bockman entered the second semester, and the first thing she did was to capture a place on the honor roll. Kathryn's name was consistently on the honor roll last year also.

Everell Sharnbroich takes care of the journalistic work of the class. He is a reporter for the Whitworthian, assistant editor of the Natsihi and Sophomore representative on the Executive Board.

Freshman Class



Back row—left to right: Kerniew Williams, Prof. Harvey, faculty advisor, Kenneth Knoll, Hugh Bronson, Herman Klaudt, Marvin Skaer, Clifford McNeal, Clifford Fromling, Leon Killian.
Center row: Albert Morse, Arthur Roberts, Maude Holt, Mary Hinton, Alice Sanstrom, Caroline Petsch, Clara Parker, Laura Frederick, Suzanna Borden.
Front row: Elizabeth Beal, Vivian Holm, Virginia Koyl, Janice Schermerhorn, Margaret Jamieson, Muriel Mase, Helen Doig.

The Freshman class started a successful year by scoring a victory over their Sophomore rivals in the annual class scrap. Even after the Sophomores, not satisfied with the results of the fight, challenged them to a basketball game, the newcomers proved their superiority by coming out with the long end of the score and the right to fly the class colors.

During the first three months the Frosh were easily identified by anyone not suffering from color blindness. Green, though perhaps not the most becoming of colors, was adopted on the suggestion of the Sophomore Class.

Not even the Sophs could suppress for long the ambitions of such a promising class. The Freshies soon became prominent in all of the important activities

of the institution: they were well represented in football and basketball; they produced members for the Whitworthian and Natsihi staffs; they developed a debate team. At the same time they managed to keep their scholastic standing well above the danger line.

After much apprehension on the part of the Frosh, their enemies finally came through with a party which proved to be one of the peppiest of the season. Later in the year the Freshmen returned the honor.

Class officers are: Mary Hinton, president; Arthur Roberts, vice-president; Helen Doig, secretary; Marvin Skaer, treasurer; Betty Beal and Clifford Bromling, Executive Board representatives.



Organization

Natsihi Staff

Editorial Staff

KARL K. RUPP	- - - - -	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
PHILLIP A. LAURIE	- - - - -	<i>Associate Editor</i>
EVERELL SHARNBROICH	- - - - -	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
MAUDE HOLT	- - - - -	<i>Art Editor</i>
LILLIAN BROWN	- - - - -	<i>Literary Editor</i>
LESSIE RASCO	- - - - -	<i>Society Editor</i>
LEWIS RANDAL	- - - - -	<i>Athletic Editor</i>
ZADA PADGHAM	- - - - -	<i>Organizations Editor</i>
JEAN SEATON	- - - - -	<i>Snapshot Editor</i>
DOROTHY DAILEY	- - - - -	<i>Music Editor</i>
ALAN R. RICE	- - - - -	<i>Poetry Editor</i>
RUSSELL BOUCHER	- - - - -	<i>Humor Editor</i>
LEAH GROVE	- - - - -	<i>Typist</i>
ELIZABETH BEAL	- - - - -	<i>Typist</i>
VIVIAN HOLM	- - - - -	<i>Typist</i>

BUSINESS STAFF

CARL LAUDENBACH	- - - - -	<i>Business Manager</i>
CARL LAUDENBACH, KARL K. RUPP, WILLIAM BOPPELL - <i>Advertising</i>		

The Editor and the Business Manager wish to express their gratitude to all who have helped in preparing this annual; and especially to the advertisers and patrons, without whose help we could not have printed this book. We also appreciate the co-operation and assistance of our printer, photographer and engravers.

Natsihi Staff



Executive Board



Kappa Gamma

Founded in Tacoma, Washington, 1901

Colors—Purple with Gold

Flower—Violet

SORORA SUPREME

Dorothy Farr

SORORES IN COLLEGII

SENIORS

Lessie Rasco

Lillian Brown

Dorothy Dailey

JUNIORS

Zada Padgham

Zenola Clapp

SOPHOMORES

Leah Grove

Lilly Schwendig

Delpha Coffman

FRESHMEN

Maude Holt

Mary Hinton

Helen Doig

Caroline Petsch

Elizabeth Beal

Vivian Holm

Kappa Gamma



Tri-G Club

Good Sportsmanship

Flower—Iris

Good Scholarship

Good Fellowship

Colors—Blue and Silver

SENIORS

Lessie Rasco

Jean Seaton

Dorothy Dailey

Lillian Brown

JUNIORS

Zada Padgham

SOPHOMORES

Kathryn Bockman

Ester George

Lilly Schwendig

Leah Grove

FRESHMEN

Virginia Koyl

Clara Parker

Caroline Petsch

Alice Sanstrom

Janice Schermerhorn

OFFICERS

First Semester

Second Semester

Zada Padgham	PRESIDENT.....	Caroline Petsch
Lessie Rasco	VICE-PRESIDENT.....	Lilly Schwendig
Jean Seaton	SECRETARY-TREASURER.....	Janice Schermerhorn

Tri-G's



Sigma Theta



HONORARY PRE-MEDICAL FRATERNITY

FRATRES IN COLLEGII

KARL K. RUPP, '28	- - - - -	<i>President</i>
LEWIS G. RANDAL, '29	- - - - -	<i>Vice-President</i>
RALPH HANSEN, '29	- - - - -	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

Sigma Theta is an honorary Fraternity organized in 1923 by the Pre-Medics on the campus in order to stimulate a general interest in this department. Members are allowed to attend surgical operations at the Deaconess hospital and to attend post mortem examinations, a privilege not granted to the general public.

Members of the alumni are: Donald Henry, George McMahon, LaVerne Barnes, Neil Baldwin, William Newett, Fred Clanton, and Floyd Corey (deceased).

Women's Athletic Association



In the spring of 1924 the Women's Athletic Association was formed under the leadership of Mrs. Irving Davis. The present system of awards is the same as that used by Columbia University. Points are awarded for each of the several activities: hiking, basketball, volleyball, hygiene, tennis, and for membership on the executive board;—Anyone earning five points is awarded a "W"; eight, a gold pin; twelve, a white sweater and sixteen, a blanket. Awards were given this year to five girls: Dorothy Dailey, Lilly Schwendig and Kathryn Bockman won letters; Lilly Schwendig and Kathryn Bockman, pins; Lessie Rasco and Zada Padgham, sweaters.

The executive board for 1927-28 consists of: president, Lessie Rasco; secretary, Leah Grove; treasurer, Dorothy Dailey; hiking captain, Caroline Petsch; basketball, Zada Padgham; volleyball, Dorothy Dailey; hygiene, Lilly Schwendig; and tennis, Delpha Coffman.

Much more interest has been shown in the activities this year than in the last two years. There were two basketball teams, two good volleyball teams and a large number of girls are turning out for the tennis tournament that will be held soon.

An exciting game of volleyball was played between the Frosh and Juniors and the Sophs and Seniors.

Baseball is becoming quite a sport for the girls. There are a number interested in this game.

Other activities sponsored by W. A. A. are the football banquet which was held at the end of the football season; the April frolic which will be the biggest event of the year; and the May Morning breakfast.

The executive board has a banquet and all the girls take part in a rally at the close of the year when all go to a lake to spend the evening.

McMillan Hall



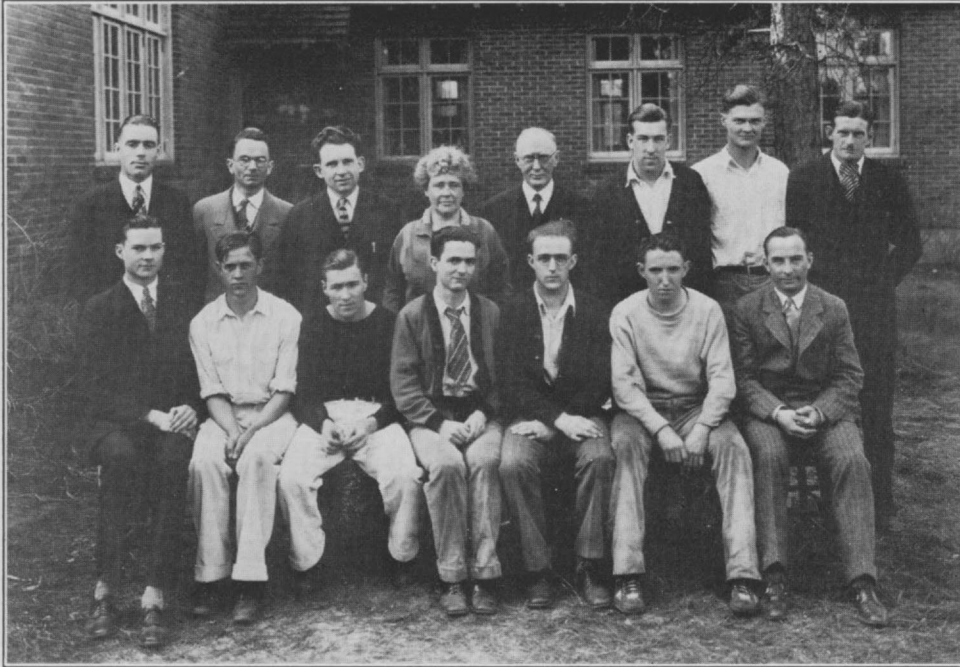
When McMillan Hall opened its doors in September, there was no lack of excitement, good times, or noise. Things began to happen almost immediately. Initiation, the bane of the Freshmen, was a source of much fun. Room stacking and "dumpings" in the middle of the night were the prominent features.

Betty, our fresh air fiend, has often been known to suddenly leave an interesting conversation to suspend herself from an open window. If, after the lights are out, an unearthly crash is heard, the girls are no longer alarmed, for they know it is merely Shindig falling over a chair. The mystery of a certain car might be explained by Padge, our star athlete and staunch defender of women's rights. Muriel, Maude, and Mary spend their week-ends in Spokane, where they presumably recuperate from their arduous studies of the week. Miss Helen Doig might also be added to this list. The

midnight coffee trio, consisting of Lessie, Leah, and Jean, is frequently in session. Mrs. Holmes, distinguished cook, is known for her advice, from love to ——. Early in the winter Bee forsook the peacefulness of the dorm for a home of her own. The second semester Kathryn returned and almost immediately endangered the health of the inmates of both buildings by becoming chief cook and bottlewasher for a few weeks. Miss Morrison is to be commended for her strenuous attempts to convert certain explosions into lady-like laughs and to control the uncontrollable. Jean's fear of eaves-droppers, Dorothy's propensity for Lewis and ghosts, Mary's sound sleeping, Lessie's slippers, Lilly's giggle — all are well-known sources of mirth.

*"The years may come, the years may go,
But still our hearts in memory cling
To those golden days, old college
chums."*

Ballard Hall



When Ballard opened in the fall of 1927, there were 12 boys and the dean of men housed there. Dave Adams, Robert Russell, and Bill Boppell left during the progress of the year, and Everell Sharnbroich and Alan Rice came in from town. Among our illustrious tenants is Coach Bennett, who, whenever he is seen, is practicing with dumbbells or fixing his complexion. Lewis Randal and Ralph Hansen have the honor of rooming together, if it can be called an honor. Every day when one visits their room, there is a different arrangement and it seems that they are never satisfied unless they can figure out some other arrangement. Alan Rice is our monk, and sometimes never leaves his room for days at a time. Then again he will get a streak and never go into his room for days at a time. Altho Carl Laudenschach rooms in Ballard, he is very seldom home. We all guess that business matters keep him away. We often see him on Saturday morning

though, parading down the hall pretending to sweep. Maurice McQuillin divides his time between McMillan and Ballard, altho it is very unevenly divided. Leon Killian, well, whenever we see him he seems to be jovial enough, but the trouble is we don't see him very often. Smitty and Kerniew Williams, the Waitsburg twins, are rooming together. They seem to get along all right altho when one begins to study, the other removes himself to the parlor to do his studying. Dean Harvey occupies a suite at the end of the hall and every night at eight and ten, we can see him trailing up to ring us into and out of studying. Frank Tiffany has his home in Ballard also and late at night or early in the morning you will wake up and hear the click, click of his typewriter. We don't know whether he is writing lessons or letters. Everell Sharnbroich has a room next to him and often their two typewriters seem to try to out-noise the other. Everell Sharnbroich is the public stenographer for the dorm at large.

