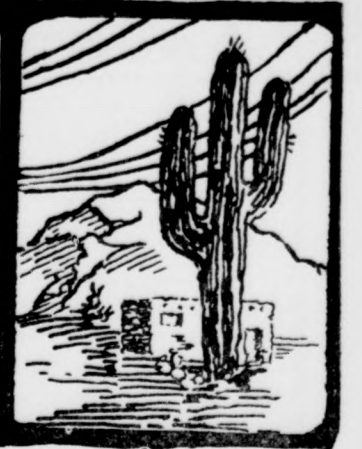


WELCOME HOME ALUMNI



THE TEMPE COLLEGIAN



VOL. 3.

TEMPE, ARIZONA, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 12, 1927

No. 5

Tempe Graduate Assistant Attorney General of U. S.

Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who graduated from Tempe in the class of 1911, is now Assistant Attorney General of the United States. She was born in Kansas and spent the early years of her life in that State and in Michigan. For three years she was a teacher in the public schools in Michigan. In 1910 she married A. F. Willebrandt of Buckley, Michigan. In that year they came to Arizona for the sake of Mr. Willebrandt's health.

Mrs. Willebrandt then entered Tempe Normal School, where she was conspicuous for brilliant scholarship. She was always most pleasing in manner, taking part in school life as far as her duties permitted.

For three years she was principal of the Lincoln Park School in South Pasadena, California. In 1915 she was admitted to the California bar and then began the practice of law in Los Angeles. As public defender of women she acted as attorney in over 2,000 cases. In 1916 she took the degree of LL. B. at the University of Southern California, and in 1917 that of LL. M.

Since 1921 she has been Assistant Attorney General of the United States. She is a Phi Delta Delta and is an ex-president of the Professional Women's Club of Los Angeles.

There are 15 women in important jobs in Washington. Each one has risen to her position by ability and hard work. They are presidential appointees, as they hold Federal positions to which they were appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, or appointed by members of the President's Cabinet and confirmed by the President, or appointed by the District of Columbia Commissioners and confirmed by the President.

The most important of these positions and the one which has the greatest influence is unquestionably that of Assistant Attorney General. This is an office created by Congress for the purpose of assisting in the official duties of the Attorney General's office. Mrs. Willebrandt is the second woman to hold this position. She brings before the Supreme Court of the United States all matters of jurisdiction concerning prisoners, prohibition, internal revenue laws, evasion of income tax, smuggling of liquor, minor acts to regulate commerce, and a few other matters. In all of these she represents the Department of Justice before the highest court of the land and she does this with a clearness of vision and a virility of mind that has brought forth the admiration of those with whom she has to deal. She is well known as a hard worker, often working till long after midnight, and she is always back on the job at 9 in the morning.

Mr. Felton remembers her as a student at Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Michigan. At that time he coached her in a debate in which she made so poor a showing that she said she would never again attempt debating. Her subsequent career shows how she changed her mind and reached the top.

Tempe is proud to feel that it has contributed something to the experience and training of so distinguished a woman.

HON. CARL HAYDEN
United States Senator Carl T. Hayden
(Continued on Page Two)

COLLEGE HOMECOMING PROGRAM

9:00—Registration.
10:30—Valley Ball Game.
11 to 1—Society Luncheons.
1:00—Parade.
2:30 Bulldogs vs. Junior College.
6:00—Alumni Banquet.
8:30—Dance in New Gym.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL HOLDS MEETING

The executive council has been meeting regularly every afternoon for the past week in the president's office at four o'clock. The work consists of taking up and discussing all matters presented by the faculty and students for their consideration. New plans for the College welfare are also under way.

Prof. Mathewson To Lecture on Burma

The Geographic program committee, with Miss Edith Burum as chairman, is arranging a series of very interesting lectures which will be open to friends or guests of the society and the general public. The first of these will be given in the College auditorium on the evening of Dec. 1 by Professor Mathewson of the University of Arizona. He will give an illustrated lecture on Burma based upon his own experiences. Burma is an unusually interesting land but unknown by most people except for Kipling's famous song, "On the Road to Mandalay." Professor Mathewson was highly recommended to the society by no less an authority than Dr. William M. Davis and something unusually worth while may be expected.

On the evening of Dec. 15, Dean Lane of Trinity Cathedral, Phoenix, will give an illustrated lecture on European cathedrals. Dean Lane has been abroad a number of times and can speak with authority on the subject.

MR. PAYNE IN CALIF. GETTING PLANS FOR NEW TRAINING SCHOOL

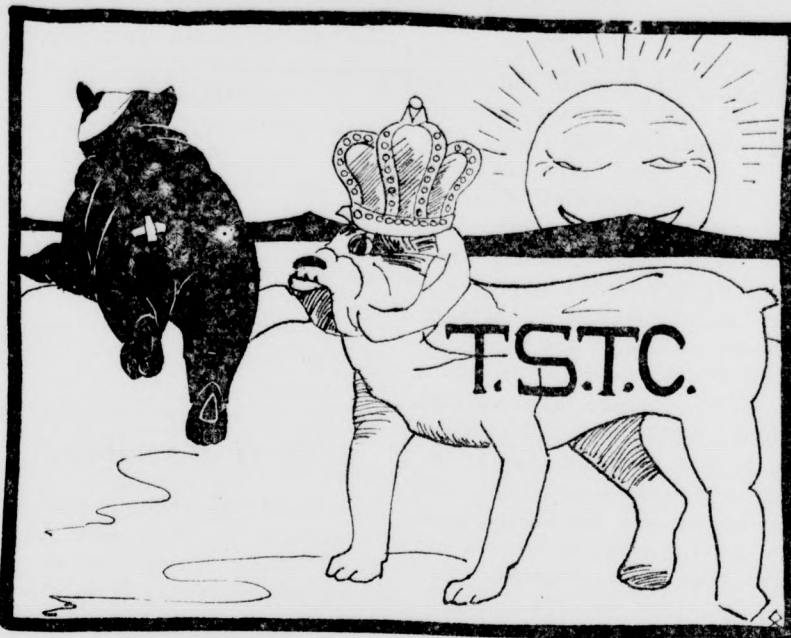
Mr. Payne is at the present time visiting the training schools connected with State Teachers Colleges of California. He is there for the purpose of getting ideas for the new Training School to be built on the Tempe Campus. Actual construction is to begin early next spring. Therefore, plans and specifications and contracts will have to be completed before that time. According to Dr. Mathewson, when this training school is completed it will be the "last word" in training schools.

During Mr. Payne's absence Miss Anderson is in charge at the Training School.

BULLETIN BOARD TO POST NOTICE OF SECOND TRY-OUTS FOR "Y" PLAY

The second try-outs for "It Pays to Advertise," the Y. W. C. A. play to be given sometime near Christmas, will be held in Miss Calder's room as soon as the copies of the play arrive. The names of those who are to report are on the bulletin board. The producing cast of the play has

AFTER THE FRACAS



The Bulldog Reigns Supreme

Y. W. C. A. to Observe National Prayer Week

"National Prayer Week" begins Nov. 13 and ends Nov. 19. The Tempe Y. W. C. A. will observe this week with chapel exercises every morning, beginning Sunday morning at 8 o'clock and weekday mornings at 7:25. Faculty members will have charge of the programs and they will be well worth attending. The Y. W. C. A. urges all who can to be present for these short meetings each morning. The program for the week is as follows:

Sunday—Mr. Waltz. Special music, Rachel Murdock and Wilma Koch.

Monday—Mrs. Waltz. Special music, Kathleen McNelly.

Tuesday—Mr. Holaday. Special music, Ethelyn Brelsford.

Wednesday—Miss Marie Burum. Special music, Francis Bennett.

Thursday—Mrs. Blair. Special music, "Y" Violin Trio, Elsie Gates, Lessie Raye Vickers, Mildred Charon.

Friday—Mr. Ostrander. Special music, Maria Urquidez.

Saturday—Miss Calder. Special music, Violin Ensemble, Ellen Burke, Wilma Koch, Mary Golding.

College Serpentine Held Friday Night

The newly organized "Pep Club," with Harvey Tyson at the helm, is the outstanding organization on the campus at present.

Members of the club have purchased rooters' caps and megaphones of maroon and gold colors, showing that T. S. T. C. is becoming pep personified.

