



# THE TEMPE COLLEGIAN



Vol. I

Tempe, Arizona, Thursday February 11, 1926.

No. 9

## NEW TEN ACRE TRACT ADDED TO COLLEGE CAMPUS

### Bulldogs Split 50-50 In Series With University Of Arizona

#### Monday Assembly Entertained By "Jubilee Quartet"

The students had a pleasant surprise at the regular Monday morning assembly this week. After the procedure of announcements Mr. Felton gave a short resume of "Old Lady '31". His interesting synopsis stimulated a desire among the students, and it is rumored that all will attend.

This was followed by a musical given by the "Dixie Jubilee Quartet". The program consisting of chorus work and instrumental solos was enjoyed not only by the college but also by the Junior High School and Training school pupils.

It is these kind of programs that make the students look forward to the Assembly Period with a keen anticipation, and we hope that they will continue.

#### The Help Of Every American Student Asked For Europe

This plea for help is being sent out all over the world, not only to Oxford, Harvard or Yale, but to the Tempe State Teachers' College of Tempe, Arizona. It is an appeal from the thousands of students all over Europe, who, since the World war are having to face the dire situation of their country without the advantages or possibilities of an education unless, by some way, they can receive help. This help must be in the form of funds. It is up to us as the young life of America to lend a helping hand to those who are less fortunate than ourselves.

The question often arises as to how we may go about helping these fellow students. Our chance come. The week of February 18-25 has been set aside on our Campus for International Student Service Week. During this week the students of this college are to have the opportunity to contribute to the Student Friendship Fund. It is the channel through which the students of America can make their contribution to several different organizations. These organizations are all student enterprises and through them those in need may be reached. The fund is a chest for International Friendship. "It is not we who are to ask something of life but it is for us to be ready, day by day, for what life may be asking from us."

#### All Society Dance A Grand Success

Saturday night the gymnasium was transformed into a most attractive "palace of hearts" where merriment reigned supreme.

The hall was beautifully draped with red and white wherein many happy hearts mingled in an evening of fun. The grand march led by Mr. and Mrs. Payne followed by the presidents of the several societies and their guests was participated in by all, at the end of which cleverly designed programs were given each couple.

One of the enjoyable features of the evening was a ballet dance. Later the gayety was intensified by coils of serpentine confetti being hurled through the air.

The thirty dancers were refreshed during the evening at an attractive booth where delicious punch was served and at a late hour the guests departed voting one of the happiest events of the season.

The Bulldogs defeated the Chandler Jaycee team in a fast game Monday night, 40-44.

Monday night, February 1, in the Phoenix High School Gym, the Bulldogs started the month off right by defeating the Wildcats 25 to 19.

The game started fast and the speed increased as time went on, neither team scored in the first three minutes of play, the ball being taken from one end of the court to the other.

The Wildcats lead the scoring with a field goal, followed by a counter for the Bulldogs which evened the score. Brookshire made one from a foul by Allen. Here the Bulldogs started playing real basketball for about two minutes and were at the long end of a 6 to 3 score.

The Wildcats deciding that they needed a few counters carried the ball down the court time after time and added 10 points to their score. Meanwhile the Bulldogs were unable to cage any of their numerous shots at the basket. The half ended with the Wildcats leading 13 to 6.

The last half was faster than the first, Allen began the scoring from a foul by Brookshire. Then the game began going faster and getting more exciting. The Bulldogs gradually creeping upon the Wildcats lead. The score was 19 to 17 for the Wildcats, then the Bulldogs made a basket, tying the score, and the Bulldog rosters became wild with excitement. Three more shots were caged by Smith and Simpkins and the game ended 25 to 19 in the Bulldogs favor.

The lineup:  
Simpkins (7) ..... Drackman (6)  
Right Forward  
Goddard (1) ..... Miller (6)  
Left Forward  
Allen (7) ..... Brookshire (5)  
Center  
Sorenson (6) ..... Gibbins  
Right Guard  
Mullen ..... McArdle (2)  
Left Guard  
Substitutions: Tempe, Smith (4), for Goddard.

Tuesday night the Wildcats were out for revenge. The game was played in the Gilbert High School Gym. The house was packed to capacity.

The game began as fast as the one the night before, and with a little roughness added. The Wildcats scored first, but were closely followed by the Bulldogs. Roughness kept increasing as the game went on, and in the last of the first half the Bulldogs forwards could not shoot for the holding and hacking of the Wildcat guards.

The half ended 13 to 9 in favor of the Wildcats.

Early in the next half the Bulldogs began decreasing the margin between the scores, and for a time it seemed that they would repeat their performance of the night before, but the Wildcat guards increased their holds and the forwards began caking the ball from any angle. The last gun went off with the score 32 to 21 in favor of the Cats. Although the Bulldogs lost the game they played a good game and let their opponents know they were in the game.

The Bulldogs were well supported by the students and friends of the college. The players certainly do appreciate the backing, the students gave them.

Let's do it some more. What say?

The lineup:  
Simpkins (4) ..... Drackman (8)  
Right Forward  
Smith (3) ..... Miller (17)  
Left Forward  
Allen (7) ..... Brookshire (5)  
Center  
Sorenson (7) ..... Gibbins  
Right Guard  
Mullen ..... McArdle (2)  
Left Guard

The Junior High School of the training school is planning another good time on the evening of February 12, when they will have their annual Valentine party.



CELLO QUARTET FROM CELLO ENSEMBLE COMPANY

The people of Tempe and the students of the college were favored with a delightful musical program at the college auditorium, Monday evening, February 8.

The Cello Ensemble and Little Symphony is a distinctive company interpreting the best in music. The feature of this company is a cello quartet. Such a quartet is rarely presented either in this country or in Europe, because of the difficulty of securing four cello artists in one

group; for the cello, while exquisitely beautiful in its tonal effects, is most difficult of mastery, and those genuinely proficient in its art are always eagerly sought for.