Town Students



No one is ever allowed to forget the town students. In noise making they are not modest. Around one o'clock, on a school day, you may hear them making the noon hour hideous; nevertheless, they are a mighty big part of Whitworth.

Although not a remote town-student the president of the student association is one of the group. The editor of the *Whitworthian* and the business manager have found it safer to live elsewhere than in Ballard Hall. The entire feature staff eats and does most of its sleeping away from its Alma Mater, including "Freddy", "Sally", and the Infant.

Klaudt, Skaer, Morris, Hussey, McNeal, and Bromling add to Whitworth athletic prowess. Two of the school's debaters, and a like number of class presidents are town students. A large share

of the orchestra calls Whitworth its home only between the hours of eight and four. Are the town students scholastic laggards? Two of the three highest places on the honor roll have always fallen to their lot. Nor should we forget Zuzu's gum chewing ability, nor the calm serenity of Suzanne, the weight and solidarity which Gertrude gives the group, nor Parker's charming freckles, and Bubble's skin coat. How could we survive without Delpha to play the piano or Julian to carry on English debates? You see the town students really are important. The dorm students will have to overlook the plaster knocked in their soup by noon day races down the hall, and other small irritations. The town students "act" as well as make noise. All in all Whitworth could hardly do without its noisy town gang.

Volunteer Fellowship



The organization sponsoring most of the outside religious activities of the college is the Volunteer Fellowship. It includes all those whose present purpose is to follow some sort of part or full-time Christian service. The chief function of the organization is sending out gospel teams to conduct services at churches in and around Spokane. Most of the trips are on Sunday evenings.

The teams have made several long trips: to Valley Ford, Millwood, Reardan, Fairfield, Davenport, Kettle Falls, and two to the Parental Home. Some of the local trips have been to Knox Presbyterian Church, Swedish Baptist, Holy Trinity Evangelical, Centenary Methodist, and the Fourth United Presbyterian Church.

The Volunteer Fellowship sent two delegates, Karl Rupp and Lessie Rasco, to the Student Volunteer Conference of

the Inland Empire, February 25 and 26. It was held at Pullman, and besides Washington State College, Spokane University, Spokane College, and Whitworth were represented.

The week following the conference, Miss Smith, traveling secretary of the Volunteer Movement and leader of the conference, visited Whitworth.

The officers of the Volunteer Fellowship are: Lessie Rasco, president; Philip Laurie, secretary; and Lee Knoll, treasurer. Dorothy Dailey, as chairman of music, has proved very capable in arranging for musical numbers for the various services.

The Volunteer Fellowship has had a very successful year under the able leadership of Lessie Rasco, and hopes to increase its work in the years to come. This year there are twenty-four who have signed the Fellowship pledge.

Whitworthian Staff



Height must be indicative of journalistic ability. Lee Knoll, editor of the *Whitworthian*, possesses both as does also the associate editor, Lewis G. Randal. Much of the success of this year's *Whitworthian* has been due to their efforts. The business staff, headed by Russell Boucher as manager, also deserves a word of praise.

Although students may occasionally grumble because the *Whitworthian* is late, and because they may look for their photos within its pages in vain, the school paper has been one of the things looked forward to with the most interest during the year. After all, no one minds seeing his name in print provided it is the right kind of print.

More students have written for the paper this year than ever before. It has

been truly a school paper, with this large number taking part.

The paper has received well deserved praise from many of the ministers in the Presbyterian Synod and others who subscribe for the *Whitworthian*.

The members of the regular staff, besides those mentioned, are: assistant editors, Thorson Bennett and Henry Warber; alumni editor, Karl Rupp; athletic editors, Marvin Skaer and Leon Killian; feature writers, Lillian Brown, Janice Schermerhorn and Phillip Laurie; reporters, Marvin Skaer, Dorothy Dailey, Frank Tiffany, Everell Sharnbroich, and Mary Hinton. The typists are Vivian Holm, Virginia Koyl, and Alice Sanstrom; Leah Grove and Zenola Clapp are associate and assistant business manager, respectively.

Orchestra



Every Wednesday afternoon between 2:00 and 3:00 p. m. the Whitworth College orchestra sends forth pleasing strains of music from the old Home Economics room.

At the beginning of the year Mrs. Gertrude Mather gathered together many of the students of the college who had music ability and gave them each a part in the orchestra. Under her skillful guidance and instruction a Christmas musical program was prepared and given in chapel. The orchestra also played the march on Investiture Day, as well as giving several special numbers which were very much enjoyed.

Many of the members learned to play the instruments which they are now playing in the orchestra, under the private instruction of Mrs. Mather; and they are doing remarkably well.

Some numbers which the orchestra has practised and become efficient in playing this year are: Tannhauser, Humoresque, Shadowland, Metropolitan Life, Soldiers' Farewell, Melody in F, and other well-known compositions.

No college is complete without an orchestra; and those associated with Whitworth are proud that it has such a fine organization. It is an asset to the institution.

The members of the orchestra are: first violin, Charles Boynton; second violin, Mr. Hussong, Gertrude Johnson, and Kenneth Knoll; viola, Margaret Jamison; cello, Dorothy Dailey; bells and traps, Betty Beal; Cornet, Leon Killian, Leah Grove, and Lee Knoll; base horn, Frank Tiffany; trombone, Henry Warber; clarinet, Hugh Bronson; snare drum, Lewis Randal; base drum, Karl Rupp; accompanist, Delpha Coffman.

Debate



Whitworth was represented by two teams in debate this year. Hard work and skillful preparation enabled the Pirate wranglers to win the conference title this year.

The question for debate was "Resolved, that Carl S. Vrooman's modification of the McNary-Haugen Bill should be enacted into law."

The first debate was with Spokane University at the University. This was on the evening of February 20. The Whitworth negative team, composed of Leah Grove and Phillip Laurie, won a unanimous decision.

The next debates should have been with Spokane College but the college team had a different subject and did not meet with us this year. Lewiston Normal also failed to enter teams.

The second debate was with Spokane University at Whitworth on the evening

of February 22. After a close debate, the Whitworth Affirmative team, consisting of Laura Frederick and Leon Killian lost a 2-1 decision to the University's negative team. The series was won by Whitworth, there being 4 votes to 2 in Whitworth's favor.

Miss Alice Morrison, coach, deserves much credit for this very successful season in debate.

Phillip Laurie's experience proved a big factor in winning this year. His preparation was thorough and his delivery forceful. Leah Grove was an outstanding debater and proved to be a very forceful, clear speaker. Leon Killian and Laura Frederick should develop into fine debaters in another year. Laura Frederick showed exceptional skill in rebuttal and answered most of the arguments of her more experienced opponents. Leon Killian was skillful in handling facts and subject matter.

Faculty Club



A faculty club was organized last year with Dr. O. E. Tiffany as chairman. It was organized again this year with Professor H. L. Hussong, chairman, and Miss Jessie Taylor secretary. The purpose of the club is that each member of the faculty may at some time through the year bring to the entire group the results of some particular study made in his own field. Regular meetings are held on the third Wednesday of each month.

On November 16 Dr. Tiffany gave a report of his visit to the Washington Education Association held at Longview, Washington. In January Dr. Charles Hays, assisted by Mrs. Hays, gave an

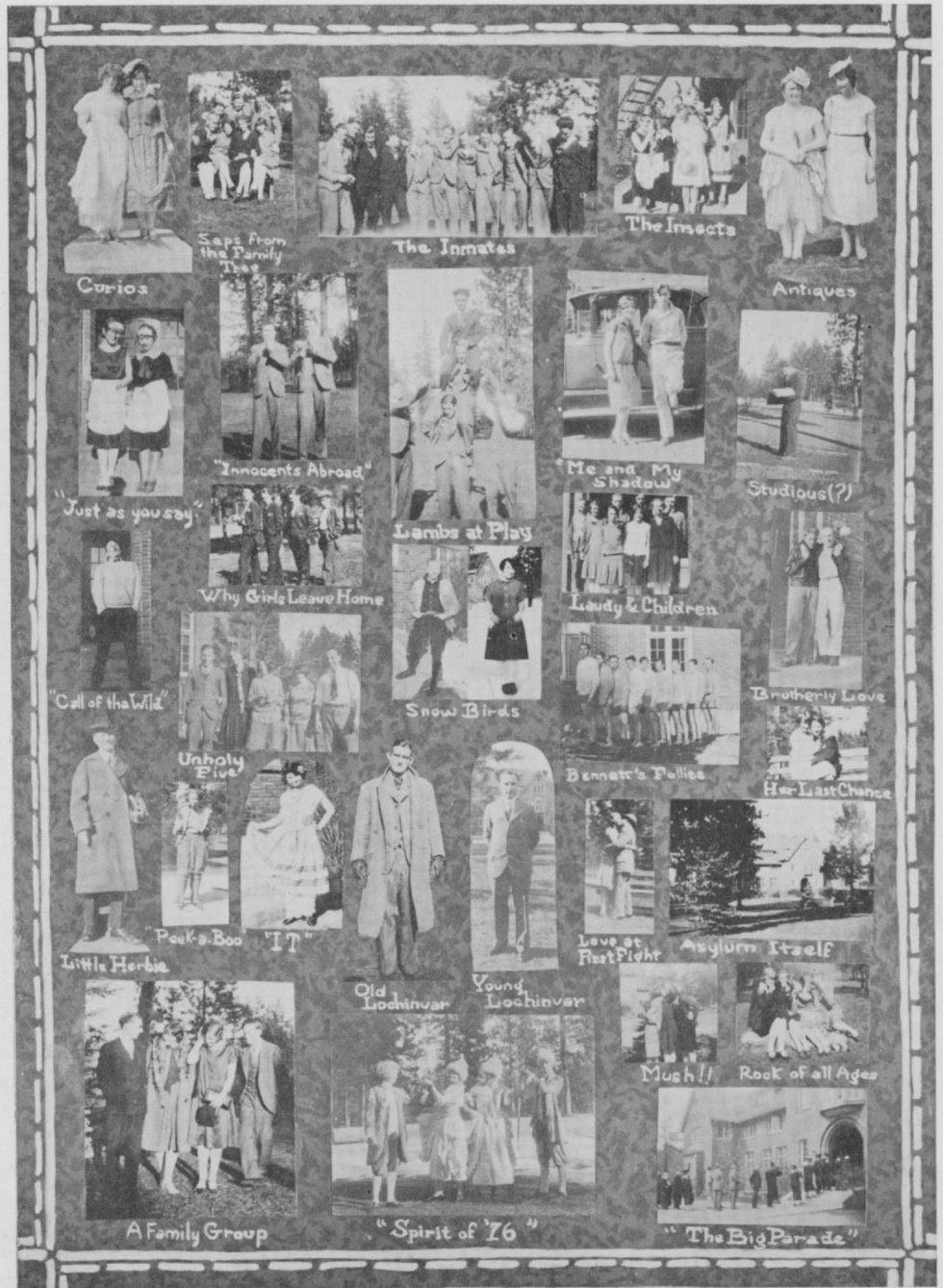
illustrated talk on "The Country East of the Jordan."

The members of the debating teams occupied the time at the February meeting.

In March Professor Paul Harvey gave a lecture on the cell structures with which biologists work.

In April Professor W. H. Buxton spoke on "Goethe as an Educational Critic."

A special committee was appointed to arrange for the May meeting which was largely social in its nature.





Literary

Senior Prophecy

"Oh, Grandpa Randal, do tell us just one bedtime story tonight," cried little Lewis III, climbing up on his Grandpa's lap. "Tell us about that funny class that graduated from Whitworth College in 1928. We want to hear about all those queer people like Laurie, and Boucher.

