



THE TEMPE COLLEGIAN



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FROSH SENSE AND NONSENSE NUMBER

J. Smith Seeks Divorce Following Scandalous Row With Katherine

"I love you, but you got too many whiskers. Go get a shave." Such was the well meaning, harmless admonishment offered Joe Smith by his adoring Katherine at their last—their very last—meeting. Harmless enough, and well meaning, were the words—but they bid fair to wreck two lives, a string of beads and a shoe lace.

Hot-headed as always, Joe immediately demanded that Katherine apologize and apply tulip salve to his injured feelings. This she very emphatically refused to do.

"All right," stormed Joe, "then you can go to Halifax! And for once you won't have to take me along. You can go some place alone for a change. I've followed you around and been your shadow, but I won't be the goat any longer."

He trounced out of the Ford, seeking at once the seclusion of his own room, where he threw himself upon the bed and wept bitter, salty tears of regret. Had he lost her by his foolishness? She was right. Women always were! He did need a shave! Oh, oh! what could he do? What was there left to do? He cursed himself for his rashness, swore oaths by all the gods and decided to go back to Katherine and beg forgiveness.

Penitent, humbly beseeching her grace, Joe again came into the presence of his Katherine's liviver. Much to his surprise she laughed at him and gave him the merry ha-ha. What? Was this his own Katherine, the sweet little clinging vine whose very happiness had depended on his smile or frown? Was it she who stood there mocking him? It could not be, but it was. Being a man of few words, and one who believes in facing the existing facts as they are, Joe kissed his fingertips to her and left by the nearest exit.

Twenty-four hours later the following notice appeared in the Tempe Daily Times: "Henceforth, I, Joe Smith, a graduate alumnus of Tempe College, will be responsible for no debts contracted by any other person than myself. Keep out. This means you." Beside this notice the newspaper also featured the case in its headline: "Joe Smith Sues Katherine." (Continued on Page 6)

Strange Epidemic Sweeps Campus

Much alarm, worry and surprise has manifested itself because of the sudden appearance of a strange new malady discovered on the T. S. T. C. campus and in the dormitories. It walks, runs, jumps and stands alone. Yes, it even holds the sack. Those afflicted by this bacterium feel a weakening of the knees, a jangling of the vertebrae, enlarging of the teeth, loosening of the tonsils and a decided elongation of the toenails.

If you find yourself suddenly stricken by these symptoms do not delay, but call Brute Sutter, the heart mender and love specialist, at once. Brute has diagnosed this peculiar new disease as nothing more than acute spring feveritis. The swimming pool opens April 15, and Brute has kindly consented to give all his patients the hot oil treatment. If you have not yet signed up, enroll at once. Tomorrow may be too late, as the bacterium is a fast worker and only a man like Brute can counteract its action.

POEM
Pack up all my cares and woes,
Here I go, singing low,
Bye, bye, Blackburn.
Grade my paper A or B,
Or even C—but not a D.
Bye, bye, Blackburn.
There's no one who loves or understands you;
Oh! what hard luck stories Essays hand you.
Grade my paper,
Grade it high,
Or tonight you will die,
Blackburn, bye, bye!

Discipline Committee Banishes Regulations

At its next meeting, two weeks from last Sunday, the discipline committee of T. S. T. C. voted to banish many of the old and worn-out regulations of the college and establish new and up-to-date ones in their place. After a heated tete-a-tete the committee voted unanimously in favor of adjournment, but not until the following new regulations were agreed upon:

1. Girls in the dormitories will be allowed to go and come at will, the later they get in the better. Less wear and tear on the dormitories will save the State appropriation money.
2. Mr. Krause will serve meals at all hours of the day. The dining hall bell will not herald Bulldogs to table in one mad rush any longer. They may go and come as nature and their appetites direct. Everyone will be asked to hand in the date of his birthday so Mr. Krause can celebrate with a birthday cake and a roast fowl.

3. Attendance of the student bodies at the Menhennet Theater of Tempe every Friday night is one of the new regulations. Mr. Felton will take roll call.

4. All girl students are requested to spend at least three evenings a week at the Rendezvous to learn the ways of the world so that their education will be broad and not one-sided.

5. The book store must cut prices of textbooks 50 per cent or else go out of business. This is a result of the new movement to abolish use of textbooks in the classroom. Books are too expensive at the present high prices, especially when they just lie around and nobody uses them. The discipline committee plans to visit Mr. Burkhard in a joint body and chastise severely for overstepping the bounds of common decency in his outrageous robbery.

6. Fish in the fountain will be retailed at wholesale prices at a gigantic auction sale in order to pay the cost of their upkeep.

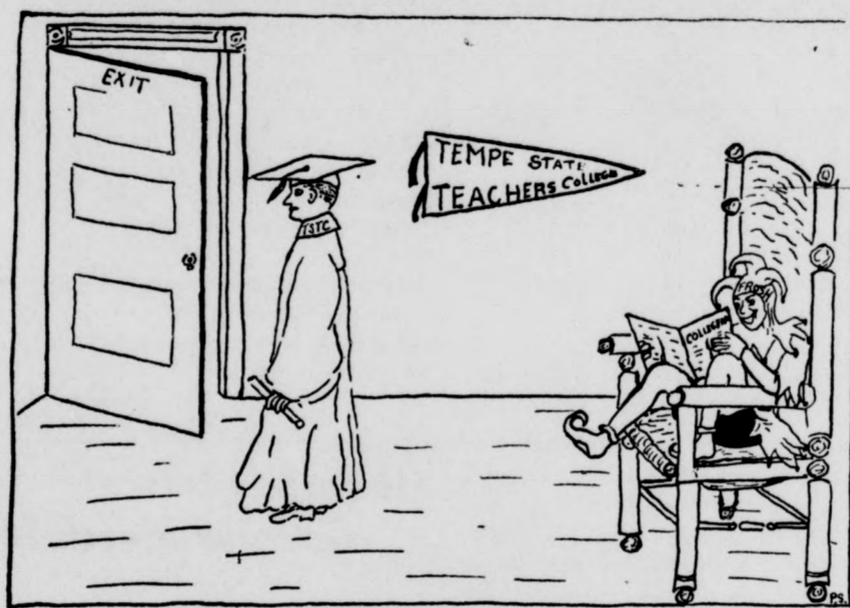
Pale Hands
I held a little hand last night,
So dainty and so neat,
Methought my heart would burst with joy,
So wildly did it beat.

No other hand unto my heart
Could greater solace bring
Than the little hand I held last night—
Four aces and a king!

—Pomona Sagehen.

Billboard Logic
In Egypt, camels carry big, strong, fine looking men. In America, big, strong, fine looking men carry camels.—Arizona Kitty-Kat.

On This Fool's Day We Reign



Seniors Leave of Absense

P. O. DB's and Lambda Phi Sigmas Conglomerate

In a statement issued to the President of Tempe State Teachers College, Charles Thomson announced that the Lambda Phi Sigmas had become associated with the P. O. DB's. This came as a startling surprise to campus gossips. It seems that last Sunday evening the P. O.'s were attending church services at the Apostolic Temple at Phoenix, when in came Leonard Clements. The poor man was bedraggled and looked to be badly in need of spiritual aid. After the church services, every member of the P. O.'s knelt in prayer, except Joseph B. Y. Smith, who had a boll on his knee. Mr. Barney G. Barney, honored orator of the P. O. organization, led in prayer: "Our Heavenly Father in High Olympia, we beseech of you to point the right way for these poor Lambda Phi Sigmas. They do not know what they do, and please do not prosecute them. Help us to make them cease their wicked ways and to purify their souls. We now close our prayer to you dearest one with a plea to guide us in our crap shooting for the week. Amen."

Clements, who had been listening to this wonderful plea for his lost soul, wiped his glasses and broke down and confessed that he was a sinner, but didn't entirely blame himself. He asked the P. O. fraternity to show him the light of Love. They nobly did so, and while he was watching it they embraced him to the tune of a Kress wallet containing five pennies and a picture with

"Lovingly yours—Still waters run deep. M. M." on the back of it.

The following day a committee from each society met. After desperate pleas for salvation by Elsie Windes, Carl Teeter, and Delbert Rollins, the P. O.'s agreed to see what they could do for their poor wayward brothers.

A second meeting was called for Tuesday night. Both societies were present with 110 per cent attendance. Great ceremony was gone through with. The Lambda Phi Sigmas had their sins washed away in the blood of their noses, were baptised in the fish pond and had Satan driven from them with oak paddles 24"x12"x3". Holes were bored in the paddles to form the letters, "P. O." An enjoyable and lively time was had by all. After the ceremony, the following statements were issued:

"I am very glad to hear of the boys uniting under the colors of the P. O. Db. fraternity. I am sure that we will have bigger and better young men due to this."—President Matthews.

"We are very glad to have been able to do our alma mater a good turn. We will always be ready to protect her against unscrupulous personages." P. O. Db. Frat. Per J. B. Y. Smith, Sec.

"We do not shame to tell what manner of men we were, since our conversion so sweetly tastes, being the thing we are." P. O. Db. Frat. (Formerly Lambda Phi Sigma). By Elsie Windes, Sec.

Freshman Advice To Upper Classmen

If a girl tells you that you can't kiss her, just remember that can't never did anything.

What to Do Before the Doctor Comes
Buy physical culture books and exercising apparatus. Think pure thoughts. Breathe fresh air. Try milk cure. Laugh it off. Read patent medicine testimonials before taking. See how much you have left in the bank. Smile. Lay stack of unpaid bills on bed beside you. Doctor will not stay long.

How to Become Popular
Students wishing to win popularity in college must first obtain knowl-

edge of good manners not always listed in a book of etiquette. The author of this article, being a keen observer of etiquette, will not proceed to give his personal opinions on the various entanglements of good breeding.

To gain recognition in his class room, the student must not overlook the teacher. He must therefore bring to his teacher flowers and fruit; this establishes a better feeling between the two.

His behavior in the class room is very important; he should never agree with the teacher, as this shows lack of intelligence if he does. He (Continued on Page Two)

Bill Griffin Elected Queen of the May

A LESSON IN PSYCHOLOGY
Experiences from birth to death
Define the human mind.
The cortex of the brain is but
A covering like a rind.

And stimulæ will ease a move
A wiggling of the toes,
(It might be but a cootie bug)
The sensory organ knows.

The actions of the neurones are
Too difficult to see;
In fact are only possible
When life has ceased to be.

—B. F.

All-Collegian Teams Picked at Request Of Student Body

At the request of my many friends I've a last decided to pick the "All-Collegian" football and basketball teams. I know that it is fairly late in the year to do this, but I have been until now finding out the women's choice—and you know women.

Here is the team I picked, the girls doing the choosing:
Wrong End....."Peoria" Thompson
Right End.....Cocke
Fish Tackle.....Cecil England
Flying Tackle.....Howard Wardlow
Black Guard.....Francis Hayes
Fleeting Center (mostly fleeting)
.....Doyle Harbison

Wrong Drawback.....Brute Sutter
Fullback.....Monkey Windes
Water Boy.....Figero

I know that this team could have cleaned the streets after any team, had they been in action during the gridiron season. I have made these selections and modeled them after a flapper's dream. Thus I have the famous "Collegian" team.

Basketball has taken less time for the stars to come out. The knights have parted and the deigh has come full of shining stars. The matrons were my aids in the choice offered below. They know these men as they should be known.

Center Attraction.....
.....Timothy Sullivan, Esq.
Forward Man.....Edward Palmer
Gold Shooter.....Steve Bryant
Shin Guard.....Harry Culbert
Pass Guard.....Adolph Spangles

I would give my reasons why I picked this wonderful team, but if I did, I would have to tell who did pick it, then I'd be so besieged by all the campus flappers because I didn't put their flaming sheiks on, that I haven't the heart to disclose my identity. It will suffice, however, to say that I am a T. S. T. C. frosh in good standing with the rest of my clever brethren. These men know their onions and also their spinach. Ask Mr. Ostrander if you don't believe me.

One word to you, men of the Tempe campus: If I've left you off my team don't go bothering the editor of this publication. She'll have her hands full as it is. Pick a team and put yourself on it. That's the way I did.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED
Did you get slapped? Well, it's good enough for you. 'Tain't very often us poor Freshmen get a chance to slap anybody, I'll tell you right now. They always give us the sweet wallop and expect us meekly to turn the other cheek, but not so today. Oh, glorious day of days, April Fool day! Why only one a year?

To elect a May Queen was the subject of the monthly assembly held in the auditorium last Monday morning, March 32, 1926.

After a heated discussion it was decided that as girls could not be found suitable to be the Queen and assistants, boys were drafted in to fill their places. A vote was taken and the following were easily elected: Bill Griffith, Queen; Monkey Windes, King; Peoria Thompson, Crown Bearer; Cecil England Steve Bryant, Pages; Francis Gilmore, Art Mercer, Doyle Harbison, Bill Hamilton and Harry Culbert, attendants.

The Grecian dancers chosen were Walter Barney, Brute Sutter, Muggs Goodrich, Earl Anderson, Joe Smith, Deb Goddard, "Chick" Vihel, Merrill Hatch, Jessie Hayes, Pete Marshall and Leonard Clements. Baldy Simpkins and Timothy Sullivan were given parts as solo dancers.

The weather was ideal for Maytime dances. The rain had just laid a solid wet blanket over the campus lawn. As the crowd was gathering the Girls' Band hit up a tune, playing "Rain, Rain, Go Away" and "Let Hall for the Queen."

The audience had quieted and the two pages appeared, each wearing bright red trunks and pink overcoats. They blasted forth tiny squeaks from their big brass tubas and the Queening of the May began.

Queen William appeared wearing lavender tights, a red jacket and a big green bow on his head. The King was dressed in Levis and yellow shirt. "Peoria" Thompson tripped in carrying the tin crown on a baseball bat. He wore a bathing suit of blue trimmed in orchid ostrich feathers. The attendants wore their polkadot pajamas.

After much dropping of the crown, some one succeeded in crowning Sweet William the handsome Queen of the May. When the jeering of the crowd had quieted, in rushed pretty little Baldy Simpkins, to flit on his fantastic toe. He was to do the Dance of the Seven Veils, but the laundry man was late. However, he did his dance anyway. At the close of this dance the Maypole dancers appeared, led by dainty Muggs Goodrich. As no Grecian costumes could (Continued on Page Two)

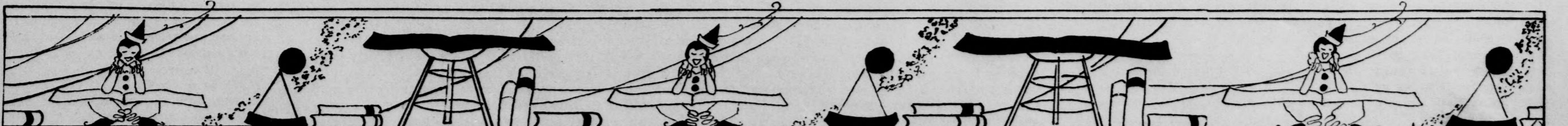
Spring Vacation Of Two Weeks

Spring vacation unofficially begins this April Fool day and will continue until May 1, two weeks.

All T. S. T. C. students are urged to have an enjoyable time during the intervening space, visit the home folks, and just forget it all. Don't worry, ride the street cars in safety and if you have any troubles tell them to Santa Claus, the man who always understands. His number is in the Santa Fe time table. Try and find it if you can. We wish you all possible success in the hazardous undertaking.

Now remember, relax, rest, run and romp for too weeks. Show your gratitude by increased activity in all social affairs of the old home town. Show 'em some speed too, though. Don't rest so much they'll all think Tempe a boneyard or something just as bad.

Good luck and heaps of love. Don't forget to right when you get there, and be back jolly and tired out for work Monday, April 11. Until then, I say fare you well until we meet again!



Freshmen Mock Election

Freshmen have a jolly time withal, let 'em say what they will. If you don't believe it you should have been to the mock election held at the March class meeting.

- Prettiest Girl.....Beulah McCreary
Handsomest Man.....Monkey Windes
Popular Boy.....Lawrence Terrell
Popular Girl.....Dot Sorrells
Inseparables.....Steve Bryant and Pearl Lamb
Shortest Freshie.....Jessie Hayes
Tallest Freshie.....Marie Griffen
Class Cutup....."Chick" Vihel
Cleverest Girl.....Janie Westerfield
Cleverest Boy.....Bob Simpson
Cutest Girl.....Verna Martin
Cutest Boy.....Leonard Bellamy
Class Gossip.....Virginia Hatch
Class Egotist.....Doyle Harbison
Biggest S. A.....Adolph Spangles
Class Roughneck.....Reed Fuller
Girl Fashion Plate.....Carmen Larison
Boy Fashion Plate.....Cecil England
Class Vamp.....Grace Brownlee
All-Around Girl.....Katherine McNelly
All-Around Boy.....Howard Wardlow
Manhater.....Genevieve d'Arcy
Womanhater.....Art Mercer
Girl Athlete.....Bena Perz
Boy Athlete.....Wallace DeWitt
Class Dumbbell.....Cocke
Class Scholar.....Ed Palmer
Best Girl Dancer.....Ruth Johnson
Best Boy Dancer.....Harold Nichols
Class Pest.....Corinne Jones
Class Bluff.....Harvey Tyson
Class Optimist.....Robert Stroud
Class Pessimist.....Bee Felton

Our Plea to the Jury

It is unforgivable! We have utterly disregarded all your time-honored precedents, we have completely abolished all decencies of conservatism, we have absolutely desecrated the admirable standards of our predecessors, we have horribly discolored the aspects of the matter, we have rudely overturned the even tenor of your way, we have constantly degraded, vulgarized, and trifled with all dignity, but, merciful students of the jury, we beg of you a verdict of acquittal.

Death in the electric chair, or death in the noose would be too generous for such usurpers of the public dignity as we, but hear our plea to its ignoble end. We have not been entirely at fault. These horrible deeds have not been committed by our unguided hand. A terrible force has directed our erring selves to this disreputable course. No, worthy students of the jury, we are not making the usual insanity plea. Although our actions deny the fact, we are not going to pretend to be the helpless victims of dementia praecox. Something else has driven us to these lawless acts. We could not ask for pardon and acquittal if such were not the case.

We realize the enormity of our offense, we realize the atrocity of our assault on the public decency, but we maintain that, after all, we are blameless. It was the promptings of time and circumstance that caused us to do this thing. We beg of you to examine the evidence concerning this time and circumstance and then, realizing our innocence, acquit us of all guilt. This is our only excuse: It is the April Fool number of The Collegian and we (being the fools) must live up to the legend about all Freshmen—they are fresh!

Bill Griffin Elected Queen of the May

(Continued from Page One)
be found, they wore track suits and football shoes. All went well until Merrell Hatch fell in a gopher hole and the dance had to be discontinued while they dug him out.

To conclude the glorious day Mr. Timothy Sullivan lent his frame for an Irish "Reel." Tim had plenty of "real" in him, all right. The program was discontinued on account of rain and darkness. It was agreed that a goodly crowd was there and that each person enjoyed herself, himself and itself greatly.

A motion is now in state to elect Sweet William the most beautiful girl in school.

Freshman Advice To Upper Classmen

(Continued from Page One)
should accuse the teacher of being wrong, if his opinions do not agree with the teacher. Always insist on being heard; give your ideas and make them effective by accusing all others of being liars, if they do not agree.

Read the "College Humor" magazine and relate the jokes in class; the teacher is too dignified to read such low types of humor, but will always appreciate it if told in class. Loud talking and whistling are allowed in class rooms, but this shows poor taste on the part of the student.

The next place to show your good breeding is in the library. Never be seen studying or pretending to be doing something, or fellow students will think you a stick in the mud and accuse you of being something you aren't. To come in closer contact with your teachers be tardy to classes and remain to furnish a good crop of alibis.

In the halls never walk on the right, but on the left; in this way you will come in contact with more fellow students. Running in the halls is the best way of getting to your class rooms, as it shows your athletic ability and athletics are the stepping stone to popularity.

When with fellow students, your

actions and conversation are judged critically. Always hang on their necks, as this shows personal love of the person. Make fun of your companions by relating some of their embarrassing moments; this will be enjoyed by all. Talk about yourself, as this always appeals to your friends, but never admit you are wrong, as this will make your friends think that you make mistakes as well as others do. These are only a few of the many simple ways of gaining popularity.

How to act with the opposite sex is made easy by reading the "Tell Me This" column in the Phoenix Republican. The author does not care to express his views in public, but anyone desiring more information can write the author, or inclose a stamped envelope and the author will send a free copy of his latest booklet, "To Win and to Hold."

Flappers

YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND FOREVER!

Grandmother flirted; mother spooned; daughter pets—but they all got kissed sooner or later.

Grandmother was proposed to on a moonlight buggy ride; mother was courted on a bicycle made for two; daughter in a taxicab—but they all got the same old thrill and had the same old beautiful dreams.

Grandmother dropped her eyes and hung to his coat lapel; mother hung on his arm and trembled; daughter grapples him around the neck—but they all did their best to keep him from getting away.

Grandmother called him "my suitor"; mother called him "my fiancé"; daughter calls him "my boy friend"—but they all managed to lead him to the altar in the end.

Other times, other manners—but all roads lead to matrimony when a woman drives.

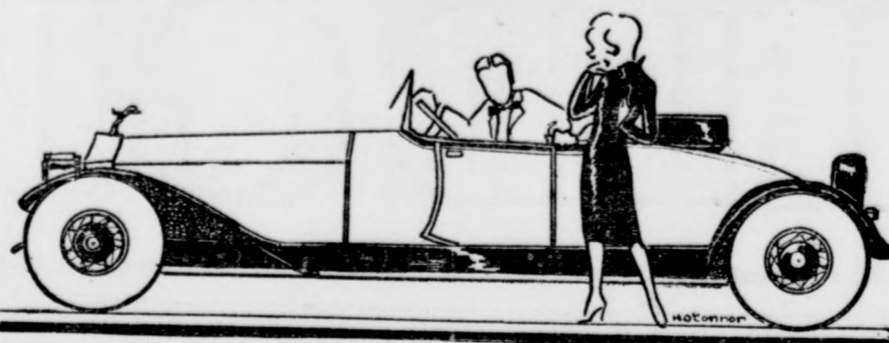
Of all the rotten feelings

There's none that can compare To stepping in the darkness

On a step that isn't there.

—Banter.

The Stranger and the Miss



"Will you come ride in my roadster?" Said a stranger to a miss. "You have never seen a roadster Quite as up-to-date as this.

"You only have to step inside And then slam the door, To see a lot of curious things You never saw before."

"No, thanks," the cautious girl replied, "For walking is quite free." "Please come with me," the stranger said, "I'm lonely as can be."

"Your eyes are simply maddening," The stranger then did cry. "I'd like to see them nearer; Pray do not be so shy."

"If that's the case, I'll ride with you."

The silly girl replied. "Then have a seat right by my side," The wily stranger cried.

"You are really most attractive," Said the stranger to the miss, "In fact I have been thinking That I shall have a kiss."

"I must be going," said the girl, And tried the door to free. "Just keep your seat," the stranger said, "You're going to ride with me."

So the lesson we are learning From the stranger and the miss: Experience is useful Unless it ends like this.

So when you see a stranger call You had better walk away, For if you step into his car You are very apt to stay. —S. F.

BRIGHT FUTURE FOR T. S. T. C.

At the regular assembly held Monday, March 21, President Matthews told us many interesting and important facts about our school. Probably the most interesting as well as the most important was the money appropriated by the last Legislature. It includes \$100,000 for a new training school which will be started next year; \$35,000 to remodel Alpha Hall into a first-class home and dormitory for the men, and \$15,000 for athletic training quarters for the men. The work on the two latter will begin at once.

All of this is in addition to the regular budgets for maintaining this college. The budgets, too, have been raised so that in the next two years nearly half a million dollars will be expended to further the efficiency of T. S. T. C.

We may all be proud that we have a man like President Matthews working for us and for the good of this State.

All-Society Dance Given on March 26

The All-Society dance will be given in the T. S. T. C. gymnasium Saturday, March 26—and a big crowd was there. The decorations will be carried out in a Japanese color scheme—and it was my hermosa. Society members will send bids—and many men out of the Tempe campus came as guests. (Where from? Nobody knows.) Johnny Riggs' orchestra will furnish music, and they sure were hot.

See your friends about swapping dances. Much labor would have been avoided had programs been laid out before the hop. Pay your admission to Merrill Hatch, the money changer. The affair was free, plus un peso. If your dues aren't paid settle at once. We want a bigger and better All-Society dance, and we sure had it March 26.

An April Fool Trick

(By a Freshie)

Gee! What shall I do today? I just don't know what to do. I know my mother will spank me but—well April fool again I just have to do something! I don't know why I can't grow up but mama says I'd better be a gentleman, well, you just wait till I'm a senior. Maybe? Mama said she'd spank if I did again what I did last April Fool Day. Well, anyway, I'll tell you about it.

Mama gave a big, big, party. Mr. Simpkins, Mrs. Lettuce Leaf, Mr. Shortwalk, Mrs. Corduroy, and Mrs. Pickenstone were our guests. Oh, Mrs. Lettuce Leaf was so little our double doors were too small for her. She always stepped in sideways. Oh dear, I just can't help but laugh and Oh Mr. Simpkins was so tall and lanky and I know he wore a double fourteen shoe and he was four feet above the table. I was scared he'd brake our lights and, Mrs. Corduroy she was so sweet my cat would disappear when she came in. They all set around the table and Oh Mr. Simpkins could not stretch his legs cause the table wasn't big enough and Mrs. Lettuce Leaf, well our chairs were too small for her and Mom had a special one for her to sit on. Of course, Mom told me to go and play with Mrs. Stubborn's kids but I wanted to see this party and wanted to have some fun so I crept under the table—the table cloth was so long I was sure Mom could not see me.

So here comes all the guests, and by the time they were all seated I'll y'u I was sorry I was there cause Mr. Simpkins legs were so long that I could not move around as I expected and I wanted to hear all that was being said. Mom said, "Beautiful evening Mr. Simpkins"—"Fine, Fine," that's all he said cause he was a bachelor and he economized as many words as he could. Honest, Oh Mr. Simpkins did kick me then but I just didn't say a thing cause I knew Mom would spank me if I did. Mrs. Lettuce Leaf asked, "And where is little Billy tonight Mrs. Smith?"

You know Ida Smith my sister, well, you see she went to her chums house, I don't know what she did. Ida is a good friend of mine, and Oh I like her. Although if she had been home I would have been in bed. "Oh," my mother said, "Billy is playing with the neighbors children, he is a wonderful child. "He certainly is." Mrs. Lettuce Leaf returned. Oh yes, I was! Well, I'll tell you just then Mr. Simpkins kicked me the third time and I couldn't stand it no more so I said, "THIS IS ENOUGH, now. You'll see how good little Billy is! I took a look at Mr. Simpkins nice looking shoes and saw two nice shoe strings, Oh! I took those strings, untied them, and THEN I went to Mrs. Lettuce Leaf oxfords and untied her shoes. Mrs. Corduroy's shoes were Ooooooh so big and they had BIG heels. I untied her shoes. Then I went to Mrs. Pickenstone shoes and very quietly

I repeated the same performance until I untied all of them. Naughty me, what do you think I did? I tied all those strings together, Mr. Simpkins strings with Mrs. Lettuce Leaf and so on, all round the table, while they were having a nice and interesting conversation. I didn't tie Moms 'cause I think she was wise she put on strap slippers, beside I didn't try to touch her cause she is suspicious. Oh, but Mr. Simpkins did kick me again and so did Mrs. Lettuce Leaf right while I was doing the dirty work.

Mr. Shortwalk would say sometimes, "Oh Mrs. Smith" but for some unknown reason he would stop there and Mom would continue with the conversation. Well, Mom had to spoil it all, you know, just before I had finished my fun. Mom suggested to our guests to come to the next room and take a look at her antique collection. I feared my Waterloo then! When all of them started to get up my heart skipped lots of beats, I know. Mr. Simpkins was so bashful. He would start to get up and then he would think of another topic and sit down again while Mrs. Lettuce Leaf gave him an awful mean look meaning shut up, but Mrs. Lettuce Leaf would sit down again too. And Mr. Simpkins, of all the kicks he gave me! I know I was black and blue. Finally Mom could not understand why her guests acted so funny. She politely drew her chair out and I had forgotten I tied Mrs. Pickenstone shoe strings to Moms chair, and there goes all the party.

Oh dear, Mrs. Lettuce Leaf was so fat she bumped against our little table and one of mothers antique vases dropped on her head. Oh, I did not know what to do so I kept still! Mr. Simpkins pulled his foot this way and it dragged Mrs. Corduroy the other way. Oh and Mr. Simpkins face changed from red to yellow and from yellow to pink. And all the guests were scattered about the floor. Oh my, they were mad! Poor mother didn't know how to explain. And to climax everything my shoe had a little tack on the heel, so that when I tried to sneak out from under the table, I stepped on one of the corners of the table cloth and took table cloth and china ware with me. All my mothers precious cups and saucers lay there on the floor in little pieces! I tried to make my escape in a quiet way but those tell tale dishes were the cause of it all. I knew it. They made such a loud blast. Mama gave me an awful spanking and I sure got slapped. Our guests got a little sore, especially Mr. Simpkins. Every time I meet him down town, Oh I know he would like to spank me too.

Well here is April Fool again. I'll tell you, April fooled ME, I didn't fool him. I'm big now and go to Tempe Teachers College and Mr. Burkhard told me to form a new synapse and get my neurone connections in better condition. What an April Fool Trick!

Us Fools

This is the day of all days for us Freshmen. It is the one day in the year when we can really act natural and don't have to pretend to be wiser than we are—'cause this is April Fool's Day.

April is rather an erratic, unusual month, so consequently April Fools must be erratic, unusual people. Most fools are that, you know. Either unusually brilliant with erratic spells of being "dead to the world," or unusually dumb with erratic spells of doing dumb things or nothing at all.

The College Fool is that brilliant, good-looking young man who never has his assignments, regardless of the fact that he could cop them in half the time required by the normal person; or that dumb, ugly brute who studies all of the time and never knows anything. Then there is the fool who managed my some mysterious, unknown, but undoubtedly crooked means to "kipe" the man we wanted, or for the benefit of the men, that dried-up, cake-eating, dancing doll who took our best girl right out of our arms and never brought back what he borrowed.

And, too, there is the fool who dares assign us a great long, enormously hard, impossible-to-prepare-under-the-circumstances assignment, to be asked questions about the day after Spring vacation; and, in behalf of the Faculty, there is the fool who is given a whole week to study a nice, easy little assignment that shouldn't take over twelve hours hard study and dares come to class with an innocent, baby stare and looks shocked and hurt when you expect him to answer a question.

Oh, that's not all of the fools—there's the one that wears her dresses too short, and the one who wears high heels to school, and the one who appears on the campus in golf knickers, and the one who wears a little moustache, and the one who reads Trackeray's masterpiece and enjoys it, and the one who doesn't read anybody's masterpiece and expects to get by, and the one who thinks he knows as much as Mr. Holaday, and the one who tries to say the last word around Mr. Sweet.

I guess we're pretty nearly all fools, come to think of it—except maybe those who never do anything out of the ordinary—and they're the biggest fools of all.

So, we Freshmen, who are all fools and proud of it, are very grateful that they have set aside one day in the year that we can just actually turn loose and act natural.

—A FOOL.

Nonsense

The best joke I have heard in a long time is when the little boy drawled out to a College girl: "Aw, how'd you-all know I wuz from Texas?"

And here's another good one on my home State:

Wise Student—Why is it that the typical Texan is so tall?

Dumb Texan—Why, I really couldn't say.

W. S.—Oh, don't you know that? It's because they stay green so long. And now then I'll tell you a secret. I'm a writer! The reason you didn't know it was I have just changed my custom! I always did relish original things most—jokes, prose, poetry. I have sprung some jokes and prose on you, now I guess I'll have to spring a poem.

Well, all right, since you insist:

A Freshie went to town On a bright and sunny day. And to a wise, big Senior boy She coyly did say:

"You are so big and handsome! I wonder where you stay?" And then, he answered gently: "My child, don't act this way;

"To a Senior thus you mustn't talk, You don't know this world as I, Because I might not answer you, And then you'd surely die!"

That's the end of the poem. My emotions got to running so high that I was afraid I would surely kill that great, big, cruel, hard-hearted, conceited Senior for talking to a nice little Freshie so. And a poet should always be as cool and calm as Felix was in the show last week, so I think I won't be a poet any more, but just a writer.

By the way, what is a Senior, I'd like to know? A girl stepped onto my foot where I'm about to get the corn removed and I swore and my sympathetic neighbor sneered at the departing figure and said, "That's a Senior for you!" Then one day "Monkey" was seated out under a tree on the lawn, all comfy with Marie—the dark-haired one—and along came Bert, and I'm afraid Monkey said words at those departing figures, and added: "That's a Senior for you!" And then I saw somebody whom you all know go walking slowly down the road with a tall, handsome, big Freshie with a little nickname, and my "Oh—why—however come?" was answered by a hopeless, "Oh, that's just a Senior for you!" Ah-ha! Three Seniors for me! And I wouldn't have either one of the dirty crooks s'long as I can write what I want to—which I can s'long as nobody knows who writes it.

This is the end—quit reading.

Unusual But True

Bill Wallace was seen with Pony Pomeroy's girl the other night.

Charles Thompson got an A in Taxation.

Cougar Windes did not gripe once on April 1, 1927.

Del Rollins was seen with a brunette.

Miss Blair rode home Thursday noon with ?????(my courage failed me.)

Ilene Joyce was seen conversing with a boy.

F. M. Irish was one minute late to Chemistry class Mon. Mar. 28, 1927.

Archie Thompson yawned in Assembly Monday.

W. B. Christy was five whole minutes early to Accounting Wed. morning, Mar. 30, 1927.

"Baby" Sutter did not look in the mirror nor expose his manly strength all day yesterday. (Oh, Lord, I didn't know I was such a liar.)

Virgil Pyle went to the library to study and not to talk to Evelyn Redden.

Rachael Murdock bobbed her hair—five years ago.

Rosy Wardlaw did not apply rouge to his cheeks yesterday.

Jockey DeClerq sang an ogilgotto part to the alley cats' reunion at Meredith Hall the other night.

One hundred one hundredths of the students are going to be out for the baseball game tonight and tomorrow.

THE BULLPUP.

GOVERNOR HUNT MAKES APPROPRIATION

Free board and room, beginning April 1, will be furnished by the State to all students of T. S. T. C. who are regularly enrolled in curricular activities. All those not so specified and wishing to participate in this exceptional advantage should see Gov. G. W. P. Hunt.

GOING TO BED?

"Naw, I'm just undressing to see how I look in my B. V. D.'s."

—Malteaser.

Phoenix Indians Defeat Tempe Teachers in Opening College Track Meet of Year

Bread of Indians and Goodrich of Tempe Are Outstanding Stars

The sensational performance of Bread helped the Indians to defeat the Tempe Bulldogs in a fast track meet held on the Tempe field Saturday by a score of 69-48.

Bread won four firsts in the pole vault, the shot put, the high jump, and the broad jump, besides annexing two seconds for a total of 26 points.

Some very good time was made in the track events, while the weights and jumps were about the average for a meet so early in the season.

Goodrich Stars

Goodrich of T. S. T. C. won the 100-yard dash in 10 1/5 seconds with Cements, a team mate, close behind. He also won the 220 in 23.2. Goodrich also scored in the shot put and the broad jump. Simkins, who holds the valley record for the discus, easily won that event at 116 feet.

The Indians showed their usual form in the mile, winning all three places.

Harvard Professor Guest of Honor at Geographic Dinner

Dr. William Morris Davis, professor emeritus of geography at Harvard University, was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the Geographic Society of T. S. T. C. Saturday evening, the 19th. Ingleside Inn was the scene of hospitality, where a delightful dinner was served to the Geographic Society and their guests. The decorations and place cards were carried out in a color scheme of red, white and blue, representing the crimson of Harvard and the blue and gold of the society.

Mr. Alton Riggs, president of the Geographics, after welcoming Dr. Davis, called for remarks from several of the guests. Mr. S. F. Hawkins, representing the alumni members of the Geographic Society, announced the plans of alumni to organize a State Geographic Society.

President Cummins of the University of Arizona had planned to be present at the banquet, but due to a special meeting that he had to attend he sent Dean Otis to represent him. Dean Otis extended greetings and expressed his interest in the society.

Mr. Hoover spoke in tribute to Dr. Davis. He first called attention to the fact that Dr. Davis is essentially a physiographer and that he is virtually the founder of the new system of physiography. He is the author of a number of texts in physiography, including texts written in French and German.

Dr. Davis holds degrees from three foreign universities. He has taught in universities at Berlin and Paris, besides being a renowned traveler in all countries. He is an honorary member of some fourteen European geographical societies as well as all the leading American societies of geography. In fact, he is the founder of one of the most select of American geographical societies, namely, the Association of American Geographers.

Following the dinner Dr. Davis talked to the Society. He stated that only a short time ago geography was not taken in earnest, and it has been due to the work of but a few men that geography has come rapidly to the front in recent years. He encouraged the Society to go on with its work, to widen its field, and spoke very favorably of the plans for a State Geographic Society in Arizona.

Dr. Davis illustrated the second part of his talk with blackboard sketches. He gave the physiographic origin of an interesting volcanic district, developing, as he went along, the natural landscape and the beginnings and advancement of culture on the landscape. There was quite a bit of amusement afforded as members of the society tried to guess where the place was as the location unfolded. In fact, it was not until he mentioned seven hills that some one thought of Rome. Dr. Davis used this as a means to illustrate a very interesting method of teaching subject matter in geography.

When Dr. Davis had finished and the Geographics were leaving for home they had gained a greater incentive for even more harmonious and more inspiring work than even in the geographic field in the future. Covers were laid for nine special guests, including Dr. Davis, Dean Otis, Mr. Otis, Mrs. Waite, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Howe Williams, Mrs. O'Con-

nor, Mrs. Hoover, and Mr. Krause; for six alumni members, Lois Stidham, S. F. Hawkins, Marie Pace, Gladys Holcomb, Dorothy Baldwin and Turner Hawes; and for the society members, Mrs. Krause, James Eisenhart, Verling Marshall, Robert Stroud, Edith Barum, Patricia Wood, Gladys Prather, Miriam Stafford, Lavene Gentner, Leonard Stewart, Katherine Stidham, Esther Hodges, Bess Byerly, Pattie Avery, Teresa Palicio, Mary Cerney, Sophie Johansen, Beatrice Felton, Lois Rogers, Clarissa Lambert, and Mr. Hoover.

Asilomar

There is "A" for air soft and balmy
There is "S" for sands stretching far

There is "I" for incense cedar
And "L" leaders grand
And "O" for the ocean and
Mist on the land
"A" is for all who will love her
Remembrance is offered in "R."
If you join the letters together
They spell "Asimolar."

This very aptly describes Asilomar, the vacation home of Y. W. C. A. Convention. Asilomar is on the Monterey Peninsula not far from the city of Monterey, and only a hundred miles south of San Francisco. "Y" delegates from the colleges in the states of Nevada, Utah, California and Arizona meet here at Asilomar for about ten days in the middle of June every year. At this convention they live, eat and sleep among whispering pines beside the pounding surf.

Each day there are many speakers; lectures who talk to the girls on Y. W. C. A. work, and yearly our delegates come back to Tempe filled with enthusiasm and greater plans for the "Y." The Tempe delegates for this year have not yet been selected, but probably about three girls will be chosen.

STUCK UPS.—We are also sending to Asilomar a "stuck-up" girl, as she is called. Rachael Bogart is our "stuck-up" girl. Rachael is an ardent booster of ol' Tempe and an enthusiastic "Y" worker. She will be in Asilomar for ten weeks including the first part of June, and the months of July and August.

Rachael goes to join the "Y" stuck-up society at Asilomar. She will be one of about seventy girls who make their summer home at Asilomar in a house of their own. The members of this society are initiated foolishly and formally just as in any sorority and once a stuck-up girl, always a stuck-up girl. They call themselves "stuck-up" because it is the wide-awake, popular, democratic type of girl, that goes to Asilomar, the type exactly opposite of "stuck-up." The meaning of their name contrasts sharply with the spirit of their membership.

Dorothy Smith and Lyle Butler are proud members of the "Stuck-up" society for they were initiated and lived in Asilomar last year. They are among those who are extending heartfelt wishes to Rachael for a good time at Asilomar this summer, for they have not forgotten their own good times there.

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

The Froebel Club

You say you have never heard of the Froebel Club? You will now, and from now on.

The Froebel Club is a new organization on our campus. Its members are the first and second year students who are specializing in Kindergarten work. We have organized in order to foster a keener interest in the Kindergarten-Primary department and to show its importance in the field of education. With Miss Brown as our leader we expect to do this and do it well.

The name, "Froebel Club," is representative of our work because Frederick Froebel was the founder of the Kindergarten.

We have had several meetings and we have framed our constitution and elected our officers. They are as follows:

Benny Lou Reedy, President.
Helen Nash, Vice President and Educational Program Chairman.
Alice Knowles, Secretary-Treasurer.
Dorothy Smith and Alice Ryan, Social Program Committee.

Although we have just started our work, we expect to accomplish a great deal this year and continue our work in the coming years.

Dormitory News.

ALPHA HALL NOTES

Spring time—freckle time is here—but who would allow a few freckles or oven thousands of them to interfere with a good game of Tennis? Alpha Hall girls have been enjoying several match games during the past few weeks.

Miss Nellie Martinez has been dancing herself into fame and fortune. Miss Martinez, who is known as the little Spanish senorita, has given a number of programs at the Casa Vieja, at the Shrine Auditorium in Phoenix and last evening was the guest of the Arizona Club at the Luhrs building in Phoenix.

Miss Nellie Dietrich, who is the guest of her sister Mrs. Agnes Williams has returned to Alpha Hall after a few days visit with friends in Phoenix.

Misses Lillian Berg and Yvonne Lanning are looking forward to another week of rest and quiet—unbroken by excitement or adventure.

Mr. Yvonne Lanning, our house president, was a charming hostess to the members of our hall on Monday last. Delicious refreshments were served.

Misses Mary and Helen Hanson of Phoenix were guests of Miss Jo Regan on Thursday.

Miss Alice Barnette has returned after a short visit to her parents in Wickburg. While there Miss Barnette attended the rodeo and picturesque cowboy hop.

Mrs. Agnes Williams spent Thursday afternoon in Phoenix.

Miss Alice Barnette and Miss Gertrude Hofferter delightedly entertained on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Nellie Dietrich. Home-made candy, sandwiches and chocolate were served. Reading of palms and telling fortunes by cards were part of the evening's program of entertainment.

NORTH HALL KNEWS

Well, as I told Sy last time we went to visit one of them halls over at the school, "Ye never can tell what is going to happen next." I hear that they had a party over there when St. Patrick's came along as an excuse. They gave it in room 31 so as to be sure that there would not be any bad luck and spent the whole day getting ready for an hour's fun. Although I was not there I can readily call upon my imagination to describe the decorations. There was a profusion of shamrocks (they were all supposed to be friends so they left their weapons outside) hanging from the ceiling, gracing the curtains, forming a table cloth, and helping to support the room. Then of course there were all kinds of favors, fortunes, etc. By the way, this was all given by Mesdames Pearl Lamb and Lavora Miller, in case I forgot to tell you.

After a buffet supper the evening was spent in playing bridge (or learning how) and those that happened to come out on top and bottom were Miss E. Graham, who is considered quite a card shark, and Miss Marie Samples, who is slow but honest. No offense meant. The party had to come to an abrupt end when the only means of seeing was removed, so they broke up—friends! It would be impossible to print all the names of those present, as I was not there. But they were.

Sad to say, but it seems as though some of us are still playing measley tricks on each other, for Miss Faire Virgin has been on a vacation with the measles. They are quite colorful and although not very comfortable, can be endured. We all admire your spirit, Faire, because we have all had our chance.

Jeanne Chamberlain graced the campus last week-end and attended the dance in company with the rest of us. I should think you would enjoy staying away from school, but I guess it just can't be helped.

By the way, it seems as though we are going to hold open house with South Hall sometime in April after we come back from our vacation. At least that is what all the rumpus was about last Monday at house meeting. Better tack everything down, girls, or there will not be anything left after the visitors go.

Eleanor Sears, Lavora Miller and Marie Samples shocked their community by visiting it last week-end, but it is said that it will recover from the shock. Hope you rested up for the finals that are being given this week, girls!

MATTHEWS HALL ON THE HEADLIGHT

Enter Kathleen McNelly, the best all-around girl in the Freshman class. Hark ye! She is from Matthews Hall. Is Prexy proud of his namesake?

All eyes are strained as the great singer makes her debut. To arms,

men! She has stubbed her toe. Deposit her here. Silence reigns supreme. Now the mellow tones pour like rain from her Caruso-built throat. The audience is enthralled. A pin if dropped would sound like a cannon. How she carried them with her. See, every eye weeps. The Salt River has found it equal. Bless me! What is the meaning of the explosive inarticulate sounds of the voice and the peculiar facial distortion? Why, they are lawling. I always knew that girl was made of good stuff. Yes, we are proud of her. She is the girl of the day; the best all-around girl—our nightmare come true.

And would you believe it, we have another famous notable in our hall! She goes by the name of Virginia Hatch. You know that Fish meeting that was held a fortnight or so ago? Well, the Fish of T. S. T. C. arose with one accord and cast their votes for Miss Virginia—the class gossip. She was unanimously elected, they tell me; rather, I mean to say, every little Fish and every big Fish voted for her. You would be surprised at the wonderful amount of class spirit that young bunch has. They pull together like Volga boatmen. Why, they didn't even hesitate to choose Hatch as the class gossip. They stood by her to a man. T. S. T. C. is justly proud of its Freshman class. It is very seldom that you find a class of such courage and tenacity.

But listen! My mama told me not to have anything to do with Virginia. She says—my mama does—that gossipers aren't nice. I don't see why. They are just like everybody else. Anyhow, Virginia knows more nice things. You just get her started and you'd be surprised at her wisdom. I like ye old gossipers myself.

But wait; that isn't all. Verna Martin was chosen the cutest girl of all the Fish class—boys excluded. You won't doubt our choice when you read Verna's latest contribution to the field of science. It follows: "The Coming of the Ottomobile." "And on the first day of April, Allah created the ottomobile. The ottomobile created he then, whereupon he have a tremendous sigh of relief and left the country pursued by 456,431 buggy manufacturers and a bashful swain who had lost one arm in the Civil War.

"Twas as though a cloud of locusts had descended upon the land, and there was weeping, jailing, and clashing of gears; yea, great was the whoa thereof. The smell of gas besmote the quiet places, and animal life hit for the hills. The Evil One, down below, evilly as Evil One would, and bethought himself of a satanic machine made of a middle-sized sirup can, four rubber washers and a peach pit. So came Fords into being, and like a covey of jackrabbits overran the land. The ottos of Allah fled in panic to the uttermost depths of the earth, where they were welcomed by the Evil One, who chortled, "Many are stalled, but few are frozen," as he plunged them one by one into his boiling cauldron. And he was happy, the big bum.

"But came a darker day. The Fords grew to a mighty host, beyond all reckoning. Their hordes covered the earth like ivy, and heaps of animated scrap iron took the place of vegetation. And the Evil One cried in horror as the piles of junk began to trespass upon his land. But it was too late, for lo! the Age of Tin was come."

MEREDITH HALL

Well, folks, we have a hero in our midst now. He's Jack Oleander de Clercq. He just came back from the University, where he starred in the ball games. He caught the last ball (which is always given to the player performing this remarkable feat). Jack has two baseballs now. (He caught one in the Junior College game). Jack is still the outstanding contender on the campus for the title of the perfect lover. The other night Jack sent his young brother Lynwood over to South Hall with some flowers for Ethel, but as he is only a poor school boy she had to pay for them.

The other night Jimmie went on a serenade and his mother accused him of being drunk. We can't figure out whether it was Jimmie's terrible voice or just his childish ways that brought out this slanderous accusation. Jack went over to North Hall and treated the girls to a few piano selections and was also accused of being inebriated, and Droopy smiled at a girl at the dance the other night and she also accused him of being drunk. What is this world coming to, anyway, when three nice, virtuous boys from our hall are so falsely represented? Why, its getting to be

Bulldogs Beat U. of A. 6-3; Pedagogues Annex Their First Game in Twelve Years

so that a person can't even laugh without being thought drunk!

Little Pluto Hoover Thompson got the sack again last night. This makes fourteen times in the last ten days. Don't worry, though; he's taking lessons in "Love Making" from Jack and he'll be a man some day.

"Worm" Sine developed a sad case of sore eyes and is wearing colored glasses now. I guess he's been studying School Management too hard. He spent ten minutes on it the other day.

Jimmie Hunt Steinhardt—I mean Eisenhart—has developed into a perpetual griper. He lost his notebook and bawled us all out and then found it on his table. Then the other day he lost his shirt and we got another lecture and found out how low we were. But everything came out all right, because Jimmie took his annual bath and found four shirts and the bottom one was the lost shirt.

Well, I don't know anything on Cliff, or "Droopy," as we call him, that is fit to print. But I would like to know why the boys whistle at him so much.

My pipe's gone out and my poor overworked brain is absolutely fatigued in the cerebral portion of my cranium, so I'll not subject you to further torture. Goodnight and good-bye forever.

EAST HALL

East Hall feels SO important! We have Beulah McCreary, Marie Griffin, Corinne Jones, Janie Westfield and Grace Brownlie all holding enviable offices.

Beulah was chosen the prettiest girl. We knew Beulah was, and, of course, we knew she'd "go over 100%." This was no mock election in this respect.

We expect great things of Janie, who was elected the cleverest girl. Don't be surprised if some day you may bow down to Janie Westfield, President of the United States!

Then to add the spice of life we have Corinne Jones, a fine sport and jolly member who takes the high and mighty position of class pest.

In a hall where all the boys congregate, one would naturally expect a vamp. Well, not to disappoint you, East Hall again brings forth the request by offering Grace Brownlie to fill this position in the March election.

Dampening News

Emma Lou Meischer received a letter from a friend yesterday telling her a "sure" cure for headaches.

Thursday Emma Lou had a headache, so she read the directions, which were as follows:

"Put your head in a barrel of ice water three times, and take it out twice."

Emma Lou faithfully followed directions and was just about ready to say good-bye to this cruel world, when Carmen Larrison dashed to the rescue. Again "Lefty" did her bit.

EAST HALL EATS

Onions! Onions! Onions! Onions were the most popular topic of conversation in Upper Senior about two weeks ago.

Elizabeth Fisher received a box from home and there was within many folds of paper, cold boiled potatoes, mayonnaise, tamales, crackers, cocoa, and an ONION!

Why not make salad?

The girls made the salad, and only put a LITTLE onion in—oh, yes! Those who participated in this "dainty" (?) but hearty feed were Grace Brownlie, Hazel Roberts, Emma Warren and Elizabeth Fisher.

Another grand feed was held in East Hall, but we poor outsiders could only judge by the delicious aromas when passing Katherine McFadden's and Mary Hickox' room what really took place.

We visited them continually, hoping they would give us a little of their feed, but no such luck, and since we've gone to their room demanding news, they are never at home. They'll be sorry when their names are not in the paper.

Queer Noises

When walking down the learned halls if one hears loud thumping, clickings, and a chatter of voices, do not get worried. The girls are only packing their suitcases, getting ready to depart from their Alma Mater for one glorious week of freedom.

Business

Wicked little verses,
And naughty little tales
Make the college funnies
Have record-breaking sales.
—Jack o' Lantern.

Playing bang-up baseball and hitting behind Prather's excellent pitching, won the first game of a four-game series for T. S. T. C. on the University field Friday. Prather held the heavy hitting Wildcats to seven scattered hits while we collected seven bunched bingles behind errors for a total of six runs.

The first Teacher run came in the initial inning, when Sine made first on an error by Moore. Goddard hit and Fulton messed up his catch to allow Sine to make third. Warren in trying to catch Goddard at second on a steal, threw the ball into center field and Sine and Goddard scored.

The Wildcats scored their first run in the fifth, when Jacks came home on a sacrifice fly by Painter after he had made third on Moore's hit and Fulton's walk. On the throw in More was nailed at third by the Tempe catcher. In the sixth the Pedagogues scored three runs to send Bennie Tolson, former State League pitcher, to the showers. "Butch" Buerkle, who relieved him, pitched bang-up ball for the losers.

Box score of first game:

TEMPE—	AB. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Pomeroy, 2b.	5 0 0 2 0 1
Sine, rf.	5 1 0 4 2 0
Goddard, ss.	5 1 1 4 2 0
Smith, cf.	3 1 0 3 0 0
Carr, c.	4 1 2 4 0 0
Terrell, lf.	4 1 1 1 0 0
Barney, 3b.	3 1 0 2 2 1
DeClercq, 1b.	4 0 2 7 0 0
Prather, p.	3 0 1 0 3 0
Totals	36 6 7 27 9 2

U. OF A.—	AB. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Hamble, rf.	3 0 0 1 0 0
Jack, 2b.	4 2 2 4 4 1
Moore, 3b.	3 0 1 0 5 1
Fulton, cf.	1 0 1 2 0 1
*Reid	1 0 0 0 0 0
Painter, ss.	2 0 0 2 1 2
**Lott	1 0 0 0 0 0
Luscomb, 1b.	3 0 1 12 0 1
Buerkle, lf, p.	3 1 1 1 3 0
Warren, c.	3 0 1 5 0 1
Tolson, p.	2 0 0 0 1 0
Diebold, lf.	2 0 0 0 0 0
Totals	27 3 7 27 14 7

**Batted for Luscomb in ninth.
*Batted for Painter in ninth.

Score by innings— R. H. E.
Arizona.....000 011 001—3 7 7
Tempe.....200 040 000—6 7 2

Summary: Two-base hit—Warren. Double play—Sine to Goddard. Passed ball—Carr. Bases on balls—Off Tolson 4, Prather 9. Struck out—By Tolson, 3 in 5 innings; by Buerkle, 3 in 4 innings; by Prather, 4 in 9 innings. Umpire, Duffy.

Tempe Drops Second Game Four to One

Unsteadiness in the first three innings gave the Wildcats four runs and a victory over the Teachers in the second of the four-game series. Riggs pitched great ball all during the game and Arizona's heavy hitters went down in order after the third inning. But Miller of Tucson was also stingy with his hits, allowing Tempe only five safeties.

The Teachers found his curve ball very deceptive, and eleven of them went down via the strike-out method.

Score:

U. OF A.—	AB. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Lauderman, ss.	4 1 1 1 2 0
Jack, 2b.	3 1 1 2 3 0
Moore, 3b.	4 0 0 0 2 0
Fulton, cf.	4 1 1 0 0 0
Lott, rf.	4 0 0 0 0 0
Diebold, lf.	2 1 0 2 0 0
Reid, 1b.	4 0 1 12 0 0
Bailey, c.	3 0 1 10 1 0
Miller, p.	2 0 1 0 5 0
Totals	30 4 6 27 13 0

TEMPE— AB. R. H. P. O. A. E.

Pomeroy, 2b.	4 0 0 4 1 0
Sine, rf.	3 0 0 1 0 0
Goddard, ss.	4 0 0 0 8 0
Smith, cf.	3 0 1 3 0 0
Carr, c.	2 0 0 5 2 0
Prather, lf.	3 1 2 3 0 0
Barney, 3b.	3 0 1 1 0 0
De Clercq, 1b.	2 0 1 7 0 1
Riggs, p.	3 0 0 0 1 2
*Terrell	2 0 0 0 0 0
**Daniels	1 0 0 0 0 0
Totals	30 1 5 24 12 3

*For Carr, last of fifth.
**Batted for Sine in ninth.

Summary: Two-base hit—Jack. Double play—Moore to Jack to Reid. Bases on balls—Off Miller 1, off Riggs 5. Struck out—By Miller 11, by Riggs 5. Hit by pitcher—By Miller 1. Umpire, Duffy.

The Tempe Collegian

EDITORIAL STAFF

General Overseer.....NOTLEF EEB
 Right Hand Man.....DUORTS TREBOR
 Deadbeat.....TRAGOB LEHCAR
 Chief Collector of Kale.....LEINAD LIGRIV
 Spanish Athlete.....NOSIBRAH ELYOD
 Scandal Scrapper.....MURUB EIRAM
 Broadcaster.....WOLDRAW DRAWOH
 Paint Brush.....RETRAC HTEBAZILE
 Sid Smith's Understudy.....ROLYAS LRAEP
 Minute Man.....NESNNAHOJ EIHPOS
 Guest.....REVOOH W. J.
 Donators to Frosh Number: Art Mercer, Emily Parker,
 Charles Gilmore, Corrine Jones, Carmelita Enriquez,
 Francis Vihel.

SHAKESPEARE STILL LIVES

"Shakespeare has been acted professionally in the United States from five hundred to one thousand times every season for the last fifteen years."—Century Magazine, July, 1922.

Less than two minutes in the library brought me this fact. It could be verified as quickly from twenty other sources of fact. Let us have facts rather than individual opinions. Then, tell me this: how many of the so-called popular dramas of the present season will continue to be performed from five hundred to one thousand times during the next fifteen years? And, will not the performances of Shakespeare go on, not merely for another fifteen, but for another fifteen hundred years? Not only in the United States, but as they have done during the past three hundred years, but in France, Italy, Germany, Japan, in fact, in every country that has a stage? Before you call this an exaggeration of Shakespeare's popularity, look up the facts. They may surprise you by disclosing that more people went to see Shakespeare in 1924-25 than in any other period of similar length since records of stage performance have been kept.

The article in our last South Side Weekly presents a series of opinions based apparently upon over-hasty observation. "Shakespeare," says our informant, "is almost always found in an out-of-date theater." But I have seen Shakespeare performed in the largest cities from coast to coast in the best and most expensive playhouses. I have seen the Auditorium Theater in Chicago packed night after night to witness Shakespearean performances, seats selling from one dollar to five dollars. Read the Theater Magazine, Mr. Editor. You will see periodically statements of comfortable fortunes made by actors playing almost exclusively in Shakespearean repertoire. Marlowe, Sothorn, Forbes-Robertson, Mantell. You will find also that the most canny and grasping of producers often put on a run of Shakespeare. They would not do it if the performances did not pay. True, their revenues are not in millions such as Abie's Irish Rose produced. Neither would a truly great actor consider for a moment appearing in a trash production of the Abie type. We grant that it is "peppy"; it would draw the crowds. But with its whole flapping crop of companion farces and musical extravaganzas it has not prevented the recent splendid revivals of Hamlet staged on Broadway by Walter Hampden and John Barrymore. "But," you may say: "Tempe isn't Broadway." Just a word then for Tempe. We have frequently presented high class drama on our college entertainment course. We have had the Merchant of Venice and the Comedy of Errors by actors of fair reputation. Both of these shows drew large door sales on the night of their production. Both were listened to with laughter, applause and delight. Two years ago large delegations of students and many Tempeans attended a series of Shakespearean plays at the Columbia in Phoenix. Every performance drew a packed house. The acting was only fair, but was applauded and appreciated. Several of us here in Tempe belong to the Phoenix Little Theater. Had you lived among us a little longer, Mr. Editor, you would know that for the past four years we have put on a Shakespearean play in Phoenix every

spring. Though we are only amateurs we have drawn capacity audiences at one dollar a seat. The income from these Shakespearean productions has turned in the largest profits that the Little Theater has made. Look in the Sunset Magazine for December, 1926. There you will find our pictures as we appeared in Twelfth Night. Here is one of the few instances in which our fair Salt River Valley has been given free publicity by a standard publication of national circulation. Do you think we would have been featured if we had been putting on Caleb Corntassel or the Two Orphans?

Now, as to the apathy of our audience at "As You Like It." We offered a free show. Hundreds came who never read poetry or blank verse. They did not understand it and soon tired out and left. They would have done the same if we had offered them Ibsen, or Bernard Shaw, or Pinero, or any dramatist of real subtlety. They would have done the same had professionals been playing "As You Like It."

Another of your points we feel is not well taken. You say that "As You Like It" will not interest a modern audience because it was written three hundred years ago. Many, very many people have sufficient interest in history and folk lore to enjoy eagerly a picture of human life and human ideals as they existed in Merrie England in the great age of Elizabeth. And these same many people would not pay two cents to sit through an hour of bedroom farce. Sufficient reason for our Shakespearean attempt should be, that here in the College we desire to cultivate a taste for the best in literature, in art, and in ideals. We thank you for your gracious statement that the performance was well done. We wish that you might agree with those of us who love the romance and large humanity of the most famous of playwrights, Shakespeare. After holding this place securely for three hundred years, he is not likely to be pushed out soon.

The Spirit of Youth and Fun

Told On the Hiking Club Camping Trip.

Long ago on this very river, when it was only a broad brook, there lived two beautiful spirits. They had long green hair, and were young and lively. Their names were Youth and Fun. Their first home was the big barrel cactus.

One day they noticed a twig growing in the ground. They cared for it, and finally it grew up into a huge green tree. This tree was so much more beautiful than the cactus that they changed their abode for it.

Youth and Fun frolicked and played together for a long time. Then, they became lonely for other company, of their own kind. They told all the flowers to bloom their prettiest, all the birds to sing their sweetest, all the grasses and trees to be their greenest, and the little brook to ripple merrily along. They hoped that perhaps, someday, some of their kind would find this beautiful spot, and would stay for a while.

They lived on there through the years, hoping, and hoping, and hoping. All this time, the brook was growing larger, and larger. After a while the red men came to hunt in the forest. This wasn't just what Youth and Fun wanted, for their companions were the birds, and rabbits; so the spirits weren't very happy during this time.

One day it rained, and rained, and rained, and rained some more. The spirits became frightened and fled to the tip-top of their big tree. The river became very large and angry and washed out many trees. It washed and dug at the roots of the spirit's big tree, shaking and swaying it from side to side, top to bottom. The long green hair of the spirits got so entangled in the branches of the tree, that when the tree finally fell, they perished with it and their bodies died for a time, but their spirit lived and played in the air.

About a year later, a group of girls from a nearby college came to this beautiful place and camped for two days and two nights. During this time, the beautiful spirits of Youth and Fun revived and were happy and gay. When the girls left, the spirits returned to their old haunts, and now, when another year has passed and this same group of girls is there, Youth and Fun again come out, and reign supreme.

C. E. J.

The College Staff

Tempe College has had an exceptionally good paper this year, hadn't you noticed? And this isn't nonsense, either. Even students in larger colleges and universities outside the State have been forced to confess that "our" paper compares very favorably with theirs. Now that the staff has taken time out for this Freshman Edition, we'd like to turn the spotlight on them and find out who they are and a little about them.

Back of every paper, you know, there is a staff—a group of students who give their time and talent to the paper and make it what it is. Most of you know the present staff and what good work they have done.

Archie Thompson has proved himself to be a very able business manager of The Collegian, besides having time for the Lambda Phi Sigma, the Spanish Club, Geographic Society, and the Senior Council.

Bertha Mae Richards has done excellent work as art editor. She came to us from New Mexico and has distinguished herself in artistic lines. She is also the assistant art editor of the "Sahuaro."

Merrill Hatch as athletic editor has proved beyond doubt that he can not only play basketball, football, and other sports, but he can write about them as well.

Arden Staples began his "news-paper career" on the "Yeller Dawg," last year's Frosh number, and he has continued to do excellent work, not only on the Collegian, but also on the annual staff.

Mabel Mason, full of life, energy, and a willingness to work, has be-

come an important member of the staff and the college.

Evelyn Smith has done her work on The Collegian staff with those characteristic qualities which make everything she attempts a success.

Lucille Tantlinger has given unstintingly of her ability and energy and as news editor has contributed greatly toward the success of this year's Collegian. She had as her assistant a Freshman—but I forgot; Freshmen are out of order here.

And now comes the big man, the editor, like the dessert at the end of it all. Verling Marshall, Jr., popularly known as "Pete" by his roommate and friends, has been the vital factor back of the staff. "Pete" came to our college from Bisbee, Arizona. "Pete" has not only shown himself an excellent student and teacher, but he has had time to make friends with everyone about the campus, especially those in need of a friend. If he is ever discouraged or downhearted no one ever knows it. He always has a smile and a helping hand for the other students with whom something has gone wrong. "Pete" is always busy, but never too busy to talk over affairs with a fellow student and try to help him.

It is very evident that a person with "Pete's" winning, friendly personality makes an excellent editor. It could well be said that the nickname "Pete" stands for co-operation. At least so it has this year. Staff workers love their work and willingly hustle about early and late and are glad to give unsparingly of their time and effort. Could anyone but a capable, likeable person accomplish such results? Perhaps a little reason

for this is "Pete's" appreciation of work done for the paper. When some one gives "Pete" an article his courteous manner usually brings the writer back with more. If a fellow puts a good yarn in the Collegian box, "Pete" always thanks him when he sees him.

That Marshall has the interest of T. S. T. C. at heart is further displayed in his activities as member of the track team of '26, football team, the Lambda Phi Sigma, Cactus Walking Club, Geographic Society, and Lettermen's Club. "Pete" is one of those people whom students invariably characterize by saying, "He's a wonderful fellow."

Indeed, we think the regular staff of the Collegian is an excellent one. Using "Pete's" words, "Each of them has certain things to do and they're always done."

IN ANSWER TO THE ANSWER OF THE PUZZLE

Hush, my heart, flutter not so!
 How can you tell what he was saying?

He did not expect a mere mortal to know
 Whether 'twas swearing or praying.

In those mysterious words what could be hidden?
 Whatever 'twas, 'twas surely unbidden,
 For such queer words were not sent for.

I merely asked a civil question,
 As Freshmen will always do.
 If in calmer words you could answer it,
 I'd be much obliged to you.

College Day Celebration Is Huge Success

Never a Wednesday dawned brighter than did the second annual College Day of the Tempe State Teachers College, March 9, 1927. Under the skillful supervision of the Student Council the entire day was a splendid success.

The students met for roll call at 8 o'clock in the auditorium, where they were made acquainted with the program of the day. Immediately after this was over, they adjourned to the "T" on the butte, where songs were sung and yells were lead by Genevieve d'Arcy.

The next scene for activities was the athletic field. First the Freshman and Normal Senior girls staged an exciting speedball game. Rooters were gathered into groups and class spirit ran high. The Freshmen stood on the heavy side of the score at the end of the game.

Track events came next and here Merrill Hatch was master of ceremonies. The stilt races, the leap-frog races and the sack races made everyone forget his dignity and shout frenziedly for his team.

Even the girls put on a sack race, and this time the Seniors won.

At 2 o'clock everyone gathered at the auditorium, where the boys' and the girls' glee clubs gave interesting and varied programs.

The speakers of the afternoon included outside guests and members of the student body and faculty.

At 5 o'clock Jean Smith was crowned Campus Queen.

In the evening the rain began to fall and to put to end the plans for presenting "As You Like It" out of doors, but with true Tempe spirit the cast rallied and put on a finished performance of Shakspeare's comedy in the auditorium. Miss Marian Messer deserves the major part of the honor, for the success of the play was due to her untiring work as director.

The cast was well chosen and each one must be given credit for his part in bringing "As You Like It" to a spirited close.

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the dance that was staged in the gymnasium after the play.

Thus ended a glorious "College Day" for Tempe. May it be a strong link in establishing College Day as a sacred ritual of the school year.

DESERT FRAGMENTS

A silent, glowing wasteland.
 Crystal sands
 Glittering in the heat.
 Eternal blue the sky.
 Creeping, drab-colored creatures
 Scourrying to shade
 Beneath naked growths,
 Pausing with bead-like eyes
 Then darting on.
 Mirages
 Fading in the distance
 Like ghosts of dead hopes—
 Forgotten.
 A white, floating cloud
 Giving momentary shade
 Then dissolving into
 Space.
 Giant cactus watching, waiting,
 Guarding an unclaimed land.
 Twilight;
 And the desert breathes again.
 A subtle waft of wind
 Like the passing of a soul
 Or the memory of an old love—
 Fleeting.
 A scarlet-tinted sky
 Responding,
 Lighting a barren land,
 And tossing itself in gloom.
 Darkness.
 A myriad of stars
 Like the crystal grains of sand.
 Silence.
 Tinted flowers opening and
 Gently perfuming the air with their
 Fragrance.
 The petals of an oleander bloom
 Pale and curved.
 —Emily Parker.

Tennis Team Mauls Globe

In a skirmish last Saturday afternoon, our tennis team strutted its stuff and pouted it on Globe High School. We lost but one match, and that was a matter of giving encouragement to the pour youngsters.

The girls' matches were games of "ring around the rosy," our team winning all of them in straight sets. The boys were "hot," too. Windes and Windsor showed up fine in doubles, playing mighty hard tennis. Windes maintained his dignity all afternoon and not once was he forced to vociferate in language loud and long about his rotten playing. He'll be a parlor maid yet if he keeps it up. The tournament was run off smoothly and swiftly in the very able hands of Lucille Tantlinger.

Basketball Players Guests of Coach and Mrs. McCreary

On Wednesday evening, March 16, Coach and Mrs. McCreary entertained at their home with a St. Patrick's dinner in honor of the basketball men.

The motif for decoration was carried out in the favorite color of the "aould country." Why, even the salad was green and the ice cream and palatable little cakes had a beautiful emerald shamrock in the center of each. The delicious dinner was prepared by Mrs. McCreary and was served by two very adaptable waiters, who were none other than Coach "Mac" and Mr. Sweet.

After dinner, covers were removed and the rest of the evening was spent in playing bridge. During the course of the game little slips of paper were distributed among the basketball men to vote for next year's captain. After the third table of bridge had been played the scores were taken and prizes awarded. Genevieve d'Arcy and Deb Goddard received the first prizes and Herma Douglas and Joe Smith were awarded second. At 10 o'clock the "Cinderella" alarm was given and the guests made ready to depart.

When they were all assembled to leave Coach McCreary broke the suspense by announcing that "Chic" Vihel was elected basketball captain for next year. Fifteen rousing cheers were given for "Chic."

On departing, Captain Smith in behalf of his team, thanked Coach and Mrs. McCreary for the pleasant evening they had spent. Then the merry crowd departed with such comments as, "Hope I get a wife who can cook like Mrs. McCreary" and "No wonder Mac looks downhearted when his wife leaves."

The guest list included Misses Zena Cummar, Ida Smith, Janie Westerfield, Katherine Willwebber, Herma Douglas, Evelyn Smith and Genevieve d'Arcy, and Messrs. Johnny Riggs, Chic Vihel, Bally Simkins, Joe Smith, Bill Griffith, Lawrence Terrill and Doyle Harbison.

Honor

Honor, after all, is merely respect. Honor of parents, honor of laws, of school and State and all things means merely understanding and respecting these things in their relations to us.

Too often we may drift into a habit of doing things unbecomingly because we fail to learn the lesson of respecting others, and, in turn, ourselves.

The honor system, as applied in colleges, can work successfully only when there is created in the students the respect of self. Surely no one who does things unbecomingly can long maintain the respect of his classmates after his ways are known to them. And, since we are ever aware of the little things we do, we cannot maintain our own self-respect if these things are dishonorable.

It matters not what others know. We have ever our own selves to whom we must account.

"To thine own self be true;
 And it will follow as the night
 the day
 Thou can not then be false to any man."
 —M. C. W.

Collegiate English

Students indulge in slang as if it were the standard of excellence. The process continues to the point of complete renunciation of the standard for the vernacular. That is when slang becomes boring and tiresome. Its charm, if there was any, has been lost by making it a rubber stamp. The same process makes some people positively undesirable in so far as speech relationship is held with them. They seemingly are unable to go beyond elementary language, and leave the rest to slang. The time and the effort spent in gathering the slang and disseminating it for the delectation (presumably) of others could just as well be turned to the more commendable task of learning to speak the conventional tongue with correctness and ease.

There is a literary language just as lively as the vernacular, and more pleasing, both in form and content. The "You're all wet" clan, the "cute" girls, and the "bull shooters" ought to go into the question sometime and find out that there is an English language with some 450,000 words.

"I contribute to several leading magazines."
 "Yes, I see you buying them at the newsstand quite often."
 —Northwestern Purple Parrot.

Dub—May I have the last dance with you?
 Deb—You've already had it.
 —Rammer-Jammer.

Exchanges

"Well," said the bearded physician, "I find that you are suffering from an assorted crop of suppressed desires. You are also the fortunate possessor of three types of complex: superior, inferior and ulterior. Your thyroid gland is slightly out of focus, while neurologically your reactions are poor. I find definite traces of dual personality and chronic melancholia. You live in a dream world and are mixed up in five or six interlocking personalities. I think you are perfectly safe. Go ahead. No jury will convict you."

"Thanks, Doc," gratefully answered Hamlet. "Do you know where I can have a dagger sharpened?"—N. Y. Medley.

Are There Any So Dumb at Tempe?

A youth presented himself at the office of a college for entrance. Before permission to enter could be given, a few questions were asked of him by a prof and the test was as follows:

"Now, John, what did you study?" asked the Prof.

"When?" asked John.

"When you went to school, of course," said the prof.

"I studied."

"I know," said the prof, "at what?"

"At school."

"What kind of school?"

"Brick."

"You studied bricks?"

"No; the school was made of bricks."

"Now, what did you study at that school?"

"Books."

"Now, listen: what kind of books did you study?"

"Oh," said John, "red and green books."

"I know, but what kind of books?"

"The best."

"The best of what?"

"The best there is."

"Of what?"

"Of those books."

The prof: "I give up. You pass."
 —Unionite.

She—Oh, Algy, you English are too slow.

He—Er—I'm afraid I don't grasp you.

She—Yes, that's just it.
 —Punch Bowl.

Eggst

A fair young co-ed flounced her way into the Detroit bus and sat down in the only remaining seat beside a young man. "Pardon me a moment, but—" began the young man, but the sentence was cut short when the young girl froze him with an icy stare. Some time passed, and the same process was repeated. Finally, the man mustered up his courage for one blow and said: "I don't care whether you like it or not, but I want that package of eggs you've been sitting on for the last half hour."—Michigan Gargoyle.

The Truth

Have you ever been out in a moonlight night,
 When the sky was very clear
 And each twinkling star seemed a gem so rare,
 Set in a crown so dear?
 And there at your side in a shadowy nook,
 Sat the girl for whom you would die—
 Sure you have, and you've told her so,
 And boy, what an awful lie!
 —Notre Dame Juggler.

Father—Young man, I understand you have made advances to my daughter.

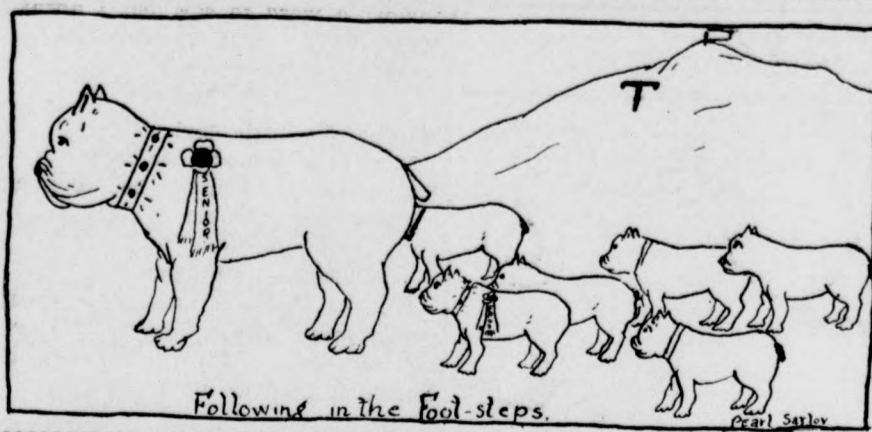
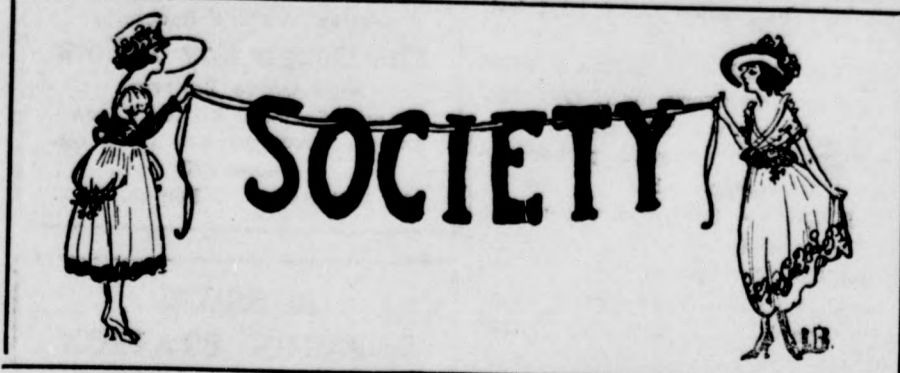
Young Man—Yes, sir. Er—I wasn't going to say anything about it, but now since you mention it, I wish you would get her to pay me back.
 —Minnesota Ski-u-Mah.

Slight Variation

Conductor—What are you doing with those towels in your suitcase?
 Passenger (with presence of mind)—Oh—they are some I used the last time I was on this train. I had them washed and brought them back.
 —Princeton Tiger.

A Surgical Quandary

Doctors Snopwitz, O'Fish, Whoopen-holler, Oofus, Van Sternum and Hawser have argued all morning as to the best method of amputating their patient's leg at the knee without eliminating his foot. The patient passed away an hour ago, but nobody has had the heart to tell them.
 —Stanford Chaparral.



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KALAKAGATHIA NEWS
 The Kalakagathia Society has been meeting in the Training School in order to have an appropriate setting for the study of symbols. For whenever we meet in any other atmosphere we become quite childish; giggling and talking instead of studying. Last week our group was called to order and after one of the girls had been excused to get her money for the All-Society Dance, we proceeded with the meeting. Having called the roll, we found everyone present that was not absent. The next topic taken up was our proposed camping trip. The other societies were discussed, without any harm done, and we decided to go some time in April with our last year's companions, the Clonians (in the trucks, I mean). Outside of slamming at each other once in a while, we get along fine.

After the question of the camping trip was settled and all marks of battle were removed, we took up the work of the evening, the making of wood blocks. We first made up symbols to carve on the linoleum. Some of the girls proved to be rather conceited in picking their symbols, choosing flowery phrases that they did not know the meaning of. Too bad all of us are not that way. When it came to handling the knives in the cutting of the blocks, it was necessary to establish a First Aid Station for the purpose of wrapping up the cut fingers. Several clashes occurred during the quiet evening but no one had to be carried out. The only calm person in the crowd was our Worthy Maitress, Miss Anderson, who guided our wandering minds through the mysteries of making up symbols.

Throughout the evening there was an underhanded game of "changing dances" going on. I guess one does get tired of dancing with the same fellow, but they shouldn't bring it up at a time like that. Another of our crowd has been compelled to drop by the wayside due to the overpowering effects of lessons. We will sure miss her smiling countenance in our midst. To get back to the subject at hand, the evening ended at nine with everyone in fine spirits, pushing and shoving to get out of the door.

YTEICOS ANEEAKAMIT
 (Nettirw Sdrawkacab)
 Eht tsal gniteem fo eht Aneekamit Yteicos saw dleh ni eht gip roirap, nwod no eht mraf. Rehtom Derdlim saw ni egrahc fo eht margrop. A tson gnimrahc rebmun delitine "Eht Snotatidem fo a Edepitneec" saw deredner yb Rm. Rednartso, ruo emosdnah gnuy rotinom. Ecila Nwrob neht dernovaf su htiw a gnidaer, "Ot Od Ro Tou Ot Od," elihw eht dnab deyalp taht rallimaf dlo enut, "Taht Si Eht Noitsequ." Stnemhsferfer detisnoco fo ytniad yah sehciwdnas, dna delkcip sgptieef. Eht dlo srebmem neht detneserp Rm. Rednartso htiw a ylevol egrasroc fo thgirb der sehsidar dna ecuttel-tegref. So ereht saw on rehtruf snotalpmetnoco, eht gniteem denruojda, "enis enid."

LOS HIDALGOS DEL DESIERTO
 The latest activity of Los Hidalgos was a hike and picnic supper at the river. As well as being very enjoyable, this trip was exceptionally educational. We will give Mr. Krause most of the credit for what we now know about food shortage on South Pole expeditions, the people of the South Sea Islands, and the advisability of transfer companies having Greek sailors in their employ. We do not know whether Mr. Krause is a Lion Tamer or not, but we will wager that if a kangaroo tamers club was ever formed he would be a charter member. After supper a program was enjoyed by the light of the moon and the campfire. However, the playing of the Spanish games was a sad

mistake, as Wallace DeWitt, Archie Thompson, and Barney did not want to stop. They could hardly be started for home in time for the girls to get in by 9:30.

PIERIAN SOCIETY
 Have you ever been on a trip to Europe? Well, you, Mr. Hoover and I are in the same boat, 'cause we haven't either. Miss Wilson, taking pity upon us poor "cherubs," decided to tell us about her trip to Europe. We traveled through England, Holland, France and part of Germany. Next meeting we will have the rest of the trip.

LAMBDA KAPPA SOCIETY
 Tuesday evening the small girls of the Lambda Kappa Society met in East Hall parlor for a gay time. The parlor was daintily decorated with pink and white rosebuds, filling the air with the sweet fragrance of spring.

One of the features of the evening was the playing of games, one of which consisted of having many pictures on the wall of the room illustrating quaint old nursery rhymes. It was the duty of each girl to guess as many rhymes as she could. Little Miss Margie Cox and Alice Barber were the winners, each having been able to give as many as six nursery rhymes.

During the evening many of the little girls were requested to take some part in a program for the benefit of the high and mighty Lambda Kappas, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. Waite, Mrs. Davis and Miss Hayden. The program was as follows:
 Reading, "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater"—Johnnie Beth Tyson.
 Duet, "Little Red Riding Hood"—Vivian Hamilton and Buray Hendricks.
 Song, "Oh Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?"—Maud Standish.
 Dance, "The Pig in the Parlor"—Maxine Phelps.
 Reading, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."—Esther Scan.
 Stunt, Jack and Jill—Wanda Hill and Ruth Johnson.
 Reading, "Old King Cole"—Eleanor Sears.
 Song, "Mary Had a Little Lamb"—La Vore Miller.
 Reading, "Old Mother Hubbard"—Nevetta Callahan.

Dainty refreshments of ice cream and cake were served to children. When the clock struck 9 all the girls gathered in and on Mr. Fairbank's car and were taken to their respective halls.

LAMBDA KAPPA
 On March 8 we went to the river to forget our studies and troubles. Wood gathering came first and then our fire. Later came the eats, and what delicious beans, and pudding! Cake and everything tasted delicious. We had our business around the fire. How we hated to leave it. Maxine Phelps entertained us at her home in Mesa on the 15th. Marjorie Cox gave the opera, "Aida," and played several records. We were very proud to have our new member, Nevetta Callahan, with us. Ruth Johnson and Johnnie Beth Tyson won the prizes in bunco and what lovely refreshments we had! We are all anxious to visit Maxine again.

DELTA THETA
 The last Delta Theta meeting was held in the upper unfurnished story of our President's house. First, a social time was enjoyed and refreshments consisting of piñons and toothpicks were served. Beth Carter made the mistake of swallowing the toothpick instead of using it to crack the piñon. The two Sophies were fined 10c each for fighting over a man to take to the All-Society dance. A heated discussion was held by Miss Stidham and Miss Garrison over the merits of sliding on first,

ZETETIC NEWS
 A few of you may have heard of a society on this campus called the Zetetic. If you have, please don't tell anybody because it is still a secret. And, speaking as a friend, I would advise you not to try to meet any of these people. They are—well—I hesitate to say because my vocabulary fails me. To give you an idea of the kind of people they are, they are all intensely interested in research work, don't ask me what kind because it hasn't been disclosed to the public yet. It is a wonder to me that such an organization should be allowed on the campus. We know that it is all too out of accord with the school spirit. I don't know any of them personally, but I'll bet they are all flat tires. Great plans are being made when they are formally introduced on this campus. Much thought has been given to the rules and regulations because these girls want to be original. Bless their hearts! The colors are London Purple, Paris Green and Turkey Red. These are to be worn by each member

in baseball. Miss Stidham contended that a player should not slide at first because she might get her zip knicks dirty, while Miss Garrison took the other side and said the runner should slide at first so as to knock the baseman off her feet and make a home run. The other members took sides with each, and soon there was a mad March riot, ending only when we awoke and found it was all an hallucination. You know—them things we talk about in psychology. The meeting was adjourned, but the members forgot to go home.

FUN FROM PHI BETA FIDGETS
 AS THE massive and imposing army truck QUIETLY AND STEALTHILY drove up and halted in front of NORTH EAST HALL, about 25½ girls NOISELESSLY AND DELIBERATELY DEPARTED from their separate abodes, without the aid of THE WATCHFUL ONES, eagerly and with Great anticipation the giant masterpiece of HUMAN MAN plunged onward through the dense THICKET of subtropical overgrowth which does not make WILLOW AVENUE the enchanting place it isn't. STEADILY ONWARD it failed to MOVE out of the DARKNESS INTO THE LIGHTNESS, till finally THE hang IN was FOUND out. AGAIN each womanly MAIDEN gently, CAREFULLY, graceFULLY, AND DAIN-TILY removed her delicate DE form from the huge IMPRESSIVE PHENOMENON of manKIND.

After and Aside from the LUX-IOUS reFresHmenTs the WORST part of the PRoGrAm was An imPer-fect imitAtION by LOOSE AustIN. SHE supplIEd many pointers FOR prospectIVE beggARS and gave many ways in WHICH WE MIGHT LOW-ER the standards of our UNlIterary society in the Art of Begging. THE rePorT was enJOYED by not all AND HENCEFORTH WE will put into USE the Wise philOSOPHY of OUR learned society SISTEr.

IN the NON distanT sTeePIE NINE prolonged TAPS were heard and QUIETLY, GRADUALLY, quickLY each female again reSuMed HER former DISPosition IN the rollING, THUNDERING, conGLOmerAtION of Steel and IRON, to BE broUghT sUD-DenLy and WITHOUT nOTIce, so sIIENtly did the VehICle PRoCeED, unTo The StePs of NORTH EAST haLL.

LAS HIDALGAS DEL DESIERTO
 We regret to announce that all the members of the Las Hidalgas have been temporarily suspended from school. This is on account of a certain hike that these unscrupulous children took upon a certain Wednesday nite. They tell me that they ate their supper out. The redeeming feature was some heroic studies (?) no stories by Mr. Krause. Then too a well known play was given. I forgot to tell you that some of the "crueler" members of this club aimed and hit a certain young member of the weaker sex (?). We all regret the departure of these friends of ours as they were always the ones who kept up the curve in all of our classes. However, we can only hope for their speedy return—Oh! what have I been saying about this club? April Fool!

GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
 The Geographic Society met Thursday, March 25. The meeting was supposed to begin at 7:30—it really started at 8—true Geographics should never be rushed. After such trivial and unnecessary disturbances as roll call and announcements, the meeting was turned over to Mr. Elias Brimhall. Mr. Brimhall told us all the merits and demerits of Kentucky. The merit seemed to be horse racing and the demerit moonshining. After this very interesting talk we spent the rest of the time in discussing Geographical subjects, as money, banquets and picnics.

Y. W. C. A.
 The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet has nominated the officers for the coming year. The following girls have been nominated for the respective offices. President—Rachel Bogart, Marie Burum. Vice President—Leona Howell, Pearl Doane. Secretary—Ilene Joyce, Grace Chilton. Treasurer—Alice Knowles, Elizabeth Adams. Undergraduate Representative—Ruth Wingfield, Katharine Willwebber. The election will be held next Thursday night, March 31.

Hiking Club
 Can you think of anything dumber than for eighty girls to pile into huge and crude trucks upon, beneath or beside tons of blankets and start for the mountains, desert river, or someplace? It is past me to register. I didn't think it was being done this year especially in the civilized part of the sphere. But what is this world coming to? And unpluck your ears to listen. They piled out of the vehicles in the same way they piled in. They even slept on the ground. Prideless creatures. The food they ate was just supergobolistic they tell me but for me to think of eating such things. For amusement they played such vulgar games as horse-shoes and base-ball. Heavenly day! Although we are absolutely and positively against such things as galavating around the country we wish that when they go on tours like this they would stay longer. What sez we pilgrims?

Hiking Club
 When one member meets another she wags her ears three times and croaks like a true Arizona frog. Then she says, "Ship ahoy, captain, I've caught a fish." The person spoken to then puts down her suspenders and says, "Aha—the weather has increased." This is just a warning but for goodness sakes don't be afraid of them, they're pathetic. Just let them think that they are the only reasons that America is famous for scenery since there really is no reason for shaves going down in Russia. Oh, these Zetetics that wind alarm clocks with Zeta Sigma keys and eat candy in the library, they're same sassiety!

ACROSS THE CAMPUS
 The Shop with the College Atmosphere
DAD'S PLACE
 ACROSS THE CAMPUS
 NEC SORTE SED SERVITUTE
 NEC FACTO

Smith Seeks Divorce From Katherine

(Continued from Page One)

erine for Divorce; Charges Insufficient Funds; Says She Obtained Him Under False Pretenses and Asks Release From Further Embarrassment.

Unofficially, of course, it has been reported that Katherine made the following statement before going home to her mother:

"Oh, Joe, I always loved him, whiskers or no whiskers. He could grow him a beard as long as King Benjamin's of the House of David and I'd love him still. I'm bigger than the little things that annoy me, even beards. Oh, do you think he'll ever come back? I was only playing with him that day in the Ford. Oh, that's where all the trouble came. That darn Ford! It's such a rattletrap. It carries lies back and forth between us all the time and makes the trouble. If Joe and I could just get together once I'm sure he'd understand. Maybe it would be cheaper to junk the Ford in the long run. What do you think? Oh, Joe! Joe!"

Friends of the devoted couple are making every effort to effect a reconciliation, but results so far have not been encouraging.

They were "Hon" and "Dearie" in a little backstage drama played on the Tempe campus in the days when Joe was a famous athlete.

Meanwhile, Joe goes about saying "I won't! I won't!" but as this went to press he had a close shave that changed the tone of his song. It was a Ford again. After all has been said and done, plus what has gone before, and what was put between the lines, Katherine is still the light that shows Joe which side his bread is buttered on. The question now proves itself to be: Will Joe be there when refreshments are served? Who knows? Well, I don't.

Kauzlarich Commits An Atrocious Crime

George Kauzlarich, well known Tempe College senior, popularly known about the dormitories as "Kauzy," was caught cuddy-muzzying in South Hall parlor last Tuesday night. He was nabbed with the goods on his lap and could not deny the cheeks pressed against him. The name of "Kauzy's" fellow-partner in sin was not disclosed to the general public, but it is whispered that she was not his "steady" so there is not even that to excuse his shameful conduct.

Cuddy-muzzying is not permitted in any respectable dormitory parlor and is not tolerated upon the Tempe campus, where it was banished by a joint resolution of the student body and faculty, twenty-five years ago. However, it has appeared under different names and in many forms ever since.

Kauzlarich did not seem to realize the enormity of his offense and maintained such a defiant attitude that Dr. Matthews ordered him locked in Mrs. Waite's closet until he repented and promised to hereafter tread the straight and narrow. This Kauzy refused to do, as he said cuddy-muzzying is his favorite indoor sport. He would rather die than give it up, he said. Kauzlarich has been put on a bread and water diet, but his determination remains firm. He will cuddy-muzzly! So far, the only successful solution of the case has been to keep "Kauzy" muzzled. If anyone knows of a better way to prevent cuddy-muzzying, please let Kauzy in on it.

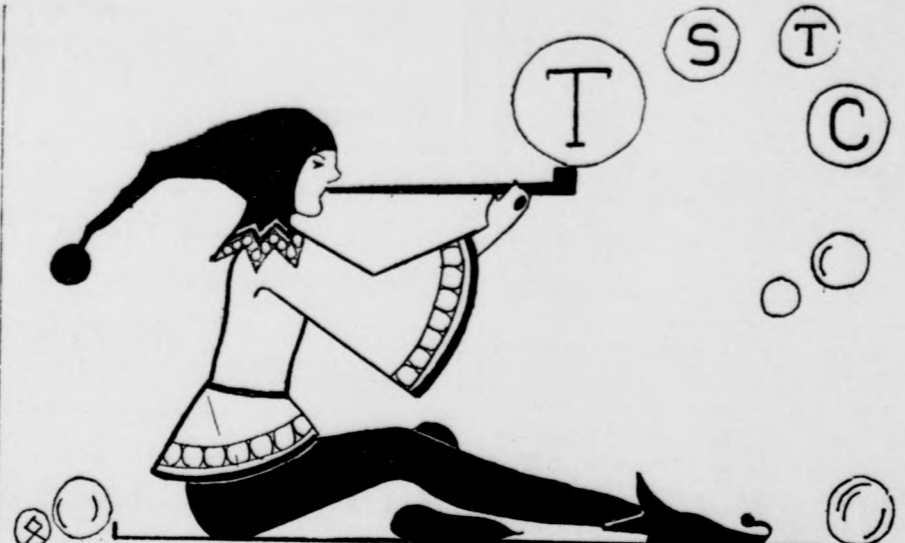
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Rosie Wardlow: "I love you. You are the most wonderful girl in the world. You are the object of my dreams, the light of my life, the hope of my hopes, my inspiration and ambition. I would fight dragons, conquer the world for you. I would give my life for you. Will you be mine?"

June C.: "Do you like me, Rosie dear?"

Dell Rollins—Is she good in arithmetic?

Arden Staples—Well, she can put two and two together and is good at canceling dates.

Joe P.—Do you think I go out with every Tom, Dick and Harry?

He—No, I suppose some of them go out with other girls?

Marjorie A.—Does the blind date look hot?

Gertrude H.—Just like he had come from a fire sale.

Joe Williamson—What did your grandfather say when they amputated his leg?

Helen Duncan—He yelled, "Hey, what's coming off here?"

Alton Riggs—I was hypnotized once.

J. Barry—I'm married too.

Leonard Clements reports that his H2O2 blonde is so dumb she thinks the Golden Gate has hinges and that a football coach runs on four wheels.

Brute Sutter—You never show any gratitude for anything I do.

Latest Crush—I'm not that kind of a girl.

Myrtle K.—Who is that player?

Sunny McDearmon—Guess it must be Heinz. His number is 57.

Smart Guy—Hey, you, looking for jokes?

Bulldawg—Yes.

S. G.—Look in the Homestead Hatchery—a whole bunch of them.

Indignant Senior—The idea! My napkin is damp!

Bright Freshie—Perhaps that's because so much is due on your board.

Bertha Richards (to Pete M.)—How much do you think I ought to get for this cartoon?

Mr. Marshall—Six months.

Absent Minded Down in Texas recently a host inquired of his guest, while at dinner, whether the guest would have some corn. The guest passed his glass instead of his plate.

He was a very keen young business man. He had written on a square of paper to be placed on his office door: "Out to lunch. Back in half hr." An afterthought struck him. He added the words: "Been out twenty minutes already."

Oh, Bally, How Could You!

Bally S.—May I accompany you across the street, madam?

Old Lady—Certainly, sonny; how long have you been waiting for some one to take you across?

Those Freshmen!

"I'm a little stiff from bowling."

"Where did you say you were from?"

"It's the little things that tell," reflected Sadie Alexander as she pulled her small sister from under the davenport.

A rolling stone may not gather moss, but it acquires a fine polish.

While V. Daniels was cracking his Ford the other morning, it kicked him below his kitchen window.

Experience is what you get when you are looking for something else.

This is a rapid age, you bet, And we, as sure as fate, Will soon evolve some scheme to get Diplomas "while you wait."

He was a credit to his school. He owned everybody.

Mr. Cookson DOES have a hard time of it. The other day a young man (Senior) occupied over thirty minutes of his time looking for a book entitled "Dirty Relations." After some time the young man finally came to the conclusion, but only after much cross-examination, that the book wanted was called "Kindred of the Dust," and not "Dirty Relations" at all.

Does Lake Howell while Bena Perz-

Lost: Fifteen pounds of fat somewhere on campus. Return to Bertha Richards.

Chess—So he got his B. A. and M. A.?

Nut—Yes, but his P. A. still supports him.

Nichols—Did Coker make a date for me to go to East Hall tonight?

Michea—I don't know; why?

Nichols—She asked me if I was coming over.

Harry C.—You sure look like Helen Summer.

She—You should have seen me last winter.

Blackburn (in Psychology class)—Why do tall boys fall in love with short girls, Michea?

Claude (awakening suddenly)—Oh, I can't arouse the cortical structures once active.

Announcement in Tempe Collegian Miss L. Bradford, a belle of twenty summers, is visiting her twin brother at Alpha Hall, aged thirty-two.

The Latest—I dreamed last night I proposed to the most beautiful girl I ever saw.

G. d'Arcy—Oh, my! What did I say?

Early to bed And early to rise, And your girl goes out With other guys.

Deb—My girl has two faults. Joe—You and who else?

Improve Your Aim "I see you have a sign in your store, 'We Aim to Please,'" remarked the irritated customer. "Certainly," replied the proprietor; "that is our motto." "Well," retorted the I. C., "you ought to take a little time out for target practice."

Old English by Ear Miss Blair—Reed, give me a sentence using the word "pasture." Reed Fuller—I went past your house last night.

The Fatal Prophecy Logan De—When I was young, the doctors said if I didn't stop smoking I would become feeble-minded. Louise Austin—Well, why didn't you?

The Formula "Say, Jones, what made your nose so big?" "Well, Smith, I'll tell you. I just kept it out of other people's business and let it grow."

Sorrowing Continues "Papa," wrote the sweet girl, "I have become infatuated with calisthenics." "Well," replied the old man, "if your head's sot on him, I

haven't a word to say, but I always hoped you'd marry an American."

Mary Again Mary had a little curl That hung beneath her ear. But when she went to bed it hung Upon the chiffonier.

A Case for Spanking School Teacher (absent-mindedly, to her young man)—You did not turn up last night. Have you a written excuse from your mother?

Interpreted at Last A teacher conducting her pupils through an art museum stopped in front of Rodin's famous statue, "The Thinker." She asked them what they thought he was thinking about. "Oh, I know," replied one little girl. "He's lost his clothes and he's wondering where he's going to get some more."

Question Mark "What stands on eight legs and sings?" "A male quartet."

No Gossip Teacher—How many wars can you remember? Young Thing—Ma told me I mustn't talk about family affairs.

An Early Start J. E. Hannah, who at 29 has had a painting accepted by the Royal Academy, began life as a mere boy.

Her Knight's Armor Girl (to plegmatic lover)—You 'ave a 'ard 'eart, George! George (a taxi driver)—No, I ain't, hon; that's my number plate you've got your 'ead against!

Mr. Blackburn—You missed class today, didn't you? Lawrence Terrell—Not at all, not at all.

Mr. Hoover—And does anyone know the death rate of Tempe? Monk Windes—Sure! The same as anywhere else. One death to each person.

She—This is a rare treat. He—I know I don't treat often, but you don't have to rub it in.

A "Shiner" Father Hamilton (reading a letter from his son Bill at college)—Bill says he's got a beautiful lamp from boxing. Mother Hamilton—I just knew he'd win something in his athletics!

Page the Squirrel An old man, after waiting patiently in a confectionery store for about ten minutes, got impatient at the lack of service.

"Here, young lady," he called, "who waits on the nuts?"

In Hollywood Society Visitor—Sorry I couldn't get to your wedding. Film Star—Never mind; I'll have another soon.

Obedy Orders Judge—Prisoner, did you steal that rug? Wilbur Sutter—No, Your Honor; Mrs. Waite gave it to me and told me to beat it, and I did.

An Untidy Habit Mr. Blackburn—I'd like to be cremated but I'm sure my wife wouldn't like it.

Mr. Hoover—Why so? Mr. Blackburn—Oh, she's always complaining about my leaving my ashes around.

WHAT EACH MEMBER OF THE BASEBALL TEAM ATTRIBUTES HIS SUCCESS TO:

EDDIE CARR—"My executive and oratorical ability have led me to great heights on my baseball career." CLIFFORD PRATHER—"My love for Zol—I mean zwiebacks. By eating them I have gained physical prowess."

EDDIE RIGGS—"By playing the saxophone continually, I have developed a great amount of wind and an indifference to razzing mobs, the latter derived from irate neighbors who objected to my tooting."

JOCKEY DeCLERQ—"My beauty, which makes me a mark for all men to try at, is why I never have to chase wild throws."

PONY POMEROY—"A man, by chewing 'TOBAC' gum is able to get his mind off the jeering masses. That is why I am so cool."

LILY GODDARD—"My wonderful form, attained by taking esthetic dancing lessons, is why I am a star."

VIRGIL DANIEL—"A mighty arm and a mighty brain like mine just

can't help but make me a good ball player." JAMES BARNEY—"My toe exercises that I do every night are wonderful aids in fast fielding." SINES—"I am a good player because I am hardboiled." HARBISON—"Confidence, my lads, is all you need." SMITH—"The reason I am so good is because I have a farsighted vision which enables me to pick her out from the rest of the blondes." TERRELL—"My ability to S. A. makes me a wonderful star."

TEMPE HORSEHIDERS SKIN JUNIOR COLLEGE "Signals, slam formation, Lily back." And they did. The nine fighting bulldogs and the Fighting Sixty chewed the Bears' ears into shreds. And they put in two extra sessions of it, too. The reason some of the Bulldogs did not tear into the Krause stew at supper that night was because bear steak is more of a rarity than Krause stew.

The fracas went eleven rounds, poor little Teddy Bear finally being forced to throw in the sponge, towel, water bucket, and everything. Our mighty Bulldog had decapitated him by a hard sock to the jaw. Honorable "Mac" McCreary was referee and he had a hot time preserving law and order. Teddy Bear was inclined to cry "Foul" on a blow below the chin, and our Bulldog's fell like raindrops, one of them once in a while glancing off the referee. But he was amply supplied with mask and chest protector, so no harm was done. And he was a mighty good umpire, too. And he didn't have a police squad waiting to escort him from the ring because he didn't need one. Some Bulldogs who got whole mouthfuls of Bear meat are Barney, Prather and Daniel. Batteries that supplied the power for the fight were Prather, Riggs and Carr.

Everything went fine, and Mr. Fairbanks showed he knows how to make Bulldogs crave Bear steak. The score finally came to be 4-3. Our winning blow was brought in by a perfect bunt off Carr's bat.

The next week the nine Bulldogs and the Fighting Six invaded the Bears' den. And how they bit and fought. They ended things up by being ahead of the Bears one run for each inning played, the score being 13-4. Pony with his bottle was the chief aggressor. The Bears were demoralized, hypnotized, and lots of other things. Our Bulldog is the Valley champ, and he's after craving a little Bobcat chops, and a good hunk out of the seat of the Lumberjack's trousers.

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