



THE TEMPE COLLEGIAN



VOL. 3.

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No. 4

Assembly Hears Prohibition Talk

"It's a step by step process, going from a land of bondage to the land of freedom," stated Miss Helen Byrnes, national field secretary of the W. C. T. U., in her talk on "Prohibition" before the college assembly on Monday, October 31.

"There are two forces in every movement, those for and against," continued Miss Byrnes. "Anyone who is going out to teach ought to know this thing, prohibition. Back of the young people of today is the prohibition law that protects you. It took sixty-two years to get that law. Your duty is to enforce it."

Miss Burns gave two visions of the future: The youth of our land will either be so sold to this thing that the country will become a land with a new freedom, with each nation across the water some day following, or we could go back to the old times with saloons and the repeal of the eighteenth amendment.

The three factors given by Miss Byrnes were:

Prohibition as a moral factor. Any nation or school stands according to its morals, the speaker declared. Prohibition has to do with morals.

Secondly, she gave prohibition as an educational aim. Education is the machinery that is accomplishing prohibition work.

The third factor was legislation. The prohibition law came because men and women needed it. To go on securing better results the city ordinances must co-ordinate with the county and the county with the nation.

The talk was cleverly peppered with wit and live stories. Miss Byrnes was very attentively followed by the whole assembly. She concluded with: "Yours is the challenge. Yours is the task. Will you help us from the land of Egypt into the land of Israel?"

Automobile Accidents

Every forty-one seconds someone is either killed or injured in highway accidents in the United States. During the five years ending with 1927 the staggering total of approximately 3,446,370 persons were reported injured and 114,879 killed in traffic calamities, most of which were avoidable. The annual casualty toll of highway accidents is more than twice as great as the entire number suffered by the nation's forces in the World War.—C. M. Upham.

END OF QUARTER IN SIGHT

The ninth week of school and the last week of the quarter ends November 11, the day before Homecoming Day. All notebooks, all test grades, all final marks will have been turned in and have gone down on the unchanging record in the office. Concentrated effort due to quarterly exams is already making itself manifest. The report cards will be passed out later in a special assembly.

"It Pays to Advertise" Is Y. W. C. A. Play

Farcical fact based on true advertising statistics is the foundation for "It Pays to Advertise," the play to be given by the Y. W. C. A. of Tempe campus about December 16, although the date is not definite, as yet.

The story revolves around the son of a soap manufacturer who starts with nothing in the way of worldly wealth and everything in the way of an unshakeable belief in the power of advertising. Co-authors Megrue and Hackett have produced a clever, well-written farce in three acts, with a plot unusual in that it is something besides a lot of incidents connected by character action.

There are eight men and four women in the cast, though only three out of the eight men have major parts in the play. Due to the predominance of men in the cast the entire managing staff of "It Pays to Advertise" will be made up of girls, suggested and approved by the "Y" Cabinet.

The entire direction of "It Pays to Advertise" will be under Miss Priscilla Calder, of the college English department. Her interest and enthusiasm insure success. Tryouts were held in Miss Calder's room Wednesday evening at 6:30 o'clock. The cast will be posted on the bulletin board of the Main Building.

Fine System Brings Books Back On Time

According to Mr. Cookson, the 25c per hour fine on special articles and class reference work is a particularly effective method of getting material turned in on time. The 2c fine on 14-day books does not carry the same weight, as white library slips have to be sent out every once in a while.

Schoolmasters' Banquet In College Dining Hall

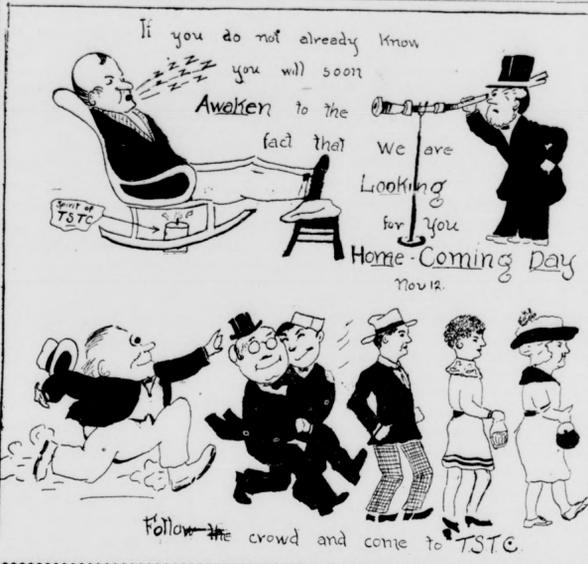
An annual event looked forward to by the schoolmasters of Central Arizona is the banquet given them in the Tempe College dining hall at the invitation of Prexy Matthews. The splendid dinner served by the Krauses is a great attraction, but then there is also the privilege of bringing wives and sweethearts or lady friends. This privilege is seldom otherwise granted the schoolmasters as an organization.

The "ladies' night" banquet was held on Saturday of October 22. The occasion attracted schoolmasters from as far as Tucson and Bisbee, and the attendance broke all previous records. The chairman, Dean Felton, was at Flagstaff rooting for the Bulldogs, so the vice president, Superintendent Austin of Chandler, presided over the meeting. Dean Clark of the University of Arizona gave a very

clever toast to the ladies, which was followed by another spicy talk by Superintendent Sexton of Bisbee. Vocal numbers by Miss Gail Hand of the class of '26 and Miss Camren Larison, '28, were very well received and encores called for. The singers were accompanied by Mrs. Wier and Miss Alma Norton.

The only sad note in the entire evening's performance was the resignation of Prof. Burkhardt, alias "Shylock," as secretary-treasurer of the organization; for, as all carry, Burkhardt was "a GOOD Shylock." However, all were satisfied when Mr. Wivel, principal of the Tempe elementary schools and former member of the college faculty, was elected as the new Shylock.

A rising vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Krause ended the evening's program.



Tempe Homecoming

Here's the Homecoming Program—

- For each, there's Something
- To do, you see,
- In showing Alumni,
- "The Spirit of Tempe"
- Friday Evening, November 11,
- There'll be a Bonfire.
- Alumni guests Will take us Back
- To the "good old days Of yore."
- The Pep Club Will Pull off Some new songs and Yells
- Alumni have never heard Before.
- Registration The following morn., Gives Alumni a Chance to see, in Black and white, Names
- Of those they'll see When They go to the alumni Banquet
- At six o'clock that Night,
- Campus societies Many Secret plans have For the Reception of their old Members.
- BUT— Did you know There'll be a Parade?

A real, honest-to-goodness Sure enough parade!

- No, it's not Barnum & Bailey This time.
- It's "The Spirit of Tempe" That's going on Parade
- With floats 'N' everything!
- Of course you've heard All about the Bulldog-Bear affair So
- Don't forget to be There.
- Watch the Bulldogs "Do their stuff"
- On the Tempe grid In the first big Home game of the season!
- Jack Ashley's Orchestra.
- That played for the Wallflower.
- Will jazz up the Syncopation
- At the big Dance
- In the new gym Saturday evening.
- Oh yes, the Tempe Collegian Will issue an "Extra" On Homecoming Day.
- Now Is The time For Every good Bulldog To come To the aid Of his school And Help put over Homecoming!

Real Homecoming Day at Flagstaff

EAST HALL PARTY

Alice Fowler's birthday was an incentive for a par-tee in room 8, South Hall, last week. Those that were lucky enough to be in on the secret were: Melba Frazer, Gladys Mitchell, Fern Foltz, Mary Halterman, Mary Root, Mary Oglesby and Louise Danforth.

Ex-Bulldog Winning Laurels at U. of U.

Proof that the Tempe Bulldogs carry fame wherever they go is shown by a quotation from a Utah paper about Earl Pomeroy of the 1925 Bulldog squad.

The following is the writeup that appeared under Pomeroy's picture in the Utah paper following the Utah-Northwestern game which was played in Chicago, October 8: "It appeared little less than a catastrophe when big Pete Dow, the mighty fullback of the University of Utah football team, was badly injured in a motorcycle mishap and forced to remain out of football for a month. Fans asked, 'What will Coach Ike do now?' The Ute chieftain answered by assigning the substitute role to big Earl Pomeroy, the Frosh star of last year. Earl has done valiant service at fullback in the two games Utah has played thus far and while he is not a 'Pete Dow' he is on the way. Watch this big Ute later on."