"Well, children," began Grandpa Randal stroking his chin whiskers; "I shall first tell you the story of Phillip Laurie. Phillip was called Whitworth's sheik. He was informed many times that he was the only logical candidate for the place that Valentino left vacant. When he crooned love songs with his beautiful tenor voice the dogs would congregate outside the door to learn how to howl. Now he is a whispering baritone and models for "Arrow Collars" and Kuppenheimer clothes and sets the fashion for men's hair cuts. Laurie was the first to wear a derby when they came in style again."

"Gertrude Johnson," went on Grandpa Randal, "married her Ole; but alas, he got fat and she got thin. The strain of supporting husband, children, and relatives was too much for her. Her rubber tooth pick factory went bankrupt and poor Gertrude is now a living skeleton in Barnum and Bailey's circus.

"Jean Seaton became a trick bicycle rider and is now married to Harold Lloyd the tragic comedian. She receives royalties for a song entitled, "Meer Me at the Clothes Line for That's Where I Hang Out."

"Karl Rupp became rich overnight when he patented a hair straightening device, but not before Marthalena chose Medical Lake as her permanent home. Karl played a drum at Whitworth so he uses the knowledge gained there by carrying the drum for the Salvation Army at Hillyard.

Grandpa Randal paused to see how the little dears were enjoying his story. They

were listening with wide open mouths and eyes. He continued:

"Lillian Brown is a chorus girl in the musical comedy "Smack the Ceiling". Long ago at Whitworth she won a beauty contest staged by the Wart Pickle factory. She was inspired to higher things, so one can see her now anytime at the Unique theater. She attributes her success to pickles and more of 'em."

"One day someone at a teacher's agency inquired who the frail man was from Whitworth. Russell Boucher decided that beauty was the only thing that counted. He is famous today for his stunt in which he hoists six men in a new Ford Car with his left hand, and "breaks" ponies with the other. (Equestrian explanation gladly given upon request). Russell simply adores pop bottle jewelry and a tooth brush made from his own mustache."

"Someone remarked once that Carl Laudenbach would never get married; because he didn't care enough for women. He agreed with that prophet and is now living a hermit's life far off in the wilds of Deer Park. He's engaged in the profitable business of taking the bark out of mad trees."

"Lessie Rasco married Ivan Awfulitch, a Russian count from Yakima. Lessie studies piccolo and mouth harp while her husband makes their living by punching holes in doughnuts."

"Dorothy Dailey was a sweet young thing that had only one interest in life—swimming. She could swim anything from a bath tub to a mud puddle. It was she who did not teach Gertrude Edlerle how to swim. However, she has just astonished the world by her exceptional swim across the Little Spokane river at Dartford.

"Thorson Bennett was great on making speeches at Whitworth. Next to Janice Shermerhorn he was the greatest

(Continued on Page Eighty-three)

Senior Will

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1928 of Whitworth College, Spokane, Washington.

We, the Senior Class of 1928, worn out by a desperate four-years' struggle, delivered from battle, murder, sudden death, and the clutches of the faculty, confident that we have done better than our predecessors have done and better than our successors ever can do, hereby make this final Will and Testament; thereby revoking all former wills, engagements (exclusive of those connected with Lewis Randal), financial pledges, promises to the faculty, state manual tests and all other legal documents to which we have been a party. Having been duly examined and sworn at by Professor Walter H. Buxton, we do hereby generously bequeath the following items, hoping that they will be received in the same beneficent spirit in which they are given.

Item 1: To the Juniors, we with the advice and at the urgent request of the faculty do leave our scholastic ability; we also bequeath to said class our worn-out senior pews and our well-marked hymn books.

Item 2: To the Sophomores, we leave the task of caring for and tenderly nurturing the class of 1929, advising them to deal with the aforesaid class in mercy and tenderness, remembering their many weaknesses and that they are but dust.

Item 3: To the Freshman class, we leave our pep. May it never die.

Item 4: To the faculty, we leave our serenity of spirit, our peace and harmony, our dignity, our knowledge which is more than that of all our teachers, our ability to run the college, our ability to speak in chapel, and our ability to know when to quit speaking in chapel.

As individuals we do give and bequeath the following articles as herein described:

Russell 'Mary' Boucher does leave and bequeath his private news agency to Pro-

fessor Walter Henry Buxton. The aforesaid Mr. Boucher tearfully leaves his cherished marcel to Lee Knoll, hoping that it will have the usual feminine care. His livery stable to Lilly Schwendig, hoping that she may enjoy many a ride in class.

Jean "Tribulation" Seaton leaves her eagle eye to Lloyd Smith. May his imagination never fail when his eagle eye accidentally does. Miss Seaton furthermore bequeaths her share of the faculty's love to Maurice McQuillin. She generously leaves two inches of her height to be divided equally between the twins, "Shimmie and Tiny"; her mortar-board to Lilly Schwendig to use as a sunbonnet to ward off the Wenatchee sun; and the remains of her midnight candle to Leah Grove.

Coach Thorson "Homely" Bennett leaves the assorted clippings from his mustache to Zenola Clapp; his very successful recipe for raising a mustache to Lewis G. Randal; his melodious voice to Leila B. Garfield; and all his harem with the exception of Zenola Clapp, to Ralph Hansen.

Lessie "Elephant Hair" Rasco leaves her position as bell ringer to any eight women who can hold down the position; her tooth brush after four years of faithful service, to Lewis G. Randal, said brush to be used only in the cleaning of the mustache to be; her skill as a housewife to be divided equally between Mary Hinton and Maude Holt or anyone else wishing to live in a junkman's paradise; and her position as campus chaperone to Frank Tiffany. May the matrimonial results be a success.

Alan "Lancelot Galahad" Rice leaves his reputation as a somnambulist to Carl Lewis; his self-satisfaction, modesty and retiring disposition to Maurice McQuillin, and a pair of his shoes to the infant Shimmie, who has always longed for a pair of snow shoes, and his far famed

ability as a lover to Zenola Clapp, as this is leap year.

Carl "Ebenezer Allelujah" Laudenschlager leaves the supplies in his store to Dr. Charles Hays to amuse him during classes, his success as a heart-breaker to Carl Lewis, his political sagacity to Dr. Tiffany, the accumulated athletic ability of the Senior Class to Zada Padgham, and the remains of his bug to Hugh Bronson to be used as a watch charm.

Dorothy "Missouri" Dailey leaves her affectionate nature and her fame as a clinging vine to Zada Padgham; her musical laugh to Henry A. Warber; furthermore, with great sorrow and overwhelming regret, with mingled hopes and fears, Miss Dailey leaves Lewis Grant Randal to Kathrine Tiffany for safe keeping, temporarily.

Karl "Kakle Koka-doodle-do" Rupp leaves his seven years' very ripe experience and his meekness to Maurice McQuillin, "Sockery and the Hen" to Leila B. Garfield. May her success with them be very great. Furthermore, he does leave his trusty curling iron to Frank Tiffany accompanied by Marthalena's book of instructions.

Lillian "Griselda" Brown, vice president of the senior class, leaves to Maud Holt the privilege of picking flowers in January; furthermore, Miss Brown does give and bequeath her literary ability to that passionate female, Zada Padgham, with her love. Lastly, Miss Brown leaves her time-honored nickname of "Nap" and "Grandma" to Delpha Coffman, with the understanding that she be known here-after by the name "Grandma-Nap."

Gertrude "Elizabeth Marie Anettie Analris, etc.," Johnson leaves her armstrong heater, slightly damaged, to Frank Tiffany; her magnificent physique up and

down to Lloyd Smith, and her physique in the other direction to Lee Knoll; one of her two dimples to Julian Garcia (the other being reserved for Ole); lastly, Miss Johnson leaves her sunny nature to Prof. Walter H. Buxton.

Phillip "Rabbit" Laurie leaves his quiet, studious demeanor, devoid of noise and curiosity to Zenola Clapp, with Coach Bennett's love. To Mr. Killian, Mr. Laurie leaves his musical ability, feeling that Mr. Killian is a promising young musician who needs help. Mr. Laurie, being Scotch, refuses to part with the rest of his possessions and hopes that they may be buried with him.

Last and finally, Lillian G. Brown, Lessie E. Rasco, and Mrs. William Davis, formerly Lindalee Miller, do give and bequeath one fine, new, tin, dustpan to Zada Padgham, providing, however, that she uses the said dustpan in a charitable and Christianlike manner.

Charles Alosyious Boynton leaves his lion heart to Ralph Hansen, his lady-ensnaring charms to Mr. Henry C. Warber, his wide smile to Alice M. Morrison, and his speed to Dean Elmer Whipple.

All this we leave with our blessing in that great humility of spirit, so exemplified and adorned by our noble ancestors, the class of 1927. Signed this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord 1928, those higher up in the scale of evolution, "The Class of 1928".

Witnessed and signed by:
"I-wonder-what-became-of-'Sallie'" Crow
"Charley-My Boy" Hays
"Little-drop-of-Walter" Buxton
"Jessie-James" Taylor
"Alice-where-art-thou" Morrison
Herbie "hark, hark, the lark" Hussong
Paul "A shower-a-day" Harvey
"One-Eye" Tiffany.

Freddie Freshman and Sally Sophomore



“Freddie” and “Sally” are not strangers to readers of *THE WHITWORTHIAN* in any part of the world. Together, through those columns, they have many times visited Alaska, China, Egypt, and even India. They have found humor in the most trying circumstances, and can always provoke a smile or two.

Far from being a freshman, “Freddie” is a staid and versatile senior. It is none less than Phillip Laurie, who later intends to enter the Presbyterian ministry. Laurie is the recent winner of the inter-collegiate oratorical contest and of a conference debate, which goes to show that writing is not his only avocation. These past two years he has also been a student preacher on Sundays and on special Gospel Team occasions.

In every-day life “Sally” is Lillian G. Brown, not a sophomore but a clever

and dignified senior with quite a store of common sense—though she occasionally does revert to type. Besides writing for the college paper, Miss Brown has for the past three years been a writer for the *Natsihi*, and has directed the production of some of her own plays. She expects soon to launch into the business of acquainting high school students with the art of building Caesarian bridges and of analyzing Ciceronian orations.

“Freddie” and “Sally” have for four years traversed the halls of Whitworth together picking up stray crumbs of knowledge here and there. It is generally supposed that they will graduate in June; and henceforth travel life’s highway—separately. It is reported that they crave forgiveness for their past crimes and pray that no libel suits be brought against them.

Darlinknist Sweety:

Aint love wunderfull. Ya know it makes guys fergit cross eyes, pug noses, ugly tempers 'n everything. I cud easy sell dandy lions fer carnations if guys wud look at em like they do the gals they love. I'm awfull glad ya like me some Sally. I know I ain't none too handsome wot wid a wart over my right eye and the piece gone wat the dog bit outa my ear, but youll have ter fergit it and I'll try 'n fergit the freckles.

I hated ter say gud buy ter the kids wen they went cause I wuz sayin good buy also to two swell pair of socks, one sweater, a shirt and one pair of shew strings. Maybe they'll send em back some day.

Some of the girls bawled wen they left school. I didn't. I think it ud make my pore eyes work to awful hard. All the teachers wuz glad ter see me go. They all liked me awfull well though cuz most of them had kept me in their classes fer at least two years. One teacher wut wuz Scotch even give me her best wishes.

I ain't gonter be forgotin though. Most of the chairs bares my name and also several chapel him books. By the way do they call the song books on the girls' side in chapel him books?

The teachers here has all been an awfull inspirashun to me. I wanta grow ter be as fuzzy faced as Dr. Hays, as wise as Miss Morrison, as shiny topped and smooth as Mr. Hussong, as brawny as Dean Whipple, and as stout as Mrs. Tiffany. I don't spose I'll ever learn to smile like Dr. Tiffany does widout strainin my face none; but Im gonter try. I also wanta hav a voice like Miss Garfields and be tall like Lee noli.

