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FRESHMEN'S EDITION

U. N. M. WEEKLY

Published by the Students of the University of New Mexico

Vol. XVII.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, NOVEMBER 3, 1914

No. II

FRESHMEN STAGE HOLLOWE'EN PARTY

Entertain Student Body at Most Brilliant Social Event of Year. Rodey Hall Decorated for Occasion.

This year's Freshman Class scored a distinct social hit Friday evening when they entertained the Upper Classmen and Faculty at a most enjoyable dance. Hallowe'en was the keynote of the affair and all the arrangements were in keeping. Rodey Hall looked its best for this gala occasion with decorations of chrysanthemums, autumn leaves, and Jack o'Lanterns, and presented a gay background for the dancers. The stage was covered with Navajo rugs and there were cozy corners in sufficiently secluded places in the hall. A giant black witch on a broomstick was sailing through the clouds at the back of the stage and a wandering gypsy girl, obtained for this special occasion, told the fortunes of the guests in her tent.

The weather man was in sympathy with the Freshmen, and gave the young folks a glorious night for dancing, clear, and crisp, while a wonderfully big moon lighted up the campus for the "between dances" strolls.

The music was splendid, and as far as we were able to learn everything progressed as smooth as the ball floor. Perhaps the only displeasing feature was that the football boys left early because of the game with the Indians the following day.

The guests were received by the class officers, Glenn Emmons, President, Louise Lowber, Vice-President, and Kathleen Long, Secretary-Treasurer. Pelham McClellan presided over the refreshments and served an abundance of hard cider and doughnuts throughout the evening.

Dancing and card-playing were in full swing until midnight. The music and floor were just right, and it is needless to say that everyone present enjoyed himself.

At twelve o'clock the frolic came to a close, and another brilliant social event was added to the past history of the University.

The success of the entertainment is due to the members of the Freshman social committee: Louise Lowber, Myrl Hope, Ethel Kieke, Pelham McClellan and Charles Clarke.

The frolic of Friday night was only a starter, the first of a long series. The Freshmen have four long years before them, it must be remembered, and in all that time no other class is going to be permitted to give a social entertainment which shall surpass in brilliance one given by the class of 1918.