In one part of its program the company becomes the Little Orchestra, employing two violins, two cellos and the piano. The Little Symphony renders beautiful music of the highest type and never fails to score not only a distinctly artistic, but at the same time, a decidedly popular success.

#### Elaborate Plans Being Made For Our College Day

At a meeting of the faculty executive committee held on the evening of February 5th, the day of Tuesday, March 8th was set apart as "College Day." The plans for the celebration, presented to the council by Earl Merrill and Theron Palmer, presidents of the senior and third-year classes, have been worked out in temporary form for some time, having been originally suggested by the Senior Council and presented and approved at the Student Council meeting of the three classes held February 2.

"College Day," suggested by last year's hastily prepared celebration on the signing of the Teachers' College bill, is an original feature which may become an annual affair held on the anniversary of the signing of the bill.

The plans include an all-day celebration, with every one participating. The morning will be spent in some kind of activity at the Butte—pouring of cement for the construction of the new letter, or the laying of a memorial box. The afternoon activities include outdoor speaking, an athletic meet with class contests, a lawn supper, band concerts, parade, and a street dance.

It is expected that complete plans will be announced soon.

#### Retaining Youth

We have a very energetic and industrious boy at our school. You know Sutter, the one that likes to talk to a certain blonde from east hall, well that's him. If you don't know him you better get acquainted, you're missing something.

To begin with, Tuesday night after the game at Gilbert, he started home on the truck, but nearing Mesa he decided that it was such a nice evening that he would take a walk, so he dismounted and strolled (and ran) the rest of the way home, arriving one hour after the truck.

The next night he was still overflowing with surplus energy so he engaged in a pugilistic encounter with the boys, and last to show that he was young and full of pep he climbed out of bed at 4 o'clock to do his work just two hours before schedule.

The Campfire girls of the school were recently entertained by the Annahan Campfire girls of the Junior High School. About thirty-five girls assembled at 7:30 P. M. and spent an enjoyable evening in games and folk dancing. At te no'clock delicious refreshments were served, after which all departed voting the Annahan girls splendid hostesses.

#### Student Body Hears Address By Dr. Kilgore

Some problems of the modern farmer were laid before the students last week when Dr. B. W. Kilgore, financial expert on agriculture, presented an outline on co-operative marketing. Mr. Kilgore, who was introduced by Mr. Halbert Miller, a local man and graduate of Tempe State Teachers' College, declared that the farm population was rapidly decreasing and that a new interest in agriculture was desired. The most efficient way in which to secure this is through the influence of the rural teachers. Mr. Kilgore is deeply interested in aiding the farmers and believes that with co-operative marketing the present conditions could be greatly alleviated.

Classes are being held in Mesa and Phoenix by Mr. Kilgore for the purpose of arousing interest throughout the valley in co-operative marketing.

For several years the ten acres joining the campus on the south, owned by Mrs. M. M. Hitchcock of Comanche, Texas, has been under consideration as an enlargement of the present campus to be used for additional dormitory space, etc. Dr. Matthews has worked incessantly the past five or six years trying to persuade the legislature to make an appropriation for this tract of land while it is available and finally succeeded last winter when the legislature appropriated \$7000 for this purpose.

The \$7000 he found later, not to be sufficient and so has had to secure more funds. This accomplished, however, an agreement was made with Mrs. Hitchcock and the deal closed last week. The deeds are being made out and the college will have full title to the tract in a few days.

This is very desirable in that the campus is now only about large enough to supply space for the various departments of the training school.

It is planned that the new purchase will become the permanent home of a grandstand, athletic fields, etc. It is for this reason that no money has been expended on the old grandstand for the past two or three years for the administration of the school has constantly looked forward to the time when a new one can be constructed on the new field.

This is an improvement that will be appreciated not only by our young men and women but by all the children of the training school and the faculty having our health programs in charge.

Improvements such as clearing, leveling, etc., will no doubt be begun immediately but it will not be possible for any building to be done until a new fiscal year will have begun when additional funds will be available.

#### Bulldogs To Meet Gila Academy On Saturday Night

The Bulldog team leave Friday, February 12th for Globe and Thatcher to encounter the Globe Athletic Club and the Thatcher Red Devils. Friday night they play at Globe and Saturday they go on to Thatcher and play the Red Devils Saturday night and come back Sunday.

The team will be without the service of their standing guard, "Hippo" Mullen, which will put them at a disadvantage. But lets hope for the best and back the team in spirit if we can't be there in person.

We will get a chance to see our team in action at Phoenix again on the 16th and 17th of February, in a two game series with the Junior College. We're going to need lots of support to compete with Junior College and the High School, so let's all get behind the team and back them as hard as they play.

The second teams of both schools will play a preliminary game each night so there will be lots of action.

#### Ninth Grades Give Kid Party

Did you know that there is another live wire class on the campus besides the college class? Well, there is, for the ninth grade of our Junior High School is just as peppy as any organization.

On January 22nd this class gave a 'kid' party in honor of their teacher who had taught them during the first semester. Between the hours of seven and eight the little kids appeared, everyone wide-eyed and kiddish looking. An onlooker could not have told who were the critics, the ninth graders, or the student teachers for they all wore half socks.

To start things off, a very interesting and funny program under the guidance of Virginia Baber was given. One special number was given by the Tin Can Alley orchestra of the ninth grade. If any of the boys and girls had forgotten how to play the Virginia Reel Sally (Miss Hayden) taught them how in a jiffy. Every one danced merrily until the winking was played. While the delicious refreshments were being served votes were cast to determine who were the cutest kids. Percy and Mirandy (two student teachers) won the prizes for the girls; John Hight and Dana Murdock for the boys.

As the clock struck ten all departed declaring they had had the time of their young lives. If you would know more about this successful party ask any ninth grader.