Well Sally Im too bashful too say much. Every time I gow out and look at the moon comin up over the slaughter house I think a you. Bye Bye sweetest, bestust and goodust.

Yere adoring,
FREDDY.

Derest Freddy:

I'm gittin awful loansum ta see ya. We gotta picture here of an old Greak guy wich wuz named Appollo 'n every-time I pass that picture I thinka yew only tha picture aint so good lookin as yew's—I mean as good lookin as ya will be wen I git threw with ya. Yer a awful handsome man, Freddie, 'n after I marry ya I oughta hev to make only a few miner alterashuns.

It seems awful funny to be gittin threw with college. About tha enda tha yr. sum funny things happen. Tha other nite we hadda orytorical contest. Wen we 1st got ta tha church ware tha contest wuz held they wuz quite a lotta furniture on tha platform. Befour we finished they wuzn't hardly any. Tha dramattick teachers tuk turns runnin up 'n grabbin chairs 'n tables ' runnin off with em. Dene Morryson wuz lookin kinda threatenin at tha rug wen tha program begun 'n she hadda set down. Ta-day I herd her hummin "Among My Souvyneers" 'n I feel kinda suspishus.

Also we hev wat they call a proshessional every mornin. Tha seenyers puts on funny-lookin black hats 'n dresses 'n comes down tha chapil isle kickin each other in tha ankles. They play musik for em to kick by.

Well, Freddie, I feel that I've learned a lot at collage, espeshully frum playin in tha orkestra. We play reel swell now. Wenever we git outa tune we signal Betty Beal wich sets way over in a corner 'n she makes a lotta noise ona buncha kitchen utensils wich she's got over thair. By thet time tha resta us hez decided wat peece we 's playin anyway 'n we git to a fresh start. Its rel inspirin.

Well, Freddy, I gotta go take a sneek. I'm awful glad ya like me, freckles 'n all.

With heeps uv love,

Yer lovin,

SALLY.

X X X X X X X X O O O O O O

An Interview With Dr. Karl K. Rupp, 1948

The sound of a patient in trouble drifted from the doctor's inner office. I automatically offered up a tiny prayer to the effect that I was thankful my errand to Dr. Rupp was not of a similarly painful nature, as I waited patiently in the outer room. Soon, however, the groaning ceased and a dejected figure came forth. And after him—oh, the contrast!—the doctor's beaming countenance, as bright and cheerful as ever. I arose and extended a warm hand of greeting.

"I've heard a great deal about you, Dr. Rupp," I began. "I represent the staff of the American Magazine. I wonder if you could give me a few minutes of your time, as my appointment calls for, just enough for a good, thorough interview."

"Certainly, certainly," and he beamed again in his sunshiny way. "Come right in and tell me what you want to know."

When we were comfortably seated I asked him to give me a brief sketch of his life, which he proceeded to do in a most pleasant manner.

"Well," he commenced, "you see it's like this: I really attribute my success, or rather what you call my success, to my sensible wife, who has gone with me through thick and thin, as you might say. If it weren't for Marthalena, I suppose I'd still be slinging parcel post and sticking letters back in the old Spokane Post Office.

"Never, no never, will I forget the years I spent at a little western college—let's see now, what was the name of that place? Oh yes—it was Whitworth College! There were several hundred students there last year; it's become quite an institution. Dr. Frank Tiffany is president there now—the nephew, I believe of Dr. Tiffany who was there when I graduated, twenty years ago.

"It seems to me that the strongest mem-

ories I have of those early, care-free days are my recollections of the Chapel exercises that we had every day in the year, rain or shine. Somehow or other the picnics, parties, feeds, and hikes are just a jumble to me now. I remember driving up to Mount Spokane with a lot of other people once, but I forget who was there or when it was. I remember going on a "sneak" out to Coeur d'Alene Lake—no, I guess it was a banquet; I've forgotten all the details. That's the way all those good times seem to me now; I can't place any one of them clearly, but I know I had a roaring good time at every picnic. If it wasn't a picnic, I turned it into one.

But somehow the memory of the old Chapel is as clear as a picture. The parties and hikes all had different backgrounds but that Chapel was forever the same. I think I could tell you now just where everything was in that room: the girls sat on the right and the fellows on the left, facing the front. Up on the rostrum were the old stage-curtains—as nearly as I recall they were burlap, but I'm probably mistaken. Over on the right was the piano upon which was tirelessly played the Doxology for every Chapel service, year in and year out.

"I remember, too, how practically every Chapel speaker would start off by saying, 'Before I begin I want to tell you students how much pleasure it gives me to address such a fine-looking group of college men and women.' And we'd sit there, half-grinning, and wink at each other. Once I almost got up on my deepest dignity and told one speaker that we had heard that only about forty times that semester. My, how I pitied those Chapel speakers! They drove seven miles out of Spokane just to talk to a bunch of ninnies like us. I really did sympathize with some of them, although I didn't show it very much.

been nice, but they were not fat. They reminded me of my two maiden aunts, Mary and Charity, both aunts and hens being quite talkative, very thin, and having extremely long necks.

Father was proud to think that he had saved the enormous sum of 48 cents. He overlooked the cost of the gas, one punctured tire and numerous other small items.

The chickens were uncrated and placed in a box in the cellar. They clucked dolefully and looked for all the world as if they realized that they were about to attend each other's funerals.

So far, so good, but who was to kill the chickens? No one of us had ever beheaded a chicken and knew little how it was done. No self-respectable chicken would relish being cooked alive, so the chickens must be killed.

It was Saturday afternoon when the twin biddies arrived. They were to be decapitated in time for Sunday dinner. Father vowed that he would not have innocent blood on his hands, so left the execution up to the rest of the family. For four long hours we argued about it, and by nine o'clock Saturday night we had decided to give the chickens a reprieve till the following morning.

I am not a coward. It is true that mice sometimes do alarm me and I abhor snakes, but I saw no reason why I should not kill a chicken. Sunday morning seemed to give me fresh courage and I arose before the rest of the family. It was dark in the cellar but under the electric light I drew up the chopping block and the hatchet preparatory to the actual doing of the bloody deed.

The chickens greeted me with mournful clucks and feeble struggles to escape. Each cluck seemed to me to say, "Cut it out! Cut it out!" One hen had laid an egg and she pushed it forward with her foot as a peace offering as I reached for her through the slats which covered the box.

I thought again of my two aunts. The hen who had presented me with the egg seemed inspired. She turned her mourn-

full eyes full on me and I could almost have sworn that it was Aunt Mary looking at me. It was too much. I have heard how men cannot stand to kill rabbits because they remind them of babes. Well, I could not kill a chicken.

Mother was out of the question. She had a weak heart and father feared that the sight of blood would be too much for her.

Brother Sam had no alibi. As soon as he finished his Sunday morning nap he was called to officiate at the dual death. Sam is a good boy, but he never uses common sense. He proved that he couldn't even kill a chicken without help.

The family gathered at the head of the stairs to witness the event. Sam seemed unperturbed. Without a sign of emotion he grasped a wriggling hen under one arm and unclasped his jack-knife with the other hand. "It's a darn good thing I can whittle good," he yelled up at us.

Horror reigned at the head of the stairs. It was bad enough to cut off a chicken's head without taking it off piecemeal. By unanimous consent, Sam was retired as executioner.

Uncle Henry was staying with us then. I think Uncle Henry had never seen a live chicken outside of a market. He seemed afraid; nevertheless, he had the true bravery of MacIntyre and he went boldly into the fray. I really believe the chickens were irritated by this time. Uncle Henry seized a hen gingerly by one leg and conveyed her scrambling and kicking to the block. As the hatchet poised in mid-air Bidy gave one final kick for freedom and succeeded. Through the only open window fluttered half our Sunday dinner. Did I say that chicken was feeble? Evidently long privation had made her hardy. We never found her.

Blood and suffering father could stand, but not a loss. Besides, where was the Sunday dinner to come from if chicken No. 2 escaped? Father determined to take no chances.

He himself, relenting, had decided to

kill the chicken. Our cellar stairs are steep and father has grown rather portly. For some unknown reason he slipped on the top-most step and never stopped until he reached the cellar floor and kicked over the box which housed the Sunday dinner. Bidy needed no second invitation, through a shattered slat she scrambled. Father arose, breathing righteous wrath, but otherwise unhurt. Nature's cushions are quite a protection. Desperation often lends wings. Father was desperate to catch the chicken. Round and round the cellar he went. Once he stepped in a barrel of corn beef and nearly fell headlong. The courage of hen No. 1 had inspired No. 2. She flapped and galloped around the room with great agility. Twice father almost caught her and twice she escaped. Suddenly there

was a mighty squawk and all was still. Father removed his foot from a mess of crumpled feathers on the floor. Even in death there is victory. Two hundred and fifty pounds planted firmly on one not overly large hen, leaves little but pulp. Father had had enough. Sam was sent to bury the remains. For Sunday dinner we had Liberty steak which had been purchased for the dog. This partially consoled father, who was stunned at the loss of \$1.02; but we saved on the steak.

Now we buy our chickens already dead at the market. Country chickens were never made for the city anyway.

The sermon at church that day was based on the righteous text, "Thou shalt not kill". I believe father thought it a special providential warning to himself.

P. L.

WHO'S LIZZIE IS SHE?

There's a man named Rupp who owns a
car.

It isn't a Marmon eight;
But it's the most popular make by far
When the fellows have a date.

"Say Rupp, could I take your car?
I'll only be gone a minute.
Got a date with a girl in town
An' we wanna come out in it."

"Oh, Karl, can we take the bus?
We're goin' in to a show.
We'll see that the engine doesn't freeze
It's only twenty below."

"Hey Rupp, can we borrow the wreck?
Just for a little while.
We're goin' down to meet the gang.
It isn't over a mile."

The car hits the bumps while the owner
walks;

And as he walks, he meditates.
It's the last time he'll furnish the car
For the other fellows' dates.

He stands quite firm till the next time
That he hears the old refrain:

"Say, Rupp, can we have the car?
D'wanna walk in the rain."

—J. F. S.

“The Front Steps”

It was about three years after I entered college that I heard two old graduates talking over some of the events that had taken place on the front steps of Mc-Millan Hall.

These two were sitting on the front steps talking. One of them said, “do you know that Whitworth wouldn't be the same place nor it wouldn't hold as many memories, if these steps were taken away or others exactly like them put in their place?”

“No,” said the other thoughtfully, “the first thing I saw when I came to Whitworth was two people sitting on these steps. They were Bob Stevenson and Eleanor Stockett.”

“Yes, every day that the sun shone and it was warm, there was some of the old gang standing out here talking.”

“When it was nice there was always someone lazily leaning against the brick wall.”

“Do you remember once when someone from the window above called Fred Neale, and he said ‘coming, dear,’ and a bucket of water came down on him?”

The two were beginning to recall many of the memories dear to their hearts.

“Once Delpha poured a glass of water on Bill Dickson when he was standing here talking to some girls during class period.”

“In the Spring the steps were crowded with spectators who were watching a game of catch. The girls used to stand out here and give us some yells when we went on our trips. We will never forget the ones they gave before we went to Ellensburg!”

“At vacation time all would be out in front to bid farewell to those who were leaving, and they would be there again after vacation to greet us with a hearty cheer. When the bus left in the afternoon, all the dorm students would be out to see the town students leave. One would think they would never meet again.”

“In the winter time this was the scene for many snowball fights, along with it, many windows were knocked out. Once Teddy and Lawrence Mitchell had quite a fight here. Teddy put up a good fight against Mitch.”

“Remember how Ashford and Winger used to give taps every morning at 6:30?”

“After Sunday School everyone used to sit here or take pictures.”

“Yes, this furnished a setting for many pictures. Even the group pictures for the annual were taken here.”

“Think of all the ‘matches’ that have been made—when a gallant young man would ask a beautiful maiden to go for a walk or a ride in a ‘Bug’ or some other make of car.”