Friday evening, the night before Homecoming Day, the club sponsored a monstrous bonfire, which illuminated the entire horizon behind the new gym. At this rally, short talks were given by Deb Goddard, an ex-Bulldog, and Mr. C. A. Stauffer, of the Arizona Republican management, also a graduate of the college. After the bonfire the students proceeded to serpentine the town of Tempe, showing former students of Tempe that T. S. T. C. has pep and will be hailed as "The Howling Six Hundred" before long.

already been chosen. Due to the fact that there are eight men parts to be filled in "It Pays to Advertise," this cast is made up entirely of girls. The business manager is Nellie Graham; advertising managers Virginia Davenport and Emma Warren; stage managers Marie Nordstrom and Grace Brownlee; and costume director Louise Austin.

Alumni-Faculty Banquet Tonight in Dining Hall from 6 to 7:30

One of the most important events of the Second Annual Homecoming, to alumni, is the big alumni-faculty banquet, which will be served tonight from 6 to 7:30 o'clock in the College dining hall.

A reception committee will greet the alumni in the library from 5:45 to 6 o'clock. Promptly at six the dining room doors will swing open to receive the guests.

The alumni banquet this year promises to be an important event to those who are back for the Homecoming celebration. The cost of the plates is seventy-five cents, but all the proceeds, through the courtesy of Dr. Mathewson, will go to the alumni endowment fund for deserving, needy students. This will aid the alumni association in realizing the new goal of \$10,000 for the endowment fund.

Miss Leona Haulot, secretary of the Alumni Association, and Mr. Barry, president, are in charge of the banquet ticket sale. All the alumni and the faculty, with their husbands and wives, are cordially urged to attend the banquet.

Geographics Meet At Adams Home

At the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Adams, the Geographic Society met at their ranch home southwest of Tempe Thursday, Nov. 3. Their son, Eugene, popular College Junior, is a Geographic. The hospitality of the Adamses was greatly enjoyed, especially by the dormitory students.

The program of the evening centered about a talk given by "Chic" Vihel, one of the members of the society, on prospecting for copper with the diamond drill and his experiences along this line during the summer. A social hour followed during which Mrs. Adams served refreshments.

SENIOR REVERIES

(About the Eighth Week of the Quarter)

(Apologies to the real author)
I wish I were a little rock a sittin'
A sittin' on a hill,
Not a doin' nothin'
But jes' a sittin' still.
I wouldn't write, I wouldn't read,
I wouldn't even think,
I'd jes' sit still a million years,
An' rest myself, by jinks!

—C. J.

AS LITTLE BOYS SEE IT

Betty: Let's play college; what do you say?
Junior: All right. I'll get a pipe and you get daddy's check book.

Tempe Bulldogs Defeat Gila Red Devils 14 to 0

WELCOME TO SERVICE BOYS FROM T. S. T. C.

Nine years have passed. We have forgotten much since the days when troop ships slipped quietly down New York Bay before dawn. Hatred, jealousy, suspicion—all are gone these nine years—forgotten.

But we can never forget the legions that marched into the East, singing "Mademoiselle from Armentiers." Bayonets and Liberty bonds, reparations and the submarine terror mappily are now only history.

But the boys from T. S. T. C.—the singing, laughing, swearing, fighting "Boys"—they will remain in our hearts forever.

Welcome back to the School—
from whence you started.

Blazina Is New Athletic Editor

Frank Blazina was elected to serve the Collegian Staff as the new athletic editor at the last official meeting of the staff. He took charge of athletics for this edition. Blazina is about the only Freshman every to enjoy full membership rights, as it is not the regular policy of the staff to take people in who have not had at least one year on the Tempe campus. However, Blazina's ability and past experience in the Journalism classes at Jerome merit this appointment. He contributed some good features in the previous numbers.

Blazina will fill the vacancy made by Robert Stroud's resignation. Stroud was unable to continue on the staff due to other activities. The Collegian staff extends a hearty welcome to Frank.

FACULTY MAKES NEW REGULATIONS

The annual faculty meeting was held Monday, November 7. At that time a collection of the rules and regulations relating to all matters of the college campus were submitted to the faculty for their approval. Some of these have long been established by the various student councils and some have already been presented for approval. These rules are largely those that have been enforced during the past years. They are being put into proper, concise form, in a booklet, so that they may be used as a ready reference.

New regulations will be announced at the next assembly on Monday, November 14.

HOMECOMING DANCE TONIGHT

The various activities and events of Homecoming Day will culminate in a big dance tonight at 8 o'clock in the new gymnasium. Make this a real Homecoming Dance for the Alumni.

COLLEGE SENIORS GIVE DINNER

The College Senior class will give a dinner at 6 o'clock Tuesday, Nov. 15, at the Grand Cafe, in honor of Mr. Irish and Mr. Blackburn, monitors of the class.

Playing fast, offensive football, the Tempe Bulldogs defeated the Gila Red Devils at Thatcher, 14 to 0, on November 5. Both touchdowns were the result of a well executed aerial attack exhibited in the second quarter.

The Bulldogs outplayed the Red Devils throughout the entire game and would have run up a higher score, but were deprived of touchdowns on numerous occasions by costly fumbles and penalties. Over 200 yards in penalties were chalked up against Tempe, twice touchdowns being called back by the referee.

The Tempe team as a unit worked better than it has any time this season, putting Gila entirely on the defensive and enabling Coach McCreary to send the second string squad into the fray in the last half.

Dick and Grasmoen, playing ends; Bob Mullen, linesman, and Caywood, quarterback, starred for the Maroon and Gold. Caywood, on the throwing end of forward passes, made touchdowns possible by his accurate throwing and was the biggest threat in the Bulldog offense.

The only casualty of the Tempe aggregation was a slightly sprained ankle, received by Goodwin. The rest of the squad is intact and have spent the last week getting into shape for the Homecoming battle with the Junior College Bears.

Prizes Given By Tempe Merchants

T. S. T. C. appreciates the support of the townspeople. Homecoming Day has brought us many supporters among the Tempe merchants and business men who are anxious to see the old college go over big. One of these is Mr. C. A. Goodwin who is giving a large, silver loving cup as a prize to the organization which enters the best float in the college parade. The floats will be judged from the standpoint of originality, artistic effect and the expression of Homecoming spirit. Judges of the parade will be Mrs. Mabel Avery, President of the Tempe Woman's Club; Mr. Wivel, Principal of the Tempe Grammar School and Mr. McCann, Vice President of the Civic Club. The judges reviewing stand will be placed in front of McCann's Drug Store. We wish to thank these merchants and others who have helped toward the success of Tempe's Homecoming Day.

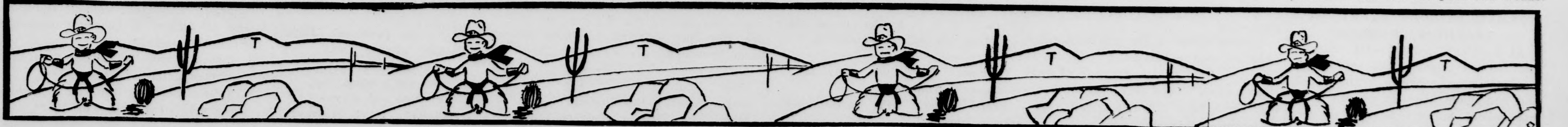
In addition to the above gift, Thew's Clothing Store is presenting a handsome, lumberjack sweater to the first Tempe Bulldog making a tackle after the kickoff. The Bulldogs welcome the spirit of these townspeople and take this opportunity to thank them.

SPECIAL SESSION OF LEGISLATURE ENDS

The Arizona Legislature adjourned its special session without making further appropriations for the benefit of the college, as it was hoped. This will necessitate the strictest economy and the abandonment of plans that it was hoped could be completed or carried through.

MRS. MATTHEWS ILL

Mrs. Matthews is at the present time very ill with a severe attack of the flu. She has been under a doctor's care for the past two weeks.