"Old Lady Thirty-one" is one of the finest comedies on American stage.

(Continued on Page 4.)



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OPPORTUNITIES—NOT REQUIREMENTS

Have you ever paused in this world of hurry to consider what you are doing for yourself? If not, let us stop and take an inventory. Are we doing things each day in which we can feel no pride but do them only for the sake of "getting by"? Or are we building up within ourselves a being of worth?

It is here in our College days that the cornerstones of our lives are being laid, and in this foundation there will be a flaw left as evidence of each time we "got by." There is a momentary thrill, a false idea of cleverness in "putting something over" but they are not deeds that will build a character of worth to the world.

This is a professional school and our success hereafter depends largely upon our accomplishments here—our success as teachers is entirely dependent on these records. Would you be proud to have the patrons of the school you hope to teach, or may possibly be teaching next year know all that you have done here? Have your deeds always been noble, honest and above reproach? Have you always shown the proper consideration for the property of others? Are all of your grades made honorable?

People of all professions work diligently and take advantage of every available opportunity to raise their standing in that profession. This is our opportunity and a big one it is. Every assignment made is an opportunity and should be considered as one, farther than a requirement. It is a chance to prepare for our work of next year.

Would it be possible for a carpenter to build a house without a plan, equipped with no tools? No more impossible than for you and I to train the minds, which in the future will control the nation, without a great deal of forethought and preparation.

And in speaking of "preparation," what does it embody? Does it mean that we should be a student of Methods, School Law, Psychology, Principles of Education? Yes, and more. There is no work, or shall we call it service for the community, which demands more than teaching. A teacher must needs have an understanding of human nature, a high standard of achievement, and a spirit of leadership. But most important of all is that the ideals of personal conduct be held high.

Watch yourself. Are you availing yourself of every opportunity for personal betterment? Or are you doing things to "get by" allowing each to leave a flaw in this foundation of life which may some day wreck the whole structure?

Do justice unto yourself.

OUR CAMPUS QUEEN

Each spring the student body chooses a Senior girl as their queen and the time is near at hand when the queen of '26 shall be crowned. There are queens of many kinds, the beautiful, the gracious, and the unjust, but the most loved in any land is the one who has rendered loyal and faithful service to her people.

Therefore, next Tuesday, February 16, before you cast your vote for one of the several wonderful young women who will have been nominated, consider for a moment which has served her College most nobly, which has shown the best school spirit, and who has displayed the most admirable qualities of whole-heartedness and sincerity.

Then, these having been duly evaluated, beauty too must have its consideration.

And when the most loved princess has been found

As Campus Queen she shall be crowned.

The Log Of A Wanderer

There is one who has lived on Tempe Campus for now more than thirteen years and these have indeed been thirteen lucky years for the hundreds of young people to whom he has been a kind and loyal friend.

Those who know Mr. Krause realize how fortunate Tempe College is to have him with us. The following story of his life, written by one who knows him well, is a most interesting one, telling of travel in many foreign lands.

"THE LOG OF A WANDERER"

I was born in Szegedin, one of the larger cities of Hungary. Our school system at this time was considered one of the best. One day when I was in the fourth grade a great event took place, at least I thought it the most wonderful thing that could possibly happen. Our Emperor, Francis Joseph, visited our school. I couldn't get home fast enough; I wanted to tell my mother all about it, but on my way home I met with an accident and my clothes were covered with mud. I ran into the house giving no thought to the mud on my shoes or anything else. Mother was horrified and flew to prepare a bath for me before I could say a word.

"Hurry," she said, "get cleaned up before your father sees you." "But mother, I don't want to wash my head."

"You don't want to wash your head, why?"

"Well, I can't." "Well, why can't you?" "O mother! The Emperor patted me on the head today and I'm never going to wash the place he touched; all the children that he patted said they'd never wash the place he put his hands on, so please Mother, don't make me wash my head." Needless to say I washed my head, but not before I was forced to do so.

A short time later my father passed away, and I was sent to live with my grandparents in a small country town, where every house was the home of a stork. These birds would come every spring and build their nests on the top of the chimney. If for any reason a house did not have a chimney-nest, that home was to be pitied, for a stork was supposed to bring good luck.

In this little town I grew up to the tender age of fourteen when I left for Vienna, Austria. After staying here two years, first as office boy in a shoe factory, then a clerk in a dry goods store, I began to get restless. The pictures which the Steamship Companies displayed in the Cook's Tours office windows had a great fascination for me, also, at this time, a great many posters advertising the Chicago Worlds Fair of 1893 were displayed in all public places. I looked at these pictures so often and so long that I finally decided that Vienna was too small a place and I'd just have to travel.

secured mother's permission to join the Austrian Navy. In due time I was ordered to report at Palo, the naval port of that country. My funds were very limited, so I crossed the Tyrolean Alps and walked three hundred miles to Fiume, where I took the steamer for Palo, which is just across the Adriatic from Venice, Italy.

Much to my disappointment I was not able to pass the rigid physical examination required for cadets. Too proud to return home, I resolved to go to Trieste where, I was told, it would be quite easy to get work. Two days later I shipped out as officers' mess-boy on one of the steamers plying between England and the Adriatic.

The first port of call was Rouen, France, a few miles down the Seine from Paris, thence to Dunkirk, and finally to Wales, our destination. These towns looked rather antiquated to me, for the buildings were small, the streets were lighted with gas, and all tram cars were horse drawn, in contrast with the arc lights, modern subways, enormous buildings and electric street cars of Budapest.

