



THE TEMPE COLLEGIAN



VOL. 3.

TEMPE, ARIZONA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1927

No. 7

T. S. T. C. Societies And Organizations Pledge Members

Bids to the various Societies of Tempe College were issued last week and the organizations have begun their initiations.

Clonian Society announces the pledging of Velma Stivers, Mary Weddington, Mildred Norris, Josephine Wilson, Minnie Hilkins, Edith Currow and Mona Denson.

The Philomathian Society announces the pledging of Delia Finnerty, Margaret Finnerty, Virginia Wilkinson, Catherine Weaver, Alice Beck, Ernestine Evans, Marguerite Dugger, Ethel Simpson, Margaret McKenna, Gertrude Stewart and Margaret Stewart.

The Phi Beta Epsilon Society has pledged Ethel Young, Esther Fulton, Ione Jenkins, Marian Wilkie, Margaret Drake, Lois Gurley, Evelyn Carlson and Retha Bolding.

Lambda Kappa Society has pledged Elizabeth Jones, Isabel Cardin, Florence Morris, Hazel Henderson, Bertha Mae Walters and Christine Cundiff.

The Zetetic Society announces the pledging of Francis Bennett, Dorothy Loomis, Wilma Finch, Leona Howell, Nadine Larimer, Rachel Pearce, Ethelwyn Brelsford, Helen Felton, Effie Dot Hopkins and Marra Simms.

The Pierians announce the pledging of Sally Stryker, Elizabeth Roark, Ellen Stewart, Minnie O'Brien, Evalina Wallin and Juanita Jolly.

The Timakaena Society announces the pledging of Mary Fritchman, Zola Stapley, Mabel Kempton and Marjory French.

Delta Theta has pledged Mary Root, Ferr Foltz, Zella Hoenshell, Helen Clark and Ramona Martin.

The Cactus Walking Club announces the pledging of Eddie Hoffmeyer, Elizabeth Jones, Bob Mullen, Alice Beck, Ferrel Dana, Dorothy Loomis and Frank Horne.

Lambda Phi Sigma announces the pledging of Ferrel Dana, Frank Blazina, Franklin Benedict, Paul Chadwick, Leonard Johnson, Claude Michea, Eddie Hoffmeyer, Cecil Woolbridge and Howard Wardlow.

The Froebel Club has pledged Ione Jenkins, Elizabeth Jones, Ellen Burke, Helen Davey, Mary Golden, Elizabeth Templin, Marian Wilkie, Ethelwyn Brelsford and Leona Meyer. Los Hidalgos Del Desierto Society has pledged Delia Finnerty, Margaret Finnerty, Ernestine Evans and Frank Blazina.

The Geographic Society has pledged Meredith Bishop, Leonard Johnson, Nelson Holderman, James Rundell and Harold Nichols.

The Jolly Red Heads announce the pledging of Florence Morris and Frances Bennett.

The Lettermen's Club announces the pledging of Wilburn Dick, Ed Grasmoen, Russell Goddard, Ferrel Dana, Wallace Caywood, Tommy McCarty, Mercier Willard, Harry Guthrie and Bob Simpson.

A SENIOR MAKES HER APPLICATION A' LA SCHOOL MANAGEMENT
Tempe, Ariz., Nov. 23, '28.

Johnny Oscar Mullen, Supe de schools, Jeromino, Arizona.

Dear Sir:

Dad gummy you geeve me dat yob —yo promese to gif me ven i quitate from dis colege mit such honors es i hef got. I geet D's in everyting & geet campused queen twice in 2 years.

Give me vun yob.

lof,
IOLA HARRIS.

P. S.—I have no I. Q.

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

Tempe Bulldogs Hold El Paso Miners to Tie

The Bulldogs, in a grim gridiron clash, held the El Paso School of Mines to a 0-0 tie in El Paso on Thanksgiving Day. The Miners had defeated the New Mexico Aggies, tied the University of New Mexico, outplayed the University of Arizona and altogether had an imposing record this season.

But in the Bulldogs the Miners struck a snag, and were outplayed in almost every department of the game by their lighter opponents. On the first kick-off Dana, Bulldog fullback, was injured and had to retire from the game. McCarthy took his place, and Terrell was shifted to the fullback position. After a few plays McCarthy tucked the ball under his arm and in his usual brilliant style carried it for a 40-yard run, placing it on the Miners' four-yard line. Terrell then proceeded to carry it over for a touchdown, but was called back due to a Tempe linesman being off-side. Tempe then lost the ball on downs. During this period Riggs and his educated toe were responsible for one of the longest punts of the game, a 76-yard kick.

In the second quarter Riggs attempted a dropkick from the 40-yard line, but missed the goal by inches. The second half of the game was a seesaw affair, first the Bulldogs being on the offensive, then the Miners, with neither team able to score. Practically the entire game was played in the Miners' territory, with the Miners advancing the ball within Tempe's 10-yard zone only once.

The outstanding stars for Tempe were Johnnie Riggs, Wally Caywood, Wilbur Dick and Bill Griffith. Caywood and Dick particularly starred in the aerial attack and were instrumental in many of the Bulldog gains. Riggs with his average of 51 yards per punt was very effective in keeping Miner cohorts with their back to the wall. This being the last game of the season, the Bulldogs have put away the moleskins and are now giving their attention to basketball.

Dean Lane to Speak on European Cathedrals

Beautiful cathedrals of Europe will be illustrated and explained by Dean Edwin Lane of Trinity Cathedral, Phoenix, on the evening of December 15, in a lecture to the Geographic Society of the college. Dean Lane is an authority on the subject as his experiences have thoroughly familiarized him with the usages of cathedrals and cathedral worship. He has traveled widely in Europe, having been abroad a number of times, and has intimate acquaintance with the cathedrals.

The lecture will be illustrated by a number of slides and photographs. Owing to the need of the auditorium by the Y. W. C. A. play cast for dress rehearsal, the lecture will have to be given elsewhere, perhaps in the Science Building, and the seating space will be limited. It is important that any who are especially interested in the lecture make the fact known to some member of the Geographic Society.

Geographic Society Initiates Pledges

The initiation ceremony of the Geographic Society was held in the kindergarten rooms on the evening of November 17. Five new members pledged their allegiance, as follows:

Meridith Bishop
Harold Nichols
Leonard Johnson
James Rundell
Nelson Holdeman.

Following the initiation, Mrs. Miriam Stafford, president of the society, was hostess at a pleasing reception and social given at her home in honor of the new members.

Riggs Elected Captain of 1928 Football Team

Johnnie Riggs, popular member of the Junior class, was elected to captain the football team in the 1928 season. A banquet given in honor of the football squad by the Tempe Civic Club, Thursday evening, Dec. 1, was the scene of the election.

Riggs, playing his third year for T. S. T. C., merited this distinction due to being one of the most consistent and outstanding players on the squad. He is an expert passer, runs the ends well, is equally good on defense as on offense, and is considered one of the best punters in the State. His ability in the punting department aroused much comment on the coast by sport writers who covered the Tempe-Loyola game. In the slashing aerial attack used by McCreary's charges this season Riggs has been one of the most important cogs and altogether is considered the best Bulldog "triple threat man."

With sixteen lettermen returning next year, much is expected with Riggs at the helm. Those returning will be Riggs, Caywood, McCarty, Dick, Grasmoen Goodwin, Griffith, Goddard, Allen, Guthrie, Simpson, Sutter, Willard, Mullen and Dana.

Football Banquet
Members of the football squad were guests at a banquet tendered by the Tempe Civic Club Thursday, Dec. 1, in the Methodist Church.

The players were all introduced by C. B. Wivel, and then short talks were given by Coach McCreary, ex-Captain Bill Griffith and President Matthews. Immediately after the banquet the yearly election of football captain was held, which resulted in Johnnie Riggs being chosen.

Noted Writer And Lecturer to Speak Sunday Evening

W. Campbell Morgan, an English writer, lecturer, and preacher of note will give a talk in the College Auditorium next Sunday evening. Mr. Campbell's lecture promises to be one of unusual interest. He is coming at the request of the churches of Tempe. The churches will hold no services next Sunday night in order to attend.