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.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

Editor-in-Chief.....Beatrice Felton
 Associate Editor.....Miriam Stafford
 Business Manager.....Francis Vibel
 News Editor.....Sophie Johannsen
 Athletic Editor.....Frank Blazina
 Society Editor.....Marjorie Barr
 Circulation Manager.....Jess Hayes
 Cartoonist.....Pearl Saylor
 Faculty Advisor.....J. W. Hoover

Editorial

APPRECIATION IS DUE THE HOMECOMING COMMITTEES

What have you done to make Homecoming a success? Have you done anything to make the old grads feel at home, have you done anything for your school, your society, for the alumni and for yourself? Too much credit can not be given to the committee in charge of the Homecoming program. Although this is only the second attempt at a Homecoming Day, the committee has gone about its work in an organized and systematic way under the able direction of Mrs. Miriam Stafford. More elaborate plans than ever before in the history of the school have been carried out. As a result, Homecoming Day has really been made to mean something and will be something to look forward to each year. Again—have you done your part? Too often students are ready to criticize a campus movement, or in fact, to underestimate the efforts of a group working for the success of a movement. The spotlight of public favor cannot be focused on every individual or group working upon a project. Very often those responsible for the success of a project or campus activity must be content to sacrifice personal time and effort without recognition. These persons are the true backbone of the group. Their only compensation comes in knowing that they have rendered satisfactory service and in that realization they know that they have made good. Many times we are too willing to "pass the buck" in an effort to keep out of something or "let somebody else do it." Let's all lose that attitude and do our part! The success of Homecoming Day has been the result of such effort and sacrifice, and the committees and their chairmen are to be congratulated. But are we going to let them have all the recognition? No—we are Bulldogs. Grab hold and let's hang on!

JOIN THE ROOTERS' CLUB

Today at the football game between the Bulldogs and the Junior College Bears, we should take it upon ourselves to get behind the "Pep Club" and root for all that we are worth. This display of spirit is the best thing that has happened in the history of our school, in the matter of placing our famous Alma Mater on the map. Everybody out and show the alumni that we are real Bulldogs!

WELCOME, "PHILO" ALUMNI!

Don't forget the informal luncheon in the "Y" rooms at 12 o'clock. We are all glad to have so many of you with us as it means a real "get-together" and a chance for reviving old times.

Mrs. MacCreary entertained the society Tuesday evening, November 1, with a Halloween bridge party in her apartment at Alpha Hall. The rooms were cleverly decorated with Halloween motif and we played cards by spooky candle light. First prize went to Alice Kay and second to Ione Hodges. Miss Dobbs was unable to be there for the beginning of the party but she soon came and entered into the fun.

The meeting on Tuesday evening, Nov. 8, was composed mostly of business matters, float discussion and alumni preparations. The play, "Beggars on Horseback," by Coffman and Connelly, was completed. The society enjoyed the play a great deal. The next number on the "Philo" program is the well known play, "Anna Christie," by O'Neill.

NORMAL SENIORS START NEW TEACHING PROGRAM

At 9 o'clock next Monday morning the Normal Seniors will begin their new teaching program. The teaching lists have been up on the training school bulletin board for over a week.

"DREAM NOT!"

I rose one sunny morning
 And heard a bluebird sing
 And in his happy warble
 He told me it was spring.

My soul did long to answer
 To sing and dream as he;
 I put aside my studies
 And rested 'neath a tree.

I watched a lazy cloudlet
 Just floating in the sky
 And dreamed I was a fairy
 Upon it sailing by.

I wandered through a forest
 And paused beside a stream,
 I built a lovely castle
 Just made of starlight gleam.

I found myself in heaven
 And saw the queerest thing:
 Instead of Peter, Prexie
 Stood by the gate with wings.

My heart was filled with pleasure
 For just inside the gate
 With golden harp a-strumming
 Came forth dear Mrs. Waite.

So pleased and thrilled to see her
 Inside the gate I dashed,
 But met this chilly greeting,
 "Know not the lights have
 flashed?"

And then I told my story
 About the "flats" and such—
 And she again forgave me
 Believing it? Not much!

An angel then approached us
 With gallantry of yore
 And tipped the golden halo
 That on his head he wore.

My happiness then heightened
 For I was pleased to see
 That even Mr. Irish
 Still remembered me.

Resolved to look about me
 E'er Prexie changed his mind,
 I turned to scan the court room
 And who should I but find—

There was Dean Felton
 Enrobed as Father Time,
 With mallet and a bell
 He made the moments chime.

The ringing tones grew louder
 I know not what they said
 For as I went to ask about them
 Something struck my head.

My dream was quickly broken
 (For heels can do it well)
 And understand the reason—
 It was the dining bell!

So to my feet I scampered
 And joined the marathon
 To dash inside the doorway
 At the last beat of the gong.

A moral I must give you
 Or useless this would seem:
 Just set ye ol' alarm clock
 Before you start to dream!
 —K. W.

SENIOR CLASS ROOTERS AT FLAGSTAFF

The Senior class, accompanied by Miss Blair and advisor, Mr. Irish, went to Flagstaff to help support the team. This was the first attempt of a class to participate as a whole in an enterprise of this kind. The Seniors feel it to have been most successful.

The class left Friday after classes and spent the night at the St. Michael hotel in Prescott. Saturday morning, early, the journey to Flag was resumed. With colors of T. S. T. C. flying boldly, Flagstaff and the campus were invaded. There was nothing lacking in the yelling that afternoon.

Besides cheering for the team, the class engaged in becoming acquainted with the faculty and students of our rival school. They feel a great deal may be gained through friendly association of this kind.

Our Hall of Fame Dormitory News

GRACE CHILTON

Out of Clifton town have come many famous people to our school. Not the least of these is one dark-haired lass by the name of Grace Chilton.

Grace is so busy with classes and meetings and committees and just helping other people along that we found it very difficult to get any information concerning herself from her. However, this much we did learn:

Grace was born way back (Oh, not so far back) in 1907, and her early childhood was spent in Duncan, Arizona. She moved to Clifton while still, well, not so very old, and attended Junior High School and High School there. She was graduated from High School in '25 and worked in an office a year before coming to Tempe.

Since joining the ranks of Tempe Grace has made herself not only lovable but useful. She not only made a reputation by her high grades, but has also taken an active interest in extra curricular activities.

Grace is a member of Delta Theta and the Geographic Society. She serves as Undergraduate Representative on the "Y" Cabinet. Last summer Grace was one of the girls sent from Tempe as a delegate to the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Asilomar, California. While there, she distinguished herself so much that at the close of the conference, she was chosen one of the two girls from the Conference to membership on the executive council of Asilomar Division. This is the first time Tempe College has ever had a member on the council and we are exceedingly proud of Grace. Grace went to Los Angeles several weeks ago for a meeting of the council. She came home with inspiration enough to spur us all to do better things for "Y" and T. S. T. C.

Grace exemplifies the "all-around" girl—good in baseball, in scholarship, always busy, but never too busy to smile and help a comrade out of a hard school management problem. Are we for Grace? We are!

TOMMY McCARTY

Somebody has said sometime, somewhere, that "rare jewels come in small packages," and everybody promptly took it for granted that this quotation applied to the fairer sex, but I, being a revolutionist by nature and broad minded by practice, think that rare jewels don't always wear silk dresses and long curls—draw your own conclusions.

Tommy came to us from Superior High School—came quietly and unpretentiously and yet managed somehow to attract the attention of the registrars the first day—at least the girls that were there for the purpose of helping register dumb Freshmen. He did not seem as helpless as most of them. He knew what he wanted and worked till he got it.

Our little Tommy, if he'll pardon us for calling him that, was born in Denver, Colorado, the youngest in a family of three boys. He attended the schools of Denver and Colorado Springs until about 1919, when his parents moved to Superior, Arizona. Tommy attended the schools there and made a name for himself and his school in athletics. One of the boys who played basketball on an opposing team had this to say: "McCarty simply couldn't be stopped. If he couldn't go around them he would go under them." Tempe is expecting great things from McCarty in that field. We are already getting "great things" from Tommy in football. Some of the fellows said McCarty was always making them feel like doing wonderful things or killing people by his art of saying just the right thing at the right time. He did "great things" on the high school football team, too. For instance, McCarty threw a forward pass once and the player who was supposed to catch it fumbled. This roused Tommy's fighting ire; to think that someone would try to spoil his perfectly good forward pass. So McCarty ran up and caught the pigskin himself before it had even touched the ground! Of course after going that far he decided he might as well complete it, so he made a touchdown! "Scientists" say that's the first time such a play was ever made. We mean catching his own forward pass, not the touchdown.

Tommy is as Irish as his name indicates. He confided once that his mother and father were Irish, too! Tommy's parents live in Phoenix now and we are very glad that he chose T. S. T. C. as the proper place to obtain his college education.

Corrine: "Say, dear, they say a kiss speaks volumes."
 Brute Sutter: "Oh, Corrine, let's start a library."