“No less famous is the doorway that leads up into the girls dormitory. The doorbell would ring then Don would open the door and call Mary, ‘When ya comin' down?’ The answer would come, ‘Oh, I'll be down after while.’ The door would just close and Bope would whistle. Bert would call back, ‘Carl, I'll be down in a minute.’ Bert's minutes were like hours to Bope so he would be back in a short time.”

“Remember how the bachelors and old maids would go out on the campus far enough so they could see in through that window at the front of the stairs? One didn't have to go to a movie. You would think they never expected to meet again.”

“Most usually there was a Dean of Women standing at the top of the stairs either awaiting her turn or waiting to lock the door.”

“Many incidents of this kind are those which the old students think of when they recall their old college days. It is a part of the college social life.”

The two graduates slowly arose, and walked out across the quadrangle, wishing they could return to their Alma Mater and bring back some of the old traditions and meet their classmates again.

—ZADA PADGHAM.

Ghosts?

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. McCoy in a satisfied tone, tipping backwards on his heels and then forward on the balls of his feet. "Ah," he repeated, "Pretty neat ad, isn't it?"

Thrusting a paper into the face of his astonished companion, Mr. Burns, he shouted with glee, "Read that!"

The latter obediently read the following ad, "Wanted a house with an undeniable reputation for ghosts of any size and description. Apply to Daniel McCoy, W. 218 Drive Avenue, Dublin."

"Ah-ha I knew you'd be surprised," chuckled the roly-poly little Mr. McCoy. "You didn't think I'd take you up on your outrageous statement, did you? Well, I did, and I ought to be getting replies to this ad any time now."

Mr. Burns sat back in his chair with a dazed expression on his handsome young face. "Not so fast, not so fast," he cautioned. "Stop a minute and explain what you want a haunted house for anyway."

Mr. McCoy cleared his throat and began slowly, "Do you remember one afternoon last week when you were foolish enough to say that there were ghosts?"

"Of course there are ghosts!" exclaimed the young man.

"Well I decided to prove to you without a doubt that your statement is, to put it mildly, simply the bunk," continued Mr. McCoy ignoring the interruption. "When a man of the twentieth century says that there are ghosts, I decide that then and there is the time to prove the falsity of the idea. I — —"

"If you had had some of my experiences," exclaimed Mr. Burns, springing to his feet. "I can prove beyond a doubt that there are ghosts. Why on a hunting trip last year, my brother and I distinctly saw — —"

"Oh come," put in Mr. McCoy impatiently, "I've heard all this before. Besides I'm trying to get a house. We—

you and I—shall live in that house for a month or any length of time, and I'll show you that there are no such things as ghosts, never have been and never will be."

Mr. Burns strode up and down the long room. Abruptly he stopped before his companion and thrusting out his hand said, "Done! I'll prove to you that there are ghosts."

Replies to the advertisement came pouring in. Huge mansions, stone huts, ramshackle barns, and even a castle were offered for lease.

The two men met at Burn's office one afternoon and determined to look at the different places, and decide where they wished to make their experiment.

McCoy, although an ardent socialist by nature, had secret inclinations toward the haunted castle, and rejoiced to find that his wishes were also those of Burns.

"We'll look at it first and, if it isn't too spookey let's get it," excitedly urged Burns.

After seeing the place they immediately decided that no other place could possibly do. It was made precisely for their needs. The price was exorbitant but they payed it without grumbling.

"This place is haunted, gentlemen," said the bent old caretaker, "I hear that a haunted house was what you wanted so you'll get it. If you want to see ghosts you are coming at the right time. The old Lord Gibson who was murdered on January 17th more than a century ago always walks at about two o'clock in the morning of that day. The real owner hasn't lived here for years. Her daughter died on January 17 and she swears that the child died because of the ghost."

Burns cast a triumphant glance at McCoy, and assured the caretaker that the place was ideal.

The next day they moved in with all their possessions. The place had gone to decay, more so than the first casual

glances had revealed. Bats had taken possession of the ivy grown towers and spiders had spun their flimsy webs from corner to corner. The grey covers of the furniture gave a ghostly appearance to the rooms, and both men gave an involuntary sigh of relief when they were taken off.

As the weeks sped on and January 17th came near, Burns became more and more reassured. On the other hand, McCoy was nearly convinced that there was something in the theory of ghosts. He was glad he had not wagered on it. Indeed, the creaking floors, and the windows that slammed when they were thought to be securely locked did not make him feel more secure in his disbelief of ghosts.

"To-morrow is the real test," proclaimed Burns one morning. "To-morrow is when our dear murdered Lord Gibson condescends to walk. Then you'll see what you see," he concluded ominously.

"You mean, I won't see what I won't see," McCoy returned.

"Have it your own way," said Burns flippantly. The next evening the two watchers took their favorite chairs and books to the bedroom that had belonged to the murdered man.

Burns, who had been dozing, suddenly awoke thinking that he had heard footsteps. However, he sank back in his chair rather shame-facedly when he discovered that it was only McCoy's chair rocking on a creaky board.

The castle had not been equipped with electric lights and the lamps cast wavering shadows on the floor of the large room.

"It would be only fair to the ghost to blow out the lamp," suggested Burns.

"All right," agreed McCoy, who was ashamed to admit his misgivings.

Two o'clock came and went. McCoy leaned back in his comfortable chair with

satisfaction. You couldn't tell him there were any ghosts.

The small clock they had placed on the table ticked terribly loud for a monster of its size. McCoy lit a match and looking at the time, extinguished the light and exclaimed with a laugh. Some tardy ghost of yours Burns! He doesn't know how to keep his appointments."

Burns laughed nervously, then checked himself and said in a breathless whisper, "Hush!"

The closet door was opening slowly and soon a ghostly figure stepped forth. Despite the fact that the room was lit only by the pale rays of the moon the object was plainly visible. It went to a table, felt vainly for an article which it seemed to expect to find there and glided rather than walked past McCoy barely missing his feet.

McCoy was fascinated—completely fascinated. He could not take his eyes from the phantom. Suddenly his taut nerves gave way and jumping to his feet he sprang toward the ghost. Burns followed him with a cry of warning.

McCoy rushed to the table and lighted the lamp just as the ghost went through the door. Grasping the lamp in his hand he rushed to the closet, with Burns close behind him.

He opened the door and backed away in dismay. There was a skeleton covered with luminous paint; but no one was there.

Burns looked at the horrid object and went to his chair. He waited until the unnerved McCoy came to sit down.

"Do you still persist in saying there are no ghosts?" he questioned quietly!

"I can't explain it," McCoy mumbled, "I can't explain it. Anyway that's no ghost that's a skeleton. I didn't say there weren't any skeletons."

Burns leaned back in his chair a quiet smile on his face. He had his own ideas as to how the thing had happened; but he kept his own counsel. —M. M. J.

Our Class

Well, tha editer of this anyal asked me to write about my class. I sez I would, 'n I set down and I writ wat I wanted to say about tha classa 1928 and if I do say it myself, its tha berries. However, enuf of that. Without further adieu let me start on wat I mite call berry no. 1.

In tha first place we wuz formerly freshmen. About four yrs. ago we arrived on that doorstep of Witworth College and wuz met by a committy of Sophomores wich looked at us n' sed, "Gosh!" That was tha first public tribute we ever got. Later tha class of 1927 had lots more to say about us. Mary Ransburg wuz particilar enthusiastik.

Well we had a nice exitin freshman yr. with sneaks 'n biology class, ' class fites. We had one reel fine time wen we took charge of a flote fer Witworth in tha Hallyween parade. We gotta nice coal truck 'n decerated it all nice 'n started fer town. On tha way tha wind blue off all tha decerations but a few tatters. Solamun in all his glory wuz not arrayed like that truck but we didn't give up. We just met tha resta tha Witworth students on a dark corner, piled in as many of em as we cud 'n paraded away. Them which got left behind sed we had disgraced tha college but they wuz jist jillus. That parade made us a reel famous class that very first yr.

Our sophomore yr. wuz likewise very sucksesful. On tha sand bank by tha gym we hed a marvelous egg rollin contest between sophomores 'n freshmen girls. I almost won but I lost a few minutes on my way up tha bank wen I stopped ta cough up a quart of gravel 'n a couple rocks. Also, during our sophomore year Lessie 'n me left a nice bunch of skunk cabbage in Mary Rans-

burgs rm. tha day she wuz off chasin tha sneakin seenyers. We wanted to show her how we missed her but fer some reason she got awful mad. Well, her bein mad worried Lessie 'n me 'n tha other 6 sophomore girls so bad we set up nearly a hole nite with nothin to eat but 3 cans of pork 'n beens, 2 boxes of crackers, 1 dz. bananas, 1 dz. oranges, 1 lb. of cookies, 1 lb. of candy 'n a cake. Mary fergave us afore she graduated.

Our Junyer yr. wuz a wow. We tuk tha Seenyers out ta Corda Lane 'n insteada drownin them we gave em a fed. They wuz awful surprised. At tha enda tha yr. there wuz a lotta speech makin about tha seenyers. Karl Rupp, wich was our class president got up 'n got awful excited 'n he begin ta wave his arms 'n yell, "Were kin you find a nicer girl than Marthaleny?" Phillip Laurie wich wuz sittin in front sez, "Hev ya tried Africy?" Phillip's reel helpful.

Seenyer yr. hez been as pieceful as a demycratic convenshun. We've bin awful busy with fites about tha class play, caps ' gowns, musik 'n lotsa other things. Also we hev been reel handycapped without tha class of 1927 to cheer us on. Ona tha faculty told us we ought to begin takin on responsibilities 'n prepare to carry life's burdens. I guess I bin doin that. Fer tha last several weeks I bin totin first Phil Laurie 'n then Russell Boucher up tha chapel isles balanced on my new shoes.

Well as others hev sed befour, my story is told. We are about to give tha college wich hez hed tha joy of shelterin us fer four yrs. tha addishional honor of graduatin us. We leeve, forgivin tha faculty and, as King Arthur sed to his Nights of the Round House, "With malice toward none, with cherry-trees for all."

—LILLIAN G. BROWN.

Beggar's Gold

An old man stood on the brink of death
His body was shrunken and brown
From his neck there hung a bag of gold
He was bent, for it weighed him down.

Listless he fingered the glittering coins
And gazed to the western sky
"No place on earth," the old man mused
"Is there one so rich as I."

"I've castle, I've title, I've kingdom, I've
crown,
I've honor and worldly fame.
Each boyhood hope, each boyhood dream,
Somewhere has been mine to claim.

"But now my youth and my prime are
past,
And I stand here at the end,
And recall the first of my childish hopes,
'Twas but to have a friend.

"Numbered my days on earth I know,
But few as they may be,
I've surely enough of silver, and gold,
To buy that friend for me."

Slowly, he retraced his weary steps
Till he came to his native vale.
"Oh where," he asked of a passing youth
"Will I find true friends for sale."

The young lad shot him a questioning
glance,
"You'll find what you want there dad"

He turned to see, but it was the tower
Where they kept the men gone mad.

"But I am willing to pay the price,"
Once more the sire began,
But the boy had gone, and he told the
town,
He had seen a crazy man.

Down 'neath the village oak he sat,
Ashied from the August heat,
The town folk stood the beating sun,
And shunned their common seat.

A cur infest with filthy fleas,
Stretched near him in the shade.
The flies buzzed 'round his dizzy head,
Their lowly serenade.

To the dog he flung a bag of gold,
It showed its yellow fangs,
The flies swarmed down upon the stuff,
The air with contempt rang.

The village tomcat lean and scrawn,
Came stealing to his knee,
But the sun shone on the gold so bright,
That it darted up the tree.

An old man stood on the brink of death
And gazed to the Western sky
"No place on earth," the old man sighed
"Is there one so poor as I."

—LAURA FREDERICK.



Society

Society

Although the students complain of having nothing to do socially at Whitworth, the number of social events is greater than we at first think.

The first social event occurred on Friday afternoon after the opening of school on Tuesday, September 27. All the girls of the college were entertained by the Kappa Gamma sorority in the Girls' Parlor. The room was decorated in autumn colors. A short program and refreshments were enjoyed.

The traditional President's reception was not given this year and so the All-College Mixer was staged on the first Friday evening, September 30. Lillian Brown, chairman of the entertainment committee, makes a good mixer; and before the evening was over, the old and the new students felt that they were friends. Our new coach set a new record by drinking eighteen glasses of punch. Many romances were begun on this night, one of which ended at the matrimonial altar in December.

On October 5 the W. A. A. held its annual fall Rally in the attic of McMillan Hall. The various activities were explained by the different captains.

The whole Student Body turned out for an all-day trip to Mt. Spokane on October 7. If the snow hadn't been so deep we would have reached the top; but we had a lot of fun anyway. It seems that Miss Taylor and Miss Morrison had their car hoodooed.

The Tri-G Club gave a taffy pull on October 14 for all the girls of the college. Bertha Tattersall, an alumna member and excellent candy maker, came out and made the taffy, which left many hands blistered but hearts happy.

October 28 brought our annual Hallowe'en Party. This was given by the Student Association in the Gym. We had a real dress parade. Marthalena Miller and Lewis Randal won prizes for the best costumes and were crowned king

and queen by Dr. Hays. Poor Lewis chose the wrong pair of tennis shoes. Many fortunes told that night have since come true—some have not.

The Kappa Gamma Alumnae entertained the active members at a lake party at Liberty Lake on October 29. Jean is some cook. Clam Chowder.

The home of Lillian Brown was the scene of the Kappa Gamma Hallowe'en Tea October 31. The spirit of the season was carried out in the decorations, favors, and refreshments.

On November 5 the girls of McMillan Hall held their annual open "Dorm." Karl Rupp and Phil Laurie proved themselves to be excellent dirt hunters and they say they found *lots* of dirt. Where? Ask Miss Taylor. Room 5 seemed to be a popular place, for it was here that the football men were treated to malted milk.

All college girls were entertained by the Kappa Gamma Alumnae at a Peanut Party on November 11 at the home of Bertha and Gladys Tattersall. Who has the steadiest nerves?

On November 16 the boys of Ballard Hall surprised the girls by giving a serenade. Needless to say we were thrilled. We recognized the voice of Harold, an old student in their midst.

The following night we had some real excitement. Lights blinked, shots were heard, and we saw a ghost—yes, a real live ghost. Our boys tried to capture him but failed. Anyway the girls enjoyed the show.

The Kappa Gamma girls held their annual Kensington in the Girls' Parlor November 18. Of course we can sew.

The "W" Club enjoyed a banquet at Mrs. Richards November 25. Prof. Hussong acted as toastmaster. Bennett and Killian decided to finish their eating contest at Thanksgiving time.

The largest football banquet in years was held in the college dining room December 2. Dr. Tiffany acted as toast-

master and many toasts were given. How does Prof. Harvey know what happens in a taxi-cab? Gene Garrett and Bill Boppell received the two inspiration cups given by Prof. Harvey and Coach Bennett. Bill was elected captain for next year. This banquet is sponsored each year by the W. A. A.

Students of Whitworth enjoyed a wonderful musical program December 7, when "Baldy" Strang and his wife took us in our imagination to dear old Scotland and to Arkansas.

On December 9 the doors of the new Ballard Hall were thrown open to all. The boys worked very hard that day and their rooms certainly showed the result of their labor!

The chapel, where a short program was given, was well filled with visitors. Later in the evening, the girls, Dean Morrison, and Miss Taylor enjoyed the boys' feed in Prof. Harvey's room. The boys never announced their feeds in chapel again.

February 11, Kappa Gamma held its annual initiation and banquet. Lillian Brown was toastmistress at the banquet in the East Banquet Room of the Davenport Hotel. Eight new members were welcomed into the sorority by Lessie Rasco. Maude Holt gave the response.

Alpha Psi Delta held their annual banquet the same evening at the Davenport. They welcomed the Kappas with one of their old songs, "My Girl's A Kappa." Karl Rupp and Maurice McQuillin were made members of the fraternity.

On February 22 we all went back to the days of George Washington. We danced again the old Virginia Reel. Can anyone tell Karl Rupp how George kept his stockings up? Miss Taylor and Miss Morrison were the belles of the evening.

The girls of the "dorm" gave a feed in honor of Miss Doris Smith in Zada and Betty's rooms on February 27. Toast smells good. Another feed which we all enjoyed very much was given by Mary and Maude in honor of Miss Helen Fowler of Whitman College. The invita-

tions were especially pretty. "Pa" and "Ma" arrived rather late.

The Sophs entertained the Frosh in the Boys' Parlor, February 24. Everyone had a great time, despite the fact that the lights went out.

On February 29 the girls did not forget that this is leap year. The boys were proposed to through such songs as "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" and "Moonlight and Roses."

Early in March the "W" Club gave a program, including a one-act play, "The Obstinate Family." Who is most obstinate?

On March 16 the Tri-G Club gave a St. Patrick's Tea in honor of Dean Alice Morrison at the home of Caroline Petsch. The rooms were beautifully decorated in green and white. Miss Morrison poured the tea in a room lighted only by two tall green tapers.

On the evening of the same day the Alpha Psi Delta fraternity gave its annual St. Patrick party in Murray Memorial Chapel. We did not know we had so many poets in our school. An excellent program was given.

Despite April showers, the girls enjoyed their picnic at Cook's Lake, especially the boat rides. We always look forward to the April Frolic when we can dress as men and frolic until we have had enough. We certainly had a lot of good-looking "shieks" this year and will remember April 20 as a good day of fun.

The Kappa Gamma May Party is scheduled for May 18. Dorothy Dailey will be crowned Queen of the May and ten girls will wind the May Pole. The Volunteer Fellowship is planning a picnic. The W. A. A. Spring Rally is yet to come. The Senior plays will be given on June 1. The Senior class and adviser will enjoy a breakfast at the home of Russell Boucher some time during Commencement week.

June 8 is Commencement Day. We will be both glad and sad. Glad for rest—sad at leaving our friends.

—L. E. R.

- 13—First Buxtonian oration.
- 11—Boys serenade girls. Spooks appear on the campus.
- 16—More spooks. They visit Dorothy.
- 17—Spooks serenade again. Warber gives Chalk Talk.
- 18—Gilmore comes back to “rend” some poetry. Exams begin. Kappa Gamma gives a party.
- 19—Leah Grove entertains lady friends at her home.
- 21—Rev. Hood visits chapel. Gives Indians’ opinion of bald-headed men. Glad we aren’t Prof. Hus-song.
- 22—Football boys stuff themselves at Mrs. Richards’ Inn. Killian isn’t so large; but watch that boy eat.
- 23—Thanksgiving vacation starts. For that we can be thankful.
- 24—L. C. vs. N. C. game. Karl wears red cap and pretty feather.
- 25—Many alumni visit old haunts. Return to pre-historic stamping ground.
- 27—Return of Ford from Kettle Falls surprises all.
- 28—Vacation ends. Prof. Harvey runs competition with dorm students taking two young ladies to service station.
- 30—Karl commences to torture the drum.
- 29—Katherine B. Tiffany comes to chapel on time.

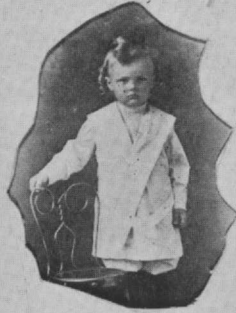
DECEMBER

- 1—Mr. Fritz travels from China to speak to us.
- 4—Gospel Team speaks at Reardan.
- 6—Girls get jump at basketball. Start practice before boys do.
- 7—Miss Grove laughs all day. Baldy Strang and Company concludes the program of entertainment in the evening.
- 8—“Bee” leaves school: “B” alphabetically follows “A”. Laboratories are cleaned for a change—even windows.
- 11—Gospel Team visits Evangelical Church. Mr. Warber entertains royally.

- 12—Miss Selma Crow gives lecture on negroes, in chapel.
- 13—Miss Schwendig and Miss Hinton fight duel. Results: Miss Hinton suffers cracked nose.
- 14—Seven and one-half foot icicle discovered. It appeared under Miss Grove’s window after she had chased away an admirer.
- 15—Delpha rescued from death by Bob and Professor Harvey after explosion in Chem. Lab.
- 16—We draw names for Christmas. All are satisfied.
- 17—Gospel Team at Parental Home—are not detained there.
- 20—Dr. Tiffany gives illustrated talk on Madonnas in art.
- 21—Florence Hufty returns for a visit. Orchestra practice in the chapel.
- 23—Christmas party. Dr. Hays forgets to act as Santa Claus.
- 24—Everyone leaves for home and Christmas dinners.
- 25—Christmas—Santa Claus remembers us.

JANUARY

- 1—1928 begins to commence.
- 2—School begins again. Girls start year right by dormitory feed.
- 3—Kappa Gamma squelching. Alan returns to the fold. The bus is 40 minutes late. Dr. Edmondson speaks.
- 4—Delpha falls in snow. Results—great depression both in Delpha and in the campus.
- 5—Dr. Edmondson tells us about Eskimos.
- 6—Basketball game—Boys fail to get started right and are beaten by Davenport Hotel.
- 7—Boys beat Grahams.
- 8—Smith takes courage in hand and leads C. E. Lilly is there.
- 9—Prof. Buxton’s lecture on Theism. We are squelched with knowledge.
- 11—Dr. Edmondson relates further Eskimo experiences.



"I'm already good for about ten miles a day."



"Hello, Uncle Sam, I'm from Canada."



"Come on, gang, to the senior class meeting."



"See my pigtails."



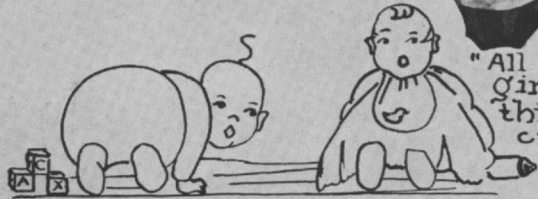
"Ole, you can't come into our back yard."



"Where's that article for the Whitworthian?"



"All the girls think I'm cute."





"I'm bashfull,
but I'll play
with you."



"The boys like me."



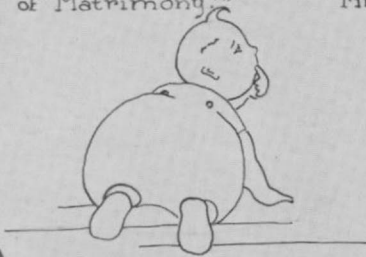
"I already feel
it sprouting on
my upper lip."



"Now, I'll present
my illustrated chalk
talk on the 'Donds
of Matrimony'."



"First debate."



"Mamma says I'm
awful cute."

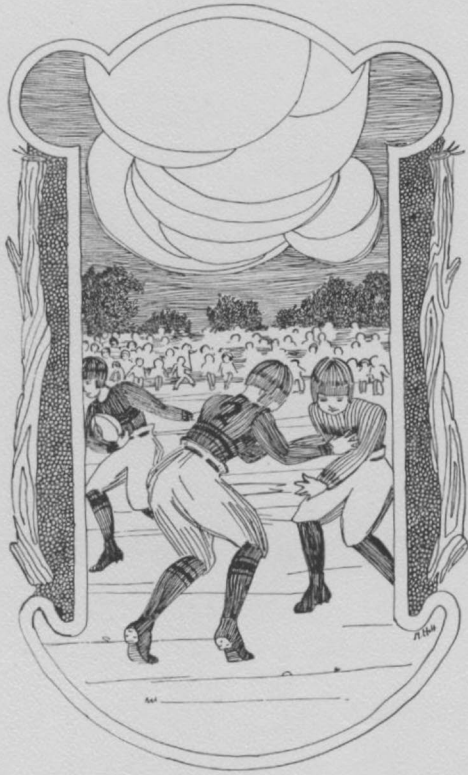


"Wanta hear 'Sockery
Settin' the Hen'."