As a small boy in school I had always wondered how a city sixty miles wide and containing eight millions of people would look, so I decided, on arriving at Wales, to leave the ship and make my way to London. Dressed in a fine new suit which I had purchased in Paris and my fine Alpine hat, which, at that time, was very fashionable in Vienna, I started out to look over the seaside town of Swansea before beginning my three hundred mile walk to the foggy city. I noticed a number of small boys began to follow me down the street. I couldn't understand a word of English, but I noticed that they seemed to be having a deal of fun at my expense. Whenever I looked at them they would point at their heads and laugh. A short distance away a London Bobby saw the boys and he came running in a great hurry. As soon as he came near me he began to laugh very heartily; he also pointed to his head, then he took my hat off, but put it back on talking all the time. I really thought he was admiring my fine new hat and I smiled at him. By this time quite a crowd had collected, they all seemed to be talking at once; then a Hebrew gentleman elbowed his way to my side and told me in German, which language I understood perfectly, that it was not customary in England for any of the male sex to wear feathers in their hats. I hated to take that fine feather off my hat, because I had paid a dollar extra to have it put on, and I thought it added greatly to the beauty of the hat itself, but I pulled it off and went on my way.

At night, between walking and getting rides from passing carts, I was twenty-five miles nearer London. I was pretty tired so I stopped a peddler, and by making signs I made him understand that I desired to find some place to sleep. The man was a hoist engineer in a coal mine. He took me with him to the hoist room where he spread newspapers on the floor by the side of the boiler, where I slept until the midnight shift wakened me and invited me to share their lunches with me. The same thing happened when the four o'clock shift ate.

Next morning I found out that a stranger almost never came to this little mining town, and I was looked upon as quite a curiosity, for they could not understand me and I could not understand them. I was taken to the mayor of the town who gave me a shilling, and sent me to another small town where a German advised me to return to Swansea, for there, he said, I would be able to find employment with a friend of his who would pay me six shillings a week as an apprentice glass cutter. I took his advice.

In a few months I understood quite a little English, in fact enough so that I was able to take a pedlar's license to sell various articles of wearing apparel to seamen aboard ships, and also to the men of the coal mines. I did fairly well at this business but I found I could make more money by working on one of the "Round the World Steamers."

I shipped as cabin boy and our first stops were the Canary Islands where we discharged general merchandise and the Gibraltar, the impregnable fort of Great Britain, where we took on coal. Passing Algiers, Malta and Southern Sicily we cut across the Adriatic to Alexandria, the largest city of Egypt, at this time a modern city of three hundred thousand people. From here on to Port Said, called by many the wickedest city of the world. The thieves were so bad that they even stole several brass faucets off the ship and a small anchor from the deck, in spite of the several watchmen on board.

The Suez Canal Company undertakes to pilot boats from Port Said through the Canal for fifteen francs

per registered ton. The vessel is put in charge of one of their specially trained pilots who sees that the ship is equipped with a powerful searchlight, for it takes fifteen hours to travel the eighty-six miles through the Canal. In some places the vessel travels so slowly that the Arabs run along the banks keeping pace with the ship and they beg for food for they are always hungry. Every few miles there are large suction dredges which pump out the silt that the propeller of the ship churns up. Half way between Port Said and Suez is an oasis called Ismailia. This is the only place in the channel where the canal is wide enough for ships to pass. Sometimes it is necessary to wait at this point several hours until the next part of the canal is clear.

At Suez, the entrance of the Red Sea, we took on about sixty Arab pilgrims who were bound for Mecca. As we had no accommodations for these people they camped on deck in spite of the hundred and forty degrees of temperature. Going down the coast of Palestine four days later we passed a group of rocky islands called the Twelve Apostles. Every night our passengers spread their prayer rugs, faced the east and filled the air with their cries to Allah. The fifth day we entered the harbor of Aden, the principal trading post on the Gulf of Persia, where we stopped for coal. During our stay here some of the crew were reported ill, and they were treated by a native doctor who prescribed the usual gin and quinine. Later we discovered that the doctor was nothing but a coal agent, for the captain had been afraid to call a physician for fear the authorities might quarantine the ship. One night after leaving Aden on our way to Bombay a great many flying fish were blown on deck during a monsoon storm. These trade winds generally blow six weeks in one direction then change and blow the opposite way. These flying fish look very much like the American smelt, but they have large transparent wings which enable them to fly ten feet above the surface of the water and a distance of forty feet.

Bombay, the capital of India, we found to be a very up to date city. The European quarter, called the Fort, had many large modern buildings, a fine railroad station and many class "A" hotels. By far the most interesting place in town is the public market, where one can buy anything from a pin to an elephant. Practically everyone here wears white linen, for these clothes are purchased and laundered by the dozen. In the native section we saw the women doing their washing at the public fountain, also the cows were being washed in the same place, for a cow here receives much more care than the children. Barber shops were scarce but if a coolie desired to have his hair clipped all he had to do was sit on the curb of the fountain and hail a barber who did the job right then and there.

From this city of India we traveled to Singapore through the Straits of Malacca viewing the finest marine scenery in the world, then up the Mechong River to Saigon, the most important city of Cochin, China, a French possession. Arriving here a combat man came on board. This man sells goods to the sailors and the captain pays for them deducting same from the pay of the men. Incidentally the captain receives a commission on everything purchased. Most every port on the Indian Ocean is infested with man eating sharks, consequently we had not an opportunity to go in swimming for some time. Being desirous of taking a dip we asked the boatman if there were any sharks around. He assured us there were no sharks. As this place was seventy miles up the river from the ocean we believed him and it didn't take long before the whole crew was in the water. Five minutes later one of the sailors had his leg bitten off. When the Chinaman appeared the next day we took him to task in our very gentle manner and hereplied, "Oh, no, no shark, Plenty alligator! Eat 'em shark." The boat usually anchors about fifty feet from the shore and nearly always a Chinese woman will attach her small juk to the boat and act as ferryman, taking anyone to the shore for the sum of two cents. This same night I decided to go to the theater where I saw Chinamen made up as elephants and other animals dance to the rhythm of a hideous tom tom band. It was very late by the time the rickshaw boy landed me on the shore opposite the boat. No ferry in sight, no way to get to the boat, and I simply had to get there. I tied my clothes in a handkerchief, held them on the top of my head and swam out to the ship, where I found that the accommodation ladder had been drawn up. Unable to attract the attention of the night watchman, I managed to climb on the propeller which is above water when the vessel is unloaded. Here I sat on the point of one of the

blades of the instrument, shivering and feeding the mosquitos for four hours before the sleepy guardian heard my calls.

Leaving Saigon we followed the coast of Borneo. Here it is a tradition among all seafaring men that any one crossing the equator for the first time must be introduced to Father Neptune. I was no exception. According to custom I was arrested by two sailors, brought before Father Neptune who sentenced me to be shaved. Lather composed of graphite and soap was applied to my face with a large whitewash brush, and a man with a razor about three feet long shaved me in no very gentle manner. After the operation I was unceremoniously dumped, clothes and all, into a large tank of sea water.

Arriving at Batavia, on the island of Java, we loaded sugar then left for Saurabaya. Here we found that an epidemic of yellow fever was raging among the natives. As a precaution the authorities ordered our captain to give us quinine and gin before each meal. After leaving this place it took us forty days to reach Port Elizabeth, South Africa, where we coaled. From here we proceeded to Boston, an eighty day trip. Our tramp steamer making about eight miles an hour. We arrived at the capital of the Bay State in time to witness the celebration commemorating the launching of the Constitution. Savannah, Georgia was our next stop. Here the captain purchased a small anchor, which he was unable to get down to the ship owing to a teamsters' strike. One of the Greek sailors overhead Captain Stewart tell the chief officer that he would pay ten dollars to anyone who would get the weight down to the ship. The Greek then said he would be glad to bring the anchor down for that sum. Although the captain knew this man to be a giant for strength, he doubted his ability to carry a four hundred pound weight three miles. However, toward evening, much to the surprise of all, the Greek appeared carrying the anchor on his shoulders. The commander knew if he handed the ten dollars over to the fellow then he would spend it for liquor, so he told him he would add it to his wages, but the Greek would not hear of such a thing; he insisted on having his money right away. The captain was firm, for well he knew that if such a man were turned loose with any money the night before we were to leave, he would not be able to report in the morning, and an American seaman would have to be taken along in his place. At that time seamen of the United States paid about double the wages of any others. In the morning the boss went to look for the anchor, but it could not be found for the Greek had carried it back up town during the night.

After loading cotton we crossed the Atlantic to Antwerp, then to England and on to Ceylon where Lipton, the English tea man had tea and rubber plantations which covered about three-fourths of the island. The next stop was Australia.

By this time I had become tired of the sea life; I wanted to get on land for awhile. The quartermaster of the vessel felt about the same way. We arranged to go into the interior of the continent to hunt but we did not have any success. We sold our hunting equipment and bought horses with which we started to cross the country. About a week later one of the horses died and we used the other animal to carry our baggage and provisions while we walked. There are quite a number of large farms and sheep ranches in the interior and we were able to secure odd jobs at different places. Finally we obtained steady work on a sheep ranch of forty thousand acres; the salary was to be two dollars a week. Our greatest diversion was going kangaroo hunting. The meat of this animal is edible and is a welcome change from the corned mutton which the Australian farmer generally lives on or did at that time. Six months of this strenuous life was enough and we left, traveling toward Brisbane.

One night while we were encamped, a stranger who said he was a barber traveling toward Sydney, asked if we would permit him to stay in our camp over night. We were glad to comply with his request and he showed his appreciation by cutting our hair in the morning. Two days later we met two mounted policemen with a black tracker. These men said they were looking for a barber who had gone suddenly insane and cut a man's throat while shaving him. They had the man's picture and it was the same chap who had shaved and cut our hair two days before.

Some time later I secured work with a man who operated a fifteen ton sail boat in the coastwise freight trade. On one of our trips we were overtaken by a storm and we were compelled to seek shelter in the mouth of a small river. We knew as long as these trade winds continued it would be impossible to do

any business with our small boat. Therefore, as our provisions consisted of only a few pounds of flour and some lard, the captain decided to leave me in charge of the boat, while he walked one hundred miles to the nearest railroad station where he could secure provisions. The first few days I lived on pancakes, then I found an old rat-trap which I lowered into the water and caught small fish. I boiled these in salt water. On this sort of food I lived for sixteen days. When my employer returned we sailed out to sea, but that night another storm overtook us and the boat began to leak. We pumped by hand all night long, although it seemed that the more we pumped the more the water came in. In the morning we were towed into port. I did not go on the small boat again but continued on my way to Brisbane.

I next went to Melbourne but was unable to find steady employment for several months. From here to Sydney then to Thursday Island where one is able to work six weeks at a time on account of the extreme heat. At Sidney we secured old magazines from the Y. M. C. A. and traded them with the lighthouse keepers of the Torres Straights for shells and parrots which the light keepers had secured from the natives in return for crackers. The next trip took us to the Fiji Islands and here we traded soap for curios. We had one trader who wanted to trade a hatchet for more shells than the thing was worth. After bargaining for three quarters of an hour he turned his head to look at something. Instantly the native grabbed the hatchet, hit our man over the head killing him instantly, then before anyone could catch him he disappeared with the hatchet. A few weeks before these same natives had killed and eaten a Dutch policeman who had been stationed there. Here we secured ten blackbirds or natives whom we took to Queensland where they signed up to work for twenty-five cents a year. These men were willing to go because food was very scarce on the island then. However the captain of the boat was paid twenty-five dollars for every black which he delivered. The next trip we took two hundred horses to Bombay, India. The man in charge of them was an Australian called Kennedy. He could not stand a colored man or a Hindu and a whip was always in his hand; whenever a native came near him he used it so freely that whenever he appeared at the livery stable in town the natives would all disappear over the fence.