ALPHA HALL

To Thatcher

Art Mercer and Harvey Tyson accompanied the football team to Thatcher. Did they have fun? Ask Art and Harvey.

To Superior

Hugh Ennes spent the week-end in Superior. We saw you, Hugh. You make a very good head linesman.

Flying Trip

Joe Smith and Frank Blazina made a flying trip to Globe. They had planned to go to Globe and then to Casa Grande to see the pagent. Their "can" would not hold, so they returned to Tempe—just in time to miss lunch.

Love Sick!

As far as we can learn there is only one case of love sickness in the "Thundering Herd." Charlie Gilmore, what IS the matter with you? Who is she?

Our House Mother

Mrs. McCreary, our house mother, stayed home and took care of us while the McCrearians were away doing their stuff on the old gridiron.

Welcome, Alumni

Alumni, the place is yours. We have five extra rooms and a number of beds that can be tied together to accommodate three people. Come on over and see our new dormitory!

Is It Possible?

It came to me suddenly like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky on a day in June! Surely not—Mr. Burkhard couldn't—but he had! He had! I was just leaving the room after a Sociology class when the realization came. I let the door swing back in the face of the person behind me in my extreme distraction. Oh, dear, something must be done immediately. Things had to begin to happen—but what should I do? As yet I appeared to have been the only one in the class to have made the discovery. How thoughtless are human beings!

I turned quickly to the group in the hall. I know my face was ashy white. I must have stared at them crazily for there crept a deathly stillness over the entire group. I told them as calmly as possible that which they all should have noticed if they had not been so wrapped up in their own affairs.

The moment the words fell from my lips things began to happen. Three girls fainted into the arms of the nearest three men, several girls screamed and ran from the building. Others stood as if petrified, with white faces on which horror and anxiety were written. I saw immediately that I was to get no help from anyone so I rushed to the telephone and told Dr. Moer to come to Mr. Burkhard's room at once. Then I ran into the library and told Mr. Cookson to go see Mr. Burkhard immediately. I also went over to the office and sent Mr. Irish flying over. I did all I could. Then I decided I would go back myself and see if there was anything else I could do.

When I arrived in front of Mr. Burkhard's door the students were still standing around, dazed, whispering occasionally to one another. But when I went inside the room Mr. Cookson, Cap. Irish, the doctor, and even Mr. Burkhard himself turned to me angrily and asked, "Why all the excitement."

And so I had to tell them with infinite care and patience.

Mr. Burkhard had just held a class in Sociology and not once had he mentioned the new Ford!

HUNTING THE NECKTIE

"Mirandy! What's that pink checkered tie o' mine? (Louder) What did ya say? (Loudest) I can't hear a dern thing that you say!"

Miranda emerges her head from a dusty old trunk in the attic.

"What's that?"

"I can't find that pink tie that you give me for my birthday before we wuz married!"

"When wuz the last time that you wuz a-wearin' it?"

"I reckon it wuz the day pore Jim Taylor wuz buried."

"Wal, Si Slickum, wen you goin' to start usin' yer head? Don't you 'member that you choked on that chicken bone at Jim's wake, on you had to take your tie off on the way home from the buryin'?" Reckon you better go out and look under the buggy seat, instead o' wastin' yer time lookin' in the trunk!"

Miranda sighed to herself:

"Ef that man kin live through this here Homecoming Day, I know he'll live till the next one—jest wait an' see. But believe me, it's one job to get that man o' mine in shape for them Homecoming celebrashuns!"

Mac: Foul.
 Bill: Where's the feathers?
 Mac: Sh! This is a picked team.

Yesterday and Today

(For Benefit of Alumni)

"Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay, That was built in such a logical way? It ran a hundred years to a day, And then, of a sudden, it—but stay."

Member fellows? It was Fair week! You had the audacity to ask your very best girl to go buggy riding. And wonders hadn't ceased even then. She accepted!

Can't you just see it all, plain as yesterday, that ol' rig you hired from the livery stable down by the Butte? It was all shined up for the occasion, a very special occasion indeed. You drove up to East Hall and clambered out. Remember how unnecessary you felt when you asked for Miss Sally Smyth (spelled with a "y") in the deep basso voice you'd been practicing and it turned into a kiddish squeak? Well, that wasn't quite so bad as when you helped her into the buggy. She couldn't step up because—horrors!—you were standing on her skirt! Was ever a mortal so mortified as you? You sat on one side of the buggy and the girl friend sat on the other. Both of you were so self-conscious until the buggy accidentally lurched into a huge chuck hole, and then things went better.

And then—just as you were returning home, a buggy shaft broke and old Dobbin obediently stopped at your strenuous yanks. He looked 'round inquiringly as if to say: "Well, ol' chap, what are you going to do about it? Huh?" Let's draw the curtain over the rest of this scene and proceed.

Yesterday, my Roomie unblushingly confessed that he had asked Dotty Delight to try a spin in his Flivver. Before setting out, he made extensive preparations, such as adjusting his beanie cap on one side of his cranium cavity and untying his necktie with painstaking care. Then, considering himself thoroughly "Collegiate," he set out. After cranking an hour on his Ford, he was rewarded by hearing an inharmonious "chug! chug! chug!"

He drove up to Matthews Hall and honked the horn vehemently. Dolly dashed madly out of the building and draped herself gracefully on the makeshift seat. And the trip began! After the couple had jointly guided the plunging Flivver all around the narrow desert roads, the valiant machine began to protest, and finally coughed twice and stopped. After a few minutes of vociferous discussion, the pair left the Flivver where it stood, and hiked back to town, having more fun that a barrel of monkeys. And nevertheless, once more, a good time was had by all. Maybe times have changed, but—so ways the world.

The Sub

The whistle blew, the game was on, And all the field was cleared, When out upon the field There went the galloping, thundering herd.

A coin was tossed, the decision made And all at once The game was on And nothing could be heard.

The quarterback with flashy eyes, Was looking right and left, And everyone was in there, too, To die or do his best.

A Pass, a fake, a run, Or anything would do, When out upon the field did run A third string sub so true.

With flaring eyes he played the game, With all he had an' could do, At last! At last! The time did come And with the ball tucked under arm Made madly for the goal.

Twenty yards and still he went, Unstopped, by undaunted fears Until he'd crossed the goal And the air was full of cheers.

The crowd stood up; cheered And cheered until they could no more, But all the third string sub received was:

"How lucky you were to score."

But time has passed since that day And still they say the same, But this third string halfback Made the Harvard team.

A TOAST TO ALUMNI

Here's to the good ol' Alumni! May they always live, And never die, Come give 'em a toast In the same old way— Z-Z-Boom! Ray! Hurray!

Tempe Graduate

(Continued from Page One)

den was graduated from the Arizona Territorial Normal School at Tempe in the class of 1896. He is a true native son of Arizona, as he was born in the town of Tempe. The entire Tempe community knows him well and follows his career with interest.

Upon graduating from Tempe he attended Stanford University from 1896-1900. The mercantile and flour milling business in Tempe occupied his attention for some time. In 1904, his political career began when he became a delegate to the Democratic national convention. In 1904, he was also elected treasurer of Maricopa County. He became sheriff of the county in 1907. This office he held until his election in 1912 as United States Congressman at large from the State of Arizona. He continued to act as Congressman till 1926, when he was elected United States Senator.

Mr. Hayden never fails to visit Tempe when his duties permit. He is well known as a staunch friend of the school. Miss Sally Hayden, beloved by students and graduates of Tempe, is Mr. Hayden's sister. Tempe takes pride in being the home of the Hayden family.

COLONEL McCLINTOCK

Tempe Alumnus

Colonel James H. McClintock, historian, pioneer and war veteran, was graduated from the Arizona Territorial Normal School at Tempe in the class of 1887, the first class to be graduated from the school.

Born in Sacramento, California, of pioneer stock, he early came to Arizona. After graduating from the Normal School, he taught for some time in the public schools.

At the time of the Spanish-American War he became a captain in the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, better known as the Rough Riders. He was severely wounded in action in Cuba. From 1902 to 1910 he was colonel of the First Regiment of Infantry in the National Guard of Arizona, later becoming Adjutant General.

Newspaper work interested him, and he became owner and editor of the Tempe News. During this period he made his home in Tempe. He now writes for various news agencies and is press correspondent for the Los Angeles Times. His "History of Arizona" is an able and interesting work. Another important volume deals with the Mormon settlement of Arizona. From 1919 to 1923 he was State Historian of Arizona.

