



THE CRESCENT

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COMMITTEES CHOSEN FOR MAY DAY PLANS

Work Is Begun in Preparation For Day of Festivities

The wheels are beginning to turn in preparation for our May Day celebration this year. By getting plans formulated and put into execution at an early date, we may more securely hope for a very successful day. For several years past we have alternated May Day exercises with Linfield college, Linfield having it one year and we the next, and we have always joined forces in having a good time in the afternoon, with a basketball game and tennis matches between Linfield and Pacific teams. The program of the forenoon, however, is the part of the day which requires the greater detailed preparation and committees have been appointed to take charge of this work.

The parade is the first important step of the program, and it is the work of the parade committee to arrange the order of the parade and see that all competing floats are properly entered. The parade committee has been appointed as follows:

Stanley Kendall, chairman.
Delford Knapp.
Mr. Macy.
Elsie Reed.
Robert Holding.

The committee having the greatest burden of work on its shoulders is the program committee, which is responsible for all the drills and exercises which take place after the coronation of the May Queen. The members of this committee are:

Helen Holding, chairman.
Miss Binford.
Carl Crane.
Margaret McClean.
Dennis McGuire.

Another important committee is that one which has charge of refreshments, for the day would be a sad failure if the noonday lunch were not in keeping with the spirit of the other festivities. This committee was chosen as follows:

Mildred Choate, chairman.
Miss Lewis.
Sanford Brown.
Dorothea Nordyke.
Ralph Moore.

And last but not least by any means, is the committee on decorations. This group have the honor of designing and decorating the Queen's float, and also of decorating the coronation bower. The following were named on this committee:

Gladys Haworth, chairman.
Miss Dungan.
Ivor Jones.
Lucy Hollingsworth.
Ruth Holding.

Let's not waste our moments between now and May 1, but unite in one mighty endeavor to make this May Day the most magnificent in the history of Pacific.

SPRING

I never longed so hungrily for spring
Before, nor in the past and peaceful years
Saw the first robin through a rush of tears,
And heard his throaty whistle quivering.
Bright squills the color of a bluebird's wing,
And fruit trees white as water round the weirs
You hearten us more than a storm of cheers,
Eternal beauty reawakening.
Help us to know it is for you we fight,
O Beauty of the many guises! Be
Incarnate for us in white deeds; the flight
Of wind-blown birds in March, and liberty,
Still manifest no less in the grim night
Of gallant failures like Gallipoli.

PACIFIC TEAM DROPS THREE BASKETBALL GAMES IN A ROW

Pacific's Wild Zebras were wild indeed in the last three games of the season, dropping them all. The first of the three went to Mount Angel college on P. C.'s floor on February 19 by a score of 52-26. This was rather a fast game as far as offense is concerned, with the Angels displaying a splendid basketball machine. The lineup for this game was:

	Pacific
Heenan 14	F 6 Sweet
Price 14	F 8 Huntington
Cardinal 6	C 4 Elliott
Spears 6	G I Jones
Schroeder 4	G 8 P. Brown
Tetters 4	S
Burgher 4	S
McGowen	S

Referee, Miller.

The second game was a night-mare on a dark two-by-four floor, which went to Albany at Albany on February 23 by a score of 44-9. Jones went out on fouls in the second half. The first half ended Albany 13, Pacific 5.

The lineup:

	Pacific
Albany	
Cox 10	F 3 Huntington
Laws 14	F 4 Sweet
Wilfert	C 2 P. Brown
Huston 13	G S. Brown
Campbell	G I. Jones
Perry 4	S Elliott
Tohill	S Crane
Christie 1	S
Urhamer 4	S
Messinger	S

Referee, Mason.

The third was just a friendly little match between Pacific and Reed at Portland on February 26. The game was played at 4:30 p. m. on a rather slippery floor with the afternoon sun flooding in through the solid glass of the west end of the gym. Reed took the game 34-19. Only three personals were called.