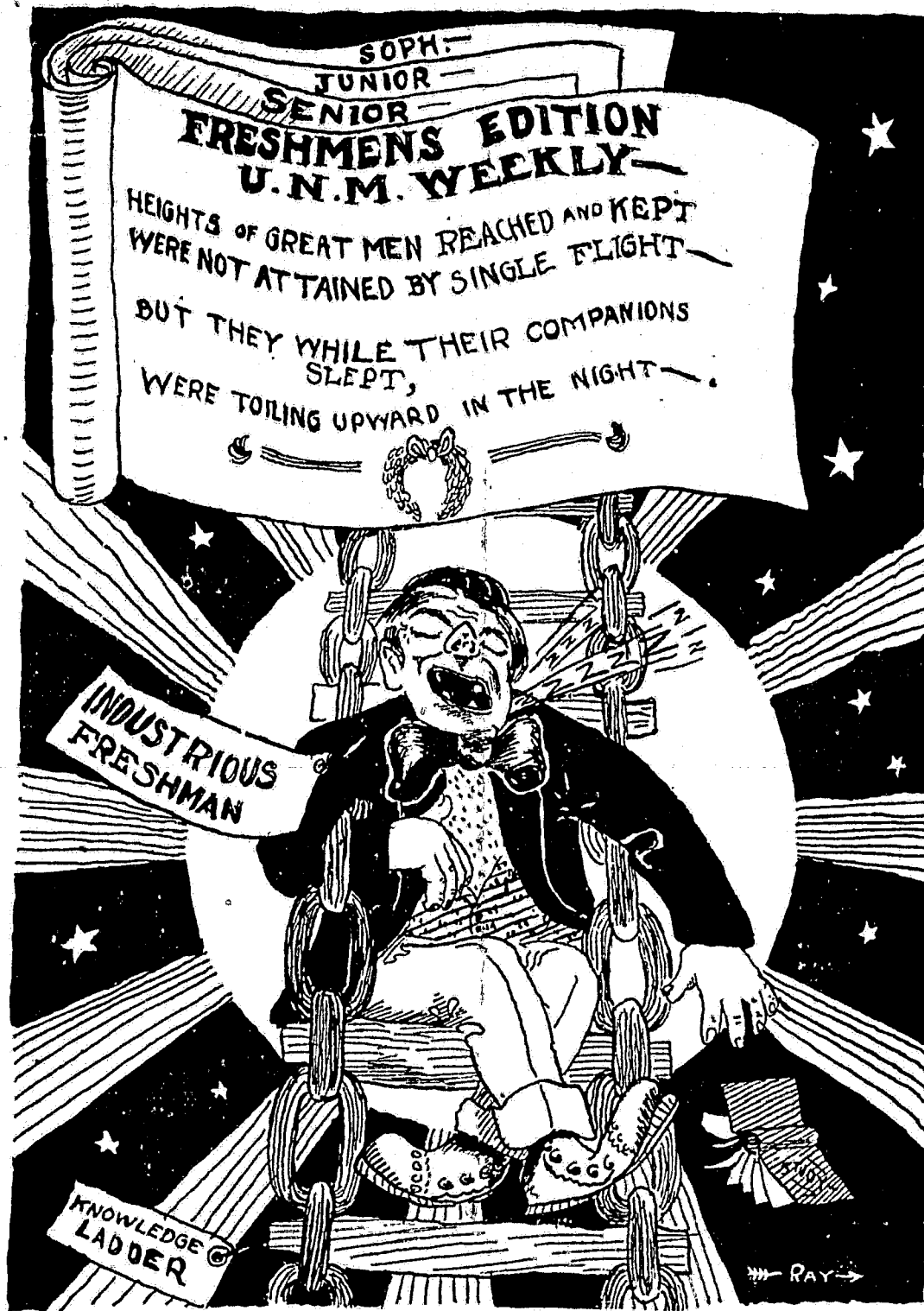
COYOTE CLUB ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

The Coyote Club met Saturday night, elected a new president and proceeded to initiate the several new members of the Dorm into the Club.

H. R. Fullerton was elected President and immediately took charge of affairs.

One by one the boys were put through, and then came the turn of the former President, he being the only man in the history of the Club, who ever held the high office of president without being duly initiated.

The new members are C. K. Parker, Elmer Friday and J. L. Walker.



TENNIS TOURNAMENT REACHES CLIMAX

Preliminaries and Semi-Finals Played Off. Finals Well Started.

With all the preliminaries and nearly all the semi-finals worked off, the deepest interest is centering around the results of the final contests.

The results of the Semi-finals are as follows:

In men's singles:
Worcester won over Doering;
Butler over Seder.
In women's singles:
Shields won over Hope.
In men's doubles:
Claiborne and Brorein defaulted and Doering and Olds paired for the finals.

In women's doubles:
Treat and Platt won over Hope and Long.

In mixed doubles:
Worcester and Treat won over Hunt and Beals.

The following is the line-up for the Finals:

Women's singles:
Long vs. Treat. (Semi-finals winner plays Shields; winner plays Platt.)

Men's singles:
Butler vs. Worcester. (Played Butler 6-16; Worcester 2-3.)

Women's doubles:
Treat and Platt vs. Shields and Beals.

Men's doubles:
Worcester and Seder vs. Doering and Olds.

Mixed doubles:
Treat and Worcester vs. Shields and Lee.

UPPER CLASSMEN LACK COLLEGE SPIRIT

The Varsity-Indian game brought to light a few facts besides an Indian defeat. It showed up the upper classmen in their proper colors. While every Freshman in the school was on the sidelines yelling his head off and his throat sore for the Varsity, the upper classmen (I do not mean all), but a few of them were skulking behind the rooters, too bashful to root. Three upper classmen were on the top seat of the bleachers! What do you think of that for college spirit?

These students are dead and ought to be buried! It is a delusion to think a man has to wait fifty or sixty years to die. If the spirit of the man—the soul of hope and courage within him has been extinguished, he is as dead as he ever will be, even though his body continues to chase about the campus.