- 12—Profesor Harvey gives cold shower recipe for reducing anger. We needed it.
- 13—Dr. Tiffany gives papers on faults of men. The ladies of Whitworth are not shy in expressing their opinions.
- 14—Dr. Thomson visits chapel—good talk and many good jokes. Alpha Psi Delta St. Patrick's party is a big success. Smith proves himself poet in limerick contest. rick contest.
- 18—Gospel team visits Parental Home—Not allowed to remain.
- 19—Author greatly humiliated when Dr. Stockwell takes him for a freshman—Doubly worse, Miss Schwendig and Miss Grove hear.
- 20—Dr. Clyde Wheeland of Chicago gives a fine talk.
- 23—Russell's lunch disappeared. The mice are not caught. Miss Taylor very apprehensive.
- 25—Gospel team visits Valleyford. Killian eats his share of lunch and share of those left at home.
- 26—It is rumored that Killian has indigestion.
- 27—Dr. Wheeland speaks to us again. We like his smile.
- 28—We want life-boats on the bus—Gertrude rocks it when she giggles.
- 29—Miss Garfield bursts into . . . a . . . song.
- 30—We have a declamation contest. "Dumb-bells" also attend. Rupp and Laurie win places.
- APRIL
- 1—April fool's day. Set aside in our honor.
- 2—Vaccination is advised. Advice considered.
- 3—Mary really has smallpox. It is not an April fool joke.
- 4—University professors visit and speak in chapel. We pass inspection because we rubbed the soup off our vest.
- 5—Vaccination really happens.
- 6—Bunnies lay first Easter eggs.
- 7—Saturday, enjoying a day of vacation.
- 8—Easter Sunday.
- 9—Seniors practice for "coming-out" party. Press gowns and try on mortar-boards.
- 10—Seniors are recognized. Tested with pins. Mrs. Preston comes to look us over.
- 11—Seniors look human again—sore feet, badly crushed in the investiture march are recuperating.
- 12—Seniors know no more than before. Hope is abandoned.
- 13—"Friday the 13th." We are not unlucky—Caroline smiled at us.
- 14—Seniors keep up good work. Still fight over play.
- 16—Miss Garfield gives us her idea of a perfect man—it doesn't fit us.
- 18—Leila B. sings to Russell and Dr. Hays. School is enthralled.
- 20—April frolic. We wonder if our trousers look that funny on us?
- 21—Prof. Hussong suffers sunburned head. Girl's had borrowed his cap for frolic.
- 22—Gospel team at Kettle Falls. The river and the "eats" are wonderful.
- 24—New romance. Russell and Suzanne pick flowers. Gertrude is chaperone.
- 25—Miss Garfield opens negotiations with police station and junk company.
- 26—Seniors show old fight in class meeting—blood is mopped up.
- 27—Recitational and oratorical contest held. Miss Schwendig helps Smith find a seat. Whitworth wins first place.
- 30—Randal returns from Rosalia minus his Ford. It was lost, strayed, or stolen. Jean returns and takes her Greek test.

(Continued on Page One Hundred Two)



Athletics

Coach Thorson Bennett



Coach Thorson H. Bennett, graduating student and athletic instructor at Whitworth this year, brought with him an enviable record of achievement in Oregon. From his home in Milton, that hotbed of athletic prowess, Mr. Bennett entered Pacific University, Oregon. There he starred in football, won honors in basketball, and "brought home the bacon" in the track season.

In the Olympic try outs of 1924, he competed against all the universities and colleges of the west and took fifth place.

The following year Pacific lost its comet quarterback, forward, and half-miler to the University of Oregon. Mr. Bennett upon one occasion recently admitted that whenever Oregon played Pa-

cific his sympathies were always for his old Alma Mater, in spite of his changed colors.

In September, 1927 he entered Whitworth to complete his college course and at the same time take over the direction of athletics. This year the men turned out and played hard, some even doing so when they knew that they would not be able to play in a Conference game. They were doing it for their school and for their coach, whose tactics and methods they respected, and whose fighting blood they admired.

Mr. Bennett is a coach of true caliber, for in plain language he "practices what he preaches." As soon as good weather came, he could be found down on the field every morning at six o'clock, going through the stiffest of exercises for nearly an hour. His recommendation for a morning "daily dozen" is a thorough work-out on the punching-bag and then an ice-water shower to top off the whole procedure.

No athletic nor physical training field lies outside of Mr. Bennett's realm of interest. His most recent efforts have been centered upon the science of tumbling. With one or two assistants, out on the campus green, he has proved it to be a fascinating subject and worthy of the interest of every physical culture fan.

Such, in brief, is the past and present record of one whose place at Whitworth College it will be most difficult to fill this coming year—Coach Thorson H. Bennett.

Football

Last fall, when the doors of Whitworth were once again flung open to thronging students from far and wide, a great discovery was made by the old "pirates"; a handsome, young, super-masculine he-man from Oregon, with a tiny mustache, that added a dignified air of authority had been commissioned as coach and was on his toes, ready to start the football season with a bang. However, only three lettermen could be found, and the situation looked rather doubtful. They were: Carl Laudenbach, Bill Boppell, and Gene Garrett. But in a couple of weeks Dave Adams, another old recruit, appeared on the scene and brightened the hopes of Coach Bennett.

The line-up at the beginning was as follows: Williams, L.E.; Husey, L.T.; Morse, L.G.; Klaudt, C.; Garrett, R.G.; Hansen, R.T.; McQuillin, R.E.; Boppell, Q.; Laudenbach, L.H.; Adams, R.H.; Skaer, F.B.

The first game of the season was a victory at home over Spokane College, 6-0.

Bill Boppell provided the big thrill of the day when in the third quarter he ran back a punt sixty-five yards for the only touchdown in the game. Our Pirates then seemed to gain renewed strength for in the last quarter, with Laudenbach, Adams, and Skaer smashing off tackle with persistent driving, the pigskin was finally placed within two yards of the Indian goal. But too late, for "just then the whistle blew"—and seven men on the team had played their first game of football!

Next in the season's events was a defeat at the hands of Spokane University, 26-0.

Our bloody Pirates entered the lists at S. U. with all the fighting courage and reckless determination of their notorious namesakes and gave the staid old

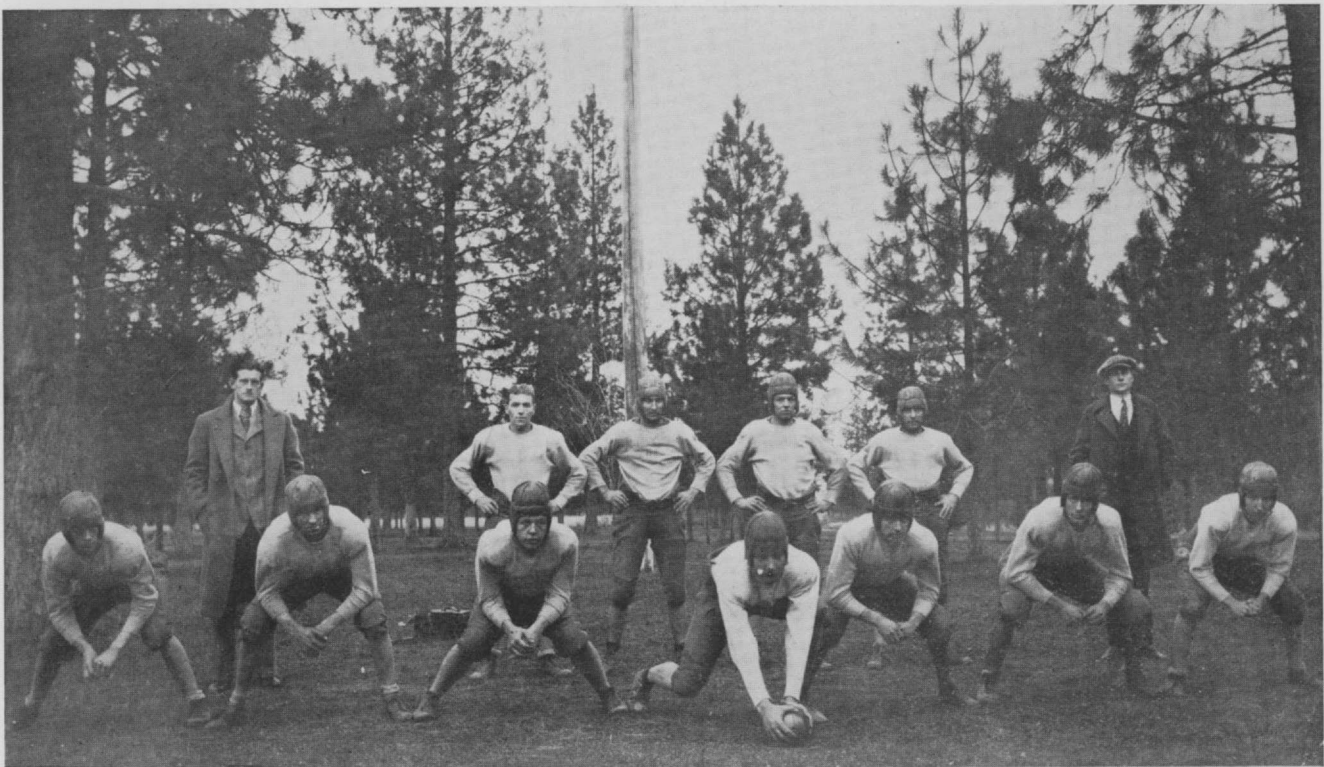
University veterans a real run for their money. At the end of the first half, the score stood 7-0, in the enemy's favor. With the true Whitworthian spirit, our new men had "held that line", and had given the Crusaders the surprise of the season.

Although the Pirates had been playing to the limit of their capacity, they had to suffer defeat in the end; for Spokane U. rallied between halves and came back "fighting mad." A true description of the remainder of that battle would be a dark and bloody one. When there were but ninety seconds to go, the Crusaders had the ball within a few yards of Whitworth's goal. It had become so dark that their passes only fumbled and failed. They tried a plunging line assault, but our grimy Pirates bucked these veterans like a living stone wall. Again they formed and plunged, but again they fell back, like a pounding surf against a granite cliff. One down to go! Only a last resort was left — to make a great, encircling end run; and in the dusky gloom it worked! Such was the "game of the season".

Cheney Normal, 25-0, at Cheney was booked to win by a score of about 75 to 0, because of her heavier team; but the Pirates upset all the "dope" and spoiled all their pipe-dreams. The field was muddy and slippery, and weight counted more than anything else. The first half ended in a scoreless tie. Then Cheney pulled a triple criss-cross play which sent Critchfield, their star fullback, down the field on a thirty-five-yard run to a touchdown. In the last quarter, Bill Boppell's hand was broken and he was unable to pass.

The line up at the Cheney game was as follows: Bromling, L.E.; Hussey, L. T.; Russell, L.G.; Klaudt, C.; Garrett, R.G.; Morse, R.T.; Killian, R.E.; Boppell, Q.; Laudenbach, L.H.; Skaer, T.; Adams, R.H.

[SEVENTY-SEVEN]



Natsihi—1928

Basketball



Kerniew Williams Marvin Skaer
Clifford McNeal Coach Bennett

Carl Laudenschach Maurice McQuillin
Herman Klautdt Leon Killian

Our Pirate quintet fought like true and bloody bucaners, but were forced to "walk the plank" to the bitter end. The four Conference games, with Spokane University and Spokane College, all ended in disaster for Whitworth; but every battle was hotly contested and the outcome often in doubt until the last quarter. The total number of our points in these Conference games amounted to eighty-three, which is by no means a record to be ashamed of.

Lack of experience was the cause of the season's final outcome. Laudenschach starred as high-point man. Boppell was the only other veteran on the squad. As in the football season, Coach Bennett

fashioned from a very limited amount of mostly raw material, a team of which everyone was glad to speak a good word.