(Continued on page four)

ACADEMY FIVE WINS ONE, LOSES TWO BASKET TILTS

The Academy quintet came out victorious in a hard-fought battle with the Gaston Hi team on the local floor on Friday evening, the 19th. At the end of the first half the Gastonians had an 11 to 3 lead over the Academy boys. The Academians rallied in the second half and kept their opponents from scoring at the same time adding eight more points to their own score. An eight-minute period of overtime was required to play off the tie. The final score was 15 to 11 in favor of the Academy.

The Academy basketball team was defeated by the Gaston high school team on the Gaston floor, Friday night, February 26, by the score 28 to 3.

Our boys had plenty of spirit, but it wasn't quite made to fit the Gaston gym. At the end of the first half the score stood 16 to 0 in favor of Gaston, but in the second half our team held them down better, gaining three points and holding them down to 12 points, making the score 28 to 3. Dunlap made 1 point and Galbreath 2 points.

The Academy boys handed a 25 to 23 victory to the Amity high school team on the local floor on Saturday evening, the 27th of February. The Academy was in the lead by four points at the end of the first half, but failed to score as rapidly as Amity did in the second half. A social time was had following by members of the teams. It was sponsored by the Academy Pep club.

Eight of the basketball boys celebrated Washington's birthday by doing a little canvassing for the college. They were asked by those in charge of the endowment campaign now in progress in Portland to visit every business house in Newberg and secure a list of Portland firms which they patronize and an estimate of the amount of money involved in transactions in 1925. The boys helping in this work were: Sanford Brown, Paul Brown, William Sweet, Ivor Jones, Ben Huntington, Carl Crane, Wilbur Elliott and Stanley Kendall.

INDIAN ORATOR WAS HERE ON WEDNESDAY

Gai-i-wah-go-wah and Miller-Tracey Quartet Here Feb. 24

On Wednesday evening from the chapel platform, Dr. Freeman delivered a marvelous address on "The Rights of the American Indian." Being a full blooded Sioux Indian, whose native name is Gai-i-wah-go-wah, Dr. Freeman appeared in his tribal costume which made all the more forceful his plea for the native Americans who, as he said, "were on the reception committee when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock."

These people came here seeking religious freedom and begged a bit of land from the Indians on which to grow corn. This was gladly given and now the Indian begs for freedom in his native haunts and begs in vain.

Gai-i-wah-go-wah said that his people are not humorous and cannot appreciate a joke but the speaker drew much laughter and not infrequent applause from his audience.

Standing first before that large audience as a native American, Gai-i-wah-go-wah wove about the life of his people a beauty, simplicity and primitive sweetness which none too many can learn to appreciate. He pleaded that the Indian be no longer thought of as a savage barbarian with a yellow scalp in one hand and a dripping tomahawk in the other, but as a human with a soul. He gave much of the camp life, training and open life of his people, citing various humorous and wonderful incidents in his own life. He gave also the tribal morning call to worship which was wildly beautiful. Likewise were the evening call and prayer, but he brought his audience up several inches from their chairs when he uttered the Indian scout's cry of danger.

Turning from what Indian life used to be to what it is now, Gai-i-wah-go-wah no longer stood as an Indian but as a well educated man, a marvelous orator. He told of the present state of his people in these United States, the deplorable conditions because of the brunt of civilization they have received. How they are the tool of defrauders and money-getters, driven from pillar to post, forced to give up their religion when we are in a land of religious freedom. Gai-i-wah-go-wah's dream is that some day shall find the Indian again turning his face eastward at the morning call.

Preceding the lecture, the Miller-Tracey quartet of Portland sang several numbers and twice responded very graciously to encores. Also at the close they sang "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," and as encore gave a version of popular medlies.

The members of the Third Year class of Pacific academy are most hilariously rejoicing over the final settlement of their long-standing debt incurred by the production of their class play last semester. They wish to thank all those who have so generously (?) assisted in the removal of this obstacle to their progress.