The Roswell game comes next Tuesday. Upon this game hangs the prestige of the U. N. M. Now it is up to the rooters to cheer those boys on to victory. Every one of us must get together, we must stay together, and we must yell together! Suppose the game goes bad for us at the start. What then? Why, yell, yell, yell again, and again, and again!

Suppose Calkins in a game fails to make his distance when given the ball for a plunge. What then? Down at the bottom of the heap with a dozen men piled on his legs, he hears the referee call out, "No gain!" Does the old war horse lie still on the

(Continued on Page Three.)

VARSITY TRIMS INDIANS FORTY-SIX TO NOTHING

U. S. Indian School Goes Down to Defeat. Men Make Good Show in Second Half.

The football game at Hopewell Field Saturday between the Varsity team and the braves of the Indian School, resulted in a victory for the Varsity by a score of 46 to 0.

Saturday was an ideal day for a football game, not too warm for the players, nor too cold for the spectators, consequently quite a crowd was present.

After a curtain-raiser in which the Indian School second team walked away from the Rio Grande Industrial School team, the Varsity and Indian School took possession of the field and the game began.

The Varsity kicked off, LaPraik punting the ball to the forty-yard line. The Indians fumbled and the Varsity recovered the ball.

Repeated gains were made by the Varsity until the ball reached the Indians' five-yard line, where the Red-men made such an effectual block that they recovered the ball on downs. They punted the ball to the center of the field.

The first half ended with no score being made by either of the teams.

The Varsity boys were sadly lacking in "pep" during the first half, as most of them had kept late hours the night before.

The University band played during the half and in order to cheer on the players a snake dance was proposed; so with the band leading, playing Alma Mater, the Varsity rooters paraded around the field and around the team, who were busy assimilating the warm compliments which it is customary with "Hutch" to bestow upon such occasions.

The team lined up at the beginning of the second half with C. Lee shifted from the back field to the line, Balcomb from center to the back field, Greenfield from tackle to guard, and Gass went in as center.

The Indians kicked off, and the Varsity advanced the ball to the thirty-five-yard line. Calkins repeatedly went through the Indians' line for gains. LaPraik punted the ball across the line and Emmons fell on it, making a touchdown. Calkins kicked the goal.

The Varsity kicked off. The Indians received the ball and after several failures to gain they punted. The Varsity received the ball on the twenty-five-yard line. After repeated gains by Calkins, Balcomb, and McGary, McGary carried the ball over the line for the second touchdown. Calkins failed to kick goal.

The Varsity kicked off, and the Indians failed to advance the ball from the ten-yard line. They punted, LaPraik receiving the ball and advanced the ball to the 25-yard line. Calkins soon after made a touchdown and kicked the goal, and the quarter ended.

During the next quarter the forward pass was used many times with success, Calkins finally scoring again.

A spectacular play was made immediately afterwards by Brorein who received a forward pass and ran from the thirty-five-yard line to the goal for

(Continued on page two)

PATRONIZE THE WEEKLY'S ADVERTISERS

U. N. M. WEEKLY

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Comments, criticisms, etc., should be addressed to the Editor U. N. M. Weekly. All such matter will be gratefully received.

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Louise Lowber.....Reporter
Elinor McDonough.....Reporter
R. J. Ray.....Cartoonist

BUSINESS STAFF:
L. J. Claiborne.....Manager

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1914.

THIS IS THE LIFE.

Did you ever spend any time in a lunatic asylum? I mean as an observant visitor, of course, not as a permanent resident in regular standing.

If you have made such a visit you've noted that each of the permanent guests of the institution has some particular pet delusion of his own which he hugs to himself, as fondly as a little girl hugs her beloved rag baby. Sane enough on every other topic, he can't shake off the dominance of this single wrong idea.

How many such victims of pet delusions there are in our immediate circle. I have reference to the upper classmen. They never accomplish much in college and never will. In fact, they don't amount to as much as the little end of nothing whittled down to a peak. They look like so many clothes lines stretched among the Freshman live wires. They are like nothing so much as a switch-engine in a freight yard. No matter how much they puff up and down, they never get anywhere in particular. The wheels go around, all right, and the bell rings, and the whistle is blowing all the time, but that is all there is to it. The upper classes can strut well enough, and throw mud, but their knowledge extends no further. Their wisdom is important, of course, but so is the hole in the doughnut. Now, lunatics must be humored, so must we humor these poor misguided, loosed youths who have convinced themselves that they are the whole cheese.