At this time the bubonic plague was raging in this Indian city and we had to be examined by native doctors every four hours. As soon as man was examined his forearm would be stamped with the word "inspected" and the hour of the examination. When a new examination was made the stamp would be washed off and a new one put on. The death toll was seven hundred a day and the bodies were put in large pits and sprayed with quick lime. It was in this city that the boat I had been working on was sold, the company transferring us to another of their ships. This time we travelled as passengers on one of the company's cattle boats. We were given a six-bunk cabin on deck. Our men occupied four of the berths, a native priest the fifth, and we stored our baggage in the sixth. Every insect known to man shared our berths with us. The chief engineer swore all night while the priest, in the bunk below chanted prayers for the white man's soul.

We arrived in Colombo Christmas day and found it almost impossible to breathe for the temperature was just one hundred and forty. I next went to work on one of the steamers which was carrying men to the west coast of Australia. The gold rush of '96 and '97 was on. I next secured a very fine position at the Queensland Club where I stayed for some time. The present King George, at that time Duke of Kork, was a guest at this place for two weeks while I was there. I next shipped out on a ship between Sydney and San Francisco, touching at New Zealand, Samoan Islands, and Hawaii. On our first trip I was in charge of feeding a number of animals we were transporting for the Smithsonian Institute. We also had as passengers, a number of German scientists who had some choice Bantam chickens which were to be the nucleus of a flock to be raised in the Samoan Islands. One of the cooks discovered a little bantam egg one morning at five o'clock and he cooked it very soft and returned it to the nest. The scientists were quite puzzled on breaking the egg to find it half cooked. The next two days the same thing happened. Finally they were convinced that the coagulation of the egg was due to the torrid heat and one of their number took careful notes with a view to delivering a lecture on same. One of the members of the party being



Lambda Kappa

The Lambda Kappa study of operas was completed last Tuesday night with a study of "William Tell," given by Mrs. Waltz. Needless to say, everyone immensely enjoyed the story so well told by Mrs. Waltz. Plans are now being made for a study of another side of literary life.

All of the members showed a great deal of interest and enthusiasm in the All Society dance, which was such a success last Saturday night. Lambda Kappas are ready again for any more such wonderful events.

Zetetic

At the last meeting of the Zetetics the Junior members entertained the Senior members by finishing the last two acts of the play "Icebound." The play is considered to be one of the very best modern plays and we'll say the Zetetics surely did get their share of dramatization and comedy from it.

Plans were made for future activities, but we're not tellin' 'em here, 'cause we want to be surprised.

Hiking Club

Sombreros! Sombreros! They're only made of grass! But we should worry how they look For we take them off in class! This, a verse of the initiates song, gives a hint of their initiation. The sombreros (of the large true 'sombrero' variety) had a great deal to do with the striking appearance made by the Hiking Club initiates. These were tied on with red and blue streamers and were decorated with red and blue "H. C.'s" on the crown. It was truly a pity—if one takes the aesthetic point of view, that these sombreros must needs be removed in classes and in the dining hall. (I should say rather "just outside the Dining Hall" as their being removed in the dining hall would leave no room for the serving.) They all

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wore hiking outfits of the type truly masculine, which comes close to being that type approved here.

Six a. m. Wednesday saw the initiates, accompanied by some of the charter members, trudging out to the bridge past the creamery—and 6:45 saw the same party—minus charter members, entertaining, with their melodious singing and picturesque appearance, those who came to breakfast.

Thursday morning the initiates were only too glad to go to the destination assigned them—namely the top of the Butte, where flutter still yet, the club colors attached by them to the pole there.

The charter members were delightedly entertained by short clever programs given by these fortunate initiates after lunch both Wednesday and Thursday. These gracious persons were lenient to the ones over whom they had power and insisted only on their obedience. These were: M. Entz, F. Eisenhart, C. Moss, F. Kirby, E. Lamb, S. Frost, E. Montgomery, M. L. White and R. Huddy. The Honorary members, Miss Wilson and Miss Murphy had their share in the attentions of the initiates.

Wednesday evening in the gym, the initiates very willingly danced with the charter members.

Thursday evening at 6:30 this enthusiastic group hiked near the river between the Buttes, north of Tempe, and there enjoyed an evening which is agreed to have been one we won't forget. The formal initiation here took place and the members had their good time to the full. Letter awards were given by Miss Murphy to those earning them (a "T" for 35 miles hiked and "TC" for 70 miles.) Mr. Irish, Miss Murphy, Miss Hayden and Miss Birky helped to make the evening a great success. Eats unusual and most delicious were served. Lettuce and filling sandwiches, sweet sandwiches, coffee, excellent cake and nuts made up the menu.

Those who were formally received into the club at that time were: Alice Anderson, Alice Barber, Laura Clark, Ruth Cornforth, Hester Dugger, Dot Gannon, Mocrema Haddad, Mildred Hellfinstine, Myrtle Kinsman, Bertha Krentz, Clarissa Lambert, Jerry Lee, Dot Patton, Elizabeth Polhemus, Dot Smith, Evelyn Smith, Ida Smith, Alice Spann, Kathryn Stevens, Dawn Taylor, Johnnie Tson, Faire Virgin, Pauline Wilson and Gladys Wingfield.

Those receiving a "TC" were: Anderson, Barber, Clark, Cornforth, Eisenhart, Entz, Frost, Lillie Hayes, Huddy, Krentz, Montgomery, Moss, Polhemus, Dot Smith, Ida Smith, Spann, Stevens, Taylor, White and Wilson.

Those receiving just a "T" were: Dugger, Gannon, Haddad, Hellfinstine, Kinsman, Kirby, Lamb, Lambert, Lee, Patton, Evelyn Smith, Tyson, Virgin and Wingfield.

Kalagathia News

One of the most delightful affairs, enjoyed by Kalagathians this year, was a dinner at the Phoenix Country Club on the night of February 2nd. They joined there a group of interested camp-fire workers for dinner. Miss Florence Heintz, district field secretary of the Camp-fire organization, was the guest of honor.