THE CRESCENT

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WHEN DO WE THINK?

(It is not the purpose of this editorial to make any personal thrusts and the editor is very desirous that it shall not be taken personally. It is the general principle and not the individual which deserves criticism.)

The suggestion has been dropped that our chapel exercises should be begun always with a sacred song. On the surface to those who never bother to think new thoughts this seems the only proper thing to do, yet in so doing we are merely following in the tracks someone else has made for us—and the rut is only for him who can't make a trail for himself. Let us briefly analyze this song idea: What special merit does a so-called sacred song have that another song, more beautifully written, perhaps, both as to harmony and to harmony and words, does not possess? None. The so-called sacred song has the deliberate words of some singer who took the spirit of a petition or praise as the sentiment of his song,—beautiful words, perhaps, but vain nevertheless. The other song which is not primarily sacred, so-called, has the deliberate words of a singer who has taken some beautiful phase of life or nature as his subject and woven it into a poem which would please any heathen's god. But why there should be any distinction made between the two or why either is more suited for a chapel exercise, there is no ground for saying. There often times seems a wee bit of inconsistency in the separate units of some chapel exercises anyway: for instance what connection is there in a reverent way, between your sacred song and a discussion of the upkeep of a college campus?

Our chapel exercise is primarily a religious service, and that's a splendid thing—a certain amount of our time should be set aside for THINKING on things of a higher nature. But here is apparently a truth, there is very little actual THINKING done. What is the percentage of folks who have sincerely gotten away from their inherited prejudice and thought out for themselves their real relationship to their religion? Their ideas of religion are not their own, they are ideas which someone else has fashioned for them, and they have seemingly accepted them without thought or question.

Every man should build his own ideals rather than base his life upon the ideals and standards of another. To quote J. Franklin Babb, "You are born

alone, you live alone, and you die alone; you are your own way out."

It is probable that each people in ages past, as soon as it passed the purely savage pale, began to speculate on its origin and developed a crude philosophy of life. These peoples observed and they thought, in their crude way—they had to think because they had no one to do their thinking for them.

May we not safely assume that the religious idea is contemporary with human intelligence; that is, that as man becomes more intelligent his religious idea becomes broader and deeper? It seems logical that this hypothesis—which subjects the religious idea to the law of growth and development—is more compatible with the true attributes of an Infinite God than the theory that he made a practically undeveloped people the custodian of all the knowledge that man is to be permitted to have of his Creator. It at least makes theology progressive and encourages us to pursue our inquiry as far back as possible to seek for truth in every cult and creed instead of crystallizing our satisfaction in the unchangeable tenets of one dogmatic doctrine, and staying the march of true Christianity by shrieking "blasphemer" whenever some well-meaning and practical soul attempts to reconcile religion unto reason. Let us at least be fair-minded and allow the other fellow his viewpoint, and not be forever walking on his toes because we are always right and he is always wrong.

IVOR T. JONES.

In the annual elections of the Associated Student Body held March 2, the following were elected to office: Paul Brown, president; Retha Tucker, vice president; Rose Ellen Hale, secretary; Ben Huntington, treasurer; Gladys Haworth, forensic manager; Ivor T. Jones, editor of the Crescent; Wendell Hutchens, associate editor of the Crescent; Marion Winslow, business manager of the Crescent; Arthur Winters, circulation manager of the Crescent; Robert Holding, yell king; Rachel Lundquist, song leader; Mildred Choate, property manager; Helen Holding, secretary-treasurer of Old Student's association; Eugene Hibbs, representative on Student Loan Fund committee.

The student body sees the need of a full time physical director who shall have charge of all the athletics of the institution. We do appreciate the good work of Coach Michener and Miss Binford but we realize that they cannot devote the required time for athletics and at the same time keep up their other work. In the last meeting of the Pep club this was discussed and some of the members were appointed to look into the matter. Nothing definite has been found out but we would like to get the whole institution interested and hear some comment from either the boys or girls.