I am not a prophet, nor do I belong to that tribe of old women who wear peaked paper caps and sail through the air on lonely nights mounted upon broomsticks. But I do wish to make this simple statement, that the year 1914 has brought a marked change in the life and character of this institution, and you don't have to squint through one of Prof. Weese's microscopes to observe the change. The University of New Mexico is now at the flood tide of its existence. From now it will go on and up; and the beauty and joy of it all is, that the Freshmen are the prime factors in that change. They are the ones who have brought it about. Never in the history of the school has there been such a class.

Last year's class consisted of thirty-eight innocents who didn't even create enough of a sensation to get their names remembered. This year we

have half a hundred live wires, who are responsible for everything of any importance that is going on around the campus windmill. It was a Freshman that suggested and organized the tennis tournament. The Freshmen are responsible for the orchestra and the band. If it were not for such Freshmen as McGary, Floyd Lee, Emmons, and Simons, the football team would cease to exist. In short, we are the only class worthy of notice in the long history of this institution.

With a single stride we have attained social superiority, and we mean to keep it. We intend to keep going. The bulldog's claim to fame is based on a single great quality; he can hang on. When he attaches himself to anything it is safe to gamble that time will elapse before he lets go, and you can bank on it that the Class of 1918 are going to imitate his methods.

The Freshman Class are alone responsible for this publication. Any one, therefore, who has any slams or criticisms to make about this paper, should take them to the Freshman Class Editor.

VARSITY TRIMS INDIANS
FORTY-SIX TO NOTHING

(Continued from page one)
a touchdown. Also, in the last few moments of play Brorein made another touchdown. The whistle blew while the ball was still in the air.

A return game with the Institute will be played at Hopewell Field on November 10th. This game is all-important. We are playing the Institute on our own grounds, and every student should be there. Hold a little convention with yourself and make up your mind that you are going to be there if you have to leave the bedside of a dying relative. You are going to be there to Root! Noise is what we want, fire, spirit. Luke-warm water won't take a locomotive anywhere, and luke-warm yells won't cheer a team on to victory. So get busy. If you don't know the yells, learn them, and let's have a big delegation of rooters on the sidelines next Tuesday.

VARSITY FAIL TO SCORE ON
MEXICANS IN MENAUL GAME

The Menaul School football team came over for a practice game with the Varsity team Monday afternoon and held Varsity to a nothing to nothing score. The time-keeper, however, forgot to stop the game and the Varsity managed to score about three minutes after the game should have ended.

The playing of the Varsity team was rotten, to say the least. The forward pass was completed only twice during the whole game, and the Varsity lost the ball on downs several times.

On the other hand, Menaul played a good game, and deserve credit for their splendid defense. Our Captain, Fred Calkins, is coaching them, and is certainly getting them in form for a victory over the High School.

DEFINITIONS.

University—A mill for grinding out knowledge.
Campus—Students' parade ground.
Seniors—Mere upper classmen.
Juniors—Ditto.
Sophomores—What the Freshmen will be some day.
Freshmen—The live wires of the University.
Faculty—A body of people hired to help the Freshmen run the college.
Home—A hazy recollection of a square meal.
Dining Hall—Hash surrounded by a hungry mob.
Examination—A guessing contest.

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EDUCATION WITH A PURPOSE.

New York city has spent over \$6,000,000 for its "plant" of vocational schools, and is spending over \$200,000 a year to maintain it. Now this is certainly a wonderful stride in the right direction. We have too long spent money on schools that taught little or nothing of practical bearing on daily life and the business of making a living.

Now, therefore, there is a tremendous pressure upon the authorities to provide vocational teaching. In the present state of public feeling the school that ignores the requirements of everyday life is sooner or later itself ignored—which is really one of the most encouraging signs of the times.

It is clearly recognized that in the present organization of industry the workers must be trained to work and the State must train them. This is a democratic country. Education is one of the most important functions of a democracy.