Mr. Campbell is making a tour of America and at the present time is giving a series of lectures in Phoenix. He has just recently completed a visit through California, lecturing at various places and is now on his return trip.

BLAZINA FRESHMAN PRESIDENT

Permanent officers were elected by the Freshman class at a meeting held in the college auditorium Monday, December 5. Dorothy Loomis, vice president for the first quarter, presided over the meeting in the absence of the president, Bruce Folsom. Frank Blazina received the vote for president, Dorothy Loomis was re-elected vice president, and Nadine Larimer was returned as secretary and treasurer. All voting was by secret ballot.

Announcement was made concerning orders for the school pins which may be given to Dorothy Loomis. The whole pearl pins are \$8 and the half pearls are \$4.50. Class dues are being collected, consisting of 25 cents a semester or 50 cents a year. They may be paid to Dorothy Loomis or Nadine Larimer.

CURIOSITY AGAIN

As a great treat, Mrs. Clark took her small son, Kenneth, to hear a famous soprano sing. Little Kenny was much interested in the conductor of the orchestra.

"Mummy," he asked, "what does that man hit at the woman with his stick for?"
"He's not hitting at her. Be quiet!"

"Well, then, what's the lady hollering for?"

Illustrated Lecture On Burma Given in College Auditorium

"Y" SOCIAL SERVICE GROUP

Work on the Christmas gifts for the children of Eighth Street school began last week. The Social Service Committee of the "Y" held a special meeting Thursday, December 1, at which sixteen members were present.

These gifts to the Mexican children are in the form of clothing, which the committee is now engaged in making.

Student Council Now Organized

The student council met with the faculty executive council in Dr. Mathew's office Monday afternoon for the purpose of considering minor changes in the rules and regulations for the government of students and faculty. Wallace DeWitt was elected temporary chairman. The business of organization was completed Wednesday.

The following is an extract from the rules and procedures that are soon to be printed for the government of students and faculty.

1. The Student Council is representative of the Student Body and is composed of the duly elected officers of the four college classes together with one or more faculty members as advisers.

2. This council elects its own president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer from among the student members of the council.

3. This council considers ways and means for the transaction of such business as concerns the Student Body as a whole; it proposes measures for the consideration of the Student Body with a view to adoption by that body; it proposes regulations and procedures for the approval of the Student Body and the Faculty with a view to improving conditions, morale, and the general welfare of the Student Body and of the College as a whole, and the promotion of effective cooperation of all parties connected with the college.

4. The Council adopts by-laws for the transaction of business and guidance of its members.

5. Within a week after the annual election of class officers in October, the president of the senior class calls a meeting of the Student Council for the purpose of organization and election of council officers for the year.

6. Immediately after the organization of the council, at the beginning of each college year, the secretary of the council files in the office of the secretary of records, a list of members of the council, the office held by each in the several classes which they represent. This report also includes the names of the officers of the council and the faculty adviser.

Student Council members at present are: College Senior class: Glen Sorenson, president; Milliam Stafford, vice-president; Wesley Jones, secretary-treasurer; Junior Class: John Riggs, president; John Goodwin, vice-president; Elsie McCreary, secretary; Normal Senior class: Lawrence Terrell, president; Virginia Hatch, vice-president; Eva Rhodes, secretary; Wallace DeWitt, treasurer; Freshman class: Frank Blazina, president; Dorothy Loomis, vice-president; Nadine Larimer, secretary-treasurer.

WHAT A PERFECT BASKETBALL PLAYER SHOULD BE.

He should have Caywood's form, Griffith's ambition and dash, be grippy like Joe Smith, be masterful like Terrell and last but not least, be important as Harbison.

Prominent Mining Engineer and University Professor Relates Experiences, Describes Country

Dr. Edward P. Mathewson of the University of Arizona gave a lecture on Burma in the college auditorium Thursday, December 1. He came to Tempe as the guest of the Geographic Society. The lecture, illustrated by lantern slides, attracted many students and townspeople. Immediately following the program the Geographic Society was host at an informal reception in the Y. W. C. A. rooms in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Mathewson. The faculty of the college and the student presidents of campus organizations were also invited to attend. Dr. and Mrs. Mathewson were guests at the home of Professor and Mrs. J. W. Hoover during their brief visit in Tempe. They are both most delightful and entertaining people to meet and through their presence gave the Geographic Society and their friends a most enjoyable evening.

Dr. Mathewson speaks from his own experience, having traveled widely in many foreign countries as the representative of large mining companies. He is professor of administration of mining industries at the University of Arizona and is mining engineer of the Arizona Bureau of Mines. In Burma there are many valuable mines, producing rubies, jade, gold, silver and other precious stones and metals. A great silver mine in Upper Burma, worked a thousand years ago by the Chinese, occupied much of Dr. Mathewson's time while in that country.

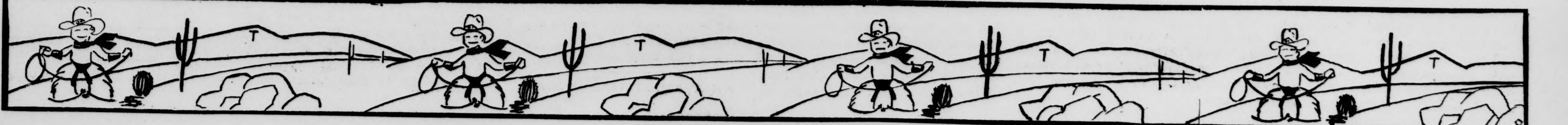
The Burmese are not fond of hard work, for they are a carefree, happy people, often called "the Irish of the East." They are intensely fond of their children, who are said to be the happiest children in all the world. Living is cheap in Burma. It is a land where coconuts, bananas and pineapples grow wild and may be had for little or nothing. The average Burmese family consists of husband and wife and eight children, all of whom live on the produce from three acres of land. The husband and father works on the land, but his work lasts for only two or three months at the most. Work clothes is often so simple as to be nearly negligible, but when dressed in their best the family makes a gay showing, decked in bright colored silks. Men and women alike wear silk shirts and loose silk blouses. Fortunately men may be distinguished from women by the fact that the man ties his sash in a huge knot squarely in front, while the woman folds in the ends of her sash. The man frequently wears a silk bandanna on his head. When seen from a distance the women appear to be wearing square close hats. On nearer view one sees that the hat effect is due to the mode of hairdressing fashionable in Burma. The coarse, dark hair is wound into a flat bun on top of the head and the edges of the mound are decorated with fresh flowers.

Although there are many races in Burma, the Burmese make up the bulk of her 11,000,000 population. They are stout, active and well proportioned, typically Mongoloid, with a brown but never intensely dark complexion.

The great delta and bottom lands of the Irrawaddy River form a broad rice field hundreds of miles long. Here and in the valleys of other

(Continued on Page Two)

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"





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Editorial

Tempe Needs A New Lantern

The lecture on Burma given by Dr. Edward Mathewson last Thursday evening, in addition to being highly instructive and entertaining, was demonstrative of great needs at Tempe College.

First, our auditorium is in serious need of adequate equipment for the presentation of illustrated lectures. The best lantern that could be obtained for the occasion was not powerful enough to throw the pictures the necessary distance. Hence the audience was unable in many cases to see the details which the lecturer pointed out and about which the interest centered. The screen had to be improvised—as on all such occasions—and being thin cloth, would not stretch out smoothly. It was impossible to focus on all parts of it at once. The lantern sputtered and occasionally quit on the job, leaving the lecturer and audience in darkness. Fortunately, our speaker was cool and went on, making the interruptions interesting—in striking contrast to a recent lecturer in another of our colleges, who lost his temper under similar difficulties and finally the pictures had to be abandoned entirely.

We need a new modern lantern built in a booth with a motion picture machine for use in the auditorium alone. With this should go a new silver screen and dark curtains for the windows, making possible the use of the lanterns for daylight assemblies.

It was also unfortunately demonstrated that private property on the campus at such times needs more adequate protection.

How Much Did The War Cost?

Now that we have celebrated Armistice day and forgotten all about the war let us figure just what that great war cost us.

