

CRITICISM

If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly,
For though the whole world might be
be submerged.
This sheet would still be dry.

JEALOUSY CURED IN
STUDENT BODY PLAY

Student Body Play Cures
Dramatic Case of Jealousy

The third lyceum number, November 21, featured the "Boomerang," the first play of the college year. This three-act comedy by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes ably fulfilled the expectations aroused by the advance advertising propaganda. Added to the acting of the school talent which was of high rank was the fascinating story of the play itself.

The plot centers around the efforts of Dr. Sumner and his newly-hired nurse, to cure Budd Woodbridge of



C. A. MORRIS
OPTICIAN-JEWELER

the terrible disease of jealousy. Soon after the doctor employs the pretty Virginia Xelva, Budd Woodbridge, the very first patient, arrives, trailed by an anxious mother. By an interesting process Dr. Sumner is able to diagnose the case into a violent attack of jealousy due to the attentions of Preston De Witt to Grace Tyler, and prescribes a unique treatment consisting mainly of vigorous exercise and a mysterious fluid. Under the supervision of "Virgie," Budd improves as a result of the treatment and the isolation from Grace until the doctor thinks he can sustain a surprise party from a select group of friends. In the meantime Vir-

(Continued? Maybe!)

EAST POLE DISCOVERED

Ethel Newberry, eminent explorer, returned to her home town, Newberg, November 12, 1940, after an extensive trip to Portland. As she drove past the crowds which thronged the way, in her enormous white Austin, with her blonde hair streaming in the rain, Miss Newberry was greeted by the screams of sirens and the cackling of hens.

Upon her triumphant entry into Newberg, the young adventuress wore blue hiking boots and a pea-green evening dress, over which was draped a royal blue velvet Spanish shawl. A flame colored hair ribbon held her flowing curls in place. In her magnificent white car, the young lady presented a never to be forgotten picture.

Since her discovery of the East Pole, a week ago, Miss Newberry has been

(Continued somewhere)

BANDITS DINE ON PREXY

Due to the manifest slowness of modern communication it is deplorably difficult to receive news (authentic news, at least) before it has become ancient history. Realizing this fact, the Crescent is honored in being able to publish the following authentic and valuable account of the travels of the illustrious President of Pacific College, Levi Trump Pennington, and his family. These dispatches come direct from the last stage (the Broadway). It is a matter of common knowledge, of course, that the President is on a tour for the purpose of completing a research project, the object of which is to discover if there are prunes in other parts of the world as well as in Newberg and vicinity. The report so far is that several poor prunes have been found in all the countries visited. These and

a generous supply of nuts have made it possible for Mr. Pennington to feel entirely at home.

It has been the President's privilege to meet most of the famous personalities of Europe and escape safely from many adventures. Just as he was leaving the U. S. he was caught on a rum runner off the Atlantic coast. He was not persecuted, however, since the nation's chief executive is his personal friend. Later, when the affair was untangled, it was found that Mr. Pennington in embarking had mistaken the runner for the Ile de France.

In England the Penningtons refused a ball in their honor given by King George and Queen Mary, feeling that there were other more exciting ways

(Concluded next week)

DAIR DEVIL DENNY

Listen, oh students, and you shall hear
Of the sad, short ride of Denny, dear
'Twas the first day of April in forty-nine.
Now can scarce be found a sign
That recalls that glorious day and year.

He had heard of the wonderful fighting bay;
He could ride in such a masterful way;
So he rented her for two bucks a day
And then of a sudden he—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay;
Shouting, he violently jerked the bit,
Throwing the horse into a fit—
Birdies sang as Dennis lit.

Now poor Dennis, so unfitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting
On the crushed and broken thistle where the
mighty brook doth roar,
And his heart though still unbroken gives his
brain this hearty token—
"Ne'er again shall it be spoken though my
spirit be full sore."
For his pride from out the harness scattered
on the forest's floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

—J. D. S.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Pacific's western front is on the east side and at the back, and we'll call it quiet just for fun! It never hurts anyone to dream or think about a Utopia, but who ever heard of a battle front as lively as is Room 14, that was quiet!