Business men who own stores and factories are naturally most directly interested in the quality of training of their future employees.

The vocational schools that are now springing up into great systems in the large cities represent that most important phase of popular education. At least 3,000,000 children of fourteen are leaving school for the factory this year. Over 6,000,000 boys and girls between fourteen and sixteen are working for wages. They are ill-trained. Over three-fourths of them have not reached the seventh year of school, and more than one-half of them fail to reach the sixth year. The purpose of the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education recently formed is to pay the salaries and traveling expenses of field workers who are assisting cities and State to establish good systems for industrial training. The society publishes and distributes information; provides office quarters and pays for the services of a manager and his corps of experts, both at headquarters and in the State branches.

Now this is certainly one of the most encouraging social efforts of recent years. Its import is really tremendous, when one realizes the scope of its endeavor. The trouble with what is quaintly but most expressively called "book learning," is that it is almost invariably wholly unrelated to the immediate needs of the student's life, while the business man is in a perpetual and practical university during his whole active life. He trains himself to solve harder and harder problems, passing constantly from the simple to the more complex, until his mind gets a grasp of things and he gains a vigor of execution which would be impossible to the man who has only "book training."

I believe that the average college graduate feels that, while he has gained in his college course that which no money can buy, he has also lost something of infinite value in the world of realities. His mind has been wonderfully interested in his various studies, but many of these studies do not touch modern life or help to solve its problems. A considerable part of his four years has been spent with the things of the Middle Ages. He has been interested in his Greek and Latin, but he feels that the same time spent in studying the actual conditions of his own day would have put him in closer touch with his own century.

Many college graduates feel that they are somehow out of touch with their own day and people of their own times. They are not quite in

line with them. They are out of step. They hope to get back, expect to, but many of them never do.

I have often heard college graduates say that they would have been very much better off practically and would have gotten along better in life if they had spent two of the four college years studying the actual conditions of the life of their day taking business courses, vocational courses; that part of the time spent in a first-class business college would have been better than the two extra years in college. Now our vocational schools are a big step toward remedying this evil for one class of students. Let us hope that before long this practical course of fitting for life work will spread on all educational planes.—O. S. Marden.

UPPER CLASSMEN LACK
COLLEGE SPIRIT

(Continued from page one)

ground and mutter, "No use! I can't break that line, I guess I'll retire from the game?"

Not much! There is only one thought in the dogged brain above that bull-dog jaw—only one request its owner has to make of the quarterback: "Give me the ball again! I failed before, but I'll smash that line this time or know the reason why!" This is the spirit that wins football games, helps win them, and does everything else worth doing.

Now, let us all be there to help win that game.

Not as She Thought.

Two women's college professors, the professor of English literature and the professor of history, attended a matinee of a Shakespearean production during Christmas week to make "notes" for their lectures for the following year and to compare impressions. When they arrived at the theater they were dismayed to find that their seats were separated several rows. They realized that their joint work would practically be nullified. The history professor, however, noticed that the man sitting next to her seemed to be alone, and after much hesitation she decided to explain matters and ask him if he would take the seat of the literature professor three rows ahead. She was a shy, Southern young woman, but finally, mustering up her courage, she laid her hand on the man's arm and asked gently:

"Excuse me, sir, but are you not alone?"

The man grew confused, coughed nervously, and then, putting his hand to his mouth, he whispered to the amazed professor:

"Cheese it, kid, my wife is sitting next to me."

One of the most ridiculous situations imaginable is a cross-eyed woman telling her bow-legged husband to come straight home.

You can always tell a good friend from the fact that he generally keeps his opinions to himself.

Recipe for Preserving Peaches: Use plenty of cold cream, rouge and face powder.—Ev.

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Locals and Exchanges

Here's to the good girl, not too good, for the good die young, and I hate a dead one.

At last! Oscar's color has been determined — Kate Chaves says he's placid.

Some people's only aim in life seems to be to throw mud.

There was a young Freshman Class kid,
Who purchased himself a new lid,
But at an affair it was left on a chair,
It don't look quite as new as it did.