C. E. R.

The C. E. R. held their regular meeting in room 14 of the college building on February 23. After a short business session, a very interesting program was rendered by the members. Donald Crozer entertained the club with a solo in his pleasing "contralto" voice, accompanied by his ready uke. Harold Smith gave a very instructive review of the national holidays, in which he gave suggestions of when we should attend school, and when not. The next number was the unusual thing of a new anecdote about Washington, given by Robert Whitlock. Ralph Yergen favored the club with two violin solos. The main address of the evening was given by Professor Roberts on the subject of "Childhood Pranks." After the very inspiring report of the critic, Charles McClean, the meeting adjourned with the members feeling greatly rejuvenated.

Y. M. C. A.

February 18

Eugene Hibbs led the song service in the meeting of February 18, after which the meeting was thrown open for all to take part; the first method of taking part was the quoting of scriptural verses, which was followed by prayer. The later part of the meeting was spent in song.

February 24

Rev. McShane gave an interesting as well as instructive talk on the subject of "Stewardship today to the members of the Y. M. This is a phase of life that many people fail to consider. He stated that people are not able to live for others unless they have a personal communion with Christ. A person's relationship to God was illustrated by the parable of "The Prodigal Son," going into a far country. If we have a personal relationship with Christ, we will not only work for our own selfish interests, but will be of service to others.

W. A. S.

Bernard Shaw's famous play, St. Joan, attracted a number of Newberg people to Portland, Saturday, February 27. The production is, without doubt, one of the best things that has come to Portland this season.

St. Joan, aside from its historical value, has much of human interest, humor, and pathos in it that makes a strong appeal. There are moments of emotion too intense for an audience to stand if it were not that a touch of humor comes just in time to relieve the tension.

Julia Arthur, as St. Joan, is superb. The humor of the play is largely furnished by Charles, the Dauphin, later the King. His part is excellently played, as, in fact, are all the parts. The high point in the play is the trial scene where dramatic feeling is at its highest pitch. The drama will live long in the memories of those who saw it.

Those from Pacific who attended the matinee Saturday afternoon were: Chester Newlin, Ruth Holding, Johannah Gerrits, Miss Lewis, Miss Dungan, Mrs. Hodgkin, and Miss Terrell.

ANOTHER "DROP-IN"

One by one, and two by two, the gay young folks dropped in at the home of Wilbur Elliott on Saturday evening, February 27. A process of flipping the coin determined which room each person was to play in. The sounds of merriment soon filled the air as each number challenged to a higher one. We still wonder whether a certain young gentleman won the game because he refused to pop corn.

After playing in groups of five and six, the party came together around one table. One might have thought he was near a miniature farmyard from the sounds that were heard. Two, two, two! One, one! Three! etc. Corner on eleven! And all was quiet. Then the medley was repeated, and several times over. Who had that eight? That reminds me, we all ate. It was a sweet time wasn't it? Ask Wilbur.

HULL'S LYCEUM MARCH 12

On March 12 we are to enjoy the finest number of our Lyceum course for this year. This number will be the presentation in concert of our own school of music, the Hulls and their advanced pupils. The program promises to be varied enough to please the most exacting patron; there will be violin solos, duets and trios with cello; full orchestra numbers; cello solos; vocal solos; piano solos and duets; dramatic readings and other pleasant surprises which the Hulls alone know. No Newberg citizen or student can afford to miss this great musical treat; the Hull's Lyceum number is always a fitting close to a splendid Lyceum course.

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PERSONALS

Robert Smith spent last Sunday at his home in Marion.

Hilma Hendrickson spent the week end at her home in Portland.

Genevieve Badley made several trips to the dentist's in Portland this week.

Miss Dilla Tucker who has been confined to her room for the last week on account of illness, is rapidly improving.