During the years from 1902 to 1914 Colonel McClintock acted as postmaster at Phoenix. In 1922 he was a candidate for the United States Senate. He is ex-president of the Arizona Folk Lore Society, a member of the Arizona Archaeological Society, ex-president of the Rough Riders Association, and department commander of the United Spanish War Veterans.

For several years he was a member of the School Board of the Tempe Normal School and has always been deeply interested in the progress and welfare of the school. Whenever possible he is present at alumni reunions and takes pleasure in maintaining personal connection with Tempe. He is always a most delightful and genial man to meet and probably is the best informed man in all matters pertaining to the State.

SPHINX CLUB ORGANIZES

The married women of the campus have recently formed an organization known as the Sphinx Club. Membership numbers 34, both married women and widows being eligible. Activities are to be both social and educational in character.

Officers are: President, Mrs. P. T. Schneider; Vice-President, Mrs. John Barry; Secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Rockwell.

The activities of this new organization promise to be interesting. It is a new type of club for Tempe State Teachers College. The fact that membership is large is significant of the larger part education is taking throughout the country. Watch the Sphinx Club! It is unique. Such a group is sure to make its influence felt over the campus.

HEAVY STUFF?

"I want a book," said Alice Beck. "Something light?" suggested Mrs. Cookson.

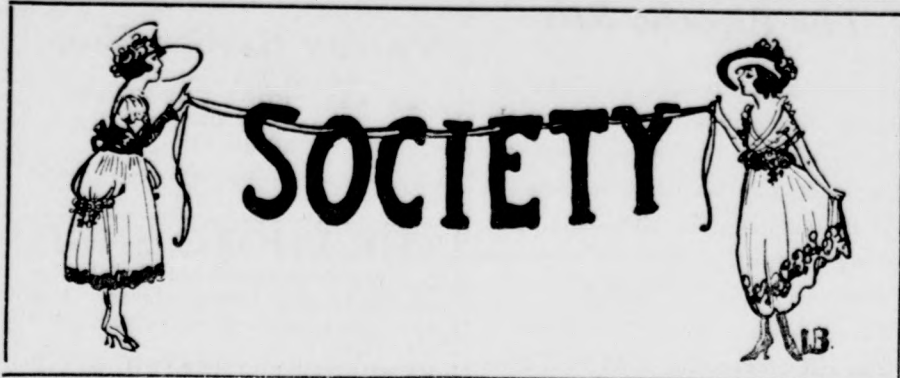
"Oh no, that doesn't matter, Farrel is waiting to carry it home."

COINCIDENCE

Tobe: "See hyah, woman! Didn't ah see yo' kissin' a no-'count piece o' trash las' night?"

Liza: "G'wan, Tobe. It was so da'k ah done thought it was yo!"

Tobe: "Come to think on it, mebbe 'twas me—what time wuz dat?"



PI IOTA GAMMA

"Be quiet, kids! Some girls want to study. For heavens sake don't shout so. Nothin's goin' to hurt you!"

Maybe we had better explain ourselves. Well, Josephine, Raye and Elizabeth surprised the Pi Iota Gammas with a Hallowe'en feed. It was a darb! The room was decorated very effectively and spookily in orange and black with black cats, witches and skeletons peeping out from the shadows. The table was covered with an orange and black cloth. Places were found by the aid of witchy place cards.

Mrs. Waite was in on this. She was our guest of honor. We surely hope she enjoyed it as much as we did.

Who are WE? We're the Pi Iota Gammas! The members are Janie Westerfield, Kathryn Willumber, Leasie Ray Vickers, Carmen Larison, Josephine Pancrazi, Virgie Harris, Elizabeth Jones and Esther Scott.

PHI BETA EPSILON

On the first Tuesday in November the Phi Betas met for a short business meeting in Mr. McCall's room. Committees were appointed to take care of the alumni tea and the float which are both a part of the Homecoming program.

It had previously been decided that at every regular meeting a report would be given on some worthwhile book. Our first report was given by Jean Taylor on "The Egoist," by George Meredith, and proved interesting. We are hoping to get a lot from these weekly reports and intend to continue them throughout the year.

Later in the evening the Phi Betas adjourned to Miss Blair's room, where a very real stage (with lights 'n'everything) had been arranged. Upon this stage we saw and heard the characters Galsworthy put into his play, "The Pigeon."

The play will be finished and a discussion of it will follow at the next Phi Beta meeting.

KALAKAGATHIA NEWS

"Flowers, Please"

For some reason or other the K. K. A.'s are not feeling well enough to attend the meetings. Even the new fine of 10 cents for each time missed does not seem to register. Oh dear, what can the matter be? "Examinations" can be used, but they did not stop the crowd during examination week, so we will discard that excuse. Perhaps it is the task of cleaning the rooms for inspection on Wednesday that is at the bottom of this misdemeanor. Who knows?

Everybody chip in and send us some flowers—maybe that will cheer us up. Anyway, something must be done (for even I have been absent) if you see any members of this famous organization straying around the campus on Tuesday eve, kindly direct them to South Hall and we shall appreciate it.

On Tuesday, Nov. 1, there were only three members present, but they had the BEST time! Miss Anderson showed them all kinds of knots, not knots, and if you notice anything queer about the way the Alices have their ties tied don't say anything, for "they know how." After wearying of this hardy sport the rest of the evening was spent in "discussion"—particularly of those that were absent, even if it isn't nice. But we admit it was deserved. Then the meeting adjourned.

On Tuesday (as ever), Nov. 8, the crowd was all on deck and how do you suppose that happened? No one seems to be able to solve the puzzle. Well, anyway, the minutes were read and approved without any strong opposition, then the fun began. We settled down to a hearty discussion of our float for Homecoming. If all the girls would think as much as they did that night, there would

not be any trouble over grades. Suggestions were given by all and the best ones adopted. What these were we will let you see Saturday. Committees were appointed to take care of the various duties connected with making a float. Instructions were given out. By then it was 9 o'clock. We all left in the best of spirits and hope to meet again.

ZETA SIGMA

"The Master Builder," by Ibsen, is the latest number on the Zetetic program. Last Tuesday night, Nov. 8, the Zetetic Society read the first act of the play. Several members had a bad case of giggles early in the meeting, but as they became interested in Ibsen's masterpiece, they forgot their little joke—whatever it was.

The Zetetics discussed plans for Homecoming Day, such as those pertaining to the society float and the reception for alumni members. The society will receive its old members in the kindergarten rooms, where regular Zetetic meetings are always held.

After a rather strenuous social program consisting of desert picnics and the Ingleside banquet, at which the Zetetic Society entertained the presidents and monitors of the other societies, the Zetetics plan to do some real work in the dramatic line. The Zetetics have enjoyed the quarter and feel that they have accomplished something in the way of "Better Bulldog Spirit" by their association with the heads of the other organizations.

Nettie Brooks, society treasurer, is busy collecting money, the result of the new ruling which makes absence from society meetings wear a 25-cent price mark and tardiness a 10-cent tag. The merits of this ruling are twofold, and reinforce each other. The treasury fund will either be swelled or else the roll call will have no absent checks. Whichever way it works, Zeta Sigma will benefit.

The Zetetics extend a royal welcome to all alumni.

Kinds of Cars On the Kampus

Did you know that over half of the motoring population of T. S. T. C. flittered along flippantly in Fords, or that these much berated vehicles are favored by faculty and students alike? A census of the automobiles on the Tempe campus as 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon revealed that of the fifty-two cars here at that time twenty-nine were Fords. The Chevrolets came next in favor, then the Dodges, and next the Chryslers. Other makes seen were: The Star, Whippet, Buick, Moon, Studebaker, Essex and Willys-Knight.

The much inscribed and blatantly postered car is absent from our streets, which shows Tempe has kept up-to-date. There is one small roadster painted a pale and reluctant green. If it belongs to a Freshman it is very appropriately finished.

Thirteen of the cars had Bulldog stickers on the windshield, showing that for once the unlucky number had a happy meaning.

The faculty cars deserve a word. They express mutely, but accurately, the personalities of their owners. First of all is Prexie's Studebaker, large, comfortable, tolerant, it trundles about the roads. Professor Burkhard's Dodge, while not in the first faint flush of youth, has a studied, thoughtful air and meekly bears its burdens. Dean Felton's Chrysler has a slightly rakish air. It is collegiate and if at times it appears a trifle bored or noisy, you'll understand, there is a reason. Another Chrysler on the campus is very different in its air. It is most business-like and seems quite like Miss Hayden herself. Mr. Holliday's Chevrolet seems as they did that night, there would

mined zest as its owner. There are other faculty automobiles, but these appeared most prominent when the census was taken.