"Hey, Gen. don't make so much noise! Don's sitting at the next table—he might hear you! Look out, Blondy, here comes Ralph! Better get off that table!" —are some typical comradely calls that are sent across the battle-field of P. C. —Room 14. One little word between two tables and someone's fate is sealed. A terrible shock when one finds himself perched on the edge of a table—another comrade that will be missing. One shrieking laugh or cry and another man (or more likely a woman) realizes his mistake too late, and is doomed to be seen no more.

Every skirmish is a jolly little affair. Some are livelier than others—depending on how few of the Army of the

Room 14 Committee are on deck to annihilate the carefree (?) happiness of the "students." During the bombardments of dusty erasers, the conflicting parties experience the grim reality of warfare. Many of the artillerymen exhibit a great lack of military training, but most of them know that the idea is to hit the other fellow, but avoid getting hit yourself.

The lists compiled by the most efficient generals of the Room 14 Committee, contain the names of those of the enemy who are to be missing from Room 14. Sad, sad! How we miss those good old comrades. Reg'lar pals they were. We surely feel sorry for the dear folks at home when they learn that "dear little Ralphie" has been expelled from Room 14.

You'd be surprised at the number of students who are unable to be present in Room 14 on account of their absence!

FAPPY HANXGIVING
THOLKS!

P. C. DEFEATS JEFF
HI IN TOUGH BATTLE

Last Second Thrust Features
Four Hectic Quarters

Last Saturday the strong Jefferson High soccer team came to Pacific, and almost upset Pacific's squad. But the Quakers came through with a goal in the last ten seconds of play to win 3 to 2.

Without a doubt Jefferson was the best team Pacific has met for years. In fact they outplayed our squad a good portion of the time. But Pacific's spirit just couldn't be beaten. And for that big reason Pacific's team couldn't be beaten.

As in every game this year, Pacific

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James McGuire

Opposite the Post Office

started a rush from the first whistle, and Ralph Moore soon pounded a beautiful kick in from the side. But Jefferson came back fighting and almost scored. Happily, "the Hat" got in the road and absorbed most of the kicks meant for the goal, until the fullbacks could get it out. That was not the closest call of the first half, however. Another time in the second quarter one of "Jeff's" kicks was headed straight for one corner of the goal but Burt Groth swung his trusty right leg and walloped the ball back the other way.

At the second quarter, Donnell was injured and was replaced by Yergen, Jackson going to center half. Pacific

(Continued on page 2 from rear)

CHINESE BURIAL CUSTOMS

Once upon a time, dear children, there lived a man named Alphus Horatius Skylight. Like most people, he began life without a cent to his name, relying entirely upon charity for his needs. At the age of twenty-five years, three months and sixteen days, he invented a machine that would punch spaghetti from the inside of macaroni, bend pretzels and harvest the blooms of century plants, all in one operation and which showed great promise of making him very rich some day.

Upon hearing about Horace's invention, King Gastropod of Insomania (a very selfish and miserly old man) offered Horace the "Order of the Nettle" and the hand of his beautiful daughter in marriage if he would let him have the patent. Our brave young hero.

(Continued on page 41)



THAKRESKENT

THA KRESKENT

Published semi-monthly during the college year by the Student Body of Pacific College, Newberg, Oregon.

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Chaple	Ethel Mott, Helen Newberry
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THANKSGIVING

And again the year has poured around the old grindstone. Again we're celebrating the landing of those hardy pioneers who came on the "Mayflower." Again we'll celebrate with a healthy mouthful of 'white meat' from some poor gobbler's wing. But while our pans are stuffed full of nourishment let's not make the mistake that others have before us in saying that we haven't much to be thankful for. It's a pretty good guess that we have about twenty times as much to be thankful for as those brave forefathers of ours had—yet think of the trouble they went to in preparing a gigantic feast in honor of Him who was their guide and keeper. Are we that thoughtful?

The least we can do is to wear a smile ourselves and see to it that the smile is infectious. And that's exactly what we—the Crescent Staff have tried to do in this issue; to spread a little sunshine.