Besides killing over seven million men and wounding over thirty million more, the war is estimated to have cost in dollars alone, over two hundred billion (\$200,000,000,000). This figure would give a high financier something to think about and is too great for the average laymen to even say. To get a conception of this amount let us put it in terms that we all can understand.

If this amount were in the form of silver dollars and was stacked, one on top of the other, it would reach into the heavens for over 342 miles. Or to put it another way, if this stack were then pushed over, the bottom dollar might be in Mesa, Tempe, or Gilbert and the top dollar would land some place in Utah, New Mexico, Mexico, or somewhere out in the Pacific ocean north of Los Angeles, the place depending on the direction in which it fell. This number of dollars laid flat on the ground would cover more than 143 square miles or over twice the area of the District of Columbia. They would also form a leak-proof roof for Phoenix, assuming that the city was about eight miles square and the dollars on the top layer were shackled so the water would not leak under them. Now if these dollars were placed end to end they would extend out to a distance of 4,878 miles. This would be about the distance from San Francisco to New York City. If they were placed with the flat sides next to each other and spread out over a straight road, it would take a car traveling sixty-eight miles per hour, over five hours to reach from one end to the other.

Assuming that the paved roads of Maricopa county were sixteen feet wide, these dollars laid flat would cover the entire paved mileage with eleven layers of dollars and still

leave enough money to buy gasoline to make the trip over all of these roads. Or, to change it a little, there would be enough "dollar surface" to cover all the improved roads in Arizona and at the same time give the paved roads two layers of dollars.

The estimated population of the world in 1920 was over one billion, six hundred ninety-four million, ninety-six thousand (1,694,096,000). Now if the war cost two hundred billion dollars it makes an average of about one hundred twelve dollars each. Wars are costly affairs, figuring them up in blood, steel or money. If man stops a moment and thinks he answers, "What Price Glory?" Wars are futile, even life itself is futile unless we make it otherwise. As college men and women it is our duty to strive to build a foundation that will put war in the background as a means for settling difficulties. Confucius said: "Animals settle their differences with their teeth, but men have brains."

Illustrated Lecture

(Continued from Page One)

Burmese rivers her people raise thirteen times as much rice as they themselves can consume. The great Irrawaddy River, an Oriental Mississippi, is navigable by large vessels for 900 miles. It is "the road to Mandalay" and the main thoroughfare into Central and Upper Burma. Its waters are so charged with silt that they tinge the ocean waters a muddy yellow for 250 miles out at sea. The city of Mandalay, 500 miles upstream, is diked against the force of the river, much as our towns are along the lower Mississippi. A city grew here, not gradually, because business was good, but because a Burmese king chose this spot for his new city, for it had long been a custom for a new king to build a new city. In the good old days, when a king ascended the throne, he made his position as secure as possible by executing all his relatives. The founder of Mandalay took these ordinary precautions and in addition built a great wall and a wide moat around his city.

Down the rivers, past Mandalay and other lowland cities, great quantities of teak are brought from the hills and mountains of Burma. It is a common sight to see—"Elephants a-pilin' teak In the sludgy squodgy creek."

Indeed, British interest in Burma was early aroused by the teak her hills were supposed to contain. Today the world draws its main supply of teak for shipbuilding from this region.

The Burmese are a devout people, most of them adhering to the Buddhist faith. The Shwe Dagon pagoda at Rangoon is the most magnificent Buddhist pagoda in all Southeast Asia. Many-angled at the base, it tapers into a gold-leaf coated spire, rising 300 feet into the air. At the slender topmost point hangs a cluster of bells which tinkle in the wind. Great images, supposed to represent lions, guard the entrance to the grounds upon which the pagoda stands. These creatures are supposed to frighten away the "nats" or bad spirits. Burma is a land of thousands of pagodas, with their "tinkly temple bells," for the people believe that the Great Spirit is far more pleased by a pagoda new-built, than by an old one repaired. The higher it rises toward the sky, the greater will be the favor shown its builders. On Mandalay Hill is a forest of slender bell-topped pagoda spires, 1,000 in all. In each is a stone tablet engraved with a portion of the holy text, the whole group presenting the entire text to the eyes of the devout. The hill people do not feel secure in erecting pagodas only to the good spirit. They construct bamboo shrines upon which they place offerings of food and water for the "nats" or evil spirits which they believe inhabit the ban-yan trees.

Tita in Tempe

CONFESSION
(By the Editor's Friend)

That Tita was engaged to Benny Kamp of Bisbee, there was no question, except in the mind of Tita. Dave Butler continued preparations for the party in honor of Tita's engagement, while she tried her best to find a way to tell him that she was not engaged. It was not a simple matter.

A letter from Tita's parents did not help the situation. Papa Taber said that the Taber family had always been a bit queer, but never before had it shown positive marks of insanity. He admitted that Benny was the kind of a chap for a girl to marry, but he told Tita that if she were at home he would spank her with his old razor strop for being such a fool. He commanded her to come home and get the thing over, or stay in Tempe and break the engagement. Mamma Taber was sympathetic but disappointed. She had expected greater things of Tita. On and on the letters ran, anger, disgust, and disillusionment in every line. How encouraging!

There were only two more days before the party. Tita knew that she had to stop it some way, but she could not think how. She had been foolish, in the first place, to imply that there was anything between her and Benny. What a wild chance she had taken, and what wild results she had earned! Tita cried, Tita reasoned, and Tita cried, but there seemed to be no solution. She tossed during the night, and paced during the day. Professors noticed that her work was becoming slipshod and incomplete. They warned her of the necessity of keeping up her record. Tita listened quietly, but did not hear what they said. She was nervous and she cried, she tried to reason and she couldn't, she became worn out and lived in a trance, and at times she realized her situation and laughed hysterically.

Dave talked to her over the phone the night before the party. "Everything is all set, Tita. Benny couldn't have done better himself. Don't forget, I will be after you at eight."

Tita tried to say that it must not be. All she could manage was a "But Dave—"

"That's all right, my girl; someone has to come for you, and it might just as well be me. If I can't be the lucky man, at least I can play his part when he isn't here."

Dave laughed merrily. Tita exclaimed, "Dave—"

There was no answer. He had hung up. Tita awoke the next morning with a sense that something terrible was going to happen, and then she remembered! During the day, she tried four times to tell her friends the truth, but she could not do it. Soon it was supper time. Hours had never gone so fast! Should she tell the girls at the table? Instead she stayed in her room and thought it over for the hundredth time. It was then she made a decision.

Dave came for Tita at eight. She was taut, white and determined. Dave noticed it, but said nothing until they were in the car and on the way to the party.

"What is it, Tita? Something on your mind?"

Tita asked Dave to drive out Mercer Road. In bewilderment he turned the car around. Tita began the explanation.

At quarter to nine, Dave went into the party alone.

"Where's Tita?" someone demanded.

"Say, fellows and girls, listen, will you? Tita has just told me something. This engagement business is all a mistake. Tita was just bragging to one of the girls about Benny, and said too much. Someone wrote Benny congratulating him on his engagement. Benny wrote Tita to say that it was O. K. and sent the ring. There were no engagement plans at all until that fool girl took Tita seriously. Tita has been frantic trying to tell us. If you want to do the decent thing, shut up about this and ask no questions."

Dave went out, leaving behind him a startled group that sympathized when it understood and forgot as best it could, although wagging tongues insisted on having their wag. Dave went back to the car.

"Well, I told them for you, you cheap little flirt! I made them think it wasn't even your fault."
"Did you say why—?"
"Do you think I want to make a laughing stock out of myself? No, I didn't tell them that you had the sack open for me. Yes, darn it all, I'll write Benny as I promised and give him the best let-down I can out of this rotten deal. Stop your bawling, young lady. You ought to

Metropolitan Opera Star Here Thursday

Ricardo Martin, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, will appear in Tempe Thursday, December 8. He will present a musical program in the college auditorium as the second number of the Lyceum course.

Mr. Martin will be remembered as the artist who sang at the opening exercises of the Echo Canyon Bowl last spring.

In his musical numbers on Thursday evening he will be assisted by Miss Cleora Wood, a soprano. She will also give several solos. Mr. Martin and Miss Wood will be accompanied at the piano by Miss Julia Rebel.