H. R. Fullerton, Nelson F. Newman, C. K. Parker, H. O. Dennis, L. C. Murphy and H. J. Hill of Winslow, Arizona, took dinner Sunday at the home of Miss Irene Boldt, on South Edith Street.

Miss Hickey sprained her ankle last week, and will not meet her classes this week.

The tennis court is looking very much like a "sure enough" court. It has been rolled and adorned with a new net.

Prof. Edington: "What would you call a man that thinks he knows everything?"

McGary: "A Math Prof."

Cora Lee Greenfield's brother has come up from Dexter and enrolled. He is now the largest man on the team and is a welcome addition to it.

Chet Lee has announced his intention of going to Roswell—he rather likes the idea of going to the Institute—Why?

Marjorie Stowell made a very charming gypsy fortune teller at the Freshman frolic and her tent was well patronized.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life goes like a song,
But the man worth while's the man
who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
—Selected.

It has been said that women never love as deeply as men. Probably because there is so little to furnish the inspiration.

Miss Eula Mabry left Sunday night for California.

A lovelorn young student most frantic,
Screamed out in his best esperantic,
'Caj woh elj maj fuj y con sluj mi vol tuj,'
Now isn't that simply romantic?

There is no vice like advice, and no pounding like expounding.

The Upper Classmen have decided to encourage the Freshmen in their "social spasms". Sweet of them, is it not?

Hotel Manager at Roswell: "Where is that 'Not to be used except in case of fire' sign?"

Clerk: "Those Varsity football boys nailed it over the coal bin."

Pelham: "What became of the little girl you made love to in the hammock last summer?"

Emmett: "We fell out."

A "goldy-locked" Freshman youth was calling a sister classmate of his "a pan of glucose" until he found out that glucose was many times sweeter than sugar; then he changed the title to "a bucket of lard".

There was a young student from Tyre,
Who said, "Tis my constant desire
To work night and day,
For it bores me to play."
Now was he a prig ora liar.

A Freshman once to Hades went,
Some things he wished to learn,
But they sent him back to earth;
He was too green to burn.

There was a "pep" meeting of the students at Rodey Hall Friday noon. Prof. Seder distributed copies of the U. N. M. Songs and the Varsity band furnished the music so that all the new students had a chance to learn the songs. George Pinney led the yells enthusiastically.

POETS WITH POWER.

"Twinkle! twinkle! little star," the poet said, and lo!
Way above the death so far the stars
a-tinkling go.

"Roll on, thou deep blue ocean, roll!"
another voice was heard.
And ocean rolls obedient to his mandatory word.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind," the third one gave command.
And every winter now we hear it blow
to beat the band.

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State," a poet once did sing;
And ever since the ship of State's been
doing that same thing.

Small Boy: "What is a roost, papa?"

Parent: "A roost, my son, is the pole on which chickens roost at night."

Small Boy: "And what is a perch, papa?"

Parent: "A perch is what chickens perch on at night."

Small Boy: "Well, papa, could a chicken roost on a perch?"

Parent: "Why, of course."

Small Boy: "And could they perch on a roost?"

Parent: "Certainly, of course."

Small Boy: "But if the chicken perched on a roost, that would make

the roost a perch, wouldn't it?"

Parent: "Oh, heavens, yes! I suppose so."

Small Boy: "But if just after some chickens had perched on a roost and made it a perch, some chickens came along and roosted on the perch and made it a roost, then the roost would be a perch, and the perch would be a roost, and some of the chickens would be perches and the others would be roosters, and—"

Parent: "Susan, Susan! take this child to bed before he drives me mad."—Blue Bull.

Artie Bodie, who's allus playin' pranks on folks, yestidday told Willie Oates, whos' bin odd in his 'ead ever since he fell offen his pa's barn roof, that if he'd eat a spoonful of red pepper it would make him smart. Willie tried it. It did.

Theorem—If you have a girl she loves you.

Given—You love a girl.

To Prove—She loves you.

Proof—All the world loves a lover.
—Shakespeare.

Your girl is all the world to you. (Evidence.)

Your girl—the world. (Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.)

Therefore—Your girl loves a lover. Since your girl loves a lover, your girl loves you.

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