Otis Moore once said, "If 'having a good time' is all there is to life, a monkey has a man outdistanced completely—both in amusing others and in being amused." So in publishing this issue we've all made monkeys of ourselves and we hope you do likewise when you read it.

With a final word of gratitude for the excellent manner in which the Crescent Staff has helped on this 'ishew' we depart from your company with the advice that next time Prof. Lewis asks you, "Why must you always linger at the foot of your class?" merely smile and reply, "All the other places are taken, teacher dear."

With a hearty Thanksgiving wish for you all,
Your Editors.

VIOLENT RED PROPAGANDIST XZ@!b! ETAO*(! ETN @X!b ETC.

One of the greatest riots in the history of Oregon was staged in Newberg last No. 44, 1930.

Alexandrovitch Hullski, notorious Red anarchist, appeared on the corner of College and Main sts. about noon of that memorable day.

Standing on an Ivory Soap box so pure that it floated, he gave an impassioned plea for the abolishment of the key of G.

"The key of G is a sedentary metamorphosis, eleemosynary vermiculate, and is also extremely cinquefal. It produces orthoepy, phonyngality, and

zoophyte, and therefore it should be abolished."

The effect of this proporchrous oratory on the assembled mob was instantaneous. Seizing Hullski on their shoulders they marched down First St. to the bridge and there they began the task of reformation.

The ensuing confusion was stopped only when the Oregon National Guard arrived on the scene.

Newberg is now under martial law.

If there had been just a few more reporters in the play cast, there probably wouldn't have been any Crescent at all this time.

Why Mary Sue isn't wearing three Gold "P" pins?

Why Prof. Gulley wears that proud and happy look?

How it happens that Doris and Lynn rate a study table all their own in Room 14?

Why Devin has such a passion for manicures?

Why being exiled from Room 14 for one week is comparable to being put under a jail for the rest of one's natural life?

Why all the psychology books are reserved for weeks ahead?

Why all the college athletes are going out for carroms?

How much of this you wonder about too?

POISON-ALLS

"Oh, Link! Isn't that baritone grand?" "Yes," responds Link. Who? Why Perry Askam, of course! Perry Askam was the leading man in "New Moon" which played at the Dufwin theater last week. Saturday night Elisabeth Hadley, Lela Jones, Mary Sue Binford, Elmore Jackson and Lincoln Wirt had the privilege of seeing this musical comedy which they enjoyed immensely.

When I was a child we had in our home a Steinway grand piano. I had not thought of that piano for years until yesterday. But yesterday I saw on a downtown street a woman with the same kind of legs. How easily are sad, sweet memories aroused!

Have you ever noticed how Ralph Moore catches things? He just spreads out a handkerchief, runs 'em down and grabs 'em. We wonder if he catches girls the same way he does mice???

Those who attended the football game Saturday at Corvallis between O. S. C. and U. of O. enjoyed seeing a hard fought muddy game. Talk about rain and mud puddles, and even muddy fields!—Just ask Elisabeth, Lela, Susie, Link, Denny, Elmote, Hank or someone else.

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QUACKER SPORKS

P. C. DEFEATS JEFF HI IN TOUGH BATTLE

(Continued from next page)

played hard, fast soccer that quarter and again Moore scored, from directly in front of the goal. The half ended with the score Pacific 2, Jefferson 0.

Donnell started the second half and this time Jefferson took the offensive. The Portlanders certainly played soccer during the third and first part of the fourth quarter. Their superiority during this period was due mainly to their ability to head the ball, sending it wherever they wanted it. About this time Pacific's defense got a little rattled, and taking full advantage of this, the Portlanders rushed in two goals to even the count.

That seemed to steady Pacific and the team started out to show what it could do. It did. From then there was more soccer played than Pacific has seen in a good many years. Even the halfbacks became scoring threats. Donnell almost scored and on a long boot from center field, and time after time Wirt and Ricketts hammered it down to the waiting forwards. Jefferson's defense was good, but not good enough, and finally after some great team work in which the whole forward line had a part, Sandoz booted it in and Pacific had won. Moore and Nieland were there to help Carl on that last one, so they made short work of the goalie and Sandoz did the rest. Before the ball could be taken from the net the game was over. And what a game!

