



# THE TEMPE COLLEGIAN



VOL. 3.

TEMPE, ARIZONA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1927

No. 3

## Bulldogs Leave to Beat Lumberjacks

### Play N. A. T. C. on Flagstaff Grid

Leaving for Flagstaff Friday morning, October 21, Coach McCreary will take his thundering herd of mighty Bulldogs to give battle to the husky Lumberjacks of the Northern Arizona Teachers College.

Suffering defeat at the hands of two heavy teams, the Bulldog pack is working daily to perfect new plays and formations that will overcome Tempe's old rivals of the north. Changes have been made in the line-up, new men will probably be placed to fill up gaps made by crippling of men in the Indian School game.

The two defeats have taught the Bulldogs football. They have perfected their plays. Weak men have been replaced by stronger material.

Flagstaff boasts a heavy, well-balanced line and a fast, hard-hitting backfield. It will be the biggest game of the year for Flagstaff, as the game will climax the Homecoming Festival of our sister institution.

On the Flagstaff team will be Bat Allen and Turk Way, two former Bulldog grid men. On the Tempe squad will be found "Kike" Allen, brother of Bat. From all sidings of the game, it promises to be quite a family affair, with these two mighty tackles playing opposite each other.

If Flagstaff should be lucky enough to win over Tempe, it will be the first time in the athletic history of the two colleges. Tempe has always excelled in athletics. To be defeated Saturday would break the tradition of the Bulldogs. In 1926 Tempe beat Flag 14 to 0 and in 1925 the score was 3 to 0, due to Johnny Riggs educated toe. This year's dopsters figure it to be anyone's game, so both teams will have to fight hard for a victory.

The team will leave from the training quarters early tomorrow morning. A big turnout is expected from the students to send the fighting Bulldogs on a triumphant journey to Flagstaff. Many rooters will accompany the team. Those having extra room in cars should see Harvey Tyson so he can arrange transportation for those who care to go.

The Bulldogs who will make the trip to Flagstaff are Sutter, Guthrie, Thompson, Mullen, Willard, Allen, Griffith, Goddard, Goodwin, Dick, Grasmoen, Barney, Riggs, Terrell, Caywood, Dana and McCarty.

Knock'em Cold!

"THREE WISE FOOLS" OPENS 1927-28 LYCEUM

"Three Wise Fools" will be presented on the evening of November 28, as the opening number of the 1927-28 Lyceum course. A New York cast will entertain Tempe playgoers with a plot of unusual interest.

The handling of the Lyceum this year is under the auspices of the Normal Senior class, with Janie West-erfield acting as chairman. The faculty committee is composed of Dr. Matthews, chairman, and Miss Brown, Miss Gerrish, Miss Norton and Mr. Holladay.

Anihilate the Lumberjacks!

NO DANGER

Mrs. Waite: Isn't that young man rather fast?

East Hall Girl: Yes, but I don't think he'll get away.

### Faculty Fare Forth on Annual Fall Frolic

Columbus Day, October 12, the Tempe Teachers College faculty held their annual picnic at Papago Park. At this first social event of the year nearly all faculty members were present.

The main feature of the evening was the initiation of new members. Entrance rights necessitate some entertainment, so the program of the new teachers included a representation of "The Landing of Columbus" which was very well received. Of more recent significance was a life-like rendition of the Tempe-Indian football game. In consideration of the merits of their entertainment, the novices were received in full membership, although the usual intelligence test ratings were slightly below normal for such occasions.

The program was continued by various selections from old members, all of which were good and highly entertaining.

As usual, Mr. Krause's efforts were enjoyed to the full. The setting of perfect moonlight, and the atmosphere of wit and humor afforded by the professors gave much charm to the affair.

When the evening broke up the picnic was pronounced the most successful in recent years.

Scratch'em! Tear'em! Scar'em! Bulldogs!

### Tempe Scrubs Defeat Indian Seconds, 13-6

The Tempe Scrubs defeated the Indian Seconds at the Indian School Saturday, October 15. Tempe received the ball on the first kick-off and romped down the field, alternating end runs, passes and line bucks and put the hogskin across the line for the first touchdown.

From then on the Indians tightened. The teams battled in the center of the field. Tempe threatened to score when they recovered an Indian fumble and carried the ball to the one-yard line, but lost it on downs. The Indians ended the half by kicking out of danger.

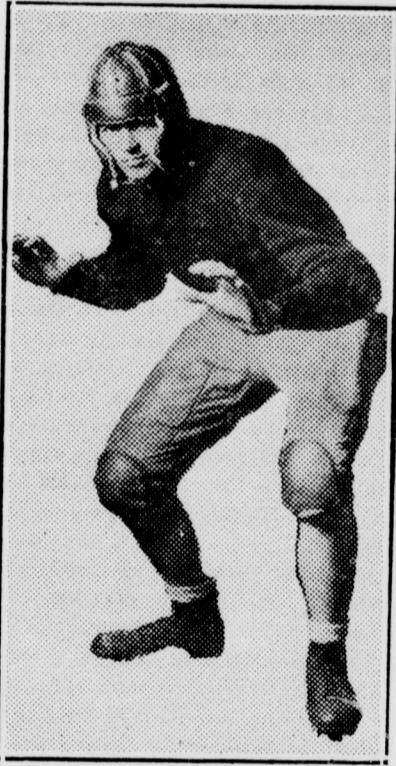
In the third quarter the young teachers got lazy and gave the Indians a chance—which the Yaquis accepted by making a touchdown.

But the fact that they grabbed their opportunity is what beat them. This discourteous act aroused the wrath of the Tempe toughnecks. On the next kickoff McCarty, substituting at quarter for Cole, grabbed the elusive apple and dashed down, across, and through, down the field, across the goal line, and through the whole Indian tribe for the second touchdown.

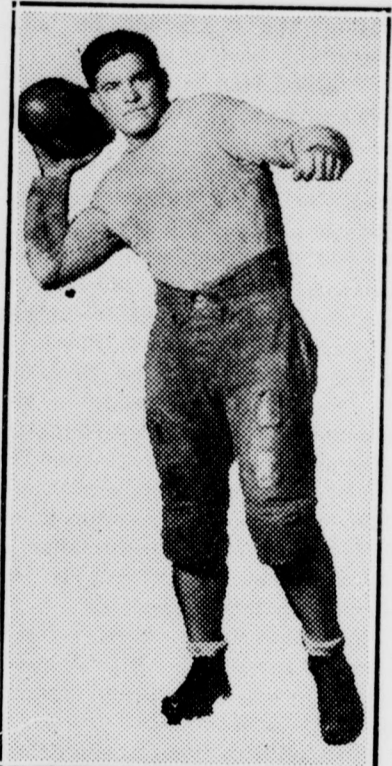
The Indians received and then lost the ball. As the last whistle blew Tempe was going down the field for another touchdown. The shining spots of the Tempe eleven were: Harbison, Cole, McCarty, B. Smith, Sine, and "Gripey" Ennis.

The lineup for Tempe was as follows: Ends, DeClercq, Michea; tackles, Ennis, England; guards, Kauzlarich, Holderman; center, W. Folsom; quarter, Cole; halves, B. Smith, Harbison; full, Sine.

Scratch'em! Tear'em! Scar'em! Bulldogs!



CAPTAIN GRIFFITH



RIGGS

Outstanding players in both of the previous games. Much is expected of Captain Bill Griffith and Johnny Riggs in the Bulldog-Lumberjack affair in Flagstaff next Saturday.

### Lumberjack Effigies to Be Burned Tonight

Everybody be there! Everybody yell! And when I say yell I mean shout until you will sound like a bullfrog the next day. Exercise those vocal cords! Sing! Take a chance! Columbus did—and see what happened. You never can tell. What do we care, so long as our gang beats Flagstaff next Saturday?

Don't let the boy friend take you to the dance Thursday unless he promises to bring you a worn-out Lumberjack from Flagstaff as a souvenir. Oh, of course there will be a dance—a great big one—in the new gym, with Johnnie Hoffmeyer tickling the ivories. Mrs. Waite says she is so enthused she would like to let us dance all night, but Mac insists that Bulldogs should be in their kennels at 8:30, so we will have to stop a few minutes before to let our heroes tell their fair maidens good-night.

Now I've got you here, you're curious to know what I've tried to say. So am I. Don't laugh, though—because I had to write it.

What I've tried to tell you is that tonight, Thursday, October 20, at 8:30, we will all gather in the gym for a big hit-and-run struggle, where the boys hold the girls while they dance. Give our Bulldog pack a big send-off to Flagstaff.

After the dance (7:30, to be exact) every barber pole, shoe sign or apple box that the freshman boys could beg, borrow or steal will be burnt. Aw, shucks—I'm telling you that we are also going to have a bonfire. No, Freshmen, there won't be any marshmallows roasted this time. It's to signify our esteem, praise and good cheer for the boys who go to give battle to the Lumberjacks Friday morning.

We can't all be at the game, but we all can be at the bonfire—so be there! We've got to beat Flagstaff! You be at the gym tonight, yell, dance, sing and build the bonfire—and the Bulldogs will defeat Flagstaff Saturday.

### ALUMNUS VISITS TEMPE

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall of Prescott spent several hours Tuesday visiting the halls and campus, making T. S. T. C. a stop-over on their way to Globe. Mrs. Marshall was formerly Miss Harriet Innes Wells, of the class of '15.

### Bulldogs Return From Loyola Trip

Friday evening, October 7, saw 23 players, all Bulldogs, and Coach McCreary leave Tempe on a California-bound Pullman. There was a real crowd of students down at the depot to wish them luck.

The fellows enjoyed a few hands of poker and what not in cards and dice—with disastrous results for some of them. Then they nestled soundly away in their bunks and arrived in Los Angeles about 7:30 a. m., rugged and ready. They were met with hearty welcomes by the Loyola fellows, who conveyed them, in Packards and Cadillacs and several other cars of the same calibre, to the New Rosslyn Hotel. Here the Bulldogs rested until noon.

They started for the field ready to go, and craving fight. At last the whistle blew and the game was on. The pigskin could be seen making its way first in one direction and then in another. However, the Loyola team proved itself pretty good at holding the line, while the backfield raced here and there with the ball. The Loyola squad drove two scores

(Continued on Page Two)

### SEND A TELEGRAM!

Spend 30 cents and win a football game! It sounds easy—and it is easy. A telegram will give twenty men new spirit. New spirit will help crush the other twenty Lumberjacks and Tempe will win again. Why not spare six frosties or six cakes and send the team, the coach or a boy friend a line of cheer?

And remember—if you send a night letter Friday night, you can say 50 words for 30 cents. Get your money's worth—send him a complete novel! Let the "Spirit of Tempe" sail through the air to the boys in flag, and they can beat any team if you just tell them you're behind them.

Here are final directions. Go to the station, ask for a telegram blank, write 50 words, address to Monte Vista Hotel, pay 30 cents and await answer telling you the team beat Flagstaff.

DON'T PUT OFF UNTIL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TODAY.

### Tempe Faculty Active at Institute

#### Wallflower Club to Hold First Dance

Opening the social year with one of the best dances ever held in Tempe, will be the object carried out by the Wallflower Club next week.

Saturday night, October 29, has been decided upon as the date of the first Wallflower dance. It will be held in the new gymnasium. A high class Phoenix orchestra has been secured to furnish the evening's music.

The Wallflower Club is an old campus organization. Its purpose is to organize and promote better dances for the students. Every student is eligible to become a member. No dues are charged. The dances are financed through ticket sales for each dance. Admission this year is one dollar a couple. Any person can be invited by those who purchase tickets.

The floor will be in good condition and the hall will be artistically decorated. Everyone attending is assured of an enjoyable time.

Officers of the Wallflower Club were elected at a meeting last week. Joe Smith was elected president; Billie Peterson, vice-president; Louise Austin, secretary, and Jane West-erfield, treasurer. The decorating committee is composed of Virginia Davenport, Art Mercer and Adolph Kauzlarich. The faculty committee is headed by Mrs. Waite and Mr. McCreary. They will act as head chaperones at the dances.

Tickets can be purchased from any officer of the club. It is hoped that a large attendance will open the first dance, so as to secure more and better dances throughout the school year.

Yea Team! Fight! Fight! Fight!

#### Homecoming Day to Be Held Nov. 12

Homecoming Day, a day set aside for the college and alumni to meet each other, is to be celebrated on November 12 this year, according to an announcement by the Alumni Association. Plans for the event are still in the hands of the committee, but assurance is given that the celebration will surpass all previous Homecoming days at Tempe College.

Last year T. S. T. C. had a big serpentine and bonfire the night before Homecoming Day. The following day the Bulldogs played the Phoenix Indians. Homecoming night there was a big dance in the gym.

This year will see a greater number of alumni back in Tempe than ever before. Don't forget the date—November 12. Begin to look ahead and make the 1927 Homecoming the greatest yet. Co-operate with the committees when they call for your assistance. November 12 is the big day.

#### CALL OF THE OUTDOORS

Mr. Irish, Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Payne forsook "professorly" cares last Saturday and went on a hunting trip in the foothills of the Superstition Mountains. Mr. Irish reports good success in the opening of the quail season.

Gossip: I say, old chap, did you hear about the awful fright that Brown got on his wedding day?

Gossiper: Did I! I was there myself and saw her.

The central branch of the Arizona State Teachers Association met at Phoenix on Friday and Saturday of last week, October 14 and 15. As usual, the Tempe State Teachers College contributed considerably to the program.

President A. J. Matthews addressed the general session held at the High School auditorium on Friday morning, his subject being "A More Definite Correlation Between Teachers Colleges and Colleges and Universities."

Professor I. D. Payne had charge of the intermediate and upper grades principals and teachers' section, and on Friday morning addressed the section on "Remedial Measures," and was followed by discussion on the topic. He also addressed the kindergarten section on the topic, "A Unified Program for Kindergarten-Primary." Prof. J. R. Murdock was the speaker for the social science and history section at luncheon in the High School cafeteria on Friday.

Prof. J. L. Felton addressed the public speaking and journalism section in their Saturday afternoon meeting on "Public Speaking in the High School." Miss Vera Chase was the main speaker for the non-English-speaking child section, her topic being "Problems of the Non-English-Speaking Child." Miss Clara Brown was chairman for the Friday and Saturday meetings of the Kindergarten-Primary section. Mr. Hoover and Mrs. O'Conner were called to Phoenix on Friday afternoon to assist in the organization of a geography section and addressed the meeting.

Other members of the faculty attended the meetings and took part in discussions. Tempe graduates were conspicuous for their activity and interest in the various sections.

Beat Flag!

#### Social Service Is Theme of "Y"

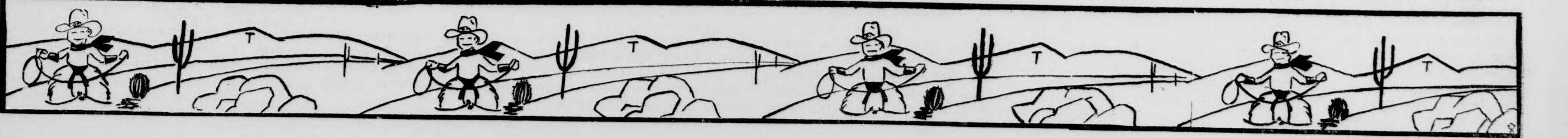
"Thank Thee that I may my brother feed. Thou hast shown me another's need. Kept me from being callous, cold and blind. Thank Thee, Father, I am alive."

This week's program at "Y" is especially planned to call attention to our less fortunate neighbors. The needs of others are often forgotten and the high principle of unselfish service too often neglected. In order that we may become not too entirely immersed in our own lives, we need to know something of the trials and sufferings of others. Miss Roberts of the Eighth Street Training School will speak upon the subject of social service this evening in the "Y" rooms. Everyone is invited.

Beat Flag!

#### HALLOWE'EN CELEBRATION

On Thursday evening, October 14, Katherine Willweber and Janie West-erfield entertained with a bedtime feed. The mellow glow of a lamp furnished the spooky atmosphere, and the plates and napkins were carried out in Hallowe'en colors. Those who attended were Patricia Wood, Marie Nordstrom, Opal Cruen, Lois Gurley, Margaret Finnerty, Della Finnerty, Marian Doyle, Alice Beck, Kathleen Cate, Doris Pilcher, Wilma Ham, Alice Kay, Georgia Kay, and the hostesses, Janie and Katherine.





Entered at the Tempe, Arizona, Post Office as second-class matter.

Published Every ALTERNATE THURSDAY of the College Year.

Subscription Rates.....\$1.25 a Year in Advance.

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Editorial

TEMPE—OUR ALMA MATER

"Tempe has less school spirit now than it had ten years ago." Such was a remark made publicly on the football field at the Indian School last Saturday. And the statement carried conviction with it, for ninety-nine one-hundredths of those present were rooting for the Indian School. Tempe HAS school spirit and loyalty today, ten times as much as existed here ten years ago. But we forget that no one else will believe it unless we boom and yell at all the games and talk and think and act FOR Tempe at all times in between.

Some students think that what they say in the town of Tempe about the college doesn't matter in the least. Perhaps it does not have any very evident effect upon semester grades, but it does vitally affect the reputation of the school. Here is a sample conversation such as can be heard at any time on the streets of Tempe:

"The way they grade up here is something awful! There's nothing fair about it."
"Aw, the trouble's with the prof. How'd they ever get such a dumb one in a college, anyhow? Etc., etc."

The merchants in the stores and the people on the street hear all this and much, much more. Then when a big football game is scheduled they stay at home, or, maybe, go and root for the other side. Who's to blame for that? We know it's a good old school; we love it, faults and all. It's HOME to us for nine months of the year. But what most of the townspeople know about it they learn from us. What we say they magnify, whether it is good or bad. And after all it is only human nature to magnify the worst side. Only a cad or a rotter would publicly discuss his mother's faults and weaknesses. Our college is our foster mother, our Alma Mater. To be charitable in speaking of one's mother is decency; to be charitable in speaking of one's Alma Mater is loyalty.

WE'RE BULLDOGS

We enjoy our college yell, "We're Bulldogs—". The way we rumble it out is convincing and we mean it. Anyone who has owned a thoroughbred, blue-blooded bulldog knows that he is all good nature until his fighting spirit is aroused, then he is in the fight to the finish. An open challenge and a fair fight is the joy of his heart. So it is with our fighting team. They make us proud of them every time they go in to battle. Did you ever see a dog-hater—the kind who cannot resist kicking any dog that comes within reach of his shoes? Did you ever see such a man kick a bulldog? Well, he won't do it but once. The bulldog hates unfair play and he meets it with all the honest fight that is in him. We can't all fight on the college team, but we are all bulldogs. We can all fight the kicks that come from outsiders in the form of slighting remarks against our school and team.

ON THE FOOTBALL GAMES

There have been four football games in the last two weeks, and anyone on the campus would think it was a secret. One of these games was on the home field, on a Friday afternoon, a time when no student can find a legitimate excuse for being absent, and it was played before masses of empty bleachers.

Two of these four games were played at the Indian School in Phoenix. It would have cost a stage fare to Phoenix and ten cents for a round trip ticket on the Phoenix trolley. These two games were played before the entire Indian School and a very, VERY few T. S. T. C. rooters.

We have a championship team this year co-operating with a big bunch of empty bleachers. What is the result of such lack of support, and what will be the result? Last Friday a pep meeting was

called, and, making a very liberal estimate, there were 150 students there. Was that a very good showing? A crowd of rooters decides largely how the breaks in the game are going to come. If you cannot support your team you don't deserve to have one.

You don't ditch assemblies, because you are afraid you will get a cut, and you couldn't bear to have one of those. You don't come to the pep meetings because it is too much trouble and you lose or show your lack of school spirit. You need to learn that it costs something to have a championship team—not only to the team, but to you.

Look ahead and plan your schedule so that you can get behind the team. You want a winning team. The team needs you. Flagstaff never has beaten Tempe yet. Turn out at the send-off Thursday night and keep up the record.

THE BIG THINGS

"No endeavor is in vain; the reward lies in the doing," wrote the poet, and truly. Sometimes we think our efforts are futile, no matter how hard we work, we seem to stay in the same rut still. That is the pessimist's attitude in measuring the cost of things; they aren't worth the bother to get them. But—one minute, Mr. Pessimist; we'd like a word with you. Is it any wonder that you're never satisfied? The fault lies with you and not with any outside force. You are thinking of happiness in terms of results and forgetting that it is the doing of a thing that counts. How you live and what you do today will make you happy. No amount of money, that new automobile you want, or the latest gown from Paris cannot bring joy to your heart, for they are merely things, and as things they pass away.

"No endeavor is in vain"—that is, though you do not see a material result, know that you have received the greatest reward life could pay. You have had the reward of doing, and therein lies the secret of happiness. When a thing is accomplished it recedes into the background to make way for a new standard. You never reach your goal, Mr. Pessimist, for life always sets up a new goal as soon as the old one perishes or is left behind. So why say nothing is worth while? We agree with your philosophy that the end is not worth all the effort, because the DOING is what gives life and meaning to any enterprise. Therefore, Mr. Pessimist, take joy in doing the little things that you do each day, and you will find the greatest reward that crowns life's endeavors.

Go to Dr. J. H. Jowett for his interpretation of the Big Things. "The really good things, the big things, are inside and not outside the man. The big thing is not luxury, but contentment; not a big house, but a big satisfaction; not accumulated art treasures, but a fine art appreciation; not a big library, but a large vision. The big things are not the things that are seen, but the things that are not seen."

KEEP BULLETIN BOARD CLEAN

Students, the bulletin board of the Main Building is for your convenience, therefore you should use it in the right way. Don't forget to take the notices down as soon as possible. They litter up the board and keep others from using it, if you leave them longer than necessary.

Also, when you put a sign on the board, print or write it neatly on a clean sheet of paper. This will add to the appearance of the bulletin.

THE FUNNY JOKE

(After the manner of somebody or other.)
I've never seen a funny joke.
I never hope to see one.
But I can tell you anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.
—Chaparral.

Dormitory News

ALPHA HALL NEWS

We notice a new form of "S. A. ing." Going to church does help one—especially when three-fourths of the faculty sit next to you. So say Doyle and Tyson.

Last week the boys showed what good housekeepers they are. Anyway, girls, you did not find ink in the atomizers and our powder puffs were not nailed to the dressers. You found our rooms as we live in them. How did you like our hospitality?

Freshmen Use Front Door

Our freshmen are now enjoying the use of the front door, although some forget and go around yet, don't they Kauzy?

To add color to our surroundings the boys are now sporting sweaters and blazers loud enough to make any circus hand ashamed. P. O. thinks his is so hot he has to wear asbestos BVD's. We can't all be sheiks, though.

Alpha Hall to the Rescue

The charge of the Light Brigade had nothing on the charge the boys made when the "prowler" call was given by Mrs. Hurst last week. Johnson tore down a fence, Bill Griffith lost his shoes in the mud (men are still digging for them), Worm Sine did the dining-hall-dressing act. Anyway, the boys were there 100% to aid the girls. Next time, girls, kid the "burglars" along so as to hold them there until we come. Don't make any noise, and we'll catch them. You'll see some excitement then.

That was some serenade last Wednesday night, especially Bob Smith's solo. Boys will be boys, though; so let's forget it.

Art Mercer has been offered a room in East Hall. Wes Jones and Bob Simpson want to be his roommate.

Tim Sullivan was a visitor again last week-end. It's like old times when Tim is around. We miss "Pony" and Wallace, though.

Some boys are sure studious. They voted to take the recreation hour for house meeting so that they could have more time for their studies. We know some boys don't date the girls, but did not know they were jealous of those that do.

Just a Mistake

Mrs. Mac thought Alpha Hall was the girls' dorm and put the lights out at 10:30 while Mac was in L. A. Some boys had to light matches to find their pajamas.

We'll Get Even Yet

When the girls' dormitories hold open house the visitors will be surprised when they find so many boys' clothes. Don't be excited, though. They're just the shirts, socks, ties, pajamas and BVD's that the girls forgot they took at the Alpha Hall open house.

The girls returned thumbtacks, postcards and powder puffs, but how about the blankets and shirts that were taken? Who got the big articles? Perhaps the downtown girls? Oh well, we'd be ashamed, too.

What Do You Think?

Didn't Johnny and Chick make fine hashers? That goes to prove that there should be all boys in the dining hall. Such heavy work is boys' work anyway.

Everyman Get a Man!

MATTHEWS HALL NOTES
Monday night, October 17, an enjoyable house meeting was held. After a short business meeting, Dr. Matthews came over and talked to us. He told us of the old days at T. S. T. C. His reminiscences were very entertaining.

Following Dr. Matthews' address, we were entertained by the Freshman girls. Marion Wilkie and Marna Simms gave readings. Mona Denson whistled, and Mary Humphries, Josephine Wilson, Byrdeva Dameron and Minnie Hilkins gave a stunt. Frostees were served while Maria Urquides and Kathleen McNelly sang. Everybody had a keen time. They say that Prexy's thunderous clapping was heard clear over at the library.

Jo Visits Us

We were all agreeably surprised Sunday, October 16, when Josephine Williamson came down from Globe to visit us. Jo says teaching "goes fine."

Institute Visitors

Several of last year's Seniors returned for the institute and came over to see us. It seemed like old times. Come again, girls!

Come Again

Betty Bruce and Edith Bartell went to Ray a week ago. This week someone came down from Ray to see Edith. Three guesses who it was.

Another Birthday

Mona Denson had a birthday last Saturday. You could see 'em coming all up and down the hall with tin plates, cups and spoons. Lillian and Margaret O'Connor, Margaret Jones, Byrdeva Dameron, Mary Humphries,

Maria Urquides, Leonardo Ortiz, Hildegarde Tovate and Kathleen McNelly vote that Mona's mother can certainly make cake—and Mona knows how to make punch. Many happy returns, Mona.

Home to Clifton

Marjorie Barr and Verna Martin went clear to Clifton last week-end. They didn't have very long to stay, but Oh my! An' how, they say.

Journey to Prescott

Mona Denson, Byrdeva Dameron, and Margaret Jones went to Prescott last week-end. Genevieve D'Arcy went with them and then on to Jerome.

Attends Wedding

Iola Harris attended the wedding of Annabelle Jones in Prescott two weeks ago.

Get Mad, Bulldogs!

SOUTH HALL NOTES

Five weeks of school past already! Does it seem possible? Yet when we count the many things we have done it does seem probable. So we will let it go at that.

Seniors Entertain Frosh

Parties galore. We all seem in a festive mood lately. Monday night, October 10th, the Seniors entertained the Freshmen. The hit of the evening was a one-act "play," entitled "Ah." If you hear a South Hall girl say "Ah" in a subtle manner she isn't in pain or sad, but just thinking of Patty Montgomery, Louise Goodwin or Lyle Butler, the actors in the play. Other entertainment was given by Marjorie McEwen, Merle Kartchner, Mary Benson, Lyle Butler and Yvonne Lanning.

Since we are on the subject of parties, you had better know all. Freddie Phelps had a roomful of girls one evening!

Last, but by no means least, Louise Goodwin entertained the E. C. with a bridge party. The room was decorated in Halloween colors, and the evening was spent at cards. Several "tea hounds" were discovered and they put their heads together and decided to congregate often over teacups. Pattie won high score and Hazel Williams took home consolation prize. Everything else included, we all went home with caps on our heads.

Three cheers for Louise—she is a charming hostess!

South Hall Guests

Being away from home doesn't mean being away from mother for some girls. Maybelle and Claria both had visits from their parents last week.

Joy Halman's father came from Safford to see her last Sunday. Lots of smiles in South Hall last week-end.

Several South Hall girls spent the last week-end in Phoenix. Among those were Melba Frazer, Mary Ogleby, Mary Halterman, Gladys Mitchell, Mary Root, Alice Fowler, Louise Danforth and Fern Foltz. The same group also enjoyed several informal parties during the last fortnight.

New Girl

Evalina Wallin moved over from Phoenix last Sunday and is rooming in South Hall. Welcome to our hall!

Guest of Physiography Club

Mary Halterman was a guest at a picnic of the Physiography Club of P. U. H. S. Tuesday, October 11, at the South Mountains.

We Want a Touchdown!

NORTH HALL NEWS

An ominous silence hangs over the faces of North Hall, due to the intense concentration of the students who have been launched headlong into a sea of essays, themes, reports, and reference books.

An impromptu "punch" party was held in North Hall last Tuesday night following the formal initiation of the Spanish Club.

Nellie and Edna Graham, Louise Norcross and Marie Samples had a "home-cooked" dinner Thursday evening in the hall.

"Bring anything you have to eat and come upstairs." With that advice ringing through the halls eight girls grabbed everything and anything from crackers to coffee and fig jam and rushed up to Margaret Woods' room. Then the fun began.

Those caught in the rush were Margaret Woods, Nell and Edna Graham, Louise Norcross, Wiley Wentworth, Dot Sorrels, Ruth Johnson and Marie Samples. No one was killed, although several were injured. Many of the girls spent the week-end at home. Several who remained at North Hall had callers, many of whom were from the girls' home town. Everything seems brighter this week.

EAST HALL NEWS

Social House Meeting
East Hall held a lovely social house meeting Monday night, October 10.



OUR FROSH ROGUES' GALLERY

Reading from top to bottom: 1/2—Bob Smith; 1—Buster Ennis; 1 1/2—Joy Holman; 2—Earl Jackson; 3—Edmund Grasmoen; 4—Margaret Finerty; 5—Wilburn Dick.

As a surprise Helen Davey and Wilma Ewing decorated the parlor in Halloween splendor. The cats, pumpkins and witches gave the finishing touches to the evening.

After a short business meeting our guests of the evening arrived. Mr. and Mrs. McCreary and Chick Vihel. A charming program was given, consisting of a reading by Margaret Finerty, solos by Frances Bennet and Carmen Larrison, a dance by Josephine Pancrazi, a whistling duet by Marian Doyle and Nina Fay Stevens, and lastly, the lights were lowered and "Chick" told a real, honest-to-goodness ghost story.

Refreshments were served to revive us after the scare.

Guests

Helen Sorrels, a former East Hallite, spent the week-end visiting with Miss Georgia and Alice Kay in upper senior hall.

Once again Kathleen Burgham and Katherine Farrell motored to Globe with Alice Ryan. What is it, Kathleen, homesickness—or should we say sickness of another type? Aren't you glad, Katherine, that she took her cue?

Louis Gurley had a much appreciated week-end visitor, her mother. We poor orphans envy you, Lois.

Emma Warren is another lucky girl. Her mother surprised her Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Warren is staying with her sisters in Gilbert, but we would like to wager where most of her spare time will be spent.

East Hall certainly was glad to welcome back to its happy memory-laden halls some former inmates. Mrs. Helen (Williams) Dykes and small daughter, of Casa Grande, visited us Sunday. She was a member of the class of '25. Mrs. Doris McDowell of Globe and Mrs. Josie McCuen of Fort Thomas also returned to visit East Hall, in which they spent two years.

Frances Howell, a graduate of last year, visited her Clonian sisters last week.

Mrs. Westerfield of Globe came to spend the week-end with her daughter. Just another one we envy.

Mr. Henry Sloane and brother, from Philadelphia, Pa., recently spent an evening visiting with Miss Emma Warren and Grace Brownlee, talking of old times.

Go On Trip

We were glad two of our girls went to Tucson with the Geographic Society. The fortunate pair were Alice Kay and Pat Wood.

Those Riding Lessons

Great excitement reigned in East Hall when the poster telling about the riding academy was posted. We hope the same enthusiasm reigns a week after bumps, bruises and sore muscles come forth.

SOUNDS JUST LIKE EDITH

Patricia Wood: "Man is wonderful. He has learned to fly like a bird." Edith Burum: "Yes, but he hasn't learned to sit on a barbed wire fence."

THE ETERNAL PROBLEM

The paradoxical problem of college comic writers is to turn out jokes which please both faculty and students.

Training School News

Boys' and Girls' Clubs Organize
The Boys' and Girls' Clubs organized by the Junior High School have begun their usual preparations for gardening, raising chickens and calves, under the supervision of the State Girls' and Boys' Club Organization. Mr. Ostrander and Mr. Brown are in charge.

The elementary grades in the Training School have begun their work on the winter gardens. The schedule is posted on the Training School bulletin board.

Faculty and Families Picnic

On Sunday, September 25, the Training School faculty and their families enjoyed an all-day picnic at the Superior Summit. This was the opening social event of the year.

Fun on Hallowe'en

The eighth and ninth grades of the Junior High School are making plans and preparations for a party on the night of Hallowe'en. The initiation of the seventh grade will claim a stellar part on the program.

First Assembly

The first general assembly of the Junior High School was held September 21 in Miss Norton's music room. Various speeches of welcome were made, especially to the seventh grade, which is just entering Junior High School.

Girls' Volley Ball

The Junior High girls' volley ball team played the College freshman girls' team in a hard-fought battle Tuesday evening, October 4. The Junior High girls carried off the victory by a 2-1 score. Louise Norcross and Eva Rhodes directed the play of the Freshman girls, while Nellie Graham coached the winning team.

Call of the Campfire

The Gabashewin Camp Fire Girls, with their guardian, Miss Anderson, enjoyed an overnight gypsy trip to the Wood ranch last Saturday. They were accompanied by Miss Kathleen McNelly and Miss Lillian O'Connor of the Kalakagathia Camp Fire group. They assisted Miss Anderson in directing the activities of the trip. The girls who went on this outing were Sue Minson, Katharine Messenger, Ella Starkey, Muriel Williams, Josephine Vanderwalker, Hazel Vanderwalker, Betty Bailey, Gertrude Daugherty, Dorothy Deming, Emma Harris and Wanza Hardin.

Athletic Season Opens

Thursday evening, October 6, saw the opening game of the indoor baseball series to be played between the Training School, Eighth Street, Rural and Tenth Street Schools. The winner of the series will then play the other Southside schools.

BULLDOGS RETURN

(Continued from Page One)

across, then got confident and put in a second team—but with a little distress on the Loyola rooters' part. Our team got the ball and carried it right over, through and around the second team, only to be cheated out of a touchdown by a fumble. But the fourth quarter found the Loyola regulars on the field doing their best to keep the Bulldogs from scoring. The Bulldogs continued to carry the ball down the field until they got within kicking distance of the goal. Johnny's educated toe was called into service and it got an A for its recitation. He made a very pretty field goal to give us three points.

Our fumbles were costly and we played some first game football, but it takes time to do anything and the team learned a lot in that game, a lot that they are going to use next Saturday against Flagstaff.

The return trip was made Saturday evening, with several Bulldogs nursing their bruises, but the fellows had an enjoyable trip, the first out-of-the-State trip a T. S. T. C. football team has taken in a long, long while.

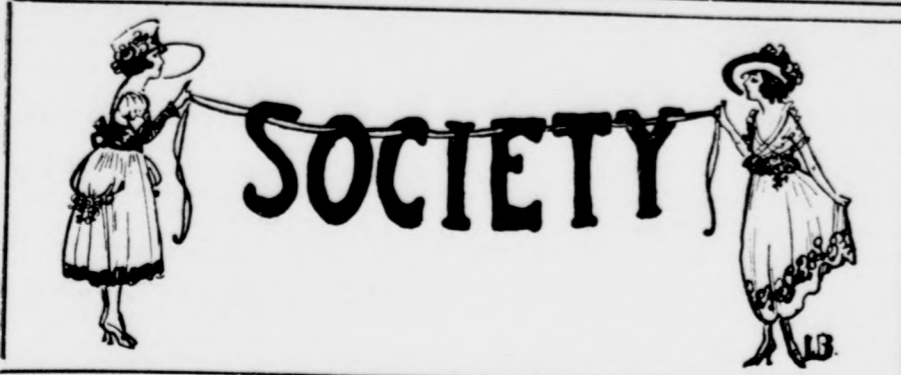
COLLEGE SENIORS FROLIC IN PAPAGO PARK

The College Seniors managed to lay aside their dignity Monday evening, October 10, and take advantage of the full moon. They treated themselves to a picnic in Papago Park. Since the menu proved to be one of the most important parts of the affair, Mrs. Blackburn and Mrs. Stafford were open to congratulations. If anyone desires the recipe for "black mystery" just ask Barney. He's expert at the concoction.

The Senior warbling was accompanied by Kenneth Clark on his flute. The Seniors had such a good time that even Joe, P. O. and Barney managed to forget about Hollywood for awhile.

Mr. and Mrs. Noll were the guests of the class.

Two members of the Senior class have been elected to offices in the Wallflower Club—Joe Smith, president; and Virginia Davenport, chairman of the decoration committee.



LAMBDA PHI SIGMA

Slowly but surely, Lambda Phi Sigma is gathering headway for a year of real Leadership, Fellowship and Scholarship.

One meeting this year stands out in the minds of the fellows. It was the occasion for an honest Big Brother chat with Mr. Ostrander.

Last week Mr. Waltz and Mr. Brown, between them, gave the society a real comprehensive view of the possibilities, both good and bad.

Mr. Waltz has returned to his vacant chair as monitor of the society. It is good to hear his voice once more in the councils of Lambda Phi Sigma.

The present week is a strong Fellowship week. Monday night, October 17, the society "flew the coop" for its first social good time of the year—a picnic out by Twin Buttes.

Tuesday night Mr. and Mrs. Waltz entertained the fellows in their home. Such a pleasant evening did this prove that those who attended both affairs are still debating as to which was the most fun.

Nail Flagstaff!

CACTUS WALKING CLUB

Friday evening, October 14, passers by were startled by certain blindfolded creatures roaming the streets of Tempe. However, it proved to be nothing more alarming than C. W. C. pledges who were proving their cactus spirit.

Get Mad, Bulldogs!

PHILOMATHIAN

On Tuesday, October 4, the Society spent an interesting evening composed of a business meeting followed by a review of the book "We," by Colonel Chas. A. Lindbergh.

The next "get-together" of October 11 was a red letter meeting in the program of our society so far this year. The evening started with an unusual amount of business which created all sorts of enthusiasm.

riage of one of our last year's girls, Annabelle Jones. She is now Mrs. Allen J. Murray of Phoenix. We are all glad to have her so near and hope she will visit the Philos often.

Nail Flagstaff!

PIERIAN NOTES

On October 4th the Pierians met in North Hall (as all the residents probably remember). "Te semper amo," etc., but that's all right!

Tuesday, October 11th, we again met in North Hall and listened to an interesting play, "If," by Lord Dunsaney. At this meeting Miss Wilson informed us of an invitation to a Halloween party for the Pierians, given by Dorothy Baldwin, of Phoenix.

We're 600 Strong!

DELTA THETA

On Tuesday evening, October 4, Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn entertained the Delta Thetas as bridge at their home on Van Ness avenue. The color scheme, gold and black, was effectively carried out, and the refreshments were a la Mrs. Blackburn.

It was so hard to break up at nine o'clock. We wished for hours longer—but orders are orders and we had to be sent speeding on our way. We were glad to have two old members with us, Lucille Pierson and Helen Hanus, also Mrs. Bateman and Mr. Empey.

The Delta Thetas held campus initiation Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. Four pledges, Grace Chilton, Alberta Bealey, Beulah Ratcliffe and Galen Sapp, became full-fledged members at our formal Tuesday, October 18.

Grace Goes to California

Grace Chilton returned from the coast Monday, October 10, where she attended "Y" conference. She was elected Arizona representative at Asilomar last summer. Occidental College entertained several other colleges of the Southwest and we are proud that Tempe was one of them.

Hold That Line!

HIKING CLUB

When does the Hiking Club hike? Every Wednesday at 4:30. At that time one may see between 60 and 70 girls at the fountain, dressed in the characteristic sombreros and Levis, ready for the weekly five-mile hike.

The advent of new freshmen and the return of Normal Seniors was celebrated by the first ten-mile hike of the year Saturday morning, October 8. Did ever bacon and eggs prove more tempting? Many expressed a wish for another breakfast hike soon.

Beat Flag!

LAMBDA KAPPA NEWS

The Lambda Kappas were invited to the home of Gladys Jorgenson the last Tuesday in September.

The meeting was divided in two parts. First we enjoyed a most unusual and interesting program given by Imogene Hoffman on the Taj Mahal in India. Imogene made her talk especially interesting by pictures and

by showing carved pieces that had been taken from the temple and also by telling the legend which was connected with the Taj Mahal.

Then the meeting was turned into a bridge party. At some of the tables there was lots of "chatter" and it was decided that someone better get down to business when? made four in spades. Wonder who?

Maud Standage made high score and won first prize. "Scout" was a runner up for first, but only received second prize.

Delightful refreshments were served and the meeting then adjourned.

On Tuesday, October 4, a program on Mythology was given by Francis Billman and Eleanor Sears. This program was also in two parts. Francis taking Roman Mythology and Eleanor taking Greek Mythology.

The talks were especially interesting and something new in our Society. The girls showed much talent in presenting their subjects.

Beat Flag!

HAIL YE PHI BETA!

On Tuesday evening, October 11, the Phi Beta Epsilon Society gathered at the fountain. Cars were waiting to convey them to the Frankenburg home, where the meeting was held. Owing to the absence of Evelyn Redden, Phi Beta president, the vice-president, Sadie Goodwin, presided. The earlier part of the meeting was devoted to business, in which the collection of dues and a new Phi Beta stationery seal were discussed.

It was decided that the Phi Betas would have a sandwich sale in the dormitories every other Monday.

Then the play, "The Land of Heart's Desire," was read and dramatized, after which followed a short discussion of the characters. The meeting then adjourned.

Hit That Line! Team!

LOS HIDALGOS DEL DESIERTO

Los Hidalgo del Desierto started off the year with a meeting in the "Y" rooms. Our president, Mary Hickox, spoke of the programs to be presented this year. With the efforts of "cada uno" we can make this the best year ever for Los Hidalgo.

It was decided to begin initiation of our four pledges the following meeting. Were they full-fledged when we got through? Just ask one of the four horsemen (?) Ethel Dawson, Ann Herbolich, Mary Hickox and Chick Vihel—any one of these will be able to give a vivid and realistic account of the attractions of the desert when sweetened with the aroma of asafetida—Dulce mia! And the galloping horses and, last but not least, the magic carpet! Ask Chick!

After a few hours of torture came the formal initiation, which made faithful Hidalgo of the pledges.

Since then we have had "Il Trovatore" presented very charmingly by Nellie Graham and Mary Benson, with Miss Wilson as director. Viva Miss Wilson and Los Hidalgo!

Fight'em! Bit'em! Bulldogs!

LAMBDA KAPPA

On Tuesday, October 11, the members of the Lambda Kappa Society went to Mesa and enjoyed a visit through the Mormon Temple. This was a very interesting trip, especially for those who had never been through the temple before. The trip was planned in connection with our study of architecture.

We have our program filled with very interesting things to do and study every Tuesday for the rest of this quarter.

Last week-end we were honored by visits from several old members of Lambda Kappa. Among our guests were Edith Lamb, Lucille Kelly and Clarissa Lambert. The three are now teaching at Miami.

Bring Home a Lumberjack!

JOLLY REDHEADS

The first meeting of this year was called to order in East Hall parlor, September 27. Those present were Misses Kathleen Burgham, president; Lake Howell, secretary-treasurer; Elsie Owens, Marjorie Barr, Mrs. McCreary and Mr. Irish.

The work of the coming year was discussed and decided that we would take up the study of some of the leading blond women in early history. Marjorie Barr and Mrs. McCreary were chosen to outline a plan of work for the first semester.

Mary Benson is a new pledge to the Jolly Redhead Society.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

The annual "Recognition Service" was held in the "Y" rooms Thursday, October 13. Rachel Bogart presided. The service was very beautiful and the candle lighting was particularly impressive. Rachel's words of inspiration carried a message which every girl present will cherish. A

Our Hall of Fame

JOHNNY RIGGS

"Babe," in other words "Zena" or Johnny Riggs, popular third-year Bulldog, has been much in the limelight about Tempe these days. Therefore the staff deemed it altogether fitting and proper to place his portrait in Our Hall of Fame.

Johnny is another testimonial to the value of Salt River Valley products. He was born in Mesa in 1907, and attended school there through Mesa High. Life in Mesa—in fact, life everywhere agrees with Johnny. He generates activity. Not only has his ability in athletics won him renown, but he takes a leading part in two other important fields, music and mathematics. Johnny's fame as a musician is more than campus-wide. Riggs' Orchestra, in which he plays piano, is well known all over the valley.

Basketball held Johnny's interest the last two years at Mesa High. He went out for football in his senior year and was All-State quarterback in football in '25.

The fall after high school graduation, Riggs enrolled at T. S. T. C. He played football his freshman year. As a Normal Senior, Johnny was one of the famous band of Meredith Hall Serenaders. He was secretary of the Letterman's Club and an active P. O. D. B. Johnny made an efficient basketball manager and received letters in both basketball and football his second year. When the Normal Seniors put on the "Senior Pollies" last year Riggs was one of the leading men. No, not in the play, but in the music. He played piano and worked out popular accompaniments for the stage settings and choruses.

It is interesting to note that Johnny never studied music until he was half way through high school. That shows how he goes after a thing. Is it any wonder that "Babe" gets what he wants? He's a "Babe" who finds trying more effective than crying. Johnny admires Snodgrass particularly. The only thing about a jazz musician's life that doesn't appeal to him is working nights and sleeping daytimes.

"Math" is Johnny's hobby; his middle name, you might call it. His reputation as a "shark" was established last June when he was graduated from the two-year course. He was awarded the Frizzell medal for proficiency in mathematics. Now where's the guy that said athletes are lacking in gray matter? We'd like to know. Riggs gives "math" as his teaching preference, next to physical education, in which he is specializing.

This year Riggs is president of the Letterman's Club and a member of C. W. C. He bunks in Alpha Hall, the first room upstairs on the left-hand side (for the benefit of prospective callers). Riggs is third-year representative on the Alpha Hall executive committee.

Riggs enjoyed an extensive trip last summer through Yellowstone to Vancouver, B. C. Past summers, though, he's put in at hard labor—"pick and shovel," so he says. He'll be back at Tempe again next year, as he's taking the four-year course and plans to get his degree. Are we glad? Well, I'll say! C'mon, let's have fifteen for "Babe"! He's a real Bulldog.

Smear Flag!

JANIE WESTERFIELD

Where will I find Janie Westerfield? You see, I want to get a line on her for "Our Hall of Fame," and I've had a hard time locating her. Of course she lives in East Hall, but being such a busy person you can seldom find her there. Some such endeavors as the foregoing transpired before the said Janie was found. She was just ready to make an excursion to Phoenix. As she smiled her smile, the smile that is worth the proverbial million dollars, a glimpse of the happy inner Janie was revealed. The atmosphere that Janie radiates shows her deep love for Tempe and all the

musical program, including instrumental music and a vocal solo by Frances Bennett, was also offered. Miss Birky was greatly missed by the "Y" group.

Hit That Line! Team!

PI IOTA GAMMAS

Misses Janie Westerfield and Katherine Willweber entertained the Pi Iota Gammas with a 5:30 feast last Wednesday evening. The motif for decoration was effectively carried out in orange and black for Halloween. All members were present.

The Pi Iota Gamma Society includes Tessie Raye Vickers, Carmen Larrison, Josephine Pancrazi, Janie Westerfield, Katherine Willweber, Esther Scott and Elizabeth Jones.

little things that enter into making a life worth while,—but then we are getting the cart before the horse again. Janie has not always lived in Tempe.

Janie Westerfield was born in Providence, Kentucky. Her friends point to this with pride, whenever the assertion is made that Providence is unkind. Her birthday was the first big event in Janie's life, and though the writer does not know the exact date, it occurred sometime in 1908. Janie may have been born in Kentucky, but she came to Arizona to begin school. She attended the grades at Globe, Arizona, except for a session spent back in Kentucky. A number of journeys back and forth from Arizona to the Blue Grass State lent much excitement to her "younger" days.

Globe High School furnished the setting for Janie's high school career. She spent her entire four years there and was graduated with the class of '26. While at Globe High, Janie had much opportunity to work in her chosen field, dramatics. Janie played the lead in "Dulcy," the senior play, a part well suited to her vivacious personality. In the high school opera, "Paul Revere," Janie played a character role opposite "Paul." Having taken two years of dramatic work, she was an active member of the Dramatic Union. They put on a series of plays throughout the year, an undertaking which gave Janie much experience at the thing she likes best to do.

Back in her Junior year at Globe, Janie was elected Girl Reserve delegate to a ten-day conference at Iron Springs, Arizona.

Freshman days at Tempe held no sorrows for Janie Westerfield. She immediately won many friends. She took Glee Club and was interested in "Y" work. Phi Beta Epsilon and C. W. C. were happy to receive her into their secret orders.

This year, Janie Westerfield is chairman of the Lyceum. The Normal Seniors elected her to the position. C. W. C. has found in her a competent and capable secretary-treasurer. The Wallflower Club also commands her services as secretary. How come, Janie? Twice treasurer makes it look as though you have the ability of coaxing the stray pesos to join in a general get-together. More credit to you though, double ditto on it, for that's some job on any campus—be the campus in Arizona or Kentucky.

After several years of teaching, Janie hopes to attend some big dramatic school, where she can prepare and fit herself for Lyceum or Chautauqua work.

Janie likes Tempe College, her teaching at Eighth Street, the campus, the girls—in fact, to quote her in her characteristic enthusiasm: "I'm crazy about the whole thing!" Her brown eyes sparkled and she smiled as she said it. It was easy to see why Janie Westerfield is just our Janie, and one of the most outstanding girls on the T. S. T. C. campus.

Yea Team! Fight! Fight! Fight!

JUST AN ARTICLE

I tried writing a poem, but I don't seem to write poems very well. Then I tried a song, and after being a blank failure at that, took up short story writing, wherein I made such a fizzle. I fastened on play writing in desperation and was about to give up the ship in despair when the Editor asked me to write an article. So don't get disgusted, but just consider the source and go on.

What I'm supposed to write about I'm sure I don't know and it doesn't seem to make much difference, so let's call it "Human Nature," just to have a subject.

Human nature is one of the queerest things I have never seen but always heard of. When I was just a kid—can you imagine it?—I gave my little brother a rather severe punch in the nose because I wanted the reddest apple and he had it. Mother spanked me, but Daddy smiled and said: "Oh, that's just human nature." In later years, my brother borrowed Daddy's best tie and used all the shoe polish and the only pair of unpatched silk socks in the house, and also the car, and sallied forth to fulfill his first date, leaving the whole house and our minds in a state of upheaval never equalled before. Daddy raised the fuss that time and mother smiled and said: "Oh, that's just human nature."

And later on—as I grew older—I noticed that every time some jealous husband would shoot somebody up it would be "human nature"; and when some one would get discontented and want better clothes and a finer home it would be "human nature"; and nearly all youthful misdemeanors and old folks' foolishness would be set to the tune of human nature! So I have lived to, these—um—well,

lots of years, and have thought this thing over and heard about it—but never seen it—and so I end my last despairing effort at a literary career with a question that has been troubling me for some time, namely: "What is human nature?"—A. M. B.

BULLDOGS LOSE

TO INDIANS, 6-0

After suffering some unlucky breaks, the team lost to the Phoenix Indians Saturday, October 15, by one lone touchdown. The Indians were as elated over their victory as we mean to be over Flagstaff. It was "THE" game of the season for them. The game that is to be "THE" game for us comes next Saturday.

The first quarter saw the Indians show their best straight football, but the Bulldogs held them and kept the ball well in the center of the field. In the second quarter Johnny started in punting the ball and sending it far back into the Indian territory. Then the Bulldogs got under way and made three first downs. The first half was a bitterly contested match between strong defensive teams, with Johnny having the edge over Bread, of the Indians, in punting.

The second half started off with Terrell going around the end for a 25-yard gain. He was nearly past the Indian safety, and for a minute it looked as if he were off for a touchdown, when a Redskin nabbed him. Then, right after a 15-yard penalty, Riggs passed 20 yards to Dick. There was an exchange of punts, with Johnny showing Bread how it was done, and just before the end of the third quarter he tried a dropkick from the 25-yard stripe and missed.

In the fourth quarter the Indians got the ball on a fumble and completed two passes for 30 yards to pave the way for their touchdown. After the Indians had got within five yards of a touchdown, they were held for two downs until at last, with a series of rushes, an Indian carried the ball across.

The Bulldogs then staged a rally which almost gave them a score. They opened up on passes, Dick taking a pass for eight yards and Terrell completing a first down, but an Indian took a long pass out of Dick's hands on the next try and they held the ball until the end of the game.

Dick was in every play and he and Johnny showed the real Bulldog spirit. We had some bad breaks and lost. But the team learned a lot of football and had some real experience in a game, a thing that they have not had much opportunity to obtain this season. The gang that plays Flagstaff Saturday will have been through two games and will have had time to whip into shape, so that it will be a different story.

Following is the line-up of the game:

Table with 2 columns: Team (Tempe/Indians) and Position (Left End, Left Tackle, Left Guard, Center, Right Guard, Right Tackle, Right End, Quarterback, Left Half, Right Half, Fullback). Includes names like Goodwin, Simpson, Daka, Gustova, Dean, Wellington, Patricio, Bread, James, Lewis.

Substitutions: Tempe—Griffith for Simpson, Willard for Goddard, Guthrie for Sutter, Terrill for Carr, Daniel for Mullen, Simpson for Allen, Indians—Throssil for Bread, Bread for Throssil, Nopah for James, Homer for Gustova, Gustova for Homer.

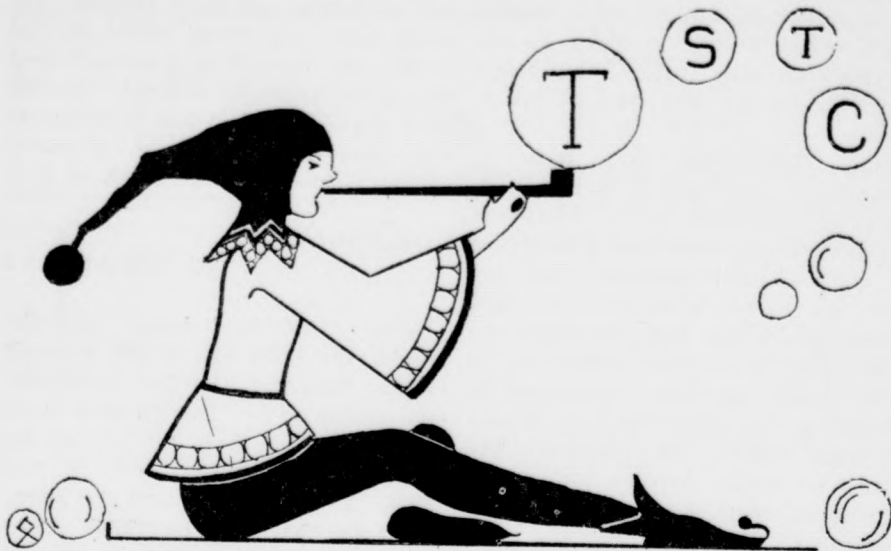
CAMP FIRE TRAINING COURSE UNDER WAY

The registration for Miss Anderson's training course in camp-fire work closed on October 8. This course is open only to Normal Senior and College Senior women. The enrollment was limited to thirty-six. The work is designed to train women for leadership in Camp-Fire groups. A certificate is issued at the end of the quarter from National headquarters to those who have fulfilled a certain required standard.

The course will consist of both theory and practice, including lectures, various kinds of craft work, exhibits, special music, demonstrations, and practice in special camp-fire activities.

The class meets on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and takes the place of regular gym work.

Advertisement for 'DAD'S PLACE' featuring 'The Shop with the College Atmosphere' and 'Across The Campus'. Includes text like 'DAD'S PLACE', 'NEC SORTE', 'NEC FACTO', and 'SERVITUTE'.



### CHAPPIE KAT

Remember, fair daughters of a native land that all men desire to set aright the opposite sex.

It matters not the topic, most men can converse upon it with a fluent authenticity that is bewilderingly deceptive.

Recline your head gently upon his shoulder and gasp at his wild ejaculations, even though your attention be on the gray spot upon his coat lapel, and you may well have visions of a big day at the church.

Many a woman awakes to find she has married not only a model husband but a late model of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Dear Chappie:  
I have been corresponding with a young man for several years. Ours has been a glorious case and like all romantic serials must come to an end sometime, I suppose.

Last week I received a letter from my friend, although he is more than a friend, you understand. It was written in a language I do not understand, and the handwriting was like his, only a little larger. In his letter the time before this he told me he was sending some important news, but now I do not know what it is. I don't know whether he has proposed or given me the "sack." What shall I do? Shall I answer? A postscript to the letter said, "Your answer may or may not be important."

#### BEWILDERED.

My dear Bewildered:  
This is indeed an alarming situation and stringent means should be taken at once to ascertain what could cause such a missive to be sent to you. I would advise that you get in touch with a handwriting expert as soon as possible to compare the writing. Then burn the letter just before he arrives to answer your call. You can cheerfully show him the ashes, and if he is like the rest of the profession he will be able to tell as much from them, then, as at any time. If your letters are like most of those of your sex, the young man is quite right about the postscript. It might not be important.

#### CHAPPIE.

Dear Chappie:  
When I left my dear home and family for T. S. T. C. my mother gave me a great store of advice, as you will agree all mothers should do. One of the things my mother taught me was never to fear love, if it was true love. I am sure my mother is right and that every girl should not hesitate to return a love, if it be a true one. However, the perplexing part of my problem is that I am not able to tell what true love is. Please, please give me some clue whereby I can distinguish between real and unreal love.

#### BLONDY (Gila Valley)

Dear Blondy:  
In this modern age of materialism "true" or as you term it, REAL love is as scarce as comfort in winter woollens. There is only one place that I can refer you to. It will give you a true representation of what real love is in an unadulterated and pure state of preservation. That is in the movies. However, all of us often become stricken with minor attacks and it is well to be on our guard against the ravages of such a foe.

The symptoms are usually an insatiable desire, a deep-seated longing for something commonly called "It." "It" presumably has its roots in the heart, although why "It" should have it there is beyond me, since our hearts are the most overworked of all our organs and often stop working before the rest. (I believe this is the cause of weak hearts, but you don't have to take my word, ask anyone). True love is one great love we are all going to have apart from all the rest of the loves. But my advice to you is to back up your judgment and guess the very best you can.

#### CHAPPIE.

Dear Chappie:  
I overheard two girls talking the other day. One of them was explaining to the other the manner of operating the mimeograph machine over in the commercial department. I was standing near trying to learn also, because I have need of the information now and then. Their conversation ran as follows:  
"Now dearie, just put that wad of

paper down the little hole, shove that little bright jigger down until it touches the thingamabob. After you have it all set and tight set this little dingus for the speed at which you're gonna run the cockeyed animal and let 'er go."

Will you please explain what was meant?

#### PUZZLED "COLONEL."

Dear "Colonel":  
I advise you to take up a course in foreign languages. After ten years of study in Smyrna you will be able to translate.

#### CHAPPIE.

Dear Chappie Cat:  
I'm very much worried. Could you tell me the question of the hour?

#### ANN ALARMCLOCK.

Dear Ann:  
Always glad to accommodate. The question is simple: What time is it?

#### CHAPPIE.

Dear Chappie:  
I hate studying in the library and reading references. Haven't you a suggestion for me?

#### I KNOWNOTHING.

Dear I. Knownothing:  
Of course I have. Cultivate intelligent people. Some folks are great talkers, and if you have a minute to spare, they will tell you all they know. No need to browse in the library with the freshmen. Lots of Seniors would enjoy the privilege of clearing up your mysteries. Go to them.

#### CHAPPIE.

### Tita's Birthday Party

(By the Editor's Friend)  
"Tita, you're delegated."  
And so it was that Tita carried the ice. It was a very slippery proposition. A newspaper covering over a ten-pound chunk of H<sub>2</sub>O is not sufficient plumbing to stop it from leaking. And it did leak. As Tita carried the ice down the street from the Varsity she felt a drip first on one foot and then on the other. But strangely enough, this bothered Tita not at all. She had embarked upon a great adventure and so a mere drip didn't make any difference. You see, you cannot have cold pop without ice and so Tita transported that medium of cooling to Matthews Hall for the first big spread of the season.

It was a very select affair and Tita could never have nosed in the party if she had not been introduced into it through martyrdom as described in the first Collegian. As it happened the party was being given in honor of Tita's birthday. The gathering was not liable to be as rough as the last one, when Tita ate the whole box of chocolates Benny of Bisbee sent without giving anyone else a bit. Tita had made all the girls a promise that they, too, would partake of the refreshments this time, and was thus spared from a second mauling. By the way, there were to be ham sandwiches, pop, cookies, cake, and dainty bon-bons.

At eleven o'clock the girls all came to Tita's room. Each one's arrival was marked by "Curses! That blamed board always squeaks in the hall just in front of the door." Helen took roll of those present and the preparations began. Dorothy cut the bread with a nail file until a butcher knife was produced that was so sharp that it wouldn't even cut the soft butter. Jane passed the napkins. Someone unwrapped the cookies, and angel food cake, while another girl watched the door. The rest held their breaths. Do not misunderstand, dear reader; all of this was done to the brilliant illumination of pocket flashlights.

Alice, the main watch at the key hole, held strict command over the flashes.  
"Good night," she said sleepily. The lights clicked, and all was dark. That was the signal! Not a person moved. Tita clasped her hand over her kimono to quiet the beat of her heart. The darn thing rattled like an alarm clock.  
Alice was whispering something. "All right. Heavens, I thought Mrs. Hearst was coming down the hall to this room, but I guess it was fat Anna making her nightly raid on the cookie jar."

Flicker, the lights went on again, and everyone worked feverishly.  
Everything was ready when Dorothy said, "Comrades, let us drink to our beloved Tita—say, where is that pop?"  
So said they all, and after Tita had rescued it from the wash bowl she didn't know how to open it.  
"Haven't you got a can opener?"

"No, you didn't tell me to get one."  
"Well, what are you going to do?"  
"Wet Mud, I don't know. Ooooooh, just a minute."  
She tried the window sill, she tried the knobs on the dresser and then finally opened the pop on an obliging bed spring, without spilling more than a half of each bottle.

"Comrades, let us drink—" began Dorothy Hale again.  
Someone was knocking softly on the door. "Girls, go to your rooms immediately. I will see you in my office in the morning," a voice whispered in command from the hall.

It had happened. They piled the cats up under the bed and slid out of the room in disconsolate pairs.  
At a quarter to eight they met outside the office.

"Tita, you go in first. It was your party."  
Tita went and the rest followed.

"Mrs. Hearst, did you want to see us this morning?"  
Mrs. Hearst looked up in surprise. "Why, I am glad to see you any morning, but why did you think I wanted to see you this morning?"

"Why, we-we just wanted to say 'good morning,'" Tita stammered as an explanation to the bewildered matron.  
They walked out of the "dorm" in silence. Then Tita said:  
"And the stuff is all stale!"  
(To Be Continued)

#### A YELL LEADER'S LIFE

Yell Leader—All right, everyone together on this yell!

Rooters—YEA, TEAM! Fight 'em! (Get off my toe!) Go Get um! Rip! Zip! Boom (Who said so?) Rah, rah, rah!

Yell Leader—ALL together this time.  
Rooters—We want (I raise you five) a touchdown! We (You're another) want (Say, you big cheese—) a (Aw, go to h—!) touchdown!

Yell Leader (wearily)—Now, then, ALL together!  
Rooters—(silent).

Yell Leader (heaves sigh of relief)—C'mon, let's go.

#### PUZZLE THIS OUT

Mr. Burkhardt said that if the fashions didn't change the women might wear their dresses LONGER.

#### THE MILE AGE

Bill Griffith: Do you get good mileage in your roadster?  
Gene Adams: Oh, about five miles per gal.

Miriam (serving at Senior picnic): "These are just hurry-up pies."  
P. O.: "Well, hurry up some my way."

First Frosh: I swear I've never been kissed.  
Second Frosh: I'd swear, too, if I were you.

Ruth J.: How did Terrell's song go over at the party last night?  
Chic: All he got was boo's.  
Ruth J.: Indeed, and who furnished the booze?

"Are you a professional swimmer?"  
"No; I just swim on the side"

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**DISCIPLINE**  
"Such popularity must be deserved," said the dean as he kicked a co-ed out of college for having three dates in one night.—Jester.

**MORE APPLESAUCE**  
"The fellows read her like a book." "Yes, and like some books, she's been pretty well thumbed."

**MORE BULL**  
Ma—Where's the cow, Johnnie?  
Johnnie—I can't get her home; she's down by the railroad tracks flirting with a tobacco sign.—Arizona Kitty Cat.

Ed Carr: This is only the 20th. Why are you broke so soon?  
Rosie W.: I went out on a big party last night with my uncle, and he passed out before he could reach for the check.

**EXPLANATION ON PAGE SIX**  
Aspirin: How dumb is Helena?  
Quinine: Not very—but she thinks a garter snake is someone who can't be trusted.—Chapparral.

A. M. B. says "poets are born and not paid." Never mind, A. M. B., you may not be paid, but the Collegian staff is surely glad you were born.

**TOO BAD**  
Ben Cole: "Where did you get the bumps on your head?"  
R. Goddard: "Had appendicitis."  
Ben Cole: "Appendicitis?"  
R. Goddard: "Yeah. The doctor ran out of ether."

Mack: Ever had any football experience?  
Wally F.: Oh yes, I was captain of my high school squad.  
Mack: I'm sorry, but we have a captain.

Alpha Hall Man: Mind if I smoke?  
South Hall Girl: Yes, I hate the taste of tobacco.

Boss: That boy of yours is a chip off the old block.  
Father: So they tell me, and, by the way, another splinter arrived last night.—Log.

He: What do you think of that chubby little bathing girl over there?  
Him: She certainly packs her trunks.—Purple Cow.

Miss Goodman: I hope you behaved yourself last night.  
Bright Frosh: Yes'um, I obeyed the Golden Rule.  
Miss Goodman: How?  
B. F.: I did unto others as I wanted them to do unto me.

### Onyx Cave Visited By College Group

Twenty-one members of the Geographic Society, including chaperons and chauffeurs, met at the fountain on the morning of October 8 and piled themselves and their bed-rolls into four cars and a little red trailer and departed Tucson-ward. They went by way of Casa Grande to examine a "gash" in the earth several miles from there, near the town of Picacho. They had some car trouble but arrived at the "crack" about 11 o'clock and followed it several hundred yards, examining it to their hearts' content.

No mention will be made of the rather warm sun and the dust. The Geographics arrived in Tucson at about 3 o'clock. There they spent some time looking for one of the alumni members at the Y. M. C. A. who had the program all arranged. The first place taken was the Geodetic Survey station, one of a system of five in the United States. Harold Bell Wright's home was passed on the way out. At the survey station the party was shown through the various buildings and laboratories. The intricacies of the delicate seismograph, which records earthquake shocks, were explained. It is housed in an underground building where no daylight can penetrate, as records are made photographically. In another building other delicate instruments measure the magnetism of the earth. Many hours could profitably have been spent in an attempt to understand more fully the implements and accomplishments of science at the Geodetic Survey station, but the Geographics began to think of campsites as darkness came on.

They camped about three or four miles southwest of Tucson, where they had the whole desert to themselves. A portable phonograph furnished music. All gathered around the campfire, where Sophie Johansson told about caverns, especially the Carlsbad Cave of New Mexico. This was to prepare the Geographics for what they were to see the next day. After Mr. Hoover had answered several questions of vital importance, Bee Felton told an O. Henry story and Claude Michea played his mixture of mandolin and ukulele. James Lynn, a University of Arizona student and the guide for the next day, arrived and was presented. He showed some extremely good pictures of the inside of Onyx Cave.

That night the Geographics slept beautifully on nice soft rocks and were awakened at 5:30 the next morning by the firing of an army rifle. It might have been a cannon for all the noise it made!

Soon after breakfast the party was on its way to the caves, 62 miles southeast of Tucson. The roads most of the way were splendid.

The cars had to be left about half a mile from the cave. From there the party climbed up a rocky young mountain. Finally they reached the mouth of Onyx Cave and the beginning of the most thrilling experience most of them had ever had.

As four or five of the eager Geographics were bending low to crawl through the narrow entrance, an ominous buzzing and rattling noise filled the small passageway. A big diamond-back rattlesnake lay coiled ready to strike. After his disposal, some of the explorers stepped rather gingerly, for some one remarked, "Where there is one snake there is always another." Some one else said that snakes did not go in beyond daylight. After this reassurance all were soon beyond the reach of any light. Candles and flashlights gave illumination.

The party followed a cord through the long passageways and deep pits. There were many thrills in climbing up ropes and sliding down. The beautiful formations in the cave were sights to marvel over. The great, almost perfectly formed pillars, where stalactites and stalagmites had joined, looked like pipe organs. They even made music. Some formations were tissue thin, crystalline, white and transparent. Others were shaded with an infinite variety of golds and browns. The draperies around the queen's throne and the patterns on the queen's bathtub were excellent samples of the beauty and majesty of Nature.

Three hours were spent in the interior. There was no possibility of penetrating the cave to the end, as that end is an unknown quantity. It is said that explorers have gone many miles into its passageways without finding an end to the maze. After several hours in the depths of the ground, a muddy group, bruised and disheveled, emerged into the sunlight. A hasty but most satisfying repast was enjoyed by a neighboring spring, and the party piled once more into cars for the long trip home.

The return trip was uneventful, except for the fun of good company.

**"McCann The Druggist" Says:** LET'S HAVE THE OLD DRAG—BEAT FLAG!