



THE CRESCENT

VOLUME XXXII

NEWBERG, OREGON, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1920

NUMBER 3

Everybody Happy?--Yea Bo!

INTER-CLASS BASKET BALL

Schedule

Monday November 15, at 4:15; Academy vs Sophomores. Referee, Prof. Macy.

Tuesday November 16, at 4:45; Freshmen vs Juniors, Seniors and Faculty. Referee, L. Conway.

Wednesday November 17, at 4:15; Academy vs Freshmen. Referee, Prof. Lewis.

Thursday November 18, at 4:15; Academy vs Juniors, Seniors and Faculty. Referee, L. Wright.

Friday November 19, at 4:45; Freshmen vs Sophomores. Referee, Prof. Perisho.

Monday November 22, at 4:15; Sophomores vs Juniors, Seniors and Faculty. Referee, A. Terrell.

Throughout the last two weeks the above mentioned divisions have been busy whipping their teams into shape for the hardest inter-class tournament that has been scheduled in many years.

Interest is running high, all the divisions have their "pep" committees which have been injecting enthusiasm into the class supporters as well as arousing the team aspirants to their test work. Since the completion of the repair on the gymnasium involving a few alterations in the dressing rooms the men find it easier to observe regular hours for practice and thus the necessity of stricter training rules.

With the return of coach R. W. Lewis to the faculty and the addition of Professor Perry Macy, who played four years on the varsity during his college days here, the Junior, Senior and Faculty squad have had their prospects brightened materially.

The Sophomores with the return of former letter man Lester Wright and squad men Conway, Carter and Haworth are fast building a scoring machine, in which that class has the greatest confidence.

Last year's second team forwards A. Terrell and C. R. Hinshaw with back guard Brooks Terrell and floor man "Fuzzy" Frazier with the addition of a legthy Greenleaf Academy star in Harlan Rinard to fill the position of Center the wearers of the

green have loaded their gun for the pennant.

The Academy has former letter men H. Terrell and Armstrong to build their combination about and has stirred a couple of eastern high school players out in Herman Elliott from Indiana and Paul Kirkheart of Oklahoma. They also have succeeded in developing some pretty good prospects from the scrubs to finish out their machine into the best representation that the Academy has had in several years.

ACADEMY EXCITEMENT

Who says the Academy doesn't have fun? All present at the Academy social Friday night, November 5, will testify to the fact that the Academy has fun and lots of it.

The first feature of the evening was a game of "Buzz" which exposed a suprising and altogether shocking ignorance of the multiplication tables even in some prominent members of the Academy Student Body.

Presently slips of paper having sentences of nursery rhymes written upon them were passed around and all those having sentences from the same rhyme formed groups and later dramatized the scenes related on the slips of paper. Those in the group representing "Mary had a little lamb," had a few difficulties because of the fact that they all wanted to be the lamb but the matter was finally settled by arbitration and Bernice Newhouse, because of certain lamb-like qualities, was unanimously elected to fill the much sought after position. The young actress splendidly filled her role and there was scarcely a dry eye in the house when the lamb was heartlessly expelled from school by the irate teacher. The poor little thing bleated pathetically.

The other groups also presented their scenes splendidly, but they did not dramatize plays of so sober a nature.

Later, such games as "Music" and "Ring around the Rosy" were indulged in. Professor Weesner especially distinguished himself as a Musician.

The refreshments, consisting of ice cream and wafers, were served, and just before the party broke up the presence of the irrepressible Fresh-

(Continued on page 2)

FESTIVAL OF SPIRITS

SPOOKES

In the distance rise the shadowy outlines of the spectral palace where the annual festival of the spirits is being held. At the door the hand of each guest is grasped by a fellow-spirit. As their hands meet, the guest feels a chill pierce his transparent form from finger-tips to toes. In the dim light of the room can be seen delegates from the four corners of the earth. One corpulent spirit from afar complains that she cannot get back by dawn unless she leaves earlier than last year.

A few are arrayed in conventional ghostly outfit while others wear the uniform of their profession. Suddenly the crowd parts and through the opening appears the shade of a negro preacher in great haste with his ghostly coattails flying behind him. Close on his heels comes his satanic Majesty pursuing him as in his life on earth.

Yonder is a tattered figure shuffling along. It is the ghost of a former schoolboy, but now he has degenerated. It seems a pity. He was once such a promising youth. Through the assembly are floating a pair of spirits whose task it is to keep the spirit world free from the shadow of dirt.