Jefferson's team was good, awfully good, but Pacific's spirit was just a little too much for them. We play Jefferson Tuesday in Portland. Let's hope we can do it again.

Lineups

Pacific—3	2—Jefferson High
McGuire..... GAllwin
Groth..... RFVan Hoy
Jackson..... LFPatton
Ricketts..... RHSmith
Donnell..... CHMorairity
Wirt..... LHCarlson
Moore..... RWPayton
Niland..... RIGordon
Sandoz..... CFBissell
Harle..... LIWeed
Frost..... LWChristie

CHINESE BURIAL CUSTOMS

(Continued from last Chapt.)

fearing no trick, willingly gave up his rights to the Century-Pretzel-Punch (as his invention was called), and became Sir Horace of the Time Table.

By and by Horace began to wonder when he was to get the other part of his reward and spoke to the king about it.

"King-y, old top," he asked, "when do we hold the rice-festival?"

"Oh, yes—ah, you will have to wait a little while. You see I have no daughter and—"

Sir Horace wrapped the davenport around the deceitful king's neck and went out and sold the kingdom to Australia for \$2,500,000. On the proceeds of this deal, dear children, he settled down to a short sweet life on a pineapple orchard near Chicago.

And the moral of this story, my dear children, is "if you have a name like Horace and are fooled by a deceitful monarch, join a back-to-the-farm movement and remember that it is better to have loved and lost . . . far better!"

It has been brought to our attention that steel wool comes from hydraulic rams that graze on the Iron Mountains.

MULTNOMAH CLUB GIVEN SURPRISE BY P. C. MEN

On Armistice Day, whenever that was, both the A and B teams of the Multnomah Club of Portland dropped anchor in Newberg to resume hostilities with the peaceful Quakers of Pacific College.

An enormous crowd of at least twenty-five people braved a raging snow-storm to pack the Pacific stadium to capacity. It was a sell-out, and due to the fact that the snow soon turned to rain was very nearly a wash-out. But as the day was Tuesday and not Monday, this catastrophe was averted (or so to speak.)

As the two teams trotted out onto the mud, a mighty cheer was cheered, and hostilities immediately began. The coin was tossed and the Club captain, "Chief Sock," chose heads, but Carl Sandoz with unerring judgment took the dollar and the game was under way.

Pacific's tribe began with their usual speed and Fritz Harle almost scored a basket, but fell into a gopher hole as he was about to apply the boot, and time had to be called while Fritz was rescued and bailed out. During the rest of the first half nothing happened except that George Donnell and Link Wirt got lost in a snowdrift and the game had to be stopped until a searching party discovered one of George's feet protruding from the snow.

In the second half the goalie of the visiting warriors slipped on a banana peel dropped by Hans Nieland while he was eating his lunch during the half, and Ralph Moore and Burt Frost rolled the pill, disguised as a snowball into the net for the only score of the game.

Just as the five o'clock whistle blew and the players were about to quit, Irv Ricketts almost scored but the ball froze to his shoe and the game ended before it could be removed.

It was a great game! Too bad it wasn't played.

CHAPEL TALKS

(Believe It or Not)

It seems that last week there was a man who spoke in chapel. Evidently this man had been in California, because he said the people continually remarked that they were having unusual weather. Where else could it be but Cal.? Certainly Oregon's weather is never unusual, as a rule, altho it does seem to have been that way the last two years. This man, who was traveling in the interest of Pacific college, made the statement that we have students from twelve hundred miles North and South and six hundred miles East and West. He evidently believes there are some poor fish in college. Later on he said something to the effect that we should adapt ourselves to our environment. In other words, those of us who are poor fish should try to act like we are real normal human beings, so that no one will guess just what classification we really belong to.

Oh, am she dead, and are she gone,
And have she left I all alone?
Oh, cruel fate, thou ist unkind
To take she fore and leave me hind;
For I cannot went to she,
And she cannot came to I;
It cannot was.

Teacher: "Can you give me the Latin derivation of the word 'equinox?'"
Pupil: "It comes from 'nox' and 'equus'."