The program is as follows:
Liebeslied (from Die Walkure)..... Wagner
..... Mr. Martin

O Soave Fanciulla (from La Boheme)..... Puccini
Miss Wood and Mr. Martin
L'Invitation au Voyage..... Duparc
Crepuscule..... Massenet
Ein Traum..... Grieg
..... Miss Wood

Nina..... Pergolesi
La Dentelliere de Bayeux..... Foudrain
Dormi Pure..... Scuderi
Des Griex's Song (from Manon Lescaut)..... Puccini
..... Mr. Martin

Naila Waltz..... Delibes Dohnenyi
Miss Rebel
Can This Be Summer?..... Clara Edwards
In May..... Alice Barnett
A Memory..... Blair Fairchild
The Piper of Love..... Molly Carew
..... Miss Wood

At Parting..... Rogers
Ouvre tes Yeux Bleus..... Massenet
Beau Soir..... Debussy
The Year's at the Spring..... Beach
Sea Fever..... John Ireland
..... Mr. Martin

Love Duet (from Madame Butterfly)..... Puccini
Miss Wood and Mr. Martin
The above artists are under the national concert direction of Harry and Arthur Culbertson, Aeolian Hall New York, and 4832 Dorchester avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

WE'VE BEEN WONDERING

- WHY all the East Hall girls are so popular!
- IF Fern Foltz is as green as she's painted!
- WHY Bob Stroud's pet name for all the girls is "sweetness"!
- IF Mr. and Mrs. Noll are as devoted to each other at home as they are in public!
- IF everyone knows that the football season is ended and basketball has started!
- IF Beth Carter is as nutty as she's cracked!
- WHICH South Hall girl takes Miss Goodman onions from her garden!
- IF the Alpha Hall boys had enough turkey at Thanksgiving!
- IF Santa Claus will come in an airplane this year!
- WHY Mother Minnie (down on the farm) named her daughters Ethel and Pearl! Was it because of their striking resemblance to two North Hall girls? ? ?

"SAVE YOUR SOAP WRAPPERS"

TEN REASONS WHY BOYS LEAVE SCHOOL

1. Social Life
2. Financial Needs
3. Alice ("at home")
4. "Dogie" Wardlaw
5. Kick-off
6. Quarter Exams
7. Burkhard
8. Noll
9. Bad Gingerale
10. Bat Hyde Conventions.

—W. C.

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

FROG DAY IN BIOLOGY LAB

When the class got under its usual way, The project was "frogs" that day. Boys neglected as boys will do. So the girls said, "We'll work for you."
They got the frogs and started in, But they never got "beneath the skin!"

WHAT ABOUT THIS 13 SOAP?

be spanked for making a fool out of a prince of a fellow like Benny Kamp."

After a while, "Where are we going?" Tita asked weakly.
"Back to Matthews Hall. Then I'm going home and thank Heaven that I am through with you."

(To Be Continued)

WHAT ABOUT THIS 13 SOAP?

Dormitory News

MATTHEWS HALL NOTES

Misses Rachel Bogart and Grace Chilton were the guests of Misses Marie and Edith Burum Sunday.

Girls Entertain

Minnie O'Brien and Isabel Dills entertained Frances Wheeler and Ruth Hazen in their room last week.

Girls Have Guests

Arthur Zent and Anthony Jacobson of Ray visited Mary Humphreys and Betty Bruce on Saturday.

Goes to Phoenix for Week-End
Ethelyn Brelsford spent Saturday and Sunday in Phoenix.

Girls Stay Over Thanksgiving
Those who remained in Matthews Hall during the holidays were Sophie Johansson, Helen Clark, Miss Pierce, Ellora McLaughlin, Hildegard Tonote, Edith and Ethel Carnau, Marian Wilkie, Margaret Drake and Cecile Ewing.

Home for Thanksgiving

A merry crowd left Matthews Hall Wednesday noon in a small roadster. They seemed "well packed" but their smiling faces showed thoughts of home were uppermost in their minds. The girls were Thora Reitzer, Marjorie Barr, Grace Chilton, Nina Fillamen and Sylvia Axton. They were bound for Clifton. Many other girls spent the Thanksgiving holidays at home or with friends or relatives. Matthews Hall was represented quite well all over the State.

Have Visitor

Miss Loveta Martin was the guest of Helen Clark and Sophie Johansson last Sunday. Miss Martin is from Phoenix.

Goes to Phoenix

Miss Margaret Jones spent the last week-end with friends in Phoenix.

Marna Has Guest

Hildegard Tonote was the guest of Marna Simms last Sunday. They motored to Mormon Flat Dam.

Guests of Eva and Virginia

Wednesday night Eva Rhodes and Virginia Hatch had as their guests Miss Nettie Brooks and Miss Frances Wheeler. A nice time was had by all.

Thanksgiving Visitor

Mrs. G. G. McLaughlin spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Ellora.

Guests at Phoenix Party

Marian Wilke, Ida Hayes, Josephine Wilson, Minnie Hilkins, Cecile Ewing and Margaret Drake were among the guests at a party given by Mr. Arthur Thomas of Phoenix.

Marjorie Has Birthday

Miss Marjorie Barr was honored by Miss Verna Martin with a dinner at Welcome Inn last Monday. The occasion was her birthday.

Radish Feed!

A very interesting event happened in the room of Billie Peterson and Ethel Young. It was a radish feed. They seem to be quite prevalent at this time. The guests were Ernestine Evans, Ida Hayes, Iola Harris, Genevieve d'Arcy, Peggy Austin and Virginia Davenport.

Wedding Bells

Matthews Hall is sorry to lose several of her girls, although they wish them the very best of luck and happiness. Byrdena Dameron and Sylvia Axton have left to be married. On the other hand, Matthews Hall is glad to welcome Esther Fulton as a new member. We all hope she feels at home.

Ethel Young Honored

The Eta Beta Pi entertained with a bridge supper in honor of their new pledge, Miss Ethel Young. A black and white motif was carried out. Bridge was the entertainment of the evening. Those attending were Genevieve d'Arcy, Iola Harris, Virginia Davenport, Peggy Austin, Billie Peterson, Ethel Young and the hostesses, Ida Hays and Ernestine Evans.

Parents Come to Tempe

Many girls are happy because of the arrival of their folks. Margaret Drake's mother has just come to see her from Indianapolis, while Cecile Ewing's parents are here from Iowa.

NORTH HALL NEWS

Everyone returned in excellent health and spirits from Thanksgiving vacation. However, we have the days counted until Christmas vacation begins.

Miss Alice Knowles has been on the sick list for the last few days. Mrs. Ryan visited her daughter, Alice, several days ago.

Mrs. Honshue spent Thanksgiving Day in Phoenix.

To the memory of

Damit
our faithful canine friend
we hereby dedicate this space.

ALPHA HALL NEWS

Mac has posted the room grades on the bulletin board. Few are the A's, but many are the D's.

Adolph Spangles B. E.

A paddling club has been organized with room 26 as headquarters, and

CHAPPIE KAT

Dear Chappy:
I heard that you got a letter from the Alpha Hall boys expressing their Thanksgiving sentiments and that you were unable to print it because it came in late. Is that true?
GRACE BROWNLEE.

Dear Miss Brownlie:
Yes, it is true. The boys felt it a bit dangerous to write before this time so the message was postponed. However, it reads thus:

"We the boys of Alpha Hall heartily welcome the girls of the campus to our hall at all times. Furthermore we are extremely thankful that Open House comes only once every year." A postscript at the bottom gave Barney as the scribe.
CHAPPY.

Dear Chappy:
What's this I hear about Corrine and Brute having a row? Is it as bad as it looks?
KENNETH KLARK.

Dear Kenneth:
So you've heard about it too! Well, Kenny, I understand how curious you are, but remember everybody else is curious about it too. Brute and Corinne do not care to have their personal affairs published, even for your benefit. However, it might satisfy you to know they have posted a notice to let Freshmen know they are not man and wife.
CHAPPY.

Dear Chappy:
I hear they are going to fight the battle of Bunker Hill over again. Is that true?
ONION-TOP FROSH.

Dear Onion-Top:
Yes, because it wasn't fought on the level.
CHAPPY.