Finally the guests are bidden to enter a long dark passage. Gusts of wind make their ghostly garments flutter as they grope through the blackness. At the end of the tunnel they find Hecate bending over a huge kettle which contains the fates of the spirits for the coming year. As his doom is foretold, each one passes on. The shadowy line winds out of the palace and across the moonlit country to the mouth of a cavern over which the name appears in letters of fire. One by one the shades cast a last glance at the moonlight and turn shuddering toward the entrance to the underworld. They are told that if there is a misstep they will wander for the rest of their days in the darkness. An accurate story will never be told of the terrors through which they pass. It is enough to say that there are clanking of chains, and shrieks and wails on all sides. Fortunately everyone escapes this year without mishap.

The light hearted spooks once

more form in line and dance over the fields to the scene of the festival, where they are rewarded with spirits of cider and the holes of doughnuts. Suddenly a hush falls over the gathering. From the distance comes the sound of the first cock crowing. A few brave gentlemen spirits place themselves at the side of a desirable lady spirit. As the shades file out of the building, the palace behind them vanishes and they are drawn up on the rays of the moon.

COLLEGE HIKE

'Twas out in the, "forest primeval, mid the murmuring pines and the hemlocks, beaded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight," where a bunch of peppy girls, and—boys?, spent a jolly time, the afternoon of Armistice day. After acquiring this new and elevated position of life, for we had climbed to the very summits thereof through trials and tribulations and roads strewn with stumbling blocks, and disliking the chilly atmosphere of our reception to that place, so rarely populated, a roaring fire was built in our midst.

Memories of bygone days were brought back to us by the little old country schoolhouse, swings, etc., but more present memories were suggested to us soon by the word, "eats." Sandwiches, pickles, potatoes, beans, cookies and cake, oh! how they vanished and no one mourned at their departure. Dusk found us on our journey homeward forsaking "Pleasant view" with a pleasant memory.

To Be or Not to Be.

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

Help—"Hear about Metley's getting stung by a rattler last week?"
"Gosh, no! How did it happen?"
"He bought a used fivver without first testing it."—Buffalo Express.

You can lead a man to college, but you can't make him think.

Mary F. Bundy

THE CRESCENT.

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JUST TO REMIND YOU:

That—
You should pack up your troubles in your old suit case, and "Smile, Smile, Smile!"—
The magazines are in the library for the sole purpose of being read.
The next lyceum number occurs November 26.
The exchange papers are behind the library door and are well worth reading.
The bulletin board is not a waste paper basket.
You are expected to acknowledge College acquaintances when you meet them on the street.
The banister was not made for a "shoots" or a coat rack, nor were the north steps constructed for a 'rubber' receptacle.
P. C. boys are going to play basket ball this year.
The College has Pep. (?)
This pep will be displayed at the coming class basket ball try outs. Your class will win if you yell loud enough, and boost hard enough.
We patronize our advertiser.
The same old register in the main hall near the office door warms the building sufficiently without any surplus "hot air."
If you are asked to write Crescent copy, it is your honest duty to do so.
Sometimes when a "cat" scratches it hurts.
The stack room is a wonderful place to visit with your most intimate friend. (?)
One of our faculty gained high esteem,
She was such a good sport on Hal-lowe'en.

—o—
A Coincidence

Hot passionate words fell from his lips.
She colored deeply.
He was hunting for his collar stud.
She was rouging her face at the mirror.—Ex.

ACADEMY EXCITEMENT

(Continued from page 1)
men was disclosed by lively yells from the halls above. They evidently were just returning from a hike. It is to be hoped that the Freshmen had as enjoyable an evening as did the Academy students.

FRESHMAN EFFUSIONS

So conclusive are the inspirations of the Freshmen that hardly had they conceived the idea of going on a hike on November 15, than the impulse was put into action.
Clad in their flashy green, with apples gathered from the willing orchards, they tramped gaily up the mountain into the coming dusk. When night had fallen and the breath of some was "wafted so feebly on the frosty air," the sympathetic and watchful suggested that the camp be pitched.
Accordingly the car of Cecil F. Hinshaw, laden with the lunch, was escorted into the mysterious gulch back of Brown's place. On an enormous stump a fire sprang at the touch of some one's hand, great boughs were heaved onto the tiny flame by other hands and logs were pulled together for the seats.
Weenies, buns and pickles were consumed while the company waited for the roast potatoes which were not put into the coals at exactly the right time. It was nearly an hour after the last bun was choked into a cavernous jaw that the sad, blackened clods were scraped out of the ashes and passed around to be eagerly devoured.
It was a perfectly heavenly moment when someone in a romantic mood pointed out the stars and the blinking lights of the city sleeping in the distance. Of course the chaperons felt the hours passing and at the proper moment steered the star drunk hikers to the road.