Prominent among the student Fords are Runt's pale and paralytic Ford of the angry asthmatic voice; Art Mercer's Ford, which he has been known to loan; a robin's egg blue roadster, owner unknown; and the one belonging to our Caruso, Terrell. There are several roadsters of superior make and a few lofty sedans which belong to students from Phoenix. They represent the aristocracy of cardom, but all mingle happily here.

Do you ever feel when you pass the lines of cars parked along the walks that you see in them a reflection of their owners? Reckless cars with open doors, exasperated cars with flat rear tires; tired cars with sagging springs; "go-getter" cars which speak for themselves; retiring, bashful cars which seem to shrink; shining new cars which boast and shabby old cars that wait; they are all here and an interesting part of our campus.

COLLEGIANS AID RED CROSS IN DISASTER RELIEF

College men and women throughout the country played important parts the last year in the memorable disaster relief work conducted by the American National Red Cross. It was a task calculated to appeal to collegians—the magnitude of it constituted a challenge. When one remembers that 600,000 persons were dependent at one time upon the Red Cross for food and shelter, the immensity of the job is apparent. Several Southern States saw their most fertile farm lands converted into a great lake. The Father of Waters challenged his adherents as never before. How well they met the challenge is an old story by now. In every community where the rising waters became a menace to life and property the undergraduates of the institutions in the locality marshaled themselves into a relief body. They took orders from the Red Cross directors on the scene and performed prodigies of service. Their intelligence, their courage and their untiring youth was an inspiration.

Not that the students deserve or expect special commendation. It was an emergency calling for the best in every citizen. Naturally the collegians were involved, but involved gloriously and in a manner befitting the best traditions of American scholastic life. Similar scenes were enacted throughout the country. While the Mississippi burst its levees twelve other catastrophes were reported in other States. Red Cross relief was promptly forthcoming. The last year was a trying one in practically all sections of the United States. Twenty-five States suffered disaster in some form during the last twelvemonth. Flood, fire, cyclone and explosion followed one another with grim persistence. It was a period designed to try the patience and optimism of the bravest. But the American people won through—and the Red Cross served as the medium in every case.

The total number of disasters reached the appalling figure of 77 during the last fiscal year, including the gigantic Mississippi floods. Small wonder that the college men and women throughout the Nation found opportunity for practical application of their abilities. But there exists a brighter side. Not all the activity of the Red Cross consisted of providing disaster relief.

The great universities accommodating thousands of young men made splendid progress the past year in teaching proficiency in water-rescue

and swimming. The colleges concede the pre-eminence of the Red Cross in fostering and developing water safety, swimming and first aid courses. The athletic programs of the universities were well adapted to specializing in this field. Yale turned out from 100 to 150 men trained in swimming and water safety. Dartmouth was not far behind, while at West Point and Annapolis the poor swimmer was the glaring exception.

Swimming is frequently chosen as the winter sport in many colleges. From the indoor tanks the swimmers emerge to engage in summer activities, such as participation in Red Cross Life Saving Institutes, held annually. The girls' colleges are just as keen as their brothers in acquiring water proficiency. Smith, Wheaton, Bryn Mawr and Western College College hung up notable records the past year. The technical colleges avail themselves of other Red Cross instruction courses with gratifying results. The pulling power of these courses lies in their being essentially practical. They mean something to the possessor, not only in college but afterwards.

The eleventh annual membership roll call of the American National Red Cross will be held as usual from Armistice Day through Thanksgiving—November 11 to 24—thereby affording the college students of the Nation an opportunity to indorse their Red Cross, and by participation through membership, insure the maintenance of each of its services.

Alumni News

Miss Lorena Stroud, a graduate of Tempe Normal School in 1918, is now private secretary of the president of the Tempe National Bank. Lorena says that she is still a T. S. T. C. booster, and will be out Saturday afternoon to watch the Bulldogs chew the Junior College Bears!

Comes to Homecoming

Miss Elizabeth Polhemus, graduate of T. S. T. C., is now teaching in the Lower Miami schools. She will be down for Homecoming Day.

The Misses Johnnie Beth Tyson and Clarissa Lambert are also teaching in Lower Miami.

Mrs. Murdock at Junior College

Mrs. John R. Murdock, a graduate of the Tempe degree class last year, has accepted a position at Phoenix Junior College. She is in charge of the Health Education of the girls of Junior College. Mrs. Murdock enjoys her new work very much.

Grand of '15 Stops In

Amelia Morden Phillips, graduate in the class of 1915, visited Tempe last week. She was on her way to the coast, but while in Tempe she called at Miss Kudobe's office. Mrs. Phillips has been engaged in Salvation Army work with her husband since her marriage. At present, they are at Mare Island Naval Base at Vallejo, Calif.

Former Tempe Girls Visit College

Mrs. Frank Wilkie, formerly Nellie Barry, and Mrs. Floyd Fiske, formerly Jessie Waterhouse, were visitors on the Tempe Campus last week.

SUSCEPTIBLE AUDIENCE

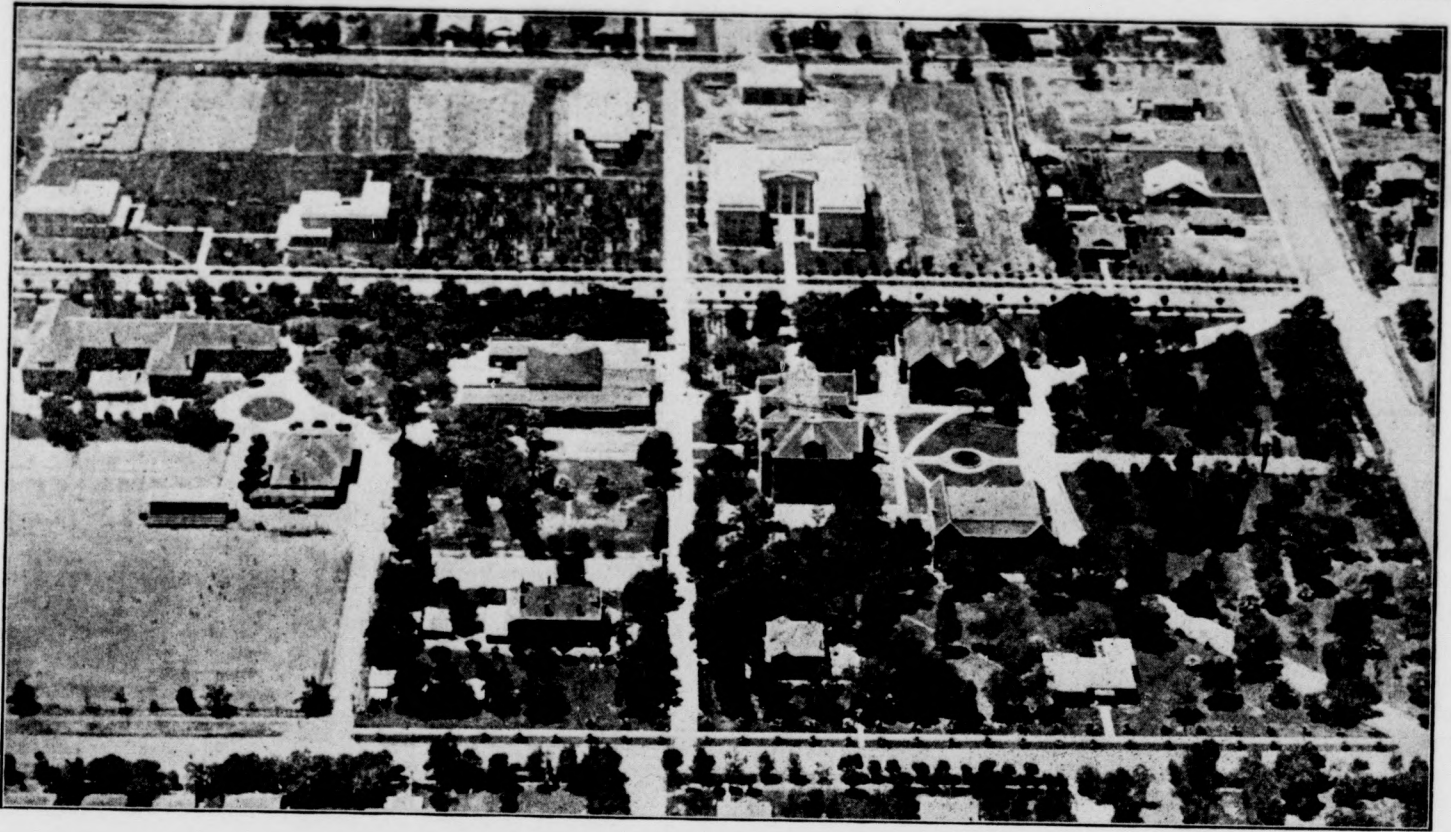
Prof. Holaday: "I am going to speak on liars today. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter of this book?"