May Pearson, Mildred Choate, Gladys Hadley and Lolita Hinshaw spent several days of last week in the Portland library studying for the coming debates.

On Monday evening the dormitory dining room was the scene of an attractive birthday dinner, honoring Miss Velda Livingston and Miss Dilla Tucker.

Students who spent last week end in Portland had the privilege of hearing Rev. Arthur Wollam open a series of meetings at the Sunnyside Friends church.

CHAPEL NOTES

February 16

J. Franklin Babb talked to us upon the subject of education, or "Why We Are Here." He emphasized the fact that education does not necessarily come from memorizing that which someone has written and thought out for us, but we acquire knowledge by absorption, and we are here to do better than the best. The average education of a student may be compared to the filling of a sausage—stuff it in without knowing what it is composed of or understanding what it all means. The subject matter must be taken in such a way that it can be held and not forgotten as soon as we leave college. The purpose of the study of literature, art, etc., is to learn to discriminate between the good and the bad. An educated man appropriates anything in the world worth while and everything that is good—he appreciates life and all that it brings. He can say "the mountains are mine" because he can appreciate their beauty and so he appropriates that which he knows is the best. Education is for the purpose of learning to discriminate, appreciate and appropriate and help us to make a life that is worthy.

Wednesday, February 17

Paul Blanchard first told us about China and some of the conditions there as he saw them in a recent tour around the world. Passing through a street in China, you meet women with bound, crippled feet, and one one corner an English soldier with his rifle by his side and upon the other corner an American marine. The foreign said they would send Christianity to China and civilization, which were acceptable, but they also sent opium, and that is the cause of the recent strike led by college students. The students there are interested in social justice—they say, "We want foreign armies out of our country because it is a disgrace." The strikers went through the streets carrying banners with inscriptions such as this: "Down with English Imperialism and Japan." The labor unions and even the Chamber of Commerce joined the strike. The treaties with China have not been voluntary; they have signed with "a sword at their backs" as it were, and now the students realize

the injustice and they send the challenge to America to always play fair in international relations—that is the one reason why China today has not revolted against the United States as she has England and Japan, because she feels America is the least of the evils.

Then the speaker turned our thoughts to our home land and some of its problems. The social injustice, the breach between rich and poor—which he says, unnecessary, if each man were paid the correct salary for work done, if a common ground could be reached, then the great wealth of our nation could be used by all and there would be no sections in which men and women starve for lack of means to buy food.

Friday, February 19

Professor Roberts gave a very interesting and beneficial talk upon the subject of "Faith." There must be faith and trust in our Father and through prayer we accomplish and are guided in life as He sees best.

Tuesday, February 23

Professor Perisho classified college students into three groups. There are students who do the work but are not seen, those that take all and give nothing, and who are here to get credit and prepare for life, and those who believe have a good time; those who are here to the things they are doing now make up life. Whichever attitude we take in college, we will continue after we leave.

DORM GIRLS FROLIC

On Friday evening Miss Velma Andrews and Miss Genevieve Badley of Canyon Hall were the hostesses at a delightful spread at Butterfly Inn. In reverse order, refreshments were served at the beginning of the social hour. They consisted of salad, sandwiches, pickles, olives, dates, doughnuts, cookies, punch, popcorn, and each girl was then given an all-day sucker with which to amuse herself while the lights were turned out and ghost stories were told. Invited guests were Dorothy Elliott from "Tumble Inn," Olive Terrell and Gladys Hollingsworth from "Polly, Holly Inn," Mildred Choate and Rachel Lundquist from "All Inn," May Pearson from "Maybe We're Inn," Velda Livingston from "Frog Pond-Hopp Inn," and the hostesses, Velma Andrews and Genevieve Badley from "Butterfly Inn."

Y. W.

February 18 a musical program was the Y. W. feature. Solos and duets, both piano and vocal were given. The men's quartet also sang.

An interesting feature was the story of the well known hymn, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," which Rachel Lundquist read from "A Treasure of Hymns."

The First Year academy girls had charge of Y. W. on February 24. Della Hanville gave a very delightful interpretation of the one hundred and twenty-first psalm.

Eva Kendall and Irene Brown rendered a duet.

Most of the meeting was given over singing and testimony.

I wonder why I feel so queer,
And sort o' good for "nix,"
I cannot seem to understand
Why I'm in such a fix.
My mind, it's like a sieve these days,
And holds about as much;
I'd like to run away and be
A pirate or some such.
It's might hard to sit and sit,
When one would rather be
A strolling down the little lane
Where rolls the harmony
Of waters splashing on the rocks,
Of woods that seem to ring;
I think I'll go a way, way off—
It sort o' feels like spring.
P. C. Anonymous.

RAE'S RABID RAVINGS

Prof. Lewis (In comp. class)—I didn't finish the description about her hair—that is antiquated stuff nowadays anyway.

Miss Dungan—Miss Ralston, what is a sense organ?

E. R.—It is an organ to receive sense.

Prof. McClean—Twenty-five, is everyone here today?

Z. Straw—No, I'm back in the corner here, you didn't count me.

G. Parks—We're still in the first Galilean period.

Prof. Lewis (in Shakespeare class)—This is falling action.

M. P. (quietly)—Yes, I know quite a little about that.

Prof. McClean (calling roll)—"Gladys Hadley."

R. Hester (coming in late)—"Present."

Ruth Whitlock—Poe was a nice little boy but he learned Latin very easily.

Velma—Are you going home tonight, Hutch?

Hutch—Yah!

Velma—You ought not to be more anxious to see Helen than to stay and see the game.

Hutch—Oh, well, that isn't a losing game.

Gladys Haworth (to G. Street)—"Don't tell Waldo anything."

Wesley H.—"Do you want him to live in ignorance all his life?"

Prof. Weesner—You must watch for these errors; there might be two reasons for them. I might not see them and I might want to see if you see them.

Rae—Arthur sure is a keen tennis player.

G. Hadley—Oh, dear, I wish I played tennis.

Roller skating isn't the only way one can find that will make him sit down hard. Too, it can happen in the mud. Ask Gladys Haworth of Wilbur Elliott.

Gladys Hadley—I have to stop and count up my age every once in a while.

Genevieve Street—Yes, the other night coming home from church, she stopped to count up her age and we didn't get home until 'way late.

WE ALSO WONDER

Three First Year girls and Miss Sutton were in the college museum looking at the different articles reposing there, when they found a human skull. One of the girls turned to Miss Sutton and asked: "Miss Sutton is this your skull?"

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The boy stood on the burning deck,
The breaking waves dashed high;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
Comin' through the rye?

Just a song at twilight
When the lights are low,
Under the spreading chestnut tree
Where the corn and 'tatoes grow.

I've been workin' on de railroad
All de livelong day;
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!

I am so old, so old
I can write a letter;
Day by day, in every way
I'm getting better.

Smile the while
You kiss me sad adieu;
'Tis three o'clock in the morning
Because they all love you.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said;
Shoot if you must this old gray head,
But give us this day our daily bread!

'Twas the night before Christmas
By the dawn's early light,
When o'er the deck the captain shouted:
"Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

It was in a forest primeval
Where the old Flotilla lay,
Carry me back to old Virginny
When you come to the end of a perfect day.

Sail on, O Ship of State,
Ande let the rest of the world go by;
And for bonny Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

When you and I were young, Maggie—
When knighthood was in flower,
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous hour.

Like a mighty army
Going on before,
I have a little shadow—
Quoth the raven: "Nevermore."

Somewhere a voice is calling
Everywhere I roam;
Ever since the day Sally went away
There's no place like home.
—Yale Record.

SERENADE

Oh, come unto your window, sweet,
And hearken to my song.
Swing wide the darkened casement,
sweet;
Pray, do not tarry long.
Oh, chide me not in anger, sweet,
Nor sulk to find me here;
But gaily, lightly come, my sweet,
And ope your window, dear.

Forsake for me your bed, my love,
Leave other times for sleep.
Oh, keep me not awaiting, love,
While here my watch I keep.
But come unto your window, love;
No longer, darling, hide.
For it's raining like the deuce, my love,
And I left the key inside.
—Howard Cushman in Judge.

MARCH NIGHT

Trees, passion-twisted, bend and cast
Strange shadows on my lamp-lit way;
Paper cats and dogs flit past,
And dust flies high and gay.

Lost in night wild voices call,
Mad gardens shake their prison bars,
High in echoing heaven's hall
The wind blows out the stars.
—E. Mildred Dennis,
in Goucher Kalends.

HULLS PRESENT MUSIC PUPILS IN FIRST SEMESTER RECITAL

The first recital of Hull's pupils for this semester was given Monday evening, March 1. The program was made up largely of younger pupils with a few exceptions. The following is the program of the recital:

1. Violin duet, Recollections of the Dance, Marion Straub, Joseph Silver.
2. Tarantelle, Helen Rankin.
3. Your Voice (Grant-Schaefer), Heart of Mine (Rischer), Ralph Hester.
4. Scherzo (Schubert) Lorena Gettmann.
5. Berceuse and Evening Shadows, Joseph Silver.
6. April, My April (Milligan), Rose Ellen Hale.
7. My Lady Daffodil, Louise Kienle.
8. Valse (Dancla), Marion Straub.
9. Sung Outside the Prince's Door (Macdowell), the Tailor and the Bear (Macdowell), Genevieve Badley.
10. Beauty's Eyes (Tosti), Wilbur Elliott.
11. Tarantelle (Macdowell), Winona Wendt.
12. Night Song (Schumann), Pizzicati (Delibes), Ruth Holding.
13. Romance (LaForge), Valse (Heller), Winona Byington.
14. Because (D'Hardelot), May Morning (Denza), Elaine Bechtel.
15. Idyl (Tor Aulin), Andante Cantabile (Tschalkowsky), Clifton Parrett.
16. The Tin Soldier (Macdowell), The Humming Bird (Macdowell), Etude Bravura (Barbour), Rose Ellen Hale.
17. My Prayer (Squire), Kenneth Crabtree.
18. Duet, Because You're You (Victor Herbert), Marie and Homer Hester.

PACIFIC'S TEAM DROPS THREE BASKETBALL GAMES IN A ROW

(Continued from page one)

The lineup:

Reed		Pacific
Swett 8	F	4 Sweet
Atkinson 6	F	11 Huntington
Gaiser 2	C	2 P. Brown
Blair	G	I. Jones
Trenholm	G	S Brown
Schritter 4	S	2 Elliott
Campbell 4	S	S. Kendall
Shapiro 4	S	
Lench 6	S	

Referee, Vidgoff.

The Pacific basketball boys were entertained at Reed college after the basketball game there on Friday, February 26. They were taken on a tour of the campus and were shown through the administration building. Dinner was served in the Commons, and at its close the fellows were privileged to listen in on an address by Governor Pierce on "Law Enforcement and Prison Reform."

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TREFIAN

In the regular meeting of Trefian Literary society held Wednesday February 17, the new officers were installed. Miss Gladys Haworth accepted the responsibility of the president's chair and duly installed the other officers. Among other matters of business, it was decided that an invitation be extended to Athena Literary society to be present as guests at the next meeting.

A program was then given centering around the life and work of Edgar Allan Poe.

"Life of E. A. Poe," Ruth Whitlock.
"His Literary Career," Josephine Whitney.

"A Selection from His Short Stories," Rose Ellen Hale.

"Literary Criticisms of Poe's Works," Rosa Aebischer.

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