As the paper states, "Watch this big Ute later on." Yes, Tempe is watching Earl and also another of our boys who is helping Utah win the Rocky Mountain championship, Bally Simpkins. Bally is building up a reputation on the Frosh squad and though Tempe misses him this year, we gladly give him to the Mormon College and hope next year he may make as capable a player on the varsity squad as Pomeroy has done this year.

Simpkins tells of the Utah-Northwestern game in his letter to Coach McCreary. In this game Earl ran wild; he could not be stopped and when Utah played defense it was the ex-Bulldog that pounded in and stopped nearly every play. Sport writers state that Pomeroy ranks with the best defense fullbacks in American. Tempe is proud of her Bulldogs.

Bill Griffith—Poor Monkey; he's gone to the dogs.
J. Barney—How come?
Bill G.—Bad case of puppy love.

The Flagstaff Teachers College held its Homecoming Day on October 22, the day of the Lumberjack-Bulldog football game.

The alumni were royally welcomed with open arms by the students. Giant signs displaying the sentiments of the school were much in evidence on the campus, bearing such sentences as "Welcome Home," "The Place Is Yours," etc.

Before the football game a parade was held, composed of floats decorated to represent the various organizations of the college. Some of these were humorous in nature and created a good feeling of spirit. Between the halves of the Tempe-Flagstaff game, the girl students amused the crowd with a mock football game.

That evening a ball took place which terminated the program of festivities. A number of Tempe students were fortunate in attending the dance.

Tempe Teachers College students who went up with the team were struck by the wonderful co-operation and spirit shown by the Lumberjack students and the townspeople of Flagstaff. Can't we do the same and make our Homecoming Day a real, honest-to-goodness welcome to the old grads? Make them enjoy the Alma Mater as they did in their "good old days"! If Flagstaff can, why can't we? Get busy and show your feelings by aiding the halls and organizations to enter flats in the parade and think up some suitable stunts.

South Hall Has Big Hallowe'en Party

Witches, ghosts, goblins and spooks? All these and more interesting things were to be seen Monday night, October 24, when Mary Oglesby and Vera Jackson entertained in upper South Hall. Tall orange candles contributed to the spooky atmosphere.

An interesting talk on China was given by Miss Tremain of P. U. H. S. faculty. The thirteen unlucky guests were Miss Tremain, Miss Goodman, house mother; Rachel Bogart, Helen Clark, Dorothy Jantzen, Mildred Galling, Elizabeth Adams, Melba Frazer, Gladys Mitchell, Louise Danforth, Helen Jackson and the hostesses.

Immediately following Mary Root, Fern Foltz, Mary Halterman, Alice Fowler, Elizabeth and Louise Tempelin attended another party. Well, girls, how does it feel to be popular? We wonder.

Sahuaro to Show Wares

Sahuaro '28 will be heralded in unique style at next Monday's assembly. "Ye reporter" was unable to get further details from the smiling but secretive staff members, who have been planning for this treat during the last month.

Editor Charles Gilmore announces that Marie Burum will be his associate editor, and that Wallace DeWitt has been appointed to the editorship of the boys' athletic section. The staff is getting set for some intensive preliminary work between now and the holidays.

Business Manager Art Mercer wishes to remind the Seniors that they have only one more week in which to get their pictures taken for the annual. All proofs must be back to him by November 15. No pictures taken later than that date will go in the annual.

In order to foster the enthusiasm

aroused by the organization of the Pep Club, a subscription to a copy of Sahuaro '28 will be given as a prize for the best new school song submitted.

THINKIN' OF YOU

Feelin' kind of lonesome
Wond'rin' what to do,
Just to keep from growin'
Weary through and through,
Don't know what's the matter,
Wish I only knew;
Only pleasure seems to be
A thinkin' of you.

Time's a passin' by me
Day on day anew,
Folks seem kind of worried
What I'm comin' to;
Kind of feel I'll keep on
Doin' what I do;
Just keep on a sittin' roun'
An' thinkin' of you.

—A. M. B.

Tempe-Flagstaff Game Fought Hard to Finish

On October 22, the Tempe Bulldogs lost a grueling contest to the Flagstaff Lumberjacks, at Flagstaff, by the score of 19 to 0.

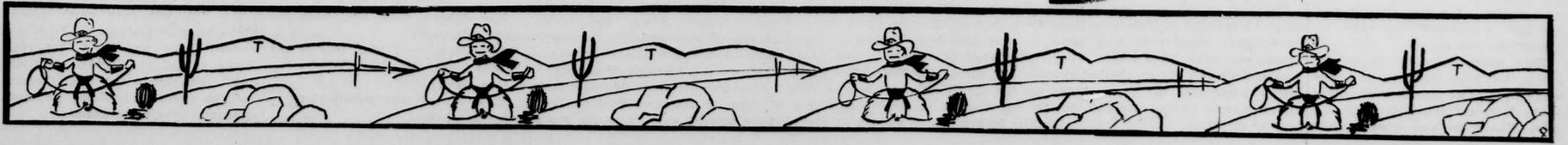
The Bulldogs were unable to get going against the heavy Lumberjacks, and although they worked sweeping end runs successfully, they were never in position to score with them. Their line plays were almost useless against the heavy Flagstaff forward wall, and their aerial attack accomplished little in the matter of gaining yardage.

Nevertheless the Bulldogs went down to defeat fighting, as evidenced by the casualties. Hardly a player on the Tempe team came through without some injury. Most of these were confined to bruises, although

Wilbur Dick, end, was not so fortunate, but received a severe "charley-horse." Before the end of the game Coach McCreary was forced to use linemen in the backfield, due to the lack of reserves.

The Bulldogs, playing a defensive game, held the Lumberjacks effectively at times, but gradually weight and a smooth-working line managed to get the upper hand. The half ended with the score 13 to 0, and then the Bulldogs braced and held Flagstaff scoreless until the fourth quarter. Flagstaff then rushed into the game fresh reserves and pushed another counter over the goal line before the final whistle.

Many rooters accompanied the team and cheered the boys in their efforts.





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Editorial

HOMECOMING DAY

A year ago the first Homecoming Day of Tempe State Teachers College was held. Many alumni then returned to the old school. All expressed the hope that each year a day would be set aside for the return of the old grads.

Homecoming time is here again. Already the alumni, from the grayest graybeard to the youngest flapper, are thinking of the school days that are past. Saturday, November 12, the campus will be thronged with old students. They come back for many reasons. Perhaps they long most to live over again the days that are gone.

The alumni will be eagerly looking for familiar faces. We are fortunate to have among the faculty a few whose long service has endeared them to every student who has ever attended Tempe. The alumni will first seek them out. Then they will look up old schoolmates. Homecoming Day brings them together from all over the State, from all over the Nation.

The alumni will go back to their work with renewed energy after a day at the old school. The real success of Homecoming depends upon the present student body. Our chief duty is to see that each alumnus has a thoroughly good time. The Collegian is much gratified with the enthusiasm students are showing over plans for Homecoming. We are proud of our alumni and of their work. Let's show that pride by being at Tempe 100% strong on November 12!

TYSON'S NEW PEP CLUB

We have stubbornly maintained that Tempe State Teachers College has pep, enthusiasm, school spirit, lots of it—more, in fact, than we know what to do with. All we need is an organized way of expressing it. Every student, every faculty member, is for the school, every time, everywhere. Now comes the Pep Club. Watch it show the town, the State, and all the schools and colleges in the State what school spirit and loyalty mean. Concentrated punch and push, that's what Harvey Tyson's Pep Club stands for.

FIVE W'S AND AN H

Do you know how to write a good news item? It's easy, when you get the idea.

Tell all the important things first, hold nothing for a climax. The climax is in the first sentence. In this structure the news item is peculiar. It is written for readers who hurry, who may not read it all, who want the news at once. So—

Tell Who, What, When and Where in the first sentence—probably Why and How. Be sure you pick out the most interesting phase of the story to answer the question, "What was it that happened?" Maybe the Who will be the most interesting in some item, or the Why or the How. Even When may be interesting if it happened at 3:30 this morning. Whatever you decide on as being most important, which you try to attract attention to, is your "feature."

Suppose you've seen a big fire. Then imagine yourself running to catch a train. A friend stops you. "What was it?" he asks. You tell him in a sentence. That's the "lead" to your story. You've summed it all up for him. If you've done it well you have a proper first sentence for a shipshape report.

Then suppose you suddenly discover that your watch is fast and that you have an hour to waste. You settle down and tell him all the details. That's the way a well-written

news story should proceed after the first paragraph. Said Kipling:

"I keep six honest serving men, They taught me all I knew. Their names are What and Why and When And How and Where and Who." —Wyoming Press.

AUTUMN MEMORIES

Drifting, drifting days of old, Autumn days, O days of gold, Filled with laughter and a tear, Will they come but once a year?

Even in my memory I can catch and hold a few For just the briefest moment— Then the old fades to the new.

I care not what the future Holds in store for me, I have a temple of repose And wait, in autumn memory.

GO TO FATHER

He asked her to wed, And for answer she said "Go to father!" For she knew that he knew That her father was dead, And she knew that he knew What a life he had led, So she knew that he knew What she meant when she said "Go to father!"

THE SENIOR'S EXCLAMATION

Walking 'cross the campus, Walking down in town, No matter where you're going You'll hear it ringing 'round: "WONDER what I'll get in teaching? "What DOES my teacher think of me? My grade may be just anything But—hope it's not a D!"

Out upon the sleeping porch I started from my sleep For down the aisle a Senior tread In meditation deep. From side to side she moved her head Then looked transfixedly at me. I simply stared, until she said: "I hope it's not a D!"

When I have left T. S. T. C. And o'er this wide world wander Sometimes with animation I'll wonder if back yonder There's that reverberation Which lingers still with me, That Senior's exclamation: "Hope it's not a D!" —F. A. R.

TRAINING SCHOOL NEWS

Hallowe'en Festivities

Hallowe'en and the spirit of pumpkins, witches, cats, ghosts and goblins has been the atmosphere pervading the Training School for the last week. Even the songs sung in the last assembly caroled the thought that Hallowe'en was in the air.

Story Hour

In honor of this festive event the sixth grade entertained the fifth grade on Monday, Hallowe'en Day, with a story hour. The room was decorated in keeping with the season and day. Seven stories were told.

Weeds Growing Again

The Training School gardens are getting a splendid start with the rain and irrigation both doing their best to supply all the water necessary. This arrangement is not very good in one way as the weeds have had a chance to start growing, and the first chance offered the boys and girls will be out in their plant beds.

The boys of the sixth grade went on an all-day hike to Hole-in-the-Rock on Saturday, October 22, with Anna Craig and Miss Anderson. They cooked their own dinner, climbed and played games till the rays of the afternoon sun warned them it was time to go home.

Dormitory News

NORTH HALL NEWS

Misses Eleanor Sears and Pearl Lamb entertained a number of their friends at a delightful Hallowe'en party in their rooms Saturday night. Decorations carried out the spooky spirit. Everyone seems to have had a good time. At least, they were all alive when this went to press.

Believe It or Not—

It is really stupendous, the amount of work that can be accomplished by the girls under the influence of a little extra pressure from the professors of knowledge. It has been reported that one girl even went so far as to check three reference books out of the library, and what's more wonderful, she used them!

The quarter is nearing its end in a blaze of lights after bedtime, girls arising at the unearthly hours of 4:30 and 5 o'clock in order that they may get that last bit of reading done before class; and a studied disregard of all temptations such as going to Phoenix for the week-end or attending the regular show. It's really marvelous, and a great pity that some of the professors can't see their poor little hard-riden, worried, dependent associates of North Hall who spend their time poring over immense volumes of cut-and-dried facts, that are so large they have to stack up cushions and all available magazines on the chairs to be able to see into the "massive tombs of knowledge."

Marjorie and Alla Entertain

By the smoky glare of a lantern light under a great orange and black canopy was spread the festal board in Marjorie Woods and Alla Wilkins' room recently.

The table was laid for twenty persons and was very decorative. After supper the girls adjourned to another room pressed into service to accommodate the number present. Here they spent a pleasant evening at Bridge.

Those partaking of the hospitality of Misses Woods and Wilkins were Leona Howell, Opal Kain, Jean Taylor, Mary Bland, Velma Stiver, Helen Erkland, Ethel Simpson, Dorothy Dorsey, Marie Samples, Lopise Norcross, Wiley Wentworth, Ruby Staggs, Emma Higgins, Lavora Miller, Imogene Hoffman, Florence Morris, Edna and Nelle Graham.

A Different Slant on the Wallflower The Wallflower dance was appreciated by a great many who did not attend, as it gave them a chance to study—or otherwise—until an almost unheard-of hour. The lights were a boon from the mighty. Many wish there would be a repetition of the affair at the end of each quarter.

North Hall Dressing Up

Many pleasing additions have been made to North Hall to improve its general appearance. In the front hall we have a new rug. The old one was put in the hall upstairs and changes the bare corner into a pleasant place to stop and chat for a minute or two after the lights flash. We also have a new bench for our piano. A floor lamp is soon to be added to our new treasures. The fireplace is greatly improved by the new screen. We have to thank Mrs. Honshue for the new candlesticks and many other things she has added to make North Hall a homelike place. We are all proud of our hall, our new housemother and our new parlor. We call it "new" since we have everything new in it this year.

EAST HALL NEWS

Our Pep

What's the matter with East Hall girls and Mrs. Waite? Why, we're all right—just ask the boys! After the peppy bonfire on October 20, and the burning of our dear enemy, Flagstaff, Mrs. Waite realized we couldn't settle down to study. She gave us an extra half hour so a grand serpentine of East Hall girls only rallied toward the boys' dorm. Were they glad to see us? Oh, no! The girls went through Alpha Hall picking up the boys and adding them to our ranks, and then continued through town.

Did the boys appreciate it? Ask them! Did we win? No—but we went down fighting! Did East Hall's pep help mount up the number of telegrams? Certainly! Back at the hall, we finished by singing our song and giving Mrs. Waite a yell. She surely is a jolly good sport.

The next day these school teachers were a trifle hoarse but happy. They're still rooting for Tempe. Let's keep up the pep, girls!

East Hall Visitors

Ted Ford of Bisbee is here visiting his sister, Rita Ford. Ted came up for the Wallflower, but as this is his vacation he decided to visit a little longer. He is staying at Alpha

Hall with Harry Culbert, another Bisbeeite.

Be careful, Ted. There are a lot of good-looking girls here. Be sure and return to Bisbee with a whole heart.

We Feel for You

Miss Christine Sedlar decided she must be in style if nothing else. She became up-to-date by having her tonsils removed last Friday in Phoenix.

We know it isn't any too pleasant now, Christine, but the profs will be kind to you.

Social Functions

Of course, East Hall had its parties. We could not let such a gala affair as Hallowe'en go by uncelebrated.

On Friday evening Katherine Farrell's room just shouted Hallowe'en and fun. Those present at Katherine's grand feast were Amy Erickson, Una Webb, Nellie Maston and Lena Bond.

Entertains for Brother

Rita Ford and Ione Hodges entertained at luncheon in East Hall parlor on Sunday afternoon in honor of Ted Ford.

The table was effectively decorated in orange and black. Those present were Patricia Wood, Georgia and Alice Kay, Ted Ford, Ione Hodges and Rita Ford.

Give Breakfast

Kathleen Burgham and Katherine McFadden entertained the Alices from North Hall at breakfast one day last week.

SOUTH HALL NEWS

South Hall has been quite a center of activity the last week, with the gay spirit of Hallowe'en in the air.

Dinner Party

Miss Freddie Phelps was hostess at a delightful dinner last Wednesday evening. The guests were Misses Mary Benson, Lyle Butler, Merle Kartchner, Herma Douglas, Anna Craig, Yvonne Lanning, Louise Goodwin.

Girls Entertain

The room of Sarah Edgar and Mary Golden was the scene of fun, frolic and feed on Saturday night.

Visits Prescott

Yvonne Lanning spent the week-end in Prescott visiting her sister.

Isabel Sees Mother

Isabel Cardon enjoyed a visit from her mother and sister the last week-end.

Visits Daughters

Mr. Edgar of Needles, Calif., spent Thursday visiting his daughters, Sarah Edgar and Mary Golden.

Goes to Mesa

Ruth Clifford spent the week-end in Mesa with Zola Stapley.

Home to Phoenix

Elizabeth Templin spent the week-end at her home in Phoenix.

Winter Comes

Our cheery fireplace is coming in handy to keep South Hall comfortable and cozy these chilly days.

MATTHEWS HALL NOTES

Mary Humphreys spent last week-end at the Kappa Gamma house at Tucson as a guest of Miss Alice Hill.

Mother Visits

Kathleen McNelly's mother visited her last week from Globe. They spent Saturday and Sunday in Phoenix.

Has Guest

Margaret Jones was visited by Mrs. George Theobald of Prescott.

Sister Visits Nettie

Mrs. John Evans of Phoenix visited her sister, Nettie Brooks.

Eight Less in Dining Hall

Monday evening during dinner hour, Minnie O'Brien and Isabel Dills gave a supper in their room. Their guest list included Misses Betty Bruce, Edith Bartell, Nettie Brooks, Frances Wheeler, Virginia Hatch and Eva Rhodes.

Tucson Girls Visit

Virginia Davenport had as caller last Saturday, Misses Mary and Cora Peters of Tucson.

Louise Back Again

Matthews Hall is very glad to see Louise Austin back from Chandler after her week of illness.

Visits Daughter

Mr. Davenport of Tucson paid his daughter, Virginia, a visit last Monday.

Hallowe'en Holiday

Matthews Hall was quite deserted last week-end with everyone off to spend Hallowe'en at home.

Vesta Jacobs spent Saturday and Sunday at home in Palo Verde. Neva Dendy also went home to Palo Verde.

Helen Has Birthday

A birthday party was given in honor of Helen Clark last Saturday. The evening was spent in playing bridge. Those present were Mildred Charon, Mary Hickox, Juanita Jolly, Ailene Lomay, Elford McLaughlin, Beatrice Felton and the hostesses, Helen Clark and Sophie Johannsen.

Verna and Marjorie Hostesses

A get-together was held in the room of Verna Martin and Marjorie Barr. Those present were Margaret Jones,

Mona Denson, Lillian O'Connor, Byrdena Dameron, Rachel Bogart, Grace Chilton and Hildegard Faust. A game of Fleurt was enjoyed.

Parents Come from Flag

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson of Flagstaff visited their daughter, Josephine, last Saturday.

Iola Harris Honored

A birthday party was given by Genevieve d'Arcy in honor of Iola Harris. The guests were Ethel Young, Billie Peterson, Ida Hayes, Ernestine Evans, Virginia Davenport and Peggy Austin.

Welcome Back!

Matthews Hall is glad to see both Margaret Jones and Margaret O'Conner up and well again after an illness of a few days.

Cousin Pays Visit

Lugarda Ortiz was visited by a cousin from Winkelman Sunday.

Guest of Pierians

Mrs. Hurst was a guest of the Pierian Society at the home of Miss Dorothy Baldwin Tuesday evening.

Back to Ray Once More

Edith Bartell and Betty Bruce went home to Ray for the week-end. How many times does this make?

Mesa Girl Guest

Martha Vinson of Mesa recently visited Virginia Davenport and Ethel Young.

Goes to Tea

Mrs. Hurst attended the Clonian tea given Saturday afternoon in East Hall.

Breakfast Hike

A breakfast hike was enjoyed Saturday morning by Rachel Bogart, Grace Chilton, Cecil Ewing and Margaret Drake.

Saw Bulldog-Lumberjack Game

Those who went to Flagstaff to see the game were Billie Peterson, Ida Hayes, Genevieve d'Arcy, Carrie Fuqua, Minnie Hilkins and Josephine Wilson.

Ethel Has Them, Too

A tamale supper was enjoyed by Iola Harris, Ethel Young, Genevieve d'Arcy, Billie Peterson, Ida Hayes, Ernestine Evans, Virginia Davenport, and Peggy Austin. The occasion was to celebrate Ethel Young's birthday.

Observe Hallowe'en

With Mrs. Hurst's kind permission Matthews Hall celebrated Hallowe'en Monday night from 6:30 to 9. There were many enjoyable gatherings in various rooms.

FROEBEL CLUB

The Froebel Club started off with a bang! We began our year's work as soon as we had renewed acquaintances. We plan to study the lives and works of some of the early kindergarteners and review articles in the current magazines this semester.

Our first social event was a dinner at "La Casa." It was held in the patio, after which Miss Brown told fortunes by using the Japanese number sticks and a milk bottle.

Kindergarteners' PaPrty

You haven't heard about the Kindergarteners' party? Well, I'll have to tell you about it. It is an annual party sponsored by the Froebel Club and held in the "Y" rooms. On Friday evening, October 21st, we invited all the kindergarteners within driving distance.

After a little "get together" we had a short program which included an interesting and worthwhile talk by Mrs. F. M. Wilkinson of Phoenix, a violin solo by Ellen Burke, a delightful talk by Miss Leojean Boyack, of Mesa. Then the Junior class gave a skit and Marion Wilkie, a reading. The program was concluded with a skit given by the Seniors.

A TOUCH OF BEAUTY

Give me a thing of beauty. It matters not if 'tis a lilting song Or a gauzy bit of lace. I do not care So long as it is pretty. I need a bit of beauty. My mind is tired, and all my thoughts are stale.

A touch of prettiness Is all that I need to see and feel, And my soul is filled with peace. Drudgery dulls one, But beauty gives one rest. Steadily will I toil with all my being If, at the close of day, I can find peace and comfort In a poem Or perhaps— In the golden music of the wind. But if, sometime, at the close of day I have lost my love of beauty And am only tired, Then I have finished, and my soul is dead, and so I pray— Give me a thing of beauty. —EMILY PARKER.

Mac—Where have you been all night this time? Alpha Inmate—I took two of my friends home. Mac—Well? A. I.—There was nobody left to bring me home.

Alpha Hall Majors In House Economics

There are sixty suffering domestic inmates in Alpha Hall. Sixty scrambling students, who struggle daily between the devil and the deep blue sea—I mean between bed making and an 8 o'clock class.

The house regulations (sometimes known as Mr. Mac) say that every room must be in a presentable condition by the unearthly hour of 9 a. m. Aye, and how it does "gripe" our ultra-modern football heroes and sheiks, especially types like Mr. P. O. Thompson.

First, as the duty of all good men to their country, we start with our downy couches—in fact, they are very, very down looking when one is attending a dry lecture. We make a few preliminary maneuvers in attacking this lost art, by tackling the blankets. Successfully we throw them for a loss by the use of straight tactics, and then concentrate our opposition on the stubborn and never-renting sheets. Here, by the use of strategy, we bring our reserve aerial attack into play and foil the enemy. At last we have gained the goal; the bed is made; we have tasted the cup of victory.

Next on our room course is sweeping, and how this effeminate art shocks our ingenuity neurones. The first week of our residence in Alpha Hall, sweeping consumed the greater part of our muscular response to our cerebral cortex, until it suddenly occurred to our cerebra, that it would be much quicker to sweep the dust into the hallway, instead of into a useless dust tray. This proceeded to work well for a week but eventually, to the regret of our mental adjustments, he janitor put a stop to this practice. As a matter of fact, the janitor is a certified graduate of the William J. Burns Detective Correspondence Course, and no doubt is destined for a niche in the Hall of Fame. Luckily, my roommate, who has an I. Q. of about 30 or 40, came to the rescue with a method by which we sweep the residue under the linoleum, and which, my dear reader, has continued to work well up to the eventful moment.

The wash bowl at first also caused us a lot of undue labor, but this we conquered with the replacing of neurone ingenuity by Madame Dutch Cleanser. I have a hobby of reading "The Saturday Evening Post" advertisements, and while glancing over them, came to a page that stressed the cleansing powers of this little Dutch lady.

Finally our triumph of psychology is complete; the room is finished, we attend our classes, and then with expectantly beating hearts, return home to hear the critic's ultimatum. What do we find but a scathing note reminding us that our conception of room-making has been sadly neglected. O Death, where is thy sting? Oh, if mother could only see me now! Be it therefore resolved, that we the sixty confined inmates, in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, do hereby solemnly bequeath and transfer to the knowledge-seeking coeds of East Hall, our treasured major in home economics. May they do it justice!

"DAD" TALKS TO GEOGRAPHICS

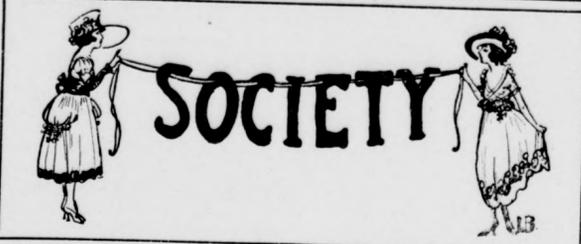
Mr. Mann, better known as "Dad" of Dad's Place, entertained the Geographics at the regular meeting on Thursday, October 27. He showed a selection of slides depicting life and scenes from the Kaibab country, on the north side of the Grand Canyon, and Rhyolite Park, northeast of Douglas.

Dad's slides included pictures of the unsuccessful deer drive attempted in the Grand Canyon region not long ago, scenes of the fish hatcheries, the tame deer, the houses, forests and snow scenes in the little known region north of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Slides of Rivolite Park, a national monument, were of especial interest. The park is almost unknown, even to Arizona folk, because of its remoteness and inaccessibility. In former times the territory embraced in the monument was a stronghold of the Apache Indians. The park, which is perhaps of volcanic origin, is filled with thousands and thousands of peculiar formations. From a distance it appears to be a bed of needles. The sweet potato, duck, sheep and other profiles among the pictures could be distinctly discerned.

"Dad" ended his scenic lecture by showing about fifty colored slides of a variety of birds.

The talk was very much appreciated by the Geographics. To many members, this was their first real chance to get an "inside" slant on Dad." He stands the test, though, and the Geographics hope he may sometime favor them again.



DELTA THETA SOCIETY

The Delta Thetas were entertained Friday evening, October 14, at Miss Lucile Pierson's home in Mesa. The evening was spent playing bridge and making candy.

Reception at Papago Park

Papago Park was the scene of the reception of four pledges into Delta Theta last Tuesday night. These were Grace Chilton, Alberta Bealey, Beulah Ratcliffe, and Galen Sapp. After ceremonies, old and new members participated in a royal repast. We are glad to welcome these girls into our group and know that they are valuable additions to Delta Theta.

The society has planned a luncheon in honor of alumni members. This will be held at the Burum home on Mill avenue.

HAIL, YE PHI BETAS!

The Phi Beta Epsilon Society was entertained by Margaret Carr and Naomi Cotner at the Carr home in Tempe last Tuesday evening.

A short business meeting was held, after which part of the poem, "In Memoriam," by Tennyson, was read and discussed. The rest of the time was spent in a social meeting. Anice Frankenburg established her fame as a baker by the delicious cake which she served the girls.

JOLLY RED HEADS NEWS

The Jolly Red Heads held their first business meeting in Alpha Hall on Monday, October 17th, with the president, Kathleen Burgham, in charge.

The plans for the coming year were discussed and Marjorie Barr gave a report on the prominent red heads in history.

Lake Howell sent up the annual war cry for dues. The Jolly Red Heads are glad to welcome their new member, Mary Benson.

LAMBDA KAPPA NEWS

Did we have FUN? It was not possible to have any more than the Lambda Kappas did at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks on October 25. After a picnic lunch, Mrs. Fairbanks came totting in a large pot of cookies cut in the shape of pumpkins.

Besides the eats, we took a marvelous trip through the Grand Canyon of Arizona with Patty Montgomery as guide. Before exchanging "good nights" we sang our Lambda Kappa songs. It was decided that Marjory would bring her pitch pipe next time.

The Lambda Kappas attended the Clonion Tea on Saturday, October 29, an event which gave all the members much pleasure.

Homecoming Day will be coming soon. The Alumni will "be surprised at the surprises" which await them if they are Lambda Kappas.

On Tuesday, November 1, we continued our trip through the Grand Canyon. Patty caused many hearty laughs and helped us discover many things we had not learned about before.

"O here I have found a Society like the kind I've fashioned in my mind—L. K."

TIMAKAENA SOCIETY

A study of Arizona constitutes this year's program for the Timakaenas. The study will include Arizona nature and literature. It will be carried out by having various members of the society give reports. In order that this program will not be something transient each report is to be written, illustrated and accompanied by a nature poem. The reports will be put on file. At the end of the year they will be bound and kept in the society.

The first report of the year was on Sharlott M. Hall, given October 11, by Alla Wilkins. The report was doubly interesting because Alla knows Miss Hall personally and has spent many hours at Orchard Ranch stantiated her established reputation with Arizona's foremost poet. After

acquainting the Timakaenas with the personality and customs of Sharlott Hall, Alla read us some of the best known poems from "Cactus and Pine."

Picnic on Butte

The Butte was the scene of a picnic supper on October 17th. Every member of Timakaena learned that there's one woman in Tempe who can make hot tamales!

On this occasion we welcomed into our society Miss Van Trump, as an honorary member.

Badger Clark Report

Monday evening, October 24, the second report on Arizona literature was given by Hazel Farrow. Badger Clark, the poet who has "tied the west to the universe," was the subject. Badger Clark writes in the cowboy vernacular and his poems "Sun and Saddle Leather" were a great treat.

PIERIAN NOTES

Don't we wish that Hallowe'en came every Tuesday? I'll say. Maybe you wonder why, but we won't keep you in suspense long. On the 25th one of our former members, Dorothy Baldwin, invited us to her home near Roosevelt school for a spooky Hallowe'en party.

The Pierians had two of those common conveyances that you have to build a fire under to start. I mean two Fords, of course. Well, in spite of the fact, we arrived and played "ghosts" and had lots of fun. Then, naturally, we had cider and all the Hallowe'en trimmings. We enjoyed the evening at Dorothy's house and hope we can have our hostess with us soon.

Guess at this time we should thank (now, now, this isn't an after-dinner speech) Kathleen Burgham and Isabel Dills for playing taxi driveresses. Those present were: Mrs. Hurst, Miss Wilson, Isabel Chapel, Lucille Wright and Dorothy Baldwin, besides the regular gang of Edith, Betty, Frances, Mary, Isabel B., Catherine, Dorothy, Hazel, Lela, Helen and of course the "torch bearers," Kay and Isabel.

This part will be serious for some people. On Monday, the 31st, and Tuesday, November 1st, was Pierian initiation.

CLIONIAN NEWS

The Clonians' first meeting was held September 13 in Matthews Hall. It certainly seemed good to be together again. However, we did miss the old members. A short business meeting was held. It was decided to study plays this quarter. We are under the guidance of Mr. Payne as monitor; Eva Rhodes, president; Margaret Jones, vice president; Ida Hayes, secretary, and Nellie Graham, treasurer.

Meet at Rendezvous

The Clonion Rendezvous was the scene of the second meeting. Needless to say, we enjoyed ourselves to the fullest extent—yes—in several ways! A short impromptu program furnished much fun.

Candy Hall

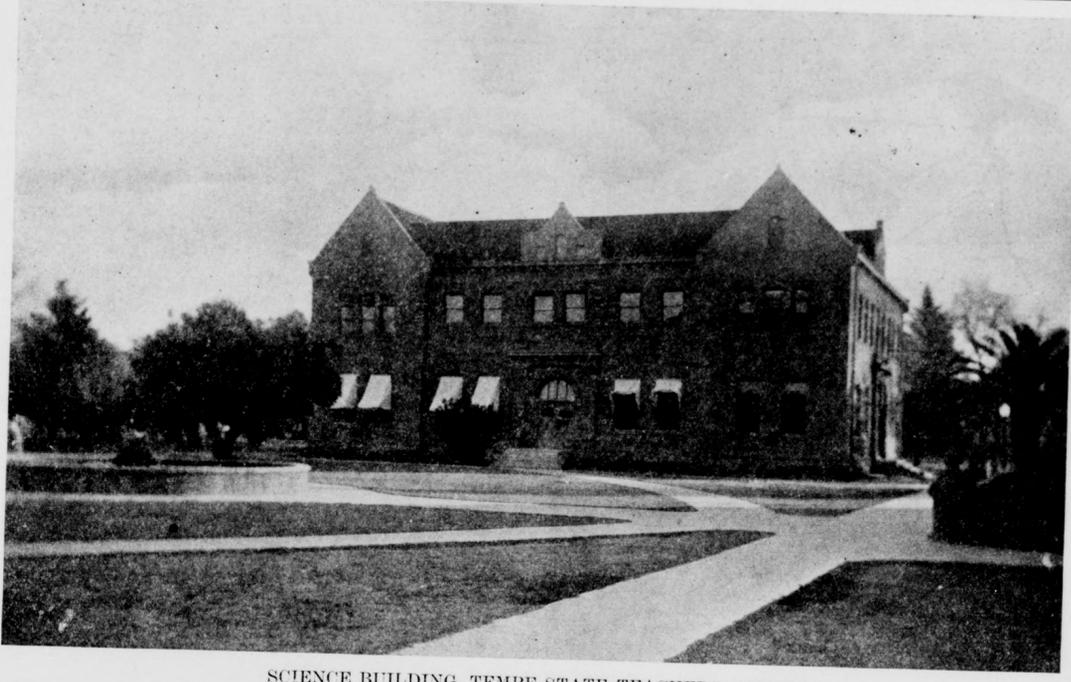
Matthews Hall basement was the scene of the next meeting. Clonians made candy after the business meeting. Any one desiring instructions for the correct way to pull taffy, see Ida Hayes.

Visit Mormon Temple

The Mormon Temple was visited at our third meeting. It was very interesting and instructive, especially for those who had not been through before.

Monitor Entertains Club

Mr. and Mrs. Payne entertained us our next meeting. This is an event Clonians always look forward to! We also had the pleasure of welcoming several old members at this time. After the business meeting, the play, "The Boor," was given by Emma Lou Miescher in a very pleasing manner. Mrs. Payne again substantiated her established reputation with Arizona's foremost poet. After



SCIENCE BUILDING, TEMPE STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

a Clio ate.

Matthews Hall Meeting

On October 18 we met in Matthews Hall again. As neither Mr. Payne nor Eva could be with us, the vice president, Margaret Jones, conducted the meeting. After the business was disposed of, a program was given by Ida Hayes.

We were quite a disappointed bunch Tuesday, October 25, when rain kept us from our Rendezvous. A regular meeting was held. After the business was disposed of, Eva Rhodes read an O. Henry story.

LAMBDA PHI SIGMA

Mr. and Mrs. Waltz were "at home" to the society last Tuesday night. Members of Lambda Phi enjoyed the evening to the full.

"Pete" Marshall and Leonard Clements, now playing loyal roles as alumni members of Lambda Phi Sigma, were present, and treated the circle to words of pleasant reminiscence and timely counsel. It was good to hear "Pete's" old line once more.

Plans were made for the part of the society in Homecoming Day activities, particularly for the welcoming of all old members of Lambda Phi Sigma on Saturday, the 12th. All ye "old-timers" whose eye this meets, pass the word along, and we'll see you Saturday noon upstairs in the old council chamber.

In the course of the meeting, the possibilities inherent in the proposed new organization of all men students were discussed. The society voted unanimously to express its hearty support.

KALAKAGATHIA NEWS

A silent group of girls waited patiently for their leader to acknowledge their presence in the twilight of October 11. The Kalakagathians were having their first outdoor council fire.

This is one of the moments in a Camp Fire girl's life that is of great significance. In order to appreciate the real character of Camp Fire work it is necessary that a Council Fire be attended. Around the fire the new members are taken in and made to feel welcome; honors that have been won by various members of the organization in their work are given out; songs are sung that show appreciation and enthusiasm in camp fire work; a certain form of ceremony is gone through, which makes the affair all the more impressive; and the Guardian talks to the members of the group on their work and its purpose. It is something that no girl should miss, even if she is not a member of a camp fire. "Camp Fire" is a religion of the great out-of-doors.

Kalakagathia welcomed the new members of the society who had finished their initiation into the group. Six of the members took the first rank in Camp Fire, that of "Wood Gatherer." Miss Anderson gave a lovely talk which impressed us very much. It was with regret that our departure took place.

On October 18 our meeting was short due to the absence of our monitor, Miss Anderson, and our president, Miss Alice Knowles, who were attending the annual entertainment given by the Zetetics. We turned our meeting into a general discussion and merrily battled over minor issues. Then, everyone feeling better, we dismissed early.

On October 25 we held another short meeting, due to Miss Anderson being ill. Only a few items of importance that needed immediate at-

tention were taken care of. We left early to give our attention to such things as lessons.

THE Y-ETTES

The Y-ettes met in the "Y" rooms last Tuesday at 12 for a potluck lunch. After we had all made ourselves miserable a short program was given, consisting of:

- Piano Solo.....Marie Burum
- Reading.....Erma Cole
- Trio.....Mozelle Mack, Madeline Cook and Novella Taylor

LOS HIDALGOS DEL DESIERTO

Members of Los Hidalgos del Desierto and their friends were very fortunate indeed in hearing Mrs. Howe Williams when she spoke to the club Wednesday, October 19th. She told of life in a regular pueblo village, Taos, New Mexico, and showed us many pictures drawn by her husband, who is one of Arizona's foremost artists. Many interesting stories and characteristics were told about this quaint village until all felt that they must visit this place. Mrs. Williams is an honorary member of Los Hidalgos and it was a great pleasure for all the club to meet her.

Our next meeting was held in the "Y" rooms as usual. This was devoted to business. It was decided to represent the club with a float in the parade, Home Coming Day. After other business was discussed the meeting adjourned.

DISCOVERING CLEMATIS

Among the interesting events of the week (at Tempe College there are many) there is my discovery of Clematis. True, my discovery has not been heralded from the house tops, nor announced in "The Collegian," nor rumored about the campus; no one knows about it, least of all Clematis herself; but I know it. That is enough.

Clematis—I shall call her Clematis since that is not her name—is dark, very dark, of skin; somewhere in a far distant country, her ancestors have perhaps been kings and high priests of Ethiopia, have sacrificed to the great Crocodile God of the Nile, and by their incantations have brought rain to a parched land or driven back the flood waters of an angry river. Then, in the ladder of the race life, came slavery and abject servitude; freedom and the long struggle toward light. To me it is a significant commentary on the advancement of her race that we are fellow students, and though so far removed in race and color, birth and breeding, have several classes in common. It is this latter fact that is of prime importance at the present moment, for had we not been members of the same "scrub" volleyball team, I would never have made my discovery.

It happened very simply, as do most significant things. The exciting round of serving, volleying and scoring which is volleyball was in full swing when Clematis and I, who were on the same side, turned around to each other enthusiastically, exclaiming over the same good play. For the moment I looked through the eyes of Clematis straight into her heart, and found there not Ethiopia but Humanity. On the instant a warm little glow of personal friendliness sprang up within me for this girl with the black skin, whose eyes mirrored the same enthusiasm as my own. I liked her. I saw in her during that interval of illumination, not a creature of a lower race to be looked down upon and despised,

Our Hall of Fame

MIRIAM AVERY STAFFORD

One of the most loyal and ardent workers of Tempe College, one with a charming and delightful personality, is Miriam Stafford. She completes her work toward a bachelor's degree this year.

Miriam entered T. S. T. C. in the fall of '25 and through superior scholarship and remarkable ability was soon recognized as a leader in school activities. She is president of the Geographic Society, vice president of the Senior class, associate editor of The Collegian, and is serving on the student body council. Her latest enterprise is acting as chairman of Homecoming Day.

Miriam's life has been a very interesting and varied one. She was born in Portland, Maine, of Pilgrim ancestry, and is a direct descendant of Governor Bradford. When Miriam was five years old the Avery family moved to Boston and later to Kansas City, Mo. After finishing at Miss Barstow's Day School in Kansas City, Miriam was sent to Walnut Hills boarding school in Massachusetts. Upon graduating she entered Wellesley College, where she remained a year. She also studied for a term at the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Since her marriage to Leslie Stafford, assistant State engineer of the Mountain States Telephone Company, Miriam has made her home in the Salt River Valley. Of course, we must not forget to mention young Bob, who is already famous on the campus. A tragedy in Miriam's life was the death of her husband a year ago.

Miriam is one of the most versatile girls on the campus, and she does everything well. It's really difficult to determine what she does best. Besides being interested in books, writing, and reading, she is a keen lover of the outdoors and participates in many activities of this nature. She is always willing to help make things move along. And, because of the abundant life she has lived, great things are in store for Miriam. We are happy and proud to claim her at Tempe, for if anyone generates the genuine Spirit of Tempe, it's Miriam.

JAMES BARNEY

Righto, old chap, you guessed it! It's none other than Mr. James Barney, T. S. T. C., baseball captain and basketball manager, that you have the privilege of viewing at the present moment.

"Barney," well known fourth-year student and one of the twelve members of the degree class, was born in Phoenix in 1905. He attended Monroe School through the grades,

but a symbol of her people traveling the long road of race progress; a people using the tools of civilization, newly placed in their hands, clumsily at times in the inexperience and ignorance of their immaturity, but having at least the urge and courage to strive and dream and rise. And I saw, too, in that little second, what the brotherhood of man might truly mean; not fraternization, but understanding; a vision that sees not the skin but the heart; a warmth of love and tolerance big enough to embrace the whole of mankind regardless of race or color or creed or kind. That is why I have placed among the important affairs of the week my discovery of Clematis.

S. M. B.

entering Phoenix High in 1919, from which he was graduated in '23. While at Phoenix High, Barney was active in football and baseball and played on the famous "wonder team" of '23, "that licked every team we played." Military training was compulsory in the post-war period, and Barney was put through four years of it. Wonder if that had anything to do in bringing out the old bulldog spirit, later? How about it, Barney?

Phoenix seems to have been the county seat of learning for Barney. He went to Junior College for two years after high school graduation. During his Frosh year at J. C., Barney had a bit of hard luck that forced him to take a back seat in athletics. At the beginning of the year, a broken leg laid him off for the football season, but at the end of the year he was back in shape and going strong in baseball. He was captain of the Junior College baseball team in '25. After finishing up at J. C., Barney decided to become a Bulldog. He enrolled at Tempe the fall of '25 and because of his previous work was graduated from the two-year course in '26. Barney started out to specialize in chemistry at Junior, but had to change his plans when he came to Tempe for no courses were offered along that line. He plans to follow coaching. Speaking of coaching, Barney added with his jovial laugh: "Yes, and if I'm a failure at that, I'll try school teaching."

Asked what thing about Tempe he particularly liked, Barney was not long in answering: "Here? What do I like about it here? Well, I like the bunch that goes here!"

Speaking of Mac, Barney had this to offer: "He always teaches you clean athletics. I've worked with Mac a longer time than with any other coach, and he certainly stands for clean, hard football and hard work."

Barney was one of the lucky gang, who took the recent trip to Los Angeles. He refused to verify the truth about that lamp post incident in Hollywood, so I guess the Collegian readers will have to draw their own conclusions, or take Joe's word for how it all happened. Barney gave the merits and demerits of Johnny Riggs and Runt Goddard as bed-partners. The two shared his berth going and coming on the Loyola trip. However, as that was told in confidence it would not be fair to quote Barney. Back in '24, Barney enjoyed another out-of-the-State trip. He went with the Junior College team when they battled Webber College.

The Letterman's Club boasts the name of James Barney upon its roll. Three years of football and baseball at Tempe have placed his name high up on the list. "Los Hidalgos del Desierto," in other words the Spanish club, took Barney into its organization as soon as he landed on the Tempe campus, so you see Barney knows his español, too. He is also an active P. O.

"Dormitory life is a great improvement over living off campus," says Barney. Things couldn't be better in Alpha Hall and with Joe Smith for a roommate, Barney finds college life most livable. Last year he lived next door to the Blackburns and Barney credits the personal contact with the professor for giving him a large percentage of his education. Well, Barney, that's just like you to tell the truth and say what you think. We appreciate it.

If there is one way to sum up James Barney in one sentence, it is this way: He is himself, "Barney," and nobody else!

ACROSS THE CAMPUS

The Shop with the College Atmosphere

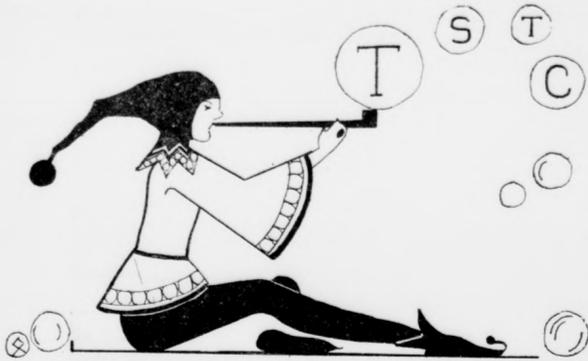
DAD'S PLACE

ACROSS THE CAMPUS

NEC SORTE

NEC FACTO

SED SERVITUTE



CHAPPIE KAT

Dear Chappie:
I wish to write to the girl I left behind me, back in the old home town. So far I haven't kept my promise, as I didn't know what kind of pencil I should use to write a love letter. Could you advise me?
BOB SIMPSON.

Dear Simpson:
Use a soft one.—Chappie.

Dear Chappie:
This is rather an embarrassing question to ask, but you understand I am asking in strict confidence. I dare not ask anyone but you, so you know I trust you more than any other mortal not on this hemisphere. How should tall boys be loved?
IDA HAYES.

Dear Ida:
The same as short ones. Maybe you'll have to use a chair.
Chappie.

Dear Chappie:
What would you give for a laugh like mine?
RUNT GODDARD.

Dear Runt:
I don't know what others would give, but I think chloroform.

Dear Chappie:
I am crushed! I can hardly pen these words, nor see my paper, for my eyes are blinded with tears. Tears! Oh, wo is me to think that I should ever trust a man! My soul is being consumed by the pangs of unrequited love. We met. It has been but two short months. Often he has held me at arm's length and told me, vowed on cross and book that I was his. He says he could devour me with his eyes. Still, in all this time he has never kissed me good-night. Do you think he really loves me, Chappie, or are his words—unsufferable thought!—mere glorious falsehoods?
PENSEROSO.

Dear Little Penseroso:
Your letter plainly shows me that a very simple treatment will remedy all and place you in the arms of that one whom you think so much of. You right that he holds you at arm's length when he talks to you. I suggest that you procure a small bottle of Listerine. Remember, it is an insidious thing even your mother-in-law won't tell you.
Chappie.

Chappie wonders if James Barney knows there is a park bench out under the pecan trees north of the Arts Building?

Wesley Jones must be treated with more sympathy. Remember, Senior girls, that campus life has lost much of its charm for him since last year.

score 4-2 in favor of my friend, and putting me in a palsy of fear. The cold sweat trickled down my spine. What if I should lose! My fortune, my reputation, my honor, everything would be sacrificed. Oh, how I wished I hadn't bet!

But I again saw the light in the fifth inning. Combs and Ruth came to bat. They must have realized what a terrible strain I was under, for they redeemed themselves. Combs got on base again with a beautiful hit, and Ruth, the Bambino, strolled to the plate and calmly proceeded to send the ball hurtling into the right field bleachers, scoring Combs ahead of him. At the end of the inning the score stood 4 to 4 in favor of both of us.

I was on pins and needles through the rest of the game. When the ninth inning rolled around, the score was still 4-4. Neither side had scored a hit. Both of his men were up in the first of the ninth. Neither hit, and when the Yanks came to bat I realized that I had a splendid chance to win, for both of my men were up again. Combs walked. Then Koenig, the second batter, hit, putting two men on base. Then Ruth came to bat. Luck was against me. The Pittsburgh manager ordered his pitcher to walk Ruth, which came to pass.

The score stood 4 to 4 when the game ended. My future had been staked and I didn't lose. Neither did I win.

Tita in Tempe
The Taber Home
Just to give our dear readers a better understanding of why Tita is

the Taber she is, we're going to stage a little homecoming stunt. Of course, Tita is not going home to Bisbee. Heavens, no! She's going to be on the bleachers and root while the Bulldogs tear the hide off the Junior College Bears on Homecoming Day. (It's a secret, but they say Dave, the big blond Swede, is taking her to the game). However, cast your lamps through this telescope and you'll get "background."

Like having measles when you are a child, or swearing when you lose your collar button or oversleeping when you want to get off early—just like these, the four-family flat is a national institution. We Americans could get along without it no more than the chronic Arizona camper could get along without his mammoth fish fable. Our very backbones rest on institutions. And although we are moderately sure that God gave us this nice round world, we sometimes wonder whether He or His rival gave us the flats.

The Tabers call theirs an "apartment." But apart from that it is just a common, ordinary four-family flat. And, of course, when any of Tita's boy friends used to ask her where she lived, and Tita really wanted them to know, she would say: "Oh, you know, we're living in the dingiest flat now, but as soon as Daddy finishes our bungalow on the Avenue we can leave the west side." Of course the young man was duly sympathetic and didn't expect too much of the house when he called, and neither did he find much. As for Tabers' bungalow, it is still in the dim mists of nothingness and promises to remain there until Daddy does the Lindbergh stunt—and Daddy never goes up in the air except for his monthly grouches.

Anyway, the Tabers live in a four-family flat. This may not mean much to you unsuspecting greenhorns who have never known the ecstasy of such a heaven, but to those who live in it, it is altogether a different story.

Yes, the Tabers live in a four-family flat. Just the common type of flat where the lady upstairs over you is the tight Dutch landlord (or Scotch, or what have you?) and the lady on the other side upstairs talks as loud as Billy Sunday in his newest frenzy, and the lady downstairs is so snoop that she keeps things in your ice box just to see if your husband makes home brew.

The Tabers live in one of these lordly institutions in Bisbee, Arizona, where flats are few and far between, men are men, and so forth.

Mrs. Taber said when they moved in that it would only be for a little while, of course—just until they started to build. That was just six years ago. In the meantime, they have had innumerable arguments with the landlord who so conveniently lives upstairs. Once the cupboard looked at it each night for three door came off and he had promised to fix it last summer, then the screen door came off its hinges and he

weeks before he fixed it; and worst of all, the people upstairs had a wild party at which they played cards until 2 o'clock in the morning and pounded on the floor so hard that Mrs. Taber made Daddy stand on a chair and look at the chandelier to see if it was still safely permanent. Of course, the Tabers said they would move the very next day, but that day Mrs. Taber had some shopping to do and, goodness knows, one can't look for a place and shop at the same time. So they just put it off for a while, and the while doesn't seem to be up yet.

Yes, the Tabers find something clinging about these four-family flats. Once you get settled there you just can't get out! Even when little Bobby fell over the washtub in the back hallway, and Mrs. Taber had such a terrible fight with her neighbors because they were so piggish about the room and had been the cause of Bobby's fall, they stayed on.

Then there was the time when the lady upstairs shouted at her husband in anger and the Tabers couldn't help hearing. Mr. Taber was absolutely outraged but his wife said, "Now John, that doesn't sound any worse than when you get going about the first of the month. A woman has the same right to shout, you know." "Yes, but why is she hollering?" She doesn't have to pay the bills," he said.

By that time the Tabers were so hotly engaged in an argument of their own that they didn't hear the rest of the one upstairs, and consequently the moving was again postponed.

But, one day last week—Friday, to be specific—Daddy Taber meant business. "We're moving out! I say we're moving out of this hole, and mighty darn quick, too!" Mrs. Taber was quite concerned over this outburst, for her husband seldom was so plain spoken. But she understood that something had dug under his skin a little too deep, and that this time, they were moving for sure.

"Well, John, I'm sure glad we're a-goin' at last! Won't it be wonderful to have Tita come home to a half-way decent looking place? It ain't so long till Christmas, either. Then we'll have her with us again. Gee willikers, the time sure goes a-flyin'—Tita's been down there at that Tempe place nine weeks now. I'm planning already the homecoming I'm gonna give her Christmas."

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

Varsity Barber Shop
Across the Campus
LATEST "BOB" CREATIONS
Something Different
COME IN

THE PHOTO SHOP
Our Studio does not do Kodak finishing through drug stores. We give you today's service today, and it's right.
MENHENNET THEATER BLDG.
Tempe, Arizona

Tempe Barber Shop
SANITATION IS KING
STANLEY

Tempe Shoe Shop
SHOES REBUILT
HEELS RECOVERED
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Student Headquarters
Shoes—Holeproof Hosiery
Bradley Sweaters
BOSTON STORE
Tempe, Arizona

The Journal Company
Mesa, Arizona
Publishers
Mesa Journal-Tribune
COMMERCIAL PRINTING
Letter Heads Bill Heads
All kinds of Intricate Ruled, Perforated and Punched Blanks
Printing of
School Papers a Specialty
Give Us a Trial
Our work will please you.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
Corner of Mill Ave and 7th Ave
W. G. DeVORE
Dentist
TEMPE ARIZONA

Tempe Hardware Co.
A General Line of
Hardware and Furniture
Phone 8

H. W. RYDER
Lumber and Hardware
Paints and Oils

The "Orthophonic"
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
Now on Sale at the
Goodwin Novelty Store

Baber-Jones Mercantile Co.
Groceries, Produce
Hay, Grain, Coal
TEMPE, ARIZONA

BUY A HOME IN TEMPE
The Home of the State Teachers College.
The Town of Homes
R. A. Windes
Real Estate

Big Sale

The Big Sale that we have been conducting the past two weeks has been going "big." Every customer that made a purchase walked out with a smile. We will make you smile if you will let us help you.

For Quality and Service
Go To
Hyder's
TEMPE

LAIRD & DINES
The Rexall Store
Prescription Druggists
TEMPE, ARIZONA

Complete Banking Service Awaits You at
The Tempe National Bank
TEMPE, ARIZONA
Commercial Accounts Savings Account
Collections Escrows
Safety Deposit Boxes Travelers' Checks
Fire and General Insurance Notary Public
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

College Headquarters for
Boys
GYM SHOES, "HENDAN" SHIRTS, "INTERWOVEN" SOX
"ST. LOUISAN" SHOES
Girls
GYM CLOTHING, ALLENA SILK HOSIERY
T H E W ' S
Men's and Boys' Wear
TEMPE ARIZONA

Art M.—Our engagement's all off. I was just told I'm to marry a blonde in a month.
Joy H.—Oh, that's all right. I can be a blonde in a month.

WARDLOW THE BARBER
Wardlow, the barber,
He make-a da smell
As he coma to class
His history to tell.

The girla he smile at—
Do you know for the why?
He wanta the girla
The haircut to buy.

He sprinkle the stufia
That smella so much
All over his selfa
The girla to catch!

He smila and smella
As ifa to say,
"You girls wanta haircuts,
Coma dis way."

But some of us girls,
We are too quick,
We letta the haira
Grow longa and thick.

Wardlow, the Barber—
Ah, letta him smile!
Some of de girla
He no can beguile.
—J. B.

"Runt, how fast is your car?"
"Well, it keeps about six months ahead of my income."

Frosh—May I kiss you?
Senior—Heavens! Another amateur.

Cecil E.—Am I to understand that you are laughing at my moustache?
Carmen L.—Excuse me, but every time you shut your mouth, it looks like a wink.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—
—Professor Burkhardt is betting on the new Ford car?
—Freshmen are getting awfully tired of studying grammar?
—There is one week and one day left in this quarter?
—Homecoming Day is November 12?
—Class dues are always welcome?
—We are going to beat Junior College again?
—Some of these Freshman girls are not as green as they're painted?
—This was put in to "fill up space"?

W. Kaywood (after football practice)—No, mother, I didn't lose my front teeth; I have them here in this handkerchief.

Makeup Editor—How shall I head this story about the woman's hotel burning at noon?
Editor—"Guests flee in scanty attire," of course. —Judge.

THE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT
The following conversation has been reported from South Hall. It is said to have passed between two young people, a prominent couple of the campus—perhaps a notorious couple:
"Ah, my dear, I love you."
"Do you really love me?"
"Indeed I love you, my dear."
"Are you sure you really love me?"
"I love you."
"Really?"
"Yes, I—"
"Honest?"
"I—"

A long pause of silence followed during which the listener withdrew reverently, marveling that two people could converse so fully and intelligently, and on such diverse subjects.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
But they're too expensive
For me to give you.
—Cincinnati Cynic.

"McCann The Druggist" Says: Let's Win That Game from Gila College Next Saturday!