After a five course dinner, several talks were given. Among the most interesting was one given by Dr. Matthews, "The Beginning of Camp-fire in Arizona." Camp-fire was first started at Tempe in 1916, and in 1917 Miss Anderson took charge of the organization. The work grew rapidly, and is now established in 22 localities of Arizona.

Several members of the faculty, Dr. and Mrs. Matthews, Miss Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Mr. Irish, and Mr. Fairbands joined in the party.

At the meeting of the week before, Miss Heintz gave a most delightful talk on Indian Symbolism. This was followed by an election of new officers for the new semester. Gertrude Jones was elected president; Dorothy Smith, vice-president; Katharine Stevens, secretary-treasurer.

South Hall

South Hall has seemingly adopted the motto: "The Manner the Merrier" for we see they have several new jolly sisters. From Miami

comes Misses Margaret Way Ekstrom and Josephine Bush, and hailing from Globe, Alice Strickland. The other cheery girls are: Nellie Lietrich, Louise Goodwin and Ruby Staggs.

Mrs. Alex Paepel and Miss Alice Paepel, students of Corvallis, Oregon, were guests of Miss Bittman Thursday, February 4.

"Oh!! Ah!! Gee, that was surely keen."

Of course, as usual all the noise was coming from lower end of the ball and when I investigated I found Ethel Williams acting as hostess in a spread given in honor of Angelina Croci, whose birthday was being celebrated.

The room was prettily decorated in valentine outfit of red and white with many hearts predominating. The tables loaded with sumptuous eats was very attractively arranged having as center of attraction an immense birthday cake. Plates were laid for Misses Ruby Staggs, Margaret Williams, Anna Becker, Barbara Flaws, Ethel Williams and Angelina Croci.

The eats were the best ever, including tomatu soup, breaded veal cutlets, ham, fruit salad, rolls, potato chips, cake, ice cream, candy and nuts.

After eating to their heart's content each member gave a stunt. The hostess gave a speech giving the whys and wherefores of the party. After which quaint Italian and Spanish songs were sung by Miss Croci. Margaret Williams quite outshaded her friends by giving an exhibition of strength by breaking a piece of taffy while Ruby Staggs gave a short speech on the comics of college life. Anna Becker did something very unusual by keeping quiet and Barbara Flaws gave a confidential talk on the heart.

After a round of merriment, dishes were washed and in a few minutes I knew the party was over because the contented guests came straggling out with a chair in one hand and a knife, fork, spoon and cup in the other.

There was quite a prolonged breakfast in South Hall Sunday, January 31, in Alice Anderson and Laura Clark's room. The breakfast began at 9:00 A. M. and lasted until 12. It consisted of oranges, fried ham, eggs, toast, jelly and cocoa. Those participating in the lengthy repast were: Jeanette Linder, Bertha Krentz, Myrtle Kinsman, Dorothy Patton, Nighbert Carnutt, Emily Montgomery, Florence and Edith Kirby, Alice Anderson and Laura Clark.

One of the most delightful and enjoyable bridge parties was given by Wilhna Brooks and Francis Moorehead for Gertrude Hoar in honor of her birthday. Everyone ate heartily of the deliciously prepared breakfast and topped it off with a delightful round of bridge. The guests present were Gertrude Hoar, Mildred Hoar, Scotty McGee, Mildred Daily Evelyn Smith and Fair Virgin.

Art Department

Students in Art I classes were asked to define "art" in to is broadest sense.

The following were considered the best:

"Art is the skillful expression of life and beauty," by Laurel Bly.

"Art is a systematic application of skill in some expression of the beautiful or imaginative things that appeal to human life," by Leonard Clements.

As to five uses of art, Miss Dorothy Rosier gave the following:

1. To interpret nature.
2. Portray beauty.
3. Develops the aesthetic sense.
4. Harmonizes discord.
5. Presents past beauties.

The Homesteaders

Last Saturday the Homesteaders went up to Coles ranch to spend the day picnicing.

After cooking a hot dog for breakfast and commenting on the weather we decided to try our four horse-women at "steeding". Mildred Daley gave a very unusual exhibition of horsemanship. Yes, the ground is rather soft in places.

After many stunts of one kind or another, Carl showed his domestic ability by baking some biscuits and frying the rabbits we shot. Carl surely is some cook. (Here is your chance girls.) Scotty scorched the water we were going to use for coffee but we decided to give her another chance. Phyliss and Wilma didn't spend very much time in the kitchen but when it comes to entertaining the boys they surely do know their apples. Everyone agreed that it was a grand time and we look forward to the next party we have.

Russia's form of government is nobody's business; it's her form of honesty that troubles her neighbors.

Geographics Hear Of New Zealand

It would be hard to find any other area of the world of so great interest in such varied lines. It was the privilege of the geographic society to hear of this wonderful country last Thursday night from Dr. Victor A. Rule, pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Phoenix. Dr. Rule was born and educated in New Zealand, and spent the past summer visiting and traveling there. Or to be more accurate, he was absent from Phoenix during the summer in order to spend the winter in New Zealand.

Dr. Rule made a complete survey of the country and illustrated his lecture with a great number of photographs, mostly of his own taking. He first told about the native aborigines, the Maoris, and illustrated some of their customs. A visit to the Yellowstone of New Zealand followed, including the world's greatest geyser. Other scenic wonders were illustrated and described—great rugged mountains with perpetual snow and glaciers rivaling those of the Alps; a fiorded coast rivaling that of Norway or Alaska; luxuriant forests rivaling those of our Pacific Northwest; and caverns as wonderful as our own. New Zealand he tells us, has forty cities larger than Phoenix. Numerous views of these were shown in their ruggedly picturesque settings which suggested San Francisco or Rio Janiero. The economic development of the islands were also illustrated. The forests and mines are all government owned, and no timber is allowed to be cut without replanting. Thus New Zealand will be spared the timber shortage which is inevitable in our own land. The large scale operations of the sheep and wool industry were also shown.

After his lecture, Dr. Rule was showered with the usual barrage of questions and was led to relate some amusing personal experiences. In spite of New Zealand's wealth and wonderous beauties and the appeal of one's native land, Dr. Rule confessed preference for life in America with its more democratic institutions.

Other special guests of the Geographic Society last Thursday night included Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Burkhardt, and Rev. O. T. Douglas and his sister.

Hammer Hatchery

This has been a rather dry week for the gang over at the poultry barn. There wasn't much happened except Hammer got engaged to Tuby, and paid \$1.98 for the ring, which all came out of the treasury. Hatch had a date with the blue eyed, curly head girl, threw away his crutches and went to the dance.

Sutter put in application to the Hiking Club Tuesday night, turned puglist Wednesday night, and Thursday morning by mistake his alarm went off two hours early and he got to work early. Tommy whiled away his time at the golf course so he's too far gone to be responsible for much of anything. Joe Smith quit basketball but we think he will start again. Otherwise things went on smoothly.

All five of the boys approve very heartily of bananas as a diet, they were good while they lasted but lasted too quick.

Thompson: "The best way to get rid of bed bugs is to chase them up these spiral bed springs till they get dizzy and then suffocate them with a sock."

COMING DOWN THE HALL

If a body bump a body, comin' down the hall,  
Need a body hit a body or bump her back at all?  
If a body sees a body comin' down the hall,  
Need a body hail a body, as loud as she can call?  
Every lad and lassie have their weakest sides,  
So each and every lad and lassie must by rules abide.  
"Desert Voice."

Better to have worked and lost than never to have worked at all.

The Log

(Continued from Page 2)

a little skeptical kept a very careful watch and discovered the cook's little joke.

Just one hour after arriving in San Francisco I went to work in the University Club of that city, where I stayed until the earthquake of 1906. In that catastrophe I lost all the trophies and souvenirs that I had gathered during my several trips around the world. It was impossible to secure any money from the banks in town, but I secured transportation to Chicago where I

landed with the magnificent sum of twenty-five cents. All day long I tramped around looking for work with no success, owing to the lack of a uniform and tools. At night about nine o'clock I saw, in the window of one of the restaurants operated by the Thompson system, a sign, which said "potato washer wanted." This company ran about forty eating places in the city of Chicago alone, and about twice that many in New York. I was glad to get this job although it was the most menial in the kitchen. I washed the pots and pans and did most of the chef's work besides, as this man came to work every night under the influence of liquor. The fifth night he did not come at all and the manager offered me his place at ten dollars a week, but I refused, telling the man that I would not cook for less than he had been paying the other man. The manager thought I was inconsistent and he straightway hired another chef. I kept on washing the pots until I had saved enough money to buy a uniform and some tools, when I applied for and received the chief cook's place in one of the company's larger restaurants in the same city. About a month later the retiring manager brought the new manager in to introduce him to the crew in the kitchen. Whom should it be but a chap for whom I had washed pots. When he was introduced to me he said "What in the world! Well why in the dickens didn't you say you were a cook?" I told him that it had hurt my pride greatly that he did not find it out, therefore I did not want to tell him.

From Chicago I went to New York and had charge of Engle's English Chop House, one of the internationally known cosmopolitan meeting places. The upper floor contained one of the largest collections of original political cartoons in the world. The lower floor was an open English grill; this arrangement enabled me to meet, and become intimately acquainted with a great many celebrities of the day, among whom were David Bennett Hill, Nathan and Isador Strause, Mark Twain and the much-married Nat Goodwin. Some time later the Greenwich bank made arrangements with Mr. Engle whereby they paid him seventy-five thousand dollars to close up his grill and leave the ground to them for a period of twenty-five years, for which they paid an annual rental of twenty-five thousand dollars. They erected a twenty story building on the ground which will eventually go to the Engle estate.

From New York I went to Atlantic City, The Jamestown Exposition, Canada, Palm Beach, and almost every state in the union, finally arriving at Tempe, the only city in which I have ever lived for more than one year since leaving Vienna.

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College Humor

Dora: "Should slang ever be used?"
Jeanne: "Heck, No!"
Ann L.: "Do you know how rats get in here?"
Dora Joe: "Naw."

Kenneth: "How come you got home so early last night?"
Lowell: "It was this way. I called on my girl last night and I tried to hold her hand. She struck me. I tried to put my arm around her. She struck me. I tried to kiss her. She struck me."

News Items

The training school is entering a first-class team in the Valley Basketball Tournament and they are in to win. The first games were played on the sixth and the tournament will be completed this coming Saturday.

New Students

The following new students have been enrolled for the second semester: Sallie Etta Bailey, Laguna, N. M. Frances Billman, Bisbee. June Brewster, Buckeye.

Spilt Milk



How long after the shiek starts to school does his Oxford bags begin moving?
"Let me hold you Palmolive."
"Not on your Lifebuoy."

Mrs. Wiggs—I think "The Perfect and Sacred Lover" is a very interesting title.

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Paragraphs (By ROBERT QUILLEN)

The man France really needs as minister of finance is Alladin.
Most grouches are bachelors; they have nobody to cuss by way of relief.
The hard part is to love your neighbor if he has a better car than yours.

Magma Mine (Continued from page one)

out. Miles of tunnels it seemed that we wended through. We were packed onto an elevator like sardines each in an assigned position. We wormed our way up through holes and clambered a series of ladders into a stope. Here the miners were bathed in perspiration for the temperature were very high due to the chemical action in the iron-copper-sulphides. The air circulation of the mine was explained and this explained the high doors which would open before us and close behind us, directing the air into all parts of the mine.

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