Dear Chappy:
What becomes of the wind when it is not blowing?
SOPHIE JO.

Dear Sophie Jo:
Consult Mr. Hoover.
CHAPPY.

Dear Chappy:
Can you tell me the prize old-timer of our campus?
E. D. HOPKINS.

Dear Miss Hopkins:
Most assuredly. The person is Eddie Hoffmeyer. He thinks Charles A. Lindbergh is a cheese manufacturer.
CHAPPY.

Chappie says: We once wished that we could see more of our little Jane. But it was not until Dame Fashion decreed that we were granted the wish.

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT—

- The societies say "It Pays to Advertise" because—
- Mr. Krause says "It Pays to Advertise" because—
- Jane Westerfield says "It Pays to Advertise" because—
- "Hot Dog" says "It Pays to Advertise" because—
- Frances Bennett says "It Pays to Advertise" because—
- Bennie Cole says "It Pays to Advertise" because—
- Mrs. Waite says "It Pays to Advertise" because—
- Joy Holman says "It Pays to Advertise" because—
- Brute Sutter says "It Pays to Advertise" because—
- The "Collegian" says "It Pays to Advertise" because—
- WANNA KNOW WHY ? ? ?
- COME to the "Y" play, Tuesday, December 20th, and find out.

You'll want to see "It Pays to Advertise."

DO YOU USE 13 SOAP?

A. Spanghel as chief welder of the Board of Education. For further information see some of the upstairs inmates.

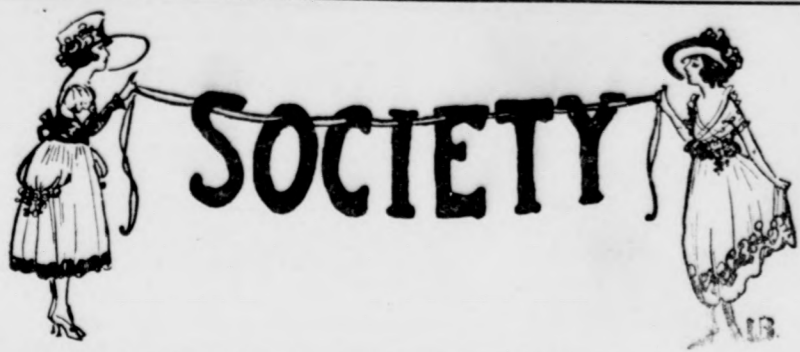
Disobeys Rules From Home.
"Jukelele" Tellez received a letter from his mother telling him to be sure to wear his red flannels for fear he would catch cold. The little lamb failed to heed the warning and is now sporting a brand new cold.

Sad—But True.
"Brute" Sutter has discontinued his nightly pilgrimages to East Hall and is now a confirmed woman hater.

Another Correspondence Course.
Johnnie Hinton is taking a special correspondence course in dancing from Arthur Murray of New York and promises to give all the girls a treat in a few weeks. Murray guarantees to make a regular Pavlova out of Johnnie providing he complies with the directions. So far Johnnie's progress has been very encouraging, judging from the stamping and the loose plaster in Alpha Hall.

THIS SOAP MAKES THE DIRT FLY

Don't miss "It Pays to Advertise."



PIERIAN NOTES

You have all heard of quaint evenings by the fireside. Not long ago Lela, Isabel and Helen gave the Pierians a rare treat around a fireplace. Several cowboy selections were on the program.

One of the Pierians' latest adventures led into the literary field. "The Melting Pot," by Israel Zangwill, is now being studied.

LOS HIDALGOES DEL DESIERTO

Los Hidalgos del Desierto, or the Spanish Club, held its regular meeting in the "Y" rooms Wednesday night, November 30. After the regular business session new members were voted and—just listen to this!—there were no casualties of any sort. Everyone went from the meeting happier than he came. Special plans were made for the next meeting, December 7, when we were very pleased to welcome our new pledges into Los Hidalgos.

C. W. C.'S TO PLAY BRIDGE

During November, two special meetings of C. W. C. were called by the president, Beulah McCreary, the first Tuesday evening, November 22, and the second Tuesday, November 29. Both meetings were for short business discussions. The regular meeting was held Thursday, December 1, at 12:30, in Room 2 of the Science Building. At that time plans were made for a bridge party honoring the new pledges. The party is planned for Friday, December 9, at 7:30 o'clock in Alpha Hall. Verna Martin is chairman of the committee and promises the party will be one of the big C. W. C. events of the year.

ZETA SIGMA

Zetetics were very happy to entertain their ten new pledges at a desert picnic given in their honor Tuesday evening, Dec. 6.

Initiation plans are being formulated by old Zetetic members. When the pledges pass through it all, they'll begin to understand what Zeta Sigma means. New pledges, we welcome you!

DELTA THETA

Delta Theta is very happy to welcome its new pledges into the society. Tuesday evening, December 6, a program was given in their honor.

CLIONIAN NEWS

The Clionians assembled in Matthews Hall Tuesday night, November 29, for the purpose of enlarging the society. The usual business meeting was held and the rest of the time was devoted to voting new members. A hearty welcome was given pledges at the social meeting held in Matthews Hall basement last Tuesday night.

TO THE FOOTBALL TEAM

O Football men of '27, We've found a place for you in heaven.

At times you got the smaller score, But that did never make us sore.

Whether or not we yelled enough, You stayed in there and did your stuff.

In the midst of battle we saw you smile And we knew you were fighting all the while.

We want to thank the coach and thee For what you did for ol' Tempe.

We admired you on Homecoming Day 'Cause we saw you fight in that noble way.

Now the football year is over, and heroes we should name. Yea, Bulldogs! Your pictures hang in our Hall of Fame.

SIR GALAHAD—A PICTURE

"What is your favorite picture?" "Mine is Sir Galahad." "Oh, tell me about it." "Sir Galahad, as you probably know was the purest and noblest of all the Knights of the Round Table. In this picture he is standing in a forest by a beautiful white horse whose head is bowed as in reverence of his master. The white clouds above seem to send light upon them, while the dark forest gives the contrast of obscurity. Sir Galahad's helmet is thrown back on his shoulders and he stands motionless as though meditating deep thoughts, perhaps of some trust he must fulfill. A stillness and a melancholy sadness seem prevalent, which almost suggests prayer."

"And why does it appeal to you particularly?"

"I believe it is because as a child I loved the stories of the knights and their deeds. They were esteemed friends of storyland. Most of all it appeals to me because Sir Galahad is symbolic of the truest, finest, and noblest of ideals."

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

ARE YOU AN ARTIST?

James Montgomery Flagg, dean of American illustrators, has consented to criticize and make personal comments to artists who submit drawings of exceptional merit to the Tempe Teachers publication and College Humor in their \$2,000 art contest. For more than 37 years Flagg's illustrations have appeared in the leading magazines in America. His comments and criticisms, impossible to be obtained in any other way, should be invaluable to the fortunate artists.

Undergraduate artists may submit as many drawings as desired—on any subject—in black and white, before January 15th. Two other famous artists, Arthur William Brown and Gaar Williams, will decide with Flagg on the winning eighty-one drawings. Anyone possessing cartoon ideas may drop around to room 13, Main Building, for further information.

Three original drawings by these three artists will be presented to the comic magazines or publications on whose staffs the grand prize winners are regular contributors.

"SAVE YOUR SOAP WRAPPERS"

SINCE THE CARDS CAME OUT!
The light streams gaily from the Library windows;
The old moon beams on campus as of old.
The fountain still plays and the water still ripples
And the water-lilies hide their hearts of gold.

The external view is just the same as ever,
There doesn't appear to be any change at all.
The boy still strolls away the hours with his sweetheart,
'Neath the palms that rise like guardians—strong and tall.

All this makes my heart ache like a fever
But nothing now seems to interest me—
'Cause the cards came out the other day in Assembly,
And somebody had the nerve to give me a "D!"

A "D" can make the moon hide its face in wonder,
And lights that are bright I can't even see.
The skies once blue are now so gray and gloomy—
I bet, by heck, I don't get another "D!"

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

"SAVE YOUR SOAP WRAPPERS"

Long years ago, when the world was young, birds, and trees, and flowers, and leisurely brooks sang together on the desert. The trees swayed and hummed as the friendly breezes breathed. Flowers bowed and chanted to the bees and butterflies. The sun laughed a friendly laugh all day, and the sunbeams, messengers of the sun, sought out the sad nooks and made them gleeful. The moon smiled a tender smile all night, and seemed to say, "Rest, weary earth, rest."

But one day, Jealousy came stalking through the woods. He jeered at the tiny flowers, and laughed loudly at the buzzing bees. He threw dirt in the happy brooks and made them sad. He broke branches from the trees, and frightened the timid folk of the forest away. He said: "How can you be content to go on always just living quietly? Why should you let any be stronger than the other?" Then he turned and left the weeping woods.

For eight days the wondering woods wept, and for eight days the sun hid himself in sorrow. But on the ninth day the trees and the flowers, the birds and the bees, the brooks and the forest folks dried their tears. They talked and pondered. At last a grizzled old oak tree said:

"Why should the sun be stronger than we? He is all-powerful. When he forgets to rise we live in darkness. When he laughs too loudly he scorches us. Let us rise up against him!"

The sun heard, and he rose in righteous wrath. He blazed and burned, until all the world was withered and dead. Yellow sand—yellow sand everywhere. Then the sun was glad, and he said, "Aha, wicked world, you have perished, and I am supreme."

But the moon wept unceasingly. She longed for her earthly friends. She longed for the trees and the flowers, the birds and the trees, the brooks and the forest folk. At last the sun, too, grew weary. He had conquered, but he was lonely. He was proud and for many years would not admit his folly. One day the moon found the sun sorrowing, his head bowed in shame.

That day the all-father took pity on his children. He laid merciful hands on their drooping heads, and bade the erring sun to be of good cheer. The kindly father rose from his lofty throne and wept in sympathy. And wherever his tears fell, the earth sprang to life again. The all-father was as wise as he was good, and he said: "You have sinned greatly, O Sun, and for that sin you must atone. I will leave parts of the world bare. When you are very kind, strange plants never seen before will spring up. When you are cruel they will wither. There shall be no green grass, but there will be beauty—barren beauty. There shall be bleak mountains of stone. And man shall call this creation the Desert."

Then the sun laughed, and the moon smiled. The world was born anew. The desert was indeed a miracle. The sun was very kind, and the strange cacti grew amazingly. The greasewood and the sagebrush knelt side by side. There was still sand, but it, too, lived. The sun was very repentant, and he shone most brightly on the lands he had changed. The moon was very loving, and she beamed more softly on the bleak mountains and the sweeping sands and the soldier-like cacti and the

puzzling greasewood and sagebrush. The all-father gazed often at the desert and was pleased. He gave flowers. He sent restful rain. And the stars and the moon and the sun and all the world was happy.

—Sallie Stryker.

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

REVERIES OF EAST HALL INFIRMARY

As I lie here in the infirmary With nothing to do but get well, The many thoughts that come to me And seem to cast a spell, Are sometimes bright and sunny And sometimes dull and drear. But as I'm my only company I try to make them cheer.

I cannot see the sunshine now, Nor hear the birdies sing, But somewhere there must be a rainbow As I hear the dinner-bell ring.

The music just floats to my ear And my appetite seems to swell, Someone puts a tray down ever so near Then leaves, but I can tell There's chicken on toast and asparagus tips, Cranberry sauce and jelly. Punch overflowing all ready to sip Plenty of marshmallows, swell! As I'm getting set and already posed To eat that blackberry pie. Etta, you'd better not eat any milk toast, Your temperature is too high.

You'll never get anything by dreaming, No matter how hard you try. Although to yourself it is seeming You can reach out and touch the sky. You'll reach your goal and find happiness You'll reach your goal if it's wealth But you'll always find on the road to success The secret of all is health.

—ETTA NICOLL.

WHAT ABOUT THIS 13 SOAP?

DREAMS UNPROFITABLE

I long to be just let alone With nature to commune, To watch the mountains and the sky And hear a bluebird's tune.

And by a babbling brooklet I want to sit and dream, And play I am a goldfish Dancing o'er the stream.

And sliding over slippery stones We'd babble all the way, And at the brooklet's ending We'd glide into the bay.

—But now I find another trend In which my thoughts may stray; Had the goldfish stopped to dream Would he have reached the bay? —K. W.

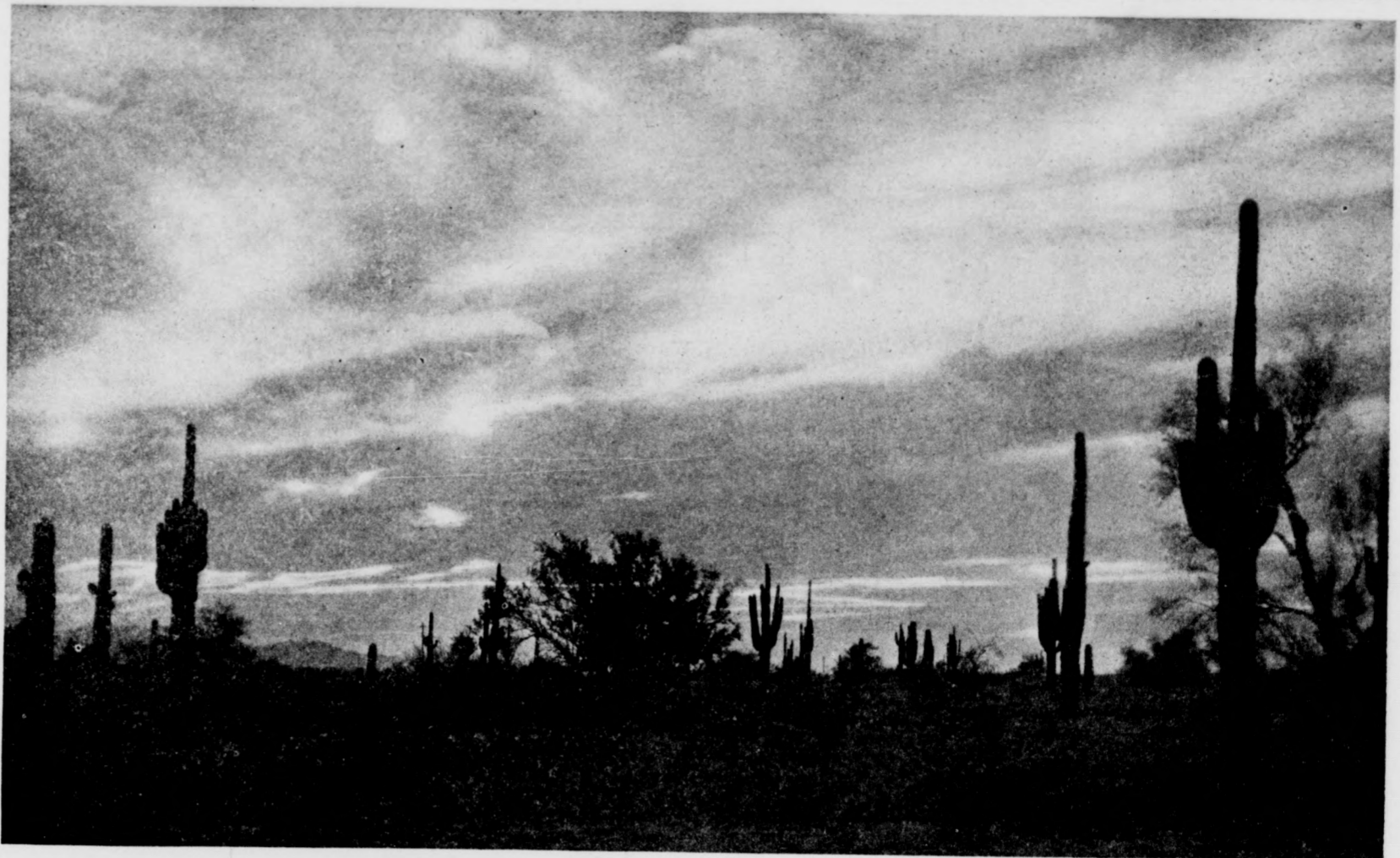
An epitaph in an old Moravian cemetery reads thus: "Remember, friend, as you pass by, As you now are, so once was I; As I am now, thus you must be, So be prepared to follow me." Underneath some wag scrawled in pencil:

"To follow you I'm not content Till I find out which way you went."

