

The Almanian

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ALMANIAN STAFF

Editor: Ken Ferguson
 Business Manager: Albert Calkins
 Circulation: Josephine Woodard
 Sport Editor: Hamilton McNichol
 Co-ed Editor: Cora Lewis



WEEK END TRUANTS

In announcing that there might be a strike by a six day curriculum next fall showed students would leave the campus in such large numbers over week ends, President Crooks would follow an example that is in effect in many of the schools and colleges of the country today.

This migration from the campus has become fearfully common of late. Many disastrous results naturally follow. Oftentimes students suffer serious physical consequences due to lack of sleep and rest. There is another angle from which to study the situation. A total disregard for academic study is liable to make itself felt over the two day vacation.

If some sort of social entertainment such as dances, parties, or plays could be added to the week end program, it is reasonably certain that the week end truants would diminish considerably. It will not be possible to check the rapidly increasing migration from the campus without providing some sort of week end entertainment or, if necessary, to resort to the Saturday class penalty.

"AN ON DAY IN CLASS"

Class enters in solemn silence, sits down in perfect order, and takes the few seconds before the last bell to review the lesson.

"Mr. Brodebeck, where did we leave off last lesson?"

"With the life of Charlemagne, sir."

"Oh, yes; now will you give a brief resume of his life?"

"He was born . . ."

"Very good, and was he quite a great man, too, Mr. Brodebeck?" Brodebeck's head nods the affirmative. The class answers question after question without failure.

"And now, Mr. Fritz, what great line of rulