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STEP
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U. N. M. WEEKLY

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CO-
OPERATE

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO

VOL. XXV

Albuquerque, N. M., Friday, November 17, 1922

NUMBER NINE

N. M. ASSOCIATION FOR SCIENCE TO MEET HERE NOV. 27-28

Dr. Clark, President of the Society, Announces Program of Various Addresses.

Announcement has been made of the Seventh Annual Meeting of the New Mexico Association of Science, which is to be held here at the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque at the time of the State Teachers' Association meet. The meetings of the Association will be held in the Chemistry Building on Monday and Tuesday mornings, November 27 and 28, respectively.

Monday evening, a banquet for Association members will be held at the Albuquerque Country Club. Dr. Clark and Dr. Ellis are in charge of the arrangements.

The program arranged for the meeting is as follows:

NOVEMBER 27 Opening Address

"The Types of Research"—David S. Hill, Ph. D., LL. D., president of the State University.

Agriculture

Self Pruning of the Western Yellow Pine—W. H. Long, Ph.D., forest pathologist, U. S. forest service, Albuquerque. Erosion As a Menace to the Social and Economic Future of the Southwest—Aldo Leopold, M. S., assistant district forester, U. S. forest service, Albuquerque. Salt in Its Relation to Range Conservation—M. W. Talbot, B. S., forest examiner in charge of grazing, U. S. forest service, Albuquerque. How Forestry Can Secure Continuous Timber Production in the Southwest—Quincy Randles, M. S. F., district forest inspector, U. S. forest service, Albuquerque.

Engineering

The Present Status of the Use of Powdered Coal—Thomas T. Eyre, B. S., dean of the college of engineering, State University.

Education

Intelligence Tests and School Marks—B. F. Haught, Ph. D., State University. An Experimental Curriculum—W. G. Donley, B. S., superintendent of schools, Carlsbad, N. M. Student Weaknesses in Scientific Exposition—L. Burton Hessler, Ph. D., State University.

Economic Science

Economic As a Science—Fred Fassel, M. A., State University.

Zoology

Science in the Control of Predatory Animals and Noxious Rodents—Charles F. Bliss, M. S., U. S. biological survey, Albuquerque. Some Common Misconceptions of State University.

NOVEMBER 28 Presidential Address

Future Motor Fuels—John D. Clark, Ph. D., dean of graduate school and professor of chemistry, Evolution, Edna Mosher, Ph. D., State University.

Anthropology

Zuni Fetishes—H. F. Robinson, supervising engineer, Indian field service, Albuquerque. Pre-Pueblo Cultures of the Southwest—Kenneth M. Chapman, associate in art, School of American Research, Santa Fe. Some Phases of Native Southwestern Arts—Wesley Bradford, M. A., associate in archaeology, School of American Research, Santa Fe.

Historical Sciences

Geographical Changes in New Mexico Population Since 1846—Paul A. F. Walter, secretary of the School of American Research, Santa Fe.

Mathematics

Mathematical Transformation—C. A. Barnhart, M. A., State University.

Medical Science

Fact vs. Fancy in Sanitary Practice—G. S. Luckett, M.D., director of the state bureau of public health, Santa Fe.

Physics

Radio Communication As an Educational Medium—Charles E. Carey, B. S., E. E., State University. The Vacuum Tube Amplifier—R. W. Goddard, B. S., dean of college of engineering, N. M. College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. Some New Concepts of the Structure of Matter—O. B. Goldman, B. S., N. M. College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

Y. W. C. A. MEETING

Wednesday at five p. m., the Y. W. C. A. held its weekly meeting in the Women's Recreation Rooms.

A series of discussions, taking in the lives of Biblical women, have been planned and this week Mrs. Rockwood gave a vivid and interesting talk on "Rebecca."

ARMISTICE DAY COMMEMORATED AT ASSEMBLY

Father Foulk of El Paso Gives Eloquent Eulogy on War Heroes.

Last Friday's assembly was undoubtedly one of the most enjoyable and most interesting held thus far this year. The program was in commemoration of Armistice Day and was marked especially by the splendid address of Father Foulk, a prominent churchman of El Paso.

The eloquent and polished address given by Father Foulk called to remembrance the signing of the armistice in 1919, reviewed the wonderful significance of the declaration of peace, and recalled the realization of that great debt we owe to those who gave their all for the cause. The intensity and power of the speaker were overwhelming and he held the audience spellbound with a veritable flood of oratory. The University was extremely fortunate in having a speaker of such calibre to immortalize for us the achievements of those who went across, and commemorate their great sacrifice upon the altar of peace.

Before the main address, Miss Helen Wiley favored the student body with an artistically rendered piano solo. Later, Mr. Bond, an instructor of the Albuquerque High School, sang a couple of songs. His rich-toned high tenor voice took well with the students and it was only with reluctance that they let him go after two encores. Altogether it was a very fitting and pleasing hour.

PAST WEEK SHOWS MORE UPSETS IN FOOTBALL DOPE

Although perhaps no more unusual than other years, the 1922 football season seems particularly full of upsets of the leading teams. Every week brings out some game in which all dope, all predictions have been spoiled and the winner has become the loser. This week two contests featured notably in this particular, Harvard, rated as probably the strongest team in the East through fumbles lost to its old rival, the Princeton Tigers. The score was 10 to 3, the same score as that by which Harvard lost to Princeton last year. Apparently, that leaves Princeton practically the highest ranking team in the East and, by her victory over Chicago, one of the best in the country. About two weeks ago, a sport writer ranked Harvard and Lafayette as the two leading teams in the East, since then they have both been upset, Lafayette by W. and J., and Harvard by Princeton. In another game in the East, Cornell wiped up on Dartmouth by a big score.

In the Middle West, in the Big Ten Conference, Illinois ruined Wisconsin's chances for the title by defeating her, 3 to 0. The dope had been that Wisconsin would be Illinois by a couple of touchdowns, for Wisconsin was well up among the leaders of the Conference and Illinois had already lost two games. Iowa defeated Minnesota in a very hard fought battle by a score of 28 to 14. Purdue bowed to Northwestern in their game at Evanston, in a game which did not materially affect Big Ten standings. Indiana played a non-conference game, losing in her homecoming by a score of 35 to 0 against West Virginia.

In the Missouri Valley, standings are practically the same as last week. Nebraska beat Kansas easily, 28 to 0, while Drake, the other conference contender played Colorado Aggies in an inter-sectional game, defeating the Colorado team easily.

In the Rocky Mountain Conference, the title is in pretty much of a muddle. Denver University and the Colorado Miners, the two highest ranking teams of the Conference played to a 7 to 7 tie and thus apparently threw the championship into a triple tie between two schools and the University of Utah.

On the Coast, California continued its victorious march by defeating Washington University, 41 to 7. U. S. C. triumphed over Stanford 6 to 0 and Arizona beat S. Mary's 20 to 3.

If the present record of upset after upset continues we may expect to see California, Princeton, Iowa and Michigan go down in defeat in the same way that other apparently championship teams have lost—as, for example, Harvard, Nebraska, Chicago, Center and Lafayette have done.

MISS BENNETT ADDRESSES WOMEN ON VOCATIONAL WORK

Vocational Expert Spends Tuesday Here, Conferring With University Women.

Tuesday, the women of the University were given a rare treat by the presence of Miss Helen M. Bennett on the Hill. Miss Bennett who is a member of the Collegiate Bureau of Occupations, is here on a tour which she is making through the Southwest where she is addressing the women at many of the colleges and universities. The Bureau with which she is concerned attempts to aid in placing college women in positions fitted for their abilities. They work only with college graduates and try to help them not only in finding places in the more common branches of endeavor, but also in the specialized branches such as commercial designing and painting. In the interest of this work, Miss Bennett travels throughout the country to the various colleges and lectures at Vocational Conferences and other similar meetings.

Miss Bennett arrived here Tuesday morning and spent the greater part of her spare time during the day in individual conferences of fifteen minutes each with the various girls, especially the Senior women. Although she was busy continually about half of the girls who desired to obtain interviews with her were unable to do so. At four o'clock in the afternoon she addressed the women of the University and visitors from town in Rodey Hall. The attendance was excellent and the audience was very enthusiastic. Miss Bennett's talk was very practical and to the point as well as very instructive.

Several social events were held in honor of Miss Bennett during her stay. She was the guest of honor at a noon luncheon given, at the Alvarado by the women of Mortarboard, Jr., and later in the afternoon Mortarboard, Jr., was again hostess in her honor, to introduce Miss Bennett to the ladies of the faculty. That night Miss Mosher took her to a genuine "chill joint," where they had enchiladas, and other Spanish delicacies. It was Miss Bennett's first experience with the Spanish dishes but she said that she enjoyed it hugely. She left at ten ten Tuesday night for El Paso and the University of Arizona where she will make her next address.

Miss Bennett greatly admired our campus—its architecture, its location and other points of uniqueness and beauty. On leaving she said that of all the colleges that she has visited all over the United States she had had the best time and enjoyed herself the most at the University of New Mexico and never expected to have a better visit anywhere. It is hoped that Miss Bennett may return and next time remain for a longer visit.

LOCAL Y. W. C. A. HONORS UNIVERSITY ORGANIZATION

Sunday afternoon, the Albuquerque Y. W. C. A. held vespers services and a silver tea to commemorate the opening of World's Fellowship Week, and the allied work. The Y. W. C. A. rooms on Second and Copper were decorated with flags of all countries and the silver contributed was given to the Students Loan Fund.

By special invitation many members of the University Y. W. C. A. were present at the tea. The Varsity organizations was honored by having Miss Maude Riordan and Miss Josephine Chacon on the program, and Miss Edna Mosher was asked to pour at the tea tables. It was a very nice affair.

Gamma Beta of Kappa Kappa Gamma has issued invitations to a formal to be held at the Albuquerque Country Club, Saturday night, November 18, from eight fifteen to eleven thirty.

Saturday morning a group of Alpha Delta Pi actives and pledges left for the Tijeras mountains, where they spent the week-end at a house party beyond San Antonio as the guests of Mrs. Hammond, Miriam Harrel's aunt. Sunday afternoon, Dr. Coan, Willis Morgan, Walter Bowman, Frank Reeves motored up and they all returned that evening. Those who were Mrs. Hammond's guests were Isabelle Porter, Mary Woods, Sally Bowman and Miriam Harrold.

CAST FOR "CLARENCE" COMPLETED! GOOD PROGRESS IS MADE

Play Will Be Ready for First Performance Saturday, November 25.

With only a little more than a week to go before the performance of the play, "Clarence," Dr. Hubbell and his cast of workers are very busy, beginning to smooth up and put the finishing touches on the various parts. The progress has been very satisfactory during the past week and at the present rate everything will be ready for the production on the night of the twenty-fifth.

The cast as finally selected by Doctor Hubbell, includes the following members of the Dramatic Club. Earl Gerhardt appears in the leading role as Clarence; Juliet Fleischer is Cora Wheeler and the part of her brother Bobby is taken by Pat Miller. Miss Leona Beyle plays the role of Cora's governess, Miss Pinney, and Fay Strong portrays Mrs. Wheeler. Fred Wagner was selected for the part of Mr. Wheeler, and Ellsworth Duke is Mr. Hubert Stern. Clarissa Parsons, as Mrs. Martyn, the stenographer, Billy Louden as Della the housemaid, and George Bryan in the role of the butler, Dinwiddie, complete the cast. Altogether it is a well balanced group and each player is well fitted for his or her part.

Dress rehearsals will be held the latter part of next week. The place of the performance will be announced very soon, and the ticket sale will be commenced. This is the first large play that the University has given in three years and as its first performance will be open to the public it is hoped to make it a financial success as well. If it goes over with anything like the popularity of the plays given here before success is assured.

A meeting of Dramatic Club members was held Thursday to select Miss Jackson's successor as President of the Club. Miss Jackson left school last week on account of illness.

OUR ALMA MATER

The factor of prime importance when it comes to choosing a college is what it is doing now. It is equally true, however, that a certain dignity inheres in background.

Oliver Wendell Holmes puts this bit of whimsical advice first in his rules for a successful life, "Select good stock to be born from." Although in the field of eugenics this stands as impractical, yet in academic life we may choose our Alma Mater. Other things being as they should be it remains a part of wisdom to choose an institution whose honorable record is itself a stimulus to every student enrolled within its walls. We are glad to believe that the University of New Mexico is such an institution.

The story is told that when Senator and Mrs. Stanford were planning the memorial to their dead son that stands today as Stanford University, they visited Harvard and were escorted over the Campus and through its halls by President Eliot himself. At the end of their tour of inspection, the Senator asked in his direct, business-like way how much, in the President's judgment, it would take to reproduce the plant. The President answered that at a rough guess it might take fifteen million dollars, where upon the Senator turning to his wife said quietly, in the most matter-of-fact fashion, "My dear, what do you say to twenty?" If the good Senator thought in any such way to go Harvard five million better, his reasoning was lamentably at fault. Five times twenty millions could not have purchased, for the University he was planning, the two hundred and fifty years of glorious achievement that were the real, though intangible Harvard.

It was in 1889 that the Legislative Assembly granted a charter to our College.

And what of its achievements in the thirty-three years that have since elapsed? Out-put is the supreme test and it is our out-put that this state University has ever, and with reason, felicitated herself. Did space permit, how many names might be chosen and from what varied field of activity, to illustrate that distinctive product, "the University of New Mexico" man. It seems to be the happy fortune of this University that good still comes to her to be molded.

Therefore, we should rejoice that we are citizens of no mean city. The past is secure; the present is worthy of the best traditions; the future is bright ahead.

LOBOS JOURNEY TO TUCSON TO TACKLE ARIZONA WILDCATS

U. N. M. Team in Good Condition for Saturday's Game. Capt. Popejoy Back in Lineup.

At Tucson, tomorrow afternoon, the fighting Lobos are to meet the Arizona Wildcats in a game that promises to eclipse anything the Lobos have engaged in this season. With a number of last year's eleven, heralded as the strongest team in the Southwest, back in school this year, the Wildcats have an aggregation that has demonstrated its strength this season by defeating St. Mary's, 20 to 3, a school which beat the New Mexico Aggies, 19 to 6, and then, by beating the Aggies, 21 to 7, so the dope indicates that the Lobos are in for the battle of their young lives when they tangle with the Wildcats.

Coach Johnson has been working his men to the limit, since the Canyon game, in preparation for the battle in which a victory is most coveted, and, in spite of a few injuries, the Lobo pack which journeyed to Tucson to beard the Wildcats in their dens, is practically as strong as any Lobo eleven that has taken the field this season. Cullen Pearce and Fat Greenleaf, who were injured in the Texas Miner game, will not be in the lineup, but Captain John Popejoy, star tackle, will be back in the moleskin, after a forced vacation of several weeks, with a badly sprained knee. This will be Popejoy's first game of the season, as he was injured before the game with the Indians. Jones was out of practice two or three days this week, as the result of a kick in the head in Monday's practice, but has recovered to the extent that he will furnish Wildcat tacklers quite a bit of entertainment. Buster Kelly has been suffering from an infected elbow, which has developed a number of boils on it, and has kept him from practice most of the week.

Since the loss of Pearce and Greenleaf, and the return of Captain Popejoy to the lineup, the Lobo forward wall has been shifted around somewhat. Ferguson has been shifted from right guard to right tackle, and Hopkins moved from left tackle to right guard. Dutton has been placed at left guard, with John Popejoy in his old berth at left tackle. Greuter has been holding down the pivot position regularly. With Greuter flanked on one side by Hopkins and Ferguson and on the other by Dutton and John Popejoy, Wildcat line plungers should find but few openings in the Lobo forward wall. At the wing positions, Bryan Kelly, Canteloni, Thompson, and Louis Hernandez have all been working out with the first team.

An interesting feature about tomorrow's game is the fact that both end positions on the Lobo eleven, and the left wing berth on the Wildcat team, will probably be held down by boys from the same town, Bryan and Kelly playing with the Lobos, and Jo Jacobson at left end for the Wildcats, all Roswell boys. Jones, star Lobo half, is also from Roswell, and thereby hangs a tale. Six years ago this fall, when Roswell High and Artesia High met in the first game of the season, Ogle Jones was playing left end for Roswell, in his first real football game, and Jo Jacobson, also playing his first game of football, was holding down right tackle for Artesia, and incidentally, it was Jones who made a pair of touchdowns for Roswell, and was pretty responsible for her 14 to 0 victory. Since that memorable day, both Jones and Jacobson have achieved a great deal of renown in gridiron circles, but have never met on the field. Jacobson was placed at fullback on the All-Southwestern eleven of three years ago, while playing with the New Mexico Military Institute, and last year Jones was given a berth at left half on the same mythical team. Whether Jones will make enough touchdowns the second time he meets Jacobson on the gridiron to win victory for the Lobos as he did for Roswell High, back in 1916, is the question of greatest interest to Lobo fans.

The Lobo lineup which confronts the Wildcats will be about as follows: Center, Greuter; right guard, Hopkins; right tackle, Ferguson; right end, Kelly; left guard, Dutton; left tackle, John Popejoy; left end, Bryan; quarter, Harrington; right half, Tom Popejoy; fullback, Hernandez; left half, Jones.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1922

WHERE, OH, WHERE?

"They say that the good old days always seem better than the present when we look back on them and compare them with the days as they pass. Perhaps that is true, we would be glad to accept that explanation of it. Certainly there appears to be something wrong about the campus and if it is only that we expect too much, from past experience we would gladly let it go at that. But—

What has happened to the noble order of Coyotes? Have they retired permanently to their den out on the mesa never to return or appear again? Evidently. Not a howl, not a whelp to show off, not a sign. Have they become altogether subrosa so that we no longer will have the pleasure of witnessing their initiation? Oh, girls of Kokoma, how you will miss them. If it is time to moan over the bleached bones of Coyote, let us know and we will sing him a dirge.

Then, too, was Euprequebia worn out by the stringency of one initiation so that she had to take the rest care for the rest of the year? Since the first bunch of timid neophytes went through, there has been nothing doing.

Consider the poor Frosh. They have had no consideration at all this year. When they first came they were given—that is, the masculine element was—green caps, so that the upperclassmen were able to distinguish them definitely and treat them accordingly. But the green caps one by one have disappeared and the Freshmen are still properly instructed in the ways of college life. From time to time, during the football season, the vague threat was made that some of the cockier and more unruly members would be introduced to the swimming pool but the introduction has never been properly made and the Frosh laugh up their sleeves when the matter is mentioned. At least they have the courtesy to not make fun of the upperclassmen in public. If nothing else is done the Freshmen, themselves should take the matter up and not allow that important part of their first year career to be omitted.

What has become of all these flourishing and eager classes which assembled in such numbers at the beginning of the year to elect their officers? What have they done since? The graduating class has had one meeting, but of the others not a word. What was the use of fighting so to elect a certain person to president, another to vice-president, if they are going to do nothing with the office when they get it. Either let them start something going or get someone who will.

Where—oh, where—has all our pep gone?

A SUGGESTION

Every once in a while, in fact nearly every assembly, we members of the Student Body are asked to sing our school song, "Alma Mater." And every once in a while, in fact nearly every assembly we try to sing it. That is, about one-tenth of the students try to sing and the rest stand there and move their mouths—If they do that much. Some just stand there and say nothing. Of course, some of those may be very humane persons who would not torture their neighbors.

But, the truth of it is that most of the students apparently do not and never did know the words to the song. It is little less than ridiculous to see some of us in these wiggling our lips in time to the music and then, suddenly when we come to a word or a line that we know we will sing it out and then wiggle our mouths some more. Perhaps, we are willing enough to sing but we don't know the words. There are little less than a dozen places where we can get copies of the song. Get

busy, learn "Alma Mater," and our other songs and when we have occasion to sing bellow them out no matter if it isn't so very harmonious. We aren't supposed to be a symphony chorus, just an enthusiastic student body out to show our pep.

GRID DOPE

The Canyon Buffaloes beat the New Mexico Military Institute cadets, 20 to 0, last Saturday, by a rally in the last few minutes of the game, scoring three touchdowns in the last half of the fourth quarter, after the teams had battled in the middle of the field throughout the greater part of the game.

The Aggies whitewashed the Texas Miners, Saturday, to the tune of 62 to 0, which makes competition look a bit brisk for the Thanksgiving game.

Institute and Aggies meet at Roswell today. This looks like an A. S. game. Institute got off to a poor start with mostly green material and has had an unfortunate year so far.

Tomorrow's High School—Indian game should be an interesting one. High School beat Menaul, 15 to 0, and Menaul scratched a victory over the Indians, Saturday, 2 to 0, so, from the dope, High School should win. Nevertheless, it should be a fight all the way.

The Yammigan-Hooligan game, an annual encounter of international interest, will be played at an early date. The advice to get your tickets early is timely, for indications are that the old S. R. O. sign will be hung out early.

The Texas Miner game is history, but its after effects remain. Cullen Pearce and Pat Greenleaf, who were knocked out in the first quarter, quarter have not recovered sufficiently to play against Arizona.

Isn't it recorded that Job played football, but his modern counterpart is playing the game under difficult conditions. Buster Kelly has a bunch of boils, six or eight in number, on his elbow.

Captain John Popenoy will play in his first game of the season tomorrow. If he tries to crowd three or four games into one tomorrow, pity the Wildcats who get in his path.

"Of All Sad Words—"

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, Words that may leave the mighty humbled, The saddest are, "He bucked for ten."

Sad words are thick upon the scroll Where leading stars have slipped or stumbled. But these come first, "He reached the goal— But fumbled—"

What doth it profit any bloke Before his vast air castles crumble, To gain his way, swift, stroke by stroke— And fumble? —Grantland Rice.

An Idle Idyl

A mi me gustan pan y queso Que haen en rancho, Pero mas me gusta un beso Dehajo un sombrero ancho.

Tengo en la alma dos besos, Que no apartan de mi; El primero de mi madre, Y el primero tu me di.

Every once in a while, in fact nearly every assembly, we members of the Student Body are asked to sing our school song, "Alma Mater." And every once in a while, in fact nearly every assembly we try to sing it. That is, about one-tenth of the students try to sing and the rest stand there and move their mouths—If they do that much. Some just stand there and say nothing. Of course, some of those may be very humane persons who would not torture their neighbors.

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THE LIBRARY CORNER

WELL'S "OUTLINE" CAUSES TROUBLE

Kansas educators, politicians and theologians according to an article in the New York Tribune of Oct. 13, are engaged in an argument as to whether H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" is a proper book for college men to study. A great many are condemning Wells—but those who do are also condemning Darwin's "Origin of Species." Read it and see what you think about it.

BY THE WAY

Does anyone know just which girl has the latest crush on Tommie Thompson—and his piano? Have you heard about the boy who gave a girl two boxes of cookies last Sunday? If you have, just ask him when, where and why.

Can anyone tell who went chicken hunting the other night, in the dark of the moon?

Do you know what George Bryan's latest alias is?

Was the girl that got paddled last Tuesday evening and then almost got left in the cemetery?

WANTED to know; the name of the girl who wished to know if "Thanksgiving came on Thursday this year."

Did you ever happen to think that U. N. M. students will never go hungry or thirsty, for haven't we a Boar (bone), a Bun, and any number of lemons—and besides a Cook to prepare it. And our fires will not die because we have considerable Wood, a Porter, to carry it for us—and lots of pledges to remove the ashes.

And isn't it a good thing that Merton Lewis doesn't live "way down South." Just think how he would enjoy being called "Mutton." It is also well that Elsiea Crumley doesn't live in a country where the "H" is prominently prefixed.

It can hardly be said that U. N. M. isn't high toned for we have a real, live Duke enrolled here with Burrows to keep him company.

No one need be afraid of High Waters because, as everyone knows, we have Dykes on the Campus.

Who knows what the moon saw on the tennis court bench last Friday night about eight?

Co-ed: "I should like to try on that dress in the window." Salesman: "I'm sorry, Miss, but you'll have to use the dressing room."

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HOT CHOCOLATE FUDGE

HOT MAPLE

SUNDAES

Every once in a while, in fact nearly every assembly, we members of the Student Body are asked to sing our school song, "Alma Mater." And every once in a while, in fact nearly every assembly we try to sing it. That is, about one-tenth of the students try to sing and the rest stand there and move their mouths—If they do that much. Some just stand there and say nothing. Of course, some of those may be very humane persons who would not torture their neighbors.

But, the truth of it is that most of the students apparently do not and never did know the words to the song. It is little less than ridiculous to see some of us in these wiggling our lips in time to the music and then, suddenly when we come to a word or a line that we know we will sing it out and then wiggle our mouths some more. Perhaps, we are willing enough to sing but we don't know the words. There are little less than a dozen places where we can get copies of the song. Get

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VARSITY SHOP Agent

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SOCIETY

The Sigs flung their first dance of the year at the Masonic Temple last Saturday night at the conventional hour—eight-thirty to eleven-thirty.

The hall was decorated in the fraternal colors of blue and gold, with streamers hanging from the lights and in the doorways. The lights were all wrapped with blue and gold and made it the more pleasant. Punch was served through out the evening.

Those present were: Misses J. Elaine Tully, Clarissa Parsons, Nolle Hess, Juliet White, Elizabeth Cooper, Juliet Pleischer, Dorothy Goeltz, Fay Strong, Helen Kimball, Leona Beyle, Carol Wilson, Nils Wingfield, Fredah Mitchell, Ruth Morgan, Esther Morgan, Margaret Easterday, Mary Popenoy, Octavia Johnson, Helen Stowell, Helen McArthur, Tinsley Burton, Elizabeth Shepherd, Molly Culpeper, Mary Wilson, Ruth Daugherty, Claire Bursum, Lorraine Cleveland, Fay Boyd, Biffa Carter, Mary McCane, Jane McCane, Elsie Ruth Dykes, Alletta Fisher, Edna Mosher, Pearl Burns, Ruth Bursum, Katherine Owens, Barber Nell Thomas, Margaret Smithers, Josephine Miller, Messrs. Ogilvie Jones, John Dutton, Roy Hickman, Vernon Willey, Dave Burton, Willis Morgan, Monroe McKinley, Frank Reeves, Frank Harrel, Otto Beber, Charles Deering, Marion Stinnett, Marion Lewis, Fred Mitchell, Dr. and Mrs. Hessler, Dr. and Mrs. Carey, and the Sigma Chi actives, pledges and alumni and wives.

LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. Mose of Santa Rosa have been visiting their daughter, Goldina, here during the past week. They returned Tuesday.

Miss Elzada Crumley was visited by her mother for a few days last week.

Miss Loraine Cleveland, alias Tubby, has been visiting all of her old friends on the campus ever since last Saturday. Loraine came up for the Sigma Chi dance last Saturday and remained over for the Kappa Kappa Gamma dance on the 18th.

The series of extension courses offered by the University began this week. Three courses, which are open to all qualified adults upon payment of the nominal registration fee of \$2.50, will continue for two weeks.

One lecture course and include: Home Economics, Platonic Influence in Literature and Thought, Educational Hygiene, Child Psychology, Radio Communication, Journalism, and Salesmanship.

Actives and alumni of Alpha Delta fraternity enjoyed a smoker at the Alpha Delta house last Friday evening. It is reported that the entertainment furnished by the pledges was naughty, but nice.

Members of the dining hall force went picnicking out on the mesa Sunday afternoon and consumed tons of wienies and gallons of cider.

Work of resurfacing the roads and paths which traverse the campus is progressing rapidly.

Preparations are being made for the State Teachers' Association which will meet here in Albuquerque Thanksgiving week. The meetings will begin Monday morning and continue until Wednesday evening.

Place to Hear Interesting Conversations

At fraternity houses, any time; at the girls dorms; any night; on the bleachers, under the moon (or even when the moon's gone); after any dance coming home in a taxi; whenever the girls get together; when the pros start discussing the students.

"Why is a co-ed like a lemon?" "The more you squeeze her the masher she gets."

"Your face is like a poem." "How thrilling. Why?" "Oh, one of Browning's—there are some hard lines about it."

FORTUNES TO ORDER AND TO DATE

It was a rather ghostly night—a chilly wind off the mountains was sweeping down over the plains through the faint white light of the autumn moon and howled weirdly around the old fortune teller's shack, one of her pack of mongrel dogs as a woman, with a tattered gray shawl thrown over her wizened face, placed the lantern nearer to cast a clearer light over my face, and in the movement I could see her more distinctly. She was not an old hag, as common belief generally knows fortune tellers, but the lines around her mouth and eyes were kindly and she spoke softly. The flickering lantern

E. B. BOOTH
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PITFALL AND GIN

SOLLOQUIES OF AN EUOREUBI-
ITE

On the Stage in Rodey

Tee-hee-hee—
"Oh, wha, ta goo Siam—"
Tee-hee-hee—
Oh, darn it all,
These darn girls are
Worse fools than ever.
I wonder
If I look as rotten
As they say.
I hope not—Oh gosh—
That Senior down there
Is smiling at me—
Not ridicule, just interest—
Heck, he's laughing now.
I sure hate Seniors anyhow.
I wish they'd hurry—
There's that darn girl that
Paddled me last night.
I wish I had a chance
At her—if I did—
I wish they'd hurry and
Quit giggling—
I know I look like
A perfect fool.
Here goes—
"Oh, what a goose I am,
Oh, what a perfect ham."
AMEN.

BALLADS OF BACHELOR HALL:
FRAT HOUSE PHILOSOPHY

A woman's work is never done,
The sawsmith said, but when a man
Assumes her job, he finds it fun,
And springs a labor-saving plan
Till drudgery's an also-ran,
And his domestic life is gay,
"Though brooms may be beneath a
ban:
"There's not much use to sweep to-
day."

The culinary art is one
That should not irk our mortal span,
And simple fare one should not shun,
Who operates a frying pan
To feed himself much better than,
The boarding-houses drab and gray,
And then, to cheer this household
fan:
"There's not much use to sweep to-
day."

From washing dishes who would run?
An easy chore since time began—
And making beds, for any son,
Is soft as shaping verse to scan
Or solving what's the age of Ann,
And lighter seems the task than play,
Because one thinks, if think he can,
"There's not much use to sweep to-
day."

L' Envoi

A lady with your dusting-pan
And other housekeeping array,
Makes work more light, and thinks
like man,
"There's not much use to sweep to-
day."

HOT ASHES

I.

Elsa met Jimmy at a house-party
in the mountains. She was sixteen
and he was seventeen. The first
night they sat in front of the fire-
place and exchanged information,
confidences and desires. The second
night there was a dance. During
one of the brief intermissions he led
her out on the balcony. The moon
was just coming up over the moun-
tains. He kissed her passionately
as a child might kiss. Her eyes
grew misty, and a lump came into
her throat. She was in love for the
first time. She had met the One
Man.

II.

It was a year later at a fraternity
dance that Elsa met Jerry. She
danced every dance with him. He
dated her up for two weeks. The
third date he kissed her. Quick,
funny, tender little kisses, they were.
The thrill of Romance ran through
her veins. She thrilled to his every
kiss and answered them a bit un-
certainly. She was really in love for
the first time. She had met the One
Man.

III.

A mutual friend introduced Mick
to Elsa, in hope that they would
make a match. Mick was Irish and
it was on their first date, in front of
her home before they had got out
of his expensive roadster that he
kissed her. Hot, passionate kisses
that seemed to sink down to her
heart and sear it. She slapped him,
and he hugged her madly, exultantly.
But she went into the house reluc-
tantly. She was truly in love for
the first time. She had met the
One Man.

IV.