MURDER WILL OUT; CONSCIENTIOUS GOALIE FOUND

Heigh-ho everybody, and willya guess what we saw! Yep, we'll bet the world is coming to an end. It isn't happening as is commonly supposed. No, there is to be no clatter and shock of arms—the sun isn't going to grow suddenly warm; in fact, we doubt if it will be seen at all at this stage of the humid season. Neither is the world going to grow so cold that it freezes every living thing in contact with it—like one of Mary Sue's glances. No, siree—Bob Up and his dog Tubby! This is going to be a unique "sicheation!"

Well, here's the dirt. We were meanderingly trickling down First St. a few years—pardon us, days ago when we came to that dump known as "Dow-boy Duñgeon" where Danny McGrew once got shoted he did, and who should we espy, through our mysroscope but Denny Hossface McGuire and Hansy 2-Bit Nieland. Naturally we were shocked to find them tender laddies without no mamas of any variety whatsoever, so out drags us with our ear trumpet, and we snuk in on the following monologue:

Says "3-Bit Hansy" he did—"Denny—even if you are a goalie, I know one of the cabin boys in this institute—les go in and I'll let you treat me to a glass o' Agua."

After pondering mightily over the problem our willian replies and answers slowly, stealing a flirtatious look at his comrades' beaming countenance. "No, Hansy—I couldn't even consider it. I must let my thirst continue to parch my gullett inconsiderate of my suppressed desires. I are in training."

Intermission—10 years

Do you blame us for thinking the conclusion of our astronomical sphere is about to arrive. In all its history nothing of such violence has ever happened to compete with the magnanimity of the experience we had just passed through, and it all goes to prove our ultimatum that hereafter—"Usns isn't going to believe nuthin' what us hears." We tanks youse.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

If you can't see through the features of this edition, complain to someone and the next issue will be printed on onion-skin paper.

The young ladies of Canyon Hall agreed to help the manager get ads by patronizing non-advertisers. There are two reasons why they didn't. First, the principle was wrong; and second, the list was headed by an undertaking firm.

Speaking of new editions. "For cryin' out loud," exclaimed Papa Gully, as he viewed the 1930 model.

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THE DORMITORY MOUF'

Inspectors—sock! Clear out of the way! Whew, a narrow escape! If they caught me it would be just TOO BAD. Guess I'll repair to the coal bin, pardon me, I mean Canyon Hall. When the Women's Auxiliary inspects Hoover Hall it is no place for me.

Splatter, splash, bang! What is it? Pudding. Who spilled it? Lillums. Who did it hit? Veva. Lillums this is no Freshman initiation. By the way that's an idea; why wouldn't Good Year products be good for initiations?

The shower in Hoover Hall seems to be a new discussion or gossip center. I suppose soap in the eyes helps. Also a four ft. stool has been installed in front of the mirror so Al can see to shave. We hope it doesn't spill.

A special request has been made by "Chiefy" for gents to heave papers somewhere in the direction of receptacles for that purpose. Don't try to ring them, but get lots of practice so some day you can be reasonably sure of your aim in case you ever get married.

Boy I'm sure glad I have only one suit. I can feel fairly sure they won't take it off of me for the play.

This way ladies and gents! Step right up! Only 10c a look! Oh this is too good to keep. Manly chests bending to the floor! Double joints come into play in acrobatic contests held in Rickett's room. Al's stomach muscles are still sore. Maybe it's food, 'Spouse?

Ah ha so they have been climbing the fire escape again. Well if Howard doesn't come to breakfast what else could be expected. "That is so unusual."

Fashions of 1890, old men with peg-legs, our old friend Jocko the monkey, and vampires from Dracula were the main features of the exhibition given in the upper hall of the girls' dormitory Wednesday evening.

Sherlock and Watson have unearthed a skeleton. Or have they?

BANDITS DNE ON PREXY

(Continued from page one)

of wasting time. The reason the London papers gave was that the President could not tolerate such old fashioned dances as the English enjoy. Just a week later an enjoyable day was spent skiing in the Alps with the Admiral of the recently enlarged Swiss Navy, Count Demi-tasse.

The latest reports come from Italy where the Penningtons are now unless they have gone some place else. In Rome a discussion between President Pennington and Mussolini as to whether an olive is a prune or a prune an olive terminated in a duel. It is impossible to give the results of this conflict since the stalwart Oregonian, in yelling "Rotten riposte there, Benito, old boy," sprained a solar plexus and could not continue. After a swift recovery President Pennington went to Southern Italy for a brief vacation but, instead, sustained the misfortune of being captured by rough, unkind bandits and held for ransom. A group of alumni residing in Russia were able to raise \$4.52½ for the succor of their friend. After returning to a small town President Pennington frightened the authorities by telling them that bandits had had dinner on him. They were afraid he had been devoured and would start proceedings against the government. They were greatly comforted to find that the foreigner had satisfied his captors by treating them only to a substantial Italian dinner.

JEALOUSY CURED IN STUDENT BODY PLAY

(Continued—to be sure)

gie has refused to claim to be the niece of a certain Bruce Gordon of New York for fear of having to leave Dr. Sumner with whom she has fallen in love. There is plenty to be straightened out after Dr. Sumner adds to the increasing interest of Grace by hinting of an affair between Budd and Virgie.

It isn't long then until Sumner succumbs completely, unwittingly proving again that the technique used in Budd's case is apt to apply universally.

Although the production was well handled throughout several pieces of acting were outstanding—Budd Woodbridge's description to the doctor of his predicament and the final scene between Miss Xelva and Dr. Sumner, for instance. Much of the success of the play was due to the two stage managers, Lillian Barnes and Fred Harle. Mary Sue Binford played piano solos between the first and second acts.

The cast which played so excellently under the equally excellent direction of Esther Binford was:

- Dr. Gerald Sumner.....Dennis McGuire
 - Budd Woodbridge.....Marion De Vine
 - Preston De Witt.....Lincoln Wirt
 - Emile.....Veldon Diment
 - Mr. Stone.....Irvin Ricketts
 - Virginia Xelva.....Dorothy McMichael
 - Grace Tyler.....Veva Garrett
 - Marian Sumner.....Elizabeth Hadley
 - Gertrude Ludlow.....Lela Jones
 - Mrs. Creighton Woodbridge.....Genevieve Hollingworth
 - A Maid.....Grace Mason
- Guests at the Party—Cral Sandoz, Burton Frost, Fred Harle, Lillian Barnes, Arloene Davcy, Josephine Smith, George Donnell, Marianne Denman.

NEWBERRY CANVASSES CALIF. INSTITUTIONS FOR STUDENTS

For nearly two months our recruiting officer, Mr. Newberry, was heroically attempting to enlist Californians in the Ranks of Pacific Collegiates. He visited numerous localities—everywhere from the Bay Regions to Los Angeles. One of the institutions he visited was Whittier College where he saw Miss Verplank, Elva Votaw, Bill Wood, and several others. However, he was more successful in his campaigning in the "Salem of the south." The first of his recruits from there appeared in Newberg in time to enlist this semester while several others are expected next January. Strange as it may seem, the inhabitants of the jails and homes for the mental defectives were the most enthusiastic about his campaigns—so we may expect a goodly number of them in the next freshman class.

By special permission of Herbert Hoover, Mr. Newberry was able to visit Angel Island, in San Francisco Bay, where he spoke to the immigrants. There he interested some Russians, exiled to Siberia, who had recently arrived and were awaiting admission to this country. Four Cossacks, who were desirous of completing their college education, were so interested that they

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COOLEY'S DRUG STORE

A complete line of Drugs and Drug Sundries, Books and Stationery

left immediately and arrived here in time for the Hollowe'en party.

EAST POLE DISCOVERED

(Continued from page 10)

constantly annoyed by newspaper reporters who wished to write the story of her life. The newly famous explorer, however, refused all their attentions and, because of the many memories connected with the Crescent, has given the following statement to us:

"I found the East Pole in the "Sign of the Rose" tea room in Portland straining turnip soup through his whiskers. I will make it my life work, if necessary, to reform his table manners. This is not his first offense, poor man. He is the original East Pole and there will never be another because the "direction East" was abolished by the Pol-

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