(Nearly every Frosh held up his hand.)

Prof.: "Good! You're just the group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter."

Helen: I know the secret of popularity.

Mable: So do I, but mother says I mustn't.



The Campus from an Aeroplane, June, 1919

Tita in Tempe

BENNY OF BISBEE AT THE HOMECOMING

(By the Editor's Friend)

"Benny is coming!! Benny is coming!! Alice Duruy, do you hear me? My old pal, Benny from Bisbee, is coming to the Homecoming next Saturday!"

"You don't mean Benny Kamp, the star tackle of 1924?" Alice gasped.

"Positively, he is Benny. I asked him to come a long time ago but I didn't think he could make it. Now, he is coming."

"Well, I should swear. Some people have all the luck! I thought I was grand nabbing the tackle of this year's team and you present us with Benny Kamp! Tita, please may I look at him?"

"Oh, sure, looking is free," Tita replied as she figured it all out.

Tita knew that as a handsome man Benny made a good football tackle, but she also knew that he was a great catch at Tempe. And he was caught! Tita was not wild about him herself, but as a bait for David Butler there was none better. Ah, now Dave would take her seriously. That proud Swede would be sacked completely when he watched her dance with Benny. How could a man help being jealous? Benny danced like an angel and dressed like a Prince. Here was revenge! Tita might even refuse Dave when he asked ever so humbly to be forgiven.

The news made as great an impression on the rest of the girls as it did on Alice. Tita was hounded with questions about the celebrity from her home town until she wished that she had been born in China and never met Benny—except for Dave. It was Friday night when Tita waited after Lab. for Dave's friend, John. Her scheme all planned, she was walking calmly down the street when John passed her.

"Oh, hello, John!" she called, praying that he would walk with her.

"Hello there," he answered cheerfully. "Going my way?"

"You bet. How's life using you?" she answered by way of conversation.

"Fine, thanks."

"How is the football game going to come out Saturday?" Tita inquired, waiting her chance.

"Oh, we'll beat, of course, but it will be a hard game."

Now that was an opening. Tita took the opportunity. "You fellows better put up a good game because Benny Kamp from Bisbee will be here. He wrote me that he will be down to see me Saturday."

"Benny Kamp of Bisbee? Well, I'll be— Benny Kamp—"

"Yep, he is Benny. Sorry, but this is my corner, bye." Tita called as she left him.

That was done. Dave would know before morning that Benny of Bisbee was coming to see Tita and to attend the Homecoming.

Saturday came as all days have a habit of doing, and Tita met Benny. At the game she was more than happy. All the alumni knew Benny, and all the undergraduates wanted to know him. Tita was only too proud to show him off. She could only wish for one more thing: To make Dave madly jealous. But that was impossible unless David saw them together. Would the evening never come?

At eight-thirty Benny called for Tita and watched her admiringly as she met him in a brown and gold velvet dress which would have charmed the Grand Canyon. Tita and Benny danced twice, and Tita saw nothing of Dave. It was early,

she thought. He was planning to make his entrance something of a sensation, she must wait patiently. She waited. Couples came and went through the entrance, but Dave was not among them. Tita searched the dancers hopefully, but the face she was looking for was not there. Tita waited from nine until quarter to ten, and Dave did not come. Finally she excused herself and started toward the door to see if he could be outside. A group of fellows and girls were just asking the chaperons if they might be excused. What did they say?

"May we be excused? Dave Butler was hurt in the game today when they took him out and couldn't come to the dance. His mother asked a few of us to give him a party at his home tonight."

(To Be Continued)

To the Alumni

Way back in the eighties or nineties, or maybe not so many years ago, perhaps you were Campus Queen, Captain of the football team, "Y" President, the best all-around boy or the most popular girl, the Campus sheik or the College flapper. Maybe you were one of those bright scholarship students, one of those geniuses that is never appreciated at home. But whoever you are and whatever you were, T. S. T. C. is glad to see you back!

Once upon a time you were what we are now—College students. You argued with the "Profs." and thought the dormitory rules were too strict, had Library dates and did all the things that we are doing now. Today you have come back to live over again in memory those happy days of the past. Whoever you are and whatever you were, we are glad to see you back!

As you walk about on the same old campus and go through the same old buildings, where you received more or less education, and explore the new buildings and football field, we hope you will discover among the people you meet something that has not changed—something that time has made stronger. That is the Spirit of Tempe. Maybe we don't make as much noise as some people do at football games. Maybe we are too critical of our supervisors and their terrible tests sometimes, but we feel perfectly sure, Alumni, that you will find your best example has been followed. Every one of us is behind every boy on our football team, every instructor on our faculty, and everything our College feels worthy of its efforts. We hope you and our opponents will find us not only enthusiastically noisy, at the game, but courteous hosts and hostesses before and after the Bulldogs have defeated the Bears. For the same old Spirit of Tempe lives yet.

And now, Alumni, if you have suffered through Mr. Blackburn's tests, have not perished with intelligence after a course under Captain Irish, listened to Mr. Murdock's jokes, and argued with Mr. Burkhard, whoever you are and whatever you were, we are glad to see you back.

—A. M. B.

YOU DON'T SAY SO!

Skinny Goodwin: "You look like Helen Brown."

Dot Sorrels: "Thank you. I look even worse in white."

Frances B.: "Oh Marj, I'm the happiest girl alive! I'm going with the boy I want."

Marjorie Cox: Pooh, you little goose, that's nothing to the joy of going with a boy someone else wants."

Across THE CAMPUS

The Shop with the College Atmosphere

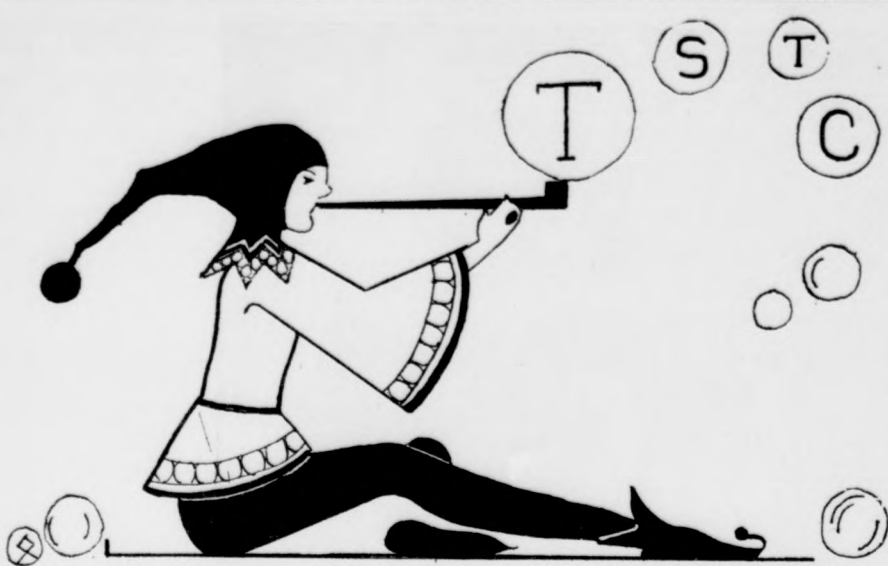
Across THE CAMPUS

DAD'S PLACE

NEC SORTE

NEC FACTO

SED SERVITUTE



LET'S GO!

What's the matter with the Alumni? They're all right! Who's all right? The Alumni! Who said so? We did! Who are we? We're the class that's up-to-date—Nineteen-twenty-eight!

Ennes: I want some winter underwear. Clerk: How long? Ennes: How long? I don't want to rent them, I want to buy them.

ROSIE'S LAST REQUEST

Judge: "Before being hanged, have you a last request to make?" Rosie the Barber: "Yes, your honor, I'd like to shave the prosecuting attorney."

COULDN'T SAY

Mr. Murdock (conducting a mock trial): Do you plead guilty or not guilty? Johnny Henderson: How can I tell, until I hear the evidence?

Ed Carr: An undertaker was run over by an auto and died. "Chic": He didn't make much on that funeral, did he? Ed Carr: No, in fact, he went in the hole.

NOT THE CAR, THE MAN

Refute this statement if you can. It's not the car, girls, it's the man.

We talk like this, I know not why, "The keenest car, but Oh, the guy!"

Yet when one says, "Come for a spin," I feebly smile and crawl right in!

We motor swiftly through the town, And issue looks that knock 'em down.

Until my choice goes rat'ling by, And grins at us and winks his eye,

And clatters on in stead of tin; While I just can't forget that grin.

In scorn I scan THAT at my side, And wonder why it doesn't hide.

Then he misunderstands the glance, And thinks I'm giving him a chance.

And so he tries to hold my hand, And coos about a wedding band.

And I just grit my teeth and smile, But I am thinking all the while:

"This guy is worse than common sin." And, "Where's the guy with the heavenly grin."

It makes no diff. how fast it ran, That piece of tin contained THE man!

Refute this statement if you can. It's not the car, girls, it's the man.

—K. W.

TO THE ALUMNI

Out of the realm of yesterday, Up from the days that are past, Out of the time of "long ago," You are coming back at last.

Back to the College of your youth, Where you once reigned supreme. Back where you were the popular one Or maybe the Campus Queen.

Back to the hall where the ivy climbed; Back where the fountain sprays. Many times as the years fly past, Your memory backward strays.

And now you have come in person here, There's much we would like to do— To extend the best of cheer And the heartiest of welcomes to you.

—A. M. B.

"Y" Treasure Hunt Is Success

A band of nondescript ghosts, witches, goblins, even wandering gypsies, "good folk and poor folk trooping all together" met at the old gym for directions at the start of the "Y" treasure hunt Friday night, October 28. At the entrance door of the Arts Building, which on that evening, stood in deep shadows, further directions led the revelers into a labyrinth that ended in a swift descent (very swift) into nether regions. The Pandemonium Passageway ended at the door of the Coffin Room. Moaning white ghosts were escorts of uncertain safeness. Still more blood-curdling were Bluebeard's wives hanging by their hair with the seventh one about to lose hers. Fate, fame and fortune were decided by the gypsies in the Fortune-Telling Room.

The real treasure at the end of the hunt was found back in the old gym, where Grace Chilton and Mr. Waltz put on a program of games and entertainment.

The success of the party was due to the co-operation of the heads of each committee under the supervision of Rachael Bogart, President of the "Y," and Margaret O'Connor, social chairman of the "Y" cabinet.

Marie Urquides had charge of the Coffin Room; Hildegard Tavote, Bluebeard's Wives; Marie Burum, fortune telling booth; Alice Knowles, black sprite; Maxine Musgrove, the Pandemonium Passageway; Katherine Willweber and Alice Beck composed the poetry of the directions; Lillian O'Connor had charge of refreshments and Harold Coke and Harry Culbert operated the slide.

BETWEEN CLASSES

I'm a terrible gossip, I know, But this is true, I find, The more I tell, the more I hear— Keep that in your mind!

Bob and Jane; Joe and Bib, Nice names, seems to me. Joe's the oldest, Bob's the youngest. Which one will it be?

Does age repel? Does youth attract? A problem 'tis, I see. It's hard to tell—you cannot tell Which one it will be.

The alphabet's a funny thing. It puts between "a" and "z" So many letters and persons, too. When seated alphabetically.

Martin and McCarty should go together, Side by side, you see. But there's always somebody between them When seated alphabetically.

Yes, he's married, I'll admit, And has a wife, no doubt, But you'd never think it of him When there's any ladies about.

But I wouldn't hold it against him If flirtatious manners come out. As he sits in that big library, When there's other ladies about.

I've other things that I might say, But I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll leave them till some other day, When you can gossip, too.

LARGE INSTITUTIONS DESTROY INDIVIDUALITY OF STUDENTS

"Great universities are fact factories. They do not build character," contends Dr. Harvey Wiley, noted educator and health authority. "The great universities with present-day enrollments of 5,000 to 25,000 are like factories, turning out graduates supplied with specified facts on certain subjects, but they lack the advantages of intimate contacts between teacher and student and the congenial community life which develops character and fosters culture," declares Dr. Wiley. "One dollar expended at Hanover, a small college in Indiana, gives as much culture as five at Harvard." As a graduate of both institutions, Dr. Wiley believes he can truly make this statement.

Dr. Wiley further states that "The safety of the future, the purity of learning and the efficiency of teaching are all intimately bound up with the small educational unit." This ought to encourage those individuals who do not possess a viewpoint broad enough to see that it's not the size of the enrollment that makes for culture and learning in an institution. You can learn anywhere you choose to learn. It all depends on you and your own initiative. Tempe can give

Ode To Her On Homecoming Day

There have been many sheiks around this campus who have been given the "sack;" being one of them in past days, I shall endeavor to write a poem about how I used to feel.

MY SWEETHEART

Once I had a sweetheart, A sweetheart kind and true; Her hair was dark and curly, Her darling eyes were blue.

She told me that she loved me, She phoned it to me so, I often went walking with her When the sun was setting low.

She was like most other dames And had a chum, you know, And off together trotted away To see the football games.

Things went fine for awhile And it was just because I was her football beau And also her Santa Claus.

Then came my chance to star, So I asked her, me to wed, But she merely trotted away And how she could shake her head.

And, now, many days have gone away And I am sick at heart. But I'd like to see her Homecoming day.

To help us do our part. The team will be out for blood And also out to tear, To fight and bite and scratch And pull that Bear's hair.

I'm a friend of everyone And have forgotten (romances of the past), Won't you come to the game And help us like you did last?

A victory this Saturday for T.S.T.C. Means more to you and me And also to our dear College Than a Romance of '23.

Now, I've forgotten love affairs, I'm out to do my best, And I feel just as Caywood does, I'm one of the rest.

Nov. 12 is Homecoming Day, Let's have it be the best. So come to the game Saturday And everyone yell your darn'est.

—"Brute" W. J. S.

you as much culture and training as you choose to take with you when you leave her. You can get as much from your course at Tempe State Teachers College as you could get at any other college in the country, for it's not where you take your course that matters; it's what you put into it that makes the score. The small college has advantages as well as the large institution.

The Picacho Rift

Considerable curiosity has been expressed concerning the rift in the earth recently opened up near the Picacho Mountains. The rift was visited by members of the Geographic Society Saturday morning, October 8 while en route to Tucson.

The following facts were noted: The rift crosses the road at a point about two miles southeast of Picacho. On the south side of the road it is no more than a conspicuous crack, but on the north side beyond the railroad it widens out several places as much as five feet. It has sluffed off somewhat where widest and deepest and was perhaps no more than three feet wide to begin with. It has therefore also filled up somewhat, so that at the time of the visit the deeper places were hardly more than ten feet deep.

The rift is apparently superficial and only in loose detrital material of fine texture. It certainly does not extend to bed rock, as the alluvium there must be quite deep. Later in the day it was learned from Mr. Ludy, who has charge of the United States Geodetic Survey station at Tucson, that an earthquake shock had been recorded at the time of the appearance of the rift, but that it was 150 miles away, while the rift was only about 50 miles away. It was so slight that it was recorded by no other seismograph and hence the location of the disturbance could not be determined. The rift is also in a section where there is considerable underground drainage, the waters of the Santa Cruz River disappearing some distance to the southeast and reappearing northwest of Casa Grande. The rift occurred at a time when there was an abundance of ground water from recent rains, in addition to the possible underground flow. It was therefore likely in the nature of a slump, except that the thrust was horizontal and due to an earth tremor instead of gravity. Contrary to first reports, it would not seem to indicate any readjustment in the structure of the Picacho Mountains or any local rock formation.

Frosh: What is the date, please? Dr. Bateman: Never mind the date, the examination is the important thing. Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Dr. Bateman: Never mind the date, the examination is the important thing.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

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

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, ALLEN-A SILK HOSEIERY T H E W ' S Men's and Boys' Wear ARIZONA

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

"McCann The Druggist" Says: Welcome Alumni