WHAT ABOUT THIS 13 SOAP?

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

How the Desert Came To Be



IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

By WALLY CAYWOOD
There was a wise and rare cock Who crowed each morn at four o'clock, And advertised it all around Exactly where he could be found. Now every chicken in the flock Would steal away to meet the cock. The other roosters sure got sore, But he only advertised the more, And all the hens with any vim Were trying to make a date with him. So here's a tip if you are wise— Things come to those who advertise.

KNOW YOUR COLLEGE YELLS

(1)
With a T
E
M
P
E
With a T—E—M—P—E
(2)
With a C
O
L
L
E
G
E
With a C—O—L—L—E—G—E
Tempe College—Tempe College
WOW.

(3)
Hit 'em hard, hit 'em low
Come on Tempe let's go.

(4)
Kick off yell:
Z Z Z Zzzzzz—Boom
Rah—Tempe—Rah.

(5)
Yea Team—Yea Team—Yea Team
Fight 'em—Fight 'em—Fight 'em.

(6)
Echo Yell:
T—E—M—P—E
TEMPE

(7)
Te—tea—team
TEAM—TEAM—TEAM

(8)
Fight yell:
Fight—fight—fight—fight—
College fight
College fight
Fight—fight—fight—fight—
Teachers fight
Teachers fight
Fight—fight—fight—fight—
Tempe fight
Tempe fight.

THIS SOAP MAKES THE DIRT FLY

THE HAS-BEENS

Brute S. Could I have a date for tonight?
Corrine: Yes, if you could find anyone dumb enough to date with you.

Brute S. Well, I'll be around about eight o'clock then.

WHAT ABOUT THIS 13 SOAP?

THAT'S WHEN

When ice cream grows on macaroni trees,
When Sahara sands are muddy,
When cats and dogs wear overshoes,
That's when I like to study! ! ! !

"Words fail me," muttered the Frosh as he flunked the spelling exam.

WHAT ABOUT THIS 13 SOAP?

Impressions

- Genevieve D'Arcy—Pop personified. A football cheer.
- Marie Burum—Song, ice tinkling in a tumbler of water, forget-me-nots.
- Josephine Pancrazi—Black-eyed susan. Little gusts of wind.
- Charlie Gilmore—Hearth fires. A country road.
- Art Mercer—Crinkles, cleverness and curly.
- Alice Beck—Scarlet poppies. Maple leaves.
- Marie Nordstrom—Love. Feathered garters. Waterfalls.
- Helen Cordelia—Lilacs. Silk stockings. Wind blown willow trees.
- "Chic" Vihel—Smiles. Prince of Wales. Yacht.
- Gene Adams—"Collegiate Phord." Brown eyes. Illustrator of Felix cartoons.
- Meredith Bishop—A fur coat. Perfume. Daffodils.
- Margaret Finnerty—A summer thundershower. Pearls.
- Ida Hayes—Sparkling dewdrops. Snow-capped mountains. Tiger lilies.
- Runt Goddard—Turkey dinner. Pumpkin pie.
- Lawrence Terrell—Hardtack. Thew's prize lumberjack.
- Katherine Willweber—Powder puffs, square amber beads, turquoise.

DO YOU USE 13 SOAP?

Hail, Ye Phi Betas

We've printed not a word of news For several weeks or so, Since everything must have a "why?" Perhaps you'd care to know.

"It pays to advertise," they say Yet social science claims It serves to fool the public eye. (And maybe college dames!)

So not a word have we made known About the things we've done, But caution we will cast aside, For pledges now are won.

So now we'd like to let you know That we've been busy too, Just finding pleasure in our work And work in all we do.

"The Pigeon" is a play we read And then discussed the plot, Its characters, and setting too, The lesson that it taught.

And then one night at seven sharp— The eve was cool and brisk— We went to see this drama staged, As seen by Howard Fisk.

And we have been to Mesa, too— A Lottie Brimhall treat— Where cider, nuts and pumpkin pie Were there for us to eat.

And then we met at Redden's home, Our president is she, A business meeting we held there, Discussing "who's to be."

We sent out just eleven bids And all we lost were three; We know we're lucky, and we're glad For what this year will be.

So hoist the sails, Phi Beta crew, And hang the anchor dry For now the gang is all aboard And venturesome hearts beat high!

—K. W.

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

ACROSS THE CAMPUS

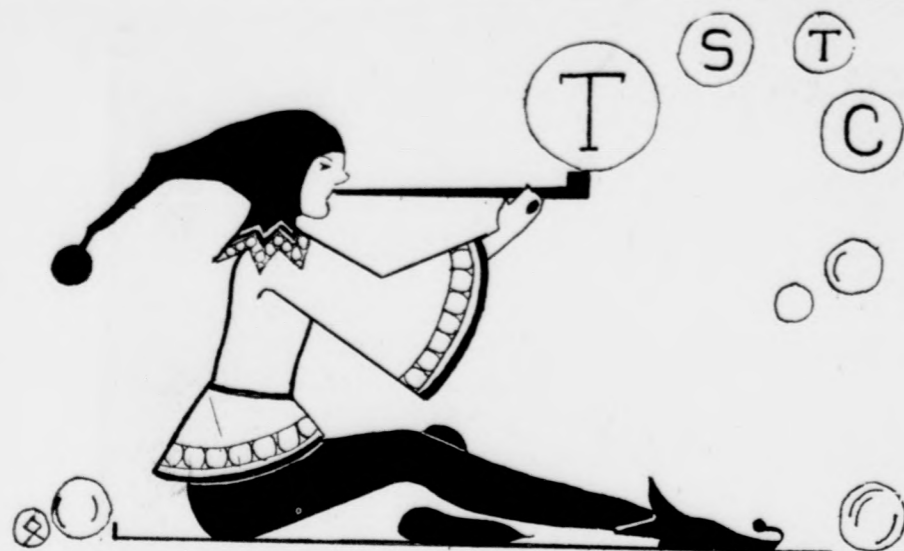
at The Shop with the College Atmosphere

DAD'S PLACE

NEC SORTE

NEC FACTO

DED SERVITUDE



Actor—My kingdom, my kingdom for a horse!
Wes Jones (from the gallery)—Will a jackass do?
Actor—Sure; come right down!

"SAVE YOUR SOAP WRAPPERS"
The meanest man we know of is the warden who put a tack in the electric chair.—Kittykat.

THIS SOAP MAKES THE DIRT FLY
Fern Rouse (hopeful)—I wonder if it is true that the length of a boy's arm is equal to the circumference of a girl's waist?

Harold Wardlaw (hopeless)—Let's get a string and measure it!

Charlie (who reads the Bible)—Why was business so bad in the days of Daniel?

Chic (who does not)—I'll bite; why?

Charlie—Because the lions ate up all the prophets!

"SAVE YOUR SOAP WRAPPERS"

Mr. Krause—We are having some very tasty dishes this year.
H. Cocke—Yes. I'd suggest a new dishwasher.

Arrow Collar—I'm awfully tight.
Tuxedo Trosers—So am I. Let's split out this dance.

THIS SOAP MAKES THE DIRT FLY
CRADLE SNATCHING
"What do you like about that fat daddy I saw with last night?"
"Checks appeal, sister, checks appeal!"

"SAVE YOUR SOAP WRAPPERS"
"Tough luck!" said the egg in the monastery. "Out of the frying pan into the friar."

NOTICE
After this date, Dec. 8, I will not be responsible for debts contracted by any person other than myself.
BRUTE SUTTER.

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

Junior High Poetry

AMBITION

What do you see when you look at a flame?
When it leaps and flashes—it's never the same—
What do you see there, pictured in red?
What can you read in the glowing coal bed?

When the fire is hot and the flame dances high
I want to go out in the world and cry:
"Put on your armor—the fight's begun,
Who'll answer my challenge; will my fight be won?"
—Nancy Thatcher, 9th grade.