Elsa had known Norman all her
life, and had gone around with him
quite a bit. Finally his girl threw
him over, and he began to call on
Elsa regularly. One night as they
were coming home from a dance at
the Country Club, he stopped the
car, drew her to him and kissed her
softly, tenderly, laughingly. She
sighed ecstatically and snuggled
closer to him. She was actually in
love for the first time. She had met
the One Man.

V.

Edward and Elsa never exactly
met. All at once they knew each
other. Ed rushed Elsa to the ex-
clusion of everything else. He had
taken her out every night for six
weeks before he kissed her. The

moon was just coming up over the
mountains. It was very beautiful,
and he kissed her passionately, as a
child would kiss. But Elsa did not
respond. He kissed her again,
quick, funny, little kisses. Elsa was
unmoved. Again he kissed her pas-
sionately, hotly. Her response was
forced. He drew her closer and kiss-
ed her softly, tenderly, laughingly,
and Elsa sighed. She had lost the
power to love. All of the burning
flames of love had gone and there
were only hot ashes left. So Elsa
married Edward—
Margot Winde.

Just WHAT did Professor Hessler
mean when he said:

"We'll have to admit
that the modern flapper
far outstrips the
old-fashioned girl?"

DON'T BOTHER

When you come to UNM with all the
men

Don't bother, don't bother,
Cut all your classes and ride in a car
Don't bother, don't bother
Late to meals, never go to church
Invite some friends and leave 'em in
the lurch
Go down town and stay all day
Don't bother, don't bother.

Go to the grotto, spend all you have,
Don't bother, don't bother,
Go on a bat in your room-mates hat
Don't bother, don't bother.
Go to a dance every week-end,
Plenty of girls who are willing to
lend,
Don't have a doubt about staying out
Don't bother, don't bother.

Take your man to the swimming pool
Don't bother, don't bother.
When you wanna spoon, go look for
the moon

Don't bother, don't bother.
Don't send him home till twelve p. m.
The president's car will call for him.
When to a dance you stalk—do the
camel walk,
Don't bother, don't bother.

When you can't graduate and want
to quituate

Don't bother, don't bother
The president will smilingly say
Don't bother, don't bother
Go back home with an empty head
Strut and boast till they wish you
dead
Let this be your standard at U. N. M.
Don't bother, don't bother

ODE TO THE NEOPHYTES OF
K. K. G.

(With apologies to Longfellow, Ten-
nyson, Robert W. Service
Walt Mason, and the
general public.)

O girls with the brand new Kappa
key,
And wearing the fresh plucked
fleur de lis,
Lend me your ears while I tell to
thee
A tale of my love for K. K. G.

Your pardon, please, if I seem too
bold
In speaking to Kappa's just new to
the fold
But there's a saying I've heard which
never grows old,
Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, I'm
told.

Steadily, ceaselessly, morning and
night,
My heart palpitates with all of its
might,
And this is the reason—ah!—terri-
ble plight—
I'm filled with sharp anguish instead
of delight.

Ah! what can I do when I love more
than one,
A thing that's imprudent, but still's
being done?
My undying love you've all of you
won;
I'm the wretchedest mortal under
the sun.

True they have passed but are not
forgot. There are those—and they
are of the other sex—who feel a
lightness of pockets and freedom
from change which they knew not
so decidedly before. It is a wise
man indeed who can bet on which
way a rushee will go and win all of
his money. Dope counts for less
than nothing there—inside informa-
tion is just about as good as useless
—for Heaven alone—and perhaps
not even Heaven—knows what a
woman may do. Oftener than not
the guy who bets against all point-
ers is the one who rakes in the cash.
So rushing holds some interest for
others than the actives and rushees
alone.

No Man's Land

It was a dark night. The poor
Boob in the bandana handkerchief
was a stranger in town. A large
building loomed before him. With
a flashlight, he deciphered the in-
scription over the door—HOKONA.
"Honk your horn," translated the
burglar.

To his surprise and discomfiture
he found that all the screens were
tightly nailed on. After a great
deal of work he found himself in a
crowded room. Sounds of soft
breathing assailed him. He
searched diligently but the only re-
ward for his labor were a couple
of pieces of fudge.

He started to open the door.
"Sh!" A tense whisper. The door
opened and in came eleven ghosts
or more. From behind the door,
the Burglar watched fascinated as
they dragged three blindfolded girls
out into the hall, menacing them
silently with hairbrushes.

"For the love of Mike!" he whis-
pered, "what is this place?"
"This is No Man's Land," said one
of the ghosts as she shook one of
the girls, "Now shut up."

When the Burglar managed to
find a Policeman, he sobbed out his
story and begged for enlightenment.
The Policeman scratched his head.
"Well, a' course, I may be wrong
but you sound to me as if you'd
stumbled on a Blind Tided. Just
come along and see what the judge
says."

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