Practically all of the extra-conference games were victories for Whitworth. The crowning note of the season, however, came when our Pirates defeated the United States Army squad by a score of 35 to 17, on the Y. M. C. A. floor.

The line-up during the season was as follows: Boppell, L.F.; Williams, R. F.; Klautdt, C.; Skaer, R.G.; Laudenschach, L.G. McQuillin also received a letter as right forward. These letters were awarded by Coach Bennett at the W-Club banquet at the Davenport Hotel after the close of the season.



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TELEPHONE MAIN 6621

(Continued from Page Twenty-two)

Lillian G. Brown, our most angelic member, was presented to a waiting world at Pikes Peak, Colorado. Miss Brown told true stories while still unable to stir from her high chair. Much of her early life has been censored. After reading her first literary effort Miss Brown's alarmed parents took her to the family physician, who assured them that there was no immediate danger and prescribed "Scott's Emulsion."

In college Miss Brown has ever kept in mind "That soft answer turneth away wrath" and that "a meddling woman stirreth up strife." She has been a great joy and comfort to the class of '27. Miss Brown is looking forward to seeing her plays produced on Broadway.

—P. L. and L. B.

Prof. Harvey: "You're getting careless. This apparatus is set up crooked."

Hansen: "H'm. I guess I forgot to have my plumb line tested lately."

“It Pays to Pay Cash at Marr’s”

71 Stores

“It Pays to Pay Cash at Marr’s”

Hansen: “I thought you were raising a mustache.”

Randal: “I was, but I shaved it off.”

Hansen: “Why? It had a good start.”

Randal: “Aw, it was getting so long people noticed it.”

Skaer: “Why weren’t you at the party last night?”

Cliff Bromling: “I had on a rented tuxedo.”

Skaer: “Well, what of that?”

Bromling: “The rent was where it would show.”

Dr. Hays: “Now in my college days I belonged to the Order of the Garter.”

Shimmy: “How very interesting! Which chapter—Boston or Paris?”

Prof. Buxton: “I run things myself at my house.”

Prof. Hussong: “So do I; the furnace in the winter and the lawn mower in the summer.”



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Mr. Bennett: "Now, do you understand the game of football?"

Dr. Tiffany: "Perfectly. But why are all those men chasing that poor fellow?"

Mr. Bennett: "Because he has the ball."

Dr. Tiffany: "But haven't they another one?"

Would you ever believe:

That Lessie Rasco weighs 2 more pounds than Gertrude Johnson?

That Leah Grove is in love for the first time?

That Miss Garfield studied singing in France?

That Lily Schwendig takes reducing exercises every morning by rolling down the hall?

Dr. Tiffany: "You're a fine typist if you can't put a ribbon in the typewriter!"

Miss Taylor: "Can Paderewski tune a piano?"

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THE CRESCENT
RIVERSIDE, MAIN AND WALL

Lillian Brown: "I never use a powder puff."

Philip Laurie: "No, she uses a sofa pillow full of flour by the size of it."

Lewis Randal calls his Ford true love because it never runs smooth. He said that although automobiles are increasing by leaps and bounds pedestrians are decreasing in spite of leaps and bounds. Lewis said that he has converted many a fool into an angel at the cross-roads. He has also decided that a mighty little jack can lift a car up but it takes lots of it to keep one up, and that it isn't the silver lining that makes life worth living but it's the brake linings.

Phillip Laurie: "I think your niece is good looking."

Gertrude Johnson: "Don't say 'knees is,' say 'knees are.'"

Vivian Holm: "All you do is growl."

Herman Klautdt: "Why shouldn't I, all I get to eat is sausage?"

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McQuillin: "You should put the curtains down when you kiss your girl."

Killian: "The joke's on you, I wasn't with her last night."

Clifford McNeal: "Have you a steady beau?"

Janice Schermerhorn: "I'll say he's steady! He drives better with one hand than most men do with two."

Clara Parker: "What makes your feet so wet?"

Vivian Holm: "I have been wearing pumps."

Ester George: "The fortune teller told me my exact age by looking at the lines in my hand."

Virginia Koyl: "She could have done that by looking at the lines in your face."

Russell Boucher: "Oh I'm smart."

Alan Rice: "What do you mean?"

Russell B.: "I've got brains I haven't used yet."

Congratulations!

*Whitworth
Graduation Class
June 1928*



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LAST WORDS OF FAMOUS
PEOPLE

Lessie Rasco—Yes, I'll take another
pickle.

Lillian Brown—Just wait until I go out
and stir Zada up.

Zenola Clapp—Hee! Hee!

Philip Laurie—Well, for pity sakes!

Dr. Hays—Young people, I urge you to
be repetitious in your studies.

Lloyd Smith—I'll just take this chair
beside Lily Schwendig.

Leah Grove—Idiot! I'm talking.

Zada Padgham—Watta ya use the old
bean for anyway?

Jean Seaton—Ja know what I heard?

Caroline Petsch: Plop! Plop! (Sound of
chewing gum.)

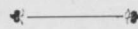
Kerniew Williams: "Say, Dr. Hays,
just because you run down a pair of
heels don't think you are a detective."

Dr. Tiffany (to a senior): "Did you
notice any change while in college?"

Senior: "No, not in my pockets."

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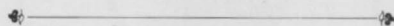
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Smitty: "My new brother looks just like me."

Williams: "That is too bad, but if he doesn't out grow it, you can have his face lifted."

Zada: "Now everyone keep still and give three cheers for the coach."

Professor Hussong: "What can the state legislature give the governor without his consent?"

Mary Hinton: "Small pox."

Valentine Saleslady: "Here is a lovely sentiment, "To the girl I love best."

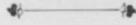
Laudy: "That is fine. I'll take six of them."

Prof. Hussong: "I suppose you didn't run across a fellow named Scrimshaw on your travels."

Rupp: "Dunno, professor—I never stop to ask their names."

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Roberts: "You weren't at the party last night. Why?"

Klautdt: "The moths had held a banquet in my dress suit, so I had to stay at home."

Shindig had a little lamb
Given by a friend to keep
It followed her around until
It died from want of sleep.

"If there are any ignoramuses in the room, please rise." said Dr. Hays, sardonically. There was a pause and then Smitty rose to his feet.

Dr. Hays: "Lloyd, do you mean to say that you are one?"

Smitty: "Well, sir, not exactly, but I hated to see you standing alone."

Janice: "Prof. Harvey, is there anything you can do better than anyone else?"

Prof. Harvey: "Yes—I can read my own writing."

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Mrs. Tiffany in English class: "Smitty, spell banana."

Smitty: "Darn it, Mrs. Tiffany, I know how to spell it, but I don't know when to stop."

Miss Morrison: "What do you associate with the word 'mutton'?"

Rice: "Jeff."

Do you know," said Dr. Tiffany, pompously, "I began life as a barefoot boy."

Well," said Rupp, "I wasn't born with shoes on either."

The Pestagraph

My favorite pest is Marvin Skaer,
Of crusty nerve he has his share.
Whenever I am chewing gum
His greeting words are "gimme some."

Zuzu: "For every kiss you lose three days of your life."

McNeal: "Then that's what's the matter with Shimmy."

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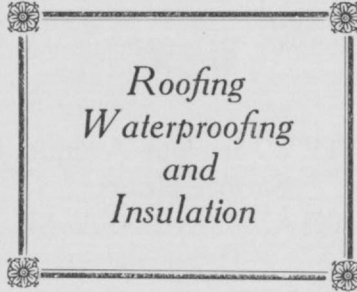


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Betty Beal: "You deceived me before we were married. You told me you were well off."

Maurice McQ.: "I was but I didn't know it."

Professor Buxton (looking at a new book that Carl Lewis had just returned): "My goodness, page one is torn! (turns over page) Page two is torn also. How careless of him."

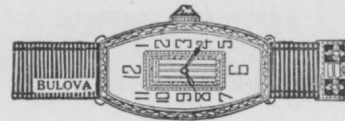
Leah Grove: "When did you have on an evening suit last?"

Frank Tiffany: "Last night."

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(Exact words of Leila Garfield).

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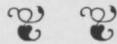
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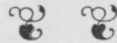
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What Our Friends Think

Delpha Coffman: "I hate to see the Seniors go cause I won't get to play the Russian hymn."

Zuzu Clapp: "I'll miss that tiny bunch of hair."

Lewis Randal: "I'll miss the jewel of my heart."

McQuillan: "I'll be glad to get rid of the saps."

Zada Padgham: "Who'll I quarrel with then?"

Maude Holt: "I'll miss all the latest scandal since she's gone."

Lilly Schwendig: "You say your sister makes up jokes; then she's a humorist?"

Kathryn Bochman: "No; she works in a beauty parlor."

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Dorothy Dailey: “The man I marry must be game from head to foot.”

Lewis Randal: “Give me a chance, I’ve a game leg already.”

“A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer”

“No wonder so many of us flunk in our exams.”

Here’s where I lose ground, said the tramp as he slipped into the bath tub.

Lillian Brown: “When I go to Heaven, I am going to ask Shakespeare if he wrote all of his plays.”

Russell Boucher: “He may not be there”

Lillian Brown: “Then you can ask him.”

Alan Rice: “Don’t you think that the girls in McMillan Hall are a bit unconventional?”

Thorson Bennett: ‘Just a shade, Rice; just a shade.’”

*Now and
Always*



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Killian: "I presume that you would be glad to have me call again."

Maude Holt: "You do."

Killian: "I do what?"

Maude: "Presume."

Hallie Harris: "Where did you ever learn to kiss like that?"

Everell Sharnbroich: "I play the saxophone."

Kerniew Williams: "Who is that awful looking frump over there?"

Ole Oiland: "Why, that's my wife."

Williams: "Oh—er—beg pardon, my mistake."

Ole. "No. no—mine."

REGRETS

Ole—"Gertrude, vill you marry me?"

Gertrude—"Yaas, Ole."

A long, deadening silence falls.

Gertrude—"Vy don't you say something, Ole."

Ole—"Vell Oi toink Oi say too much already."

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Quick Action

Albert Morse: "Did you get much out of college?"

Gene Garrett: "I don't know about the volume, but the velocity was something great."

Needs Tuning Up

Mrs. Mather: "What is the matter with your singing? You are simply screeching."

Alan Rice: "Only hittin' on one ton-sil."

Lewis Randal: "Yes, I've often gone over the top."

Lee Knoll: "That so? Where were you stationed in France?"

Lewis Randal: "I never was in France: I am a barber."

Kenneth Knoll: "You know I'm funny like that—always throw myself into anything I undertake."

Maude Holt: "How splendid! Why don't you dig a well?"

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Frank Tiffany: "Miss Taylor gave you a dirty look when she handed out your mail."

Alan Rice: "My friends are such poor writers she can't read the cards that come for me."

Prof Harvey: "I want you to know that I am a self-made man."

Alice Sandstrom: "Well, who interrupted you."

Calendar

(Continued from Page Seventy-four)

MAY

- 1—May Day. Some May baskets had hidden bricks.
- 5—Seniors massacred by Juniors. Sophs and Frosh strike for "Liberty" Jean wears cap and gown for first time.
- 6—Volunteer Fellowship went to Fish-trap. Carl Lewis had to explain. "Ole" saved the day. Lessie much relieved.
- 18—Kappa Gamma gave annual May Party.
- 20—Gospel team at Oakesdale. Sharnbroich and Knoll left at home.
- 25—Seniors try out play away from home. Can you blame them?

JUNE

- 1—Senior Play given at Whitworth. Tremendous attempt to win public applause.
- 3—Splendid baccalaureate sermon in First Presbyterian Church by Dr. Beatty of Wenatchee. Entire College attends in body.
- 6—Ballard Oratorical contest.
- 7—Musical program—Solo and ensemble.
- 8—Commencement. Degrees granted and honors announced. Seniors expelled from college—Part "cum laude" and all cum "Laudie."

—PHILLIP LAURIE.

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