THANKSGIVING IN ARIZONA
Over the desert we sped away
On a glorious Thanksgiving Day
To enjoy the dainties of a feast well spread,
Of pumpkin pie and raisin bread.
The warm breeze swayed the greasewood trees

While gaily we feasted in warmth and ease.
In some States the cold winds blow,
There is frost in the air and maybe snow,
So let's be thankful for the warm winds gay
That blow over our valley on Thanksgiving Day.
—Henrietta Roberts, 9th grade

HOMECOMING DAY
Firs' as the volley ball game,
ors still hold their fame.
ors struggled hard to win
ear work was quite too thin.

Then came the great parade so gay
In which the faculty led the way,
Mounted on horses with plumes so bright
They rode on past into the light.

Then we saw coming down the way,
The progress of the college as shown today,
The football team of the future was shown,
To tell the public what should be known.

The North Hall float looked cool and white,
The Japanese float was dainty and light,
The East Hall girls were marching in time,
The Pyramid girls did look just fine.

The Hiking Club does like to walk,
While the Spanish Club just loves to talk
The new lingo that they have learned
In their classes of study, they surely have earned.

Those of you who could not come
Surely did miss a lot of fun,
Each of you be sure to be here
And join in the fun this time next year.
—John B. Kennedy, 8th grade

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"
EXPLAIN YOURSELVES!
Mrs. H. Verna, you and Chick came home rather late last night.
Verna M. Yes, it was rather late.
Did the noise disturb you?
Mrs. H. No, it wasn't the noise. It was the silence!

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?
I CALL MY GIRL—
Checkers, because she can play with sixteen men at once and crown any that make a false move.

DO YOU USE 13 SOAP?
John G. You think she doesn't love you, but have you any proof for it?
Gene A. Yes; proofs are obtained from negatives, and she has rejected me no less than three times!

DO YOU USE 13 SOAP?
ANOTHER BUG-HOUSE FABLE
We are sorry that there are only ten more school days until vacation.

THIS SOAP MAKES THE DIRT FLY
G. B.—Pinkie she she thinks I'm a wit!
Marie B. Well, she's half right!

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?
WHAT ABOUT THIS 13 SOAP?
THIS SOAP MAKES THE DIRT FLY
DO YOU USE 13 SOAP?
"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"



TRY SMILING
When the weather suits you not,
Try smiling.
When your coffee isn't hot,
Try smiling.
When your neighbors don't do right,
Or your relatives all fight,
Sure, 'tis hard, but then you might
Try smiling!

Doesn't change the things of course,
But it cannot make them worse.
Just smiling
Seems to help your case,
Brightens up a gloomy place;
And it sort of rests your face,
Just smiling!

WHAT ABOUT THIS 13 SOAP?
TELLING TALES OUT OF CLASS
Dr. Bateman was "madder than a wet hen" one afternoon in Chemistry class. He was extremely angry at an ignorant Frosh who had taken a whole spoonful of grease when he only needed a little bit for the experiment. The poor boy got the grease all over the test tube and then tried to get it off with cold water. Dr. Bateman stood beside him and shrieked, "That's no way to do it, use your head."

DO YOU USE 13 SOAP?
MIRANDY! OH, MIRANDY!
"Mirandy, oh Mirandy, why for yo' washin' all dem clogs now, taint Christmas yet and taint Easter, and why in de deuce do you always use dat there ol' 13 soap?"
"Well, Joseph, don' yo all want to be clean? Showelley yo' do, and 'specially as yo's gwine ter take me, to der Y. W. play."
"What yo say? Y. W. play? When's dat?"
"It's Decembar 20, and it sho' enough am a fine play. Jus' wait till yo see—'It Pays to Advertise.'"

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?
HAPPY CONTRAST
"I shall never marry," declared Monkey Windes, "until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite."
"Well, Monkey, there are a number of intelligent girls on the Tempe campus."

THIS SOAP MAKES THE DIRT FLY
The Boy Friend: Margaret, was your mother angry when I left Sunday night?
M. Carr: Yes; she said I was rude to let you go away without breakfast.

WHAT ABOUT THIS 13 SOAP?

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

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

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Corner of Mill Ave and 7th Ave
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Dentist
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Hardware and Furniture
Phone 8

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

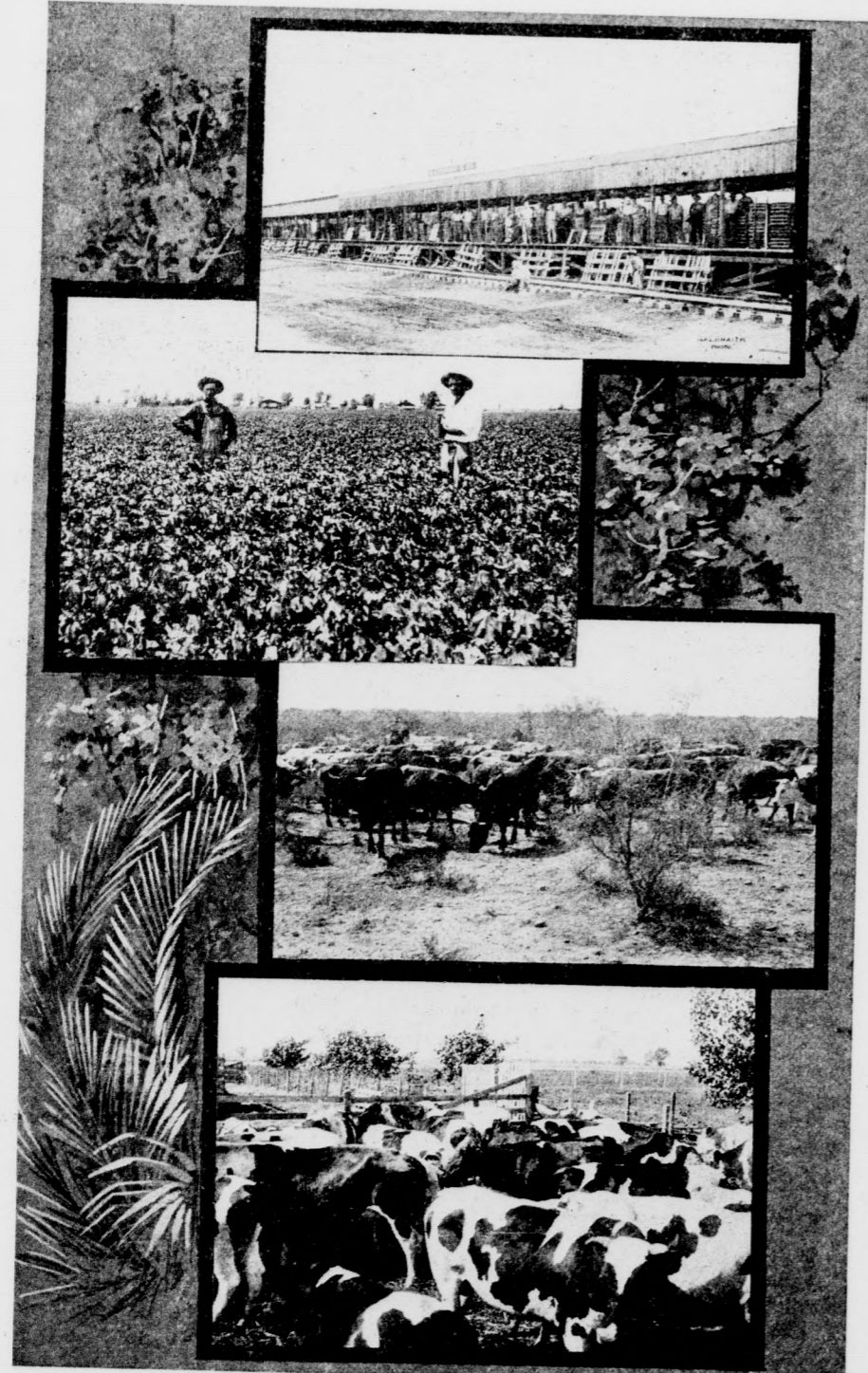
Varsity Inn
Home Cooked Foods Our Specialty
VARSITY GARAGE
"Service with a Smile"

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
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Collections Escrows
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