—o—
Y. M. C. A

A "Bible Study Booster Meeting" was held at the regular Y. M. hour, on Wednesday, November 3.
Cecil Pearson first gave a short talk on the importance of Bible study, in which he stated that no person can be a Christian without the teachings of the Bible and that it is almost necessary to know something about the Bible in every day life, even if one is not a Christian.
Leroy Frazier gave the plans for Y. M. Bible study as organized by the committee. The book, "The Marks of a World Christian," is to be used and the idea is to organize the fellows into four classes, two in the dormitory and two outside. Each class is to meet once each week at a time most suitable for the members and it was urged that every fellow get into the class where he belongs and take part in the discussions.

—o—

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Burmese cities are divided into sections, or blocks, and each of these blocks is under the direction of one head man. At one time a gentleman named Mauncho had recently attained this honor, and he wished the whole world to know of his new position, so he put up on his house a large sign which read: "Mauncho, blockhead."
Daughter: "Oh, father, how grand it is to be alive! The world is too good for anything. Why isn't everyone happy?"
Father: "Who is he this time?"
"Ma, can I go play?"
"What, with those holes in your pants?"
"No, with the boy next door."

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LOCALS

Mr. Dork, the county secretary of the Y. M. C. A., met with the men's cabinet the evening of the 9th and outlined his plans for P. C.'s part in the coming campaign to organize Associations in the High schools of the county.

The men's Bible study classes, four in number, met for the first time last week and the start off was certainly encouraging. The leaders were much pleased with the attendance and the interest that was shown. We hope that none of the fellows will fail to get into one of these classes because they will miss a good thing if they do not join.

Manager Wright announces that the first varsity game of the season comes December 17, with the local Loyal Legion team.

A large number of college students hiked to the top of Chahalem Saturday afternoon. They reported a splendid time.

Complimenting Mrs. Perry Macy, Mrs. Hodgkin and Miss Miles were hostesses for an informal tea, Thursday afternoon, at the Hodgkin home, the guests being the women of the faculty, and the wives of the faculty men. The "cup that cheers but not inebriates" was much enjoyed, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent.

Rev. Elmer Pemberton is holding services at the Friends church on Wednesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights especially for the students. They are welcome to all the meetings but are to feel that on those nights Mr. Pemberton is the young people's evangelist.

Misses Lyra and Eva Miles were called to Salem November 12, to attend the funeral of their uncle, Bert Carrier who died of pneumonia.

Mr. Macy took his family up on the mountain Saturday the 6th to look around and see what they could see.

The students of the academy thought until the night of their social, that all the Indians of the northwest were confined to the reservations. During the pleasures of the evening the Professor of Mathematics demonstrated a war-whoop that would have delighted the heart of the most primitive red-skin. We are always glad to see signs of pep in the faculty.

Professor Lewis in an effort to classify the varieties of dark and melancholy moods stated that a dark brown mood was the kind that you experienced on Friday night and a dark blue was the Monday morning variety. His youthful hearers failed to see why anyone should be melancholy on Friday but probably he is wiser than they.

A general uproar took place at the dormitory when the firebell rang. It subsided slightly when Mrs. Johnson escorted an eager band of girls down town; but increased in violence at the return of the sight seers, who brought vivid tales of the havoc made by the cruel blaze.

The State Library sent a donation of thirty three volumes dealing with history, economics, and sociology to the Pacific College library.

Gladys Scott's father contracted blood poisoning in his hand. It broke out in his wrist which necessitated an operation last Wednesday. The latest report says he is convalescing slowly.

The fourth years had an informal class meeting at Elliotts last Saturday night. They discussed the weighty class matters, so baffling to the infant mind. Mr. Macy officiated as faculty confidant.

For Sale—Six inches nut brown hair slightly kinky, human. Apply to H. H.

In 19th Century prose class, Miss Miles:—Class. I want you to study Lamb as a whole; (hole?) Eh?

KANYON HALL

Saturday evening the dormitory folks were pleasantly surprised to receive a visit from Will Kennedy. "Bill" was a student here last year and he is now taking a course in dentistry at North Pacific Dental College.

Mrs. Gill visited with her daughter, Margaret, over the week-end and returned to Seattle Monday, taking Peggy with her. Peggy was exceedingly jolly and will be missed by everyone.

Gladys Scott is conspicuous in her absence when she goes home for the week-end, which she has been doing lately.

If a Sunday afternoon walk could not be indulged in now and then, life through the week at the dormitory could not be endured.

Last week a "Blue Banquet" was given by blue people, for blue people, to discuss the blues. They had doubts and melancholia.

That carving a baked salmon is a fine art no one can gainsay, if they have been spectator at the dormitory dinners.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. meeting of November 3, was led by Majorie Brown. The girls came to the music room and found themselves in a pleasant living room with a place for each on the rug before the fireplace. The time was spent in singing favorite hymns and in the consideration of personal relationship to the meeting now being conducted by the Rev. Elmer Pemberton. The advisory council, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Silver and Mrs. Lee met with the girls to assure them of their interest and willingness to help them with their problems and difficulties.

It has been told that one day during a study hour Harold Paulsen lapsed into slumber. At the end of the period when the bell rang, Harold awoke, yawned and reached for his alarm clock.

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SOPHOMORES DEVOTED TO LITERARY PURSUITS

The Sophomores are a patriotic bunch. On Saturday November 6, they spent the whole evening composing yells and songs for the coming contest.

Since they couldn't have done this so well separately, they gathered at the home of Flora Campbell at Sherwood.

By way of introduction one very interesting and enlightening game was played. Each young gentleman found his lady by the nerve racking process of "clap in and clap out." She then for three minutes confided in him what she knew and thought about the game of basket ball. He then for three minutes gave her his opinions on the subject of hair-dressing. That all might benefit, each one briefly summarized what his or her partner had expounded.

The main part of the evening was given over to the above mentioned literary pursuits. Brains were cudgelled and pencils flew. After an hour various degrees of gems were produced. Profound secrecy must, however, surround this part of the evening.

After such exhausting labors everyone was hungry. Each person had been instructed to bring individual refreshments. As these were served the boys chose from the girls' packages and the girls from the boys' packages. This was the cause of a great deal of merriment. All varieties of wonderful things were discovered which were greeted by exclamations of exaltation or grief as the case necessitated. With a little manoeuvring all were appropriately provided for.

After such an evening there was no room for anyone present to doubt that it had been very successful. Whether or not it was profitable only time will tell.

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TREFIAN

The Trefian Literary Society met in the dormitory parlors, November 3, 1920, at four o'clock for the society business meeting and the following Oregon Program:

1. History of Oregon Education, Esther Terrell.
2. Oregon Song, Anna Mills, Eva Miles, Daisee Leffler and Pauline Terrell.
3. History of Oregon Literature, Daisee Leffler.
4. Oregon Reading, Flora Campbell.
5. Critic's Report, Miss Miles.

The History of Oregon Education was found to be such a large subject that only a brief but exceedingly interesting history of the independent colleges and universities of the state was given. The new arrangement entitled "Oregon, My Oregon" was very clever and well given. The third number of the program introduced the members of the society to several Oregon poets most of whom influenced by their surroundings have written of nature and the Indians. A humorous touch was given to the program by the reading, "William Brown of Oregon," written by Janquine Miller.

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The minister and his two lovely daughters were standing by a country stream. A fisherman happened by and called out:

"Catching many, pard?"

"You are mistaken," said the minister with dignity, "I am not trying to catch fish I am a fisherman of men."

"Well," said the fisherman, as he looked at the girls, "You sure have the right bait."—Montreal Journal of Commerce.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If someone has inked your white
dress,
And your feelings you dare not ex-
press,
Just soak it in milk,
For a stain of that ilk
Will come out quite like magic—
I guess.

If the flowers you cherish each day
Seem to fade in a pitiful way,
Give them a hot drink
And what do you think?
They'll be fresh and "How lovely"
you'll say.

If at night you're distressed by the
cold,
And are feeling rheumatic and old,
Sandwich in the day's news,
'Twixt the covers and snooze;
The scheme's most effective, I'm told.

If a little H₂ SO₄
Turns your sleeve red in spots, noth-
ing more,
Ammonia clear
Will help you, my dear—
You may all your dire worries give
o'er.

If the organdie frock you adore
Isn't dainty and crisp any more
Gum arabic clear
Makes it crisp, fresh, and clear,
As adorable, quite, as before.

If you're not in the class known as
misers,
Be good patrons of our advertisers
A more able lot
To serve you you'll not
Find with the best of advisors.

For Sale—One good cow, gives a
lot of milk, also a lawn mower and
rake.

"Are you the same man who ate
my mince pie last week?"
"No, mum, I'll never be the same
man again."—Watchman Ex.

Housekeeper: "Why do you charge
so much for your ice?"
Iceman: "Well, mum, the water
was high where we cut it."

M. M. "How do Freshmen re-
semble real estate?"
P. Z. "Got me."
M. M. "They're a vacant lot."

Help Wanted—Woman who has
experience in making holes in dough-
nuts. Apply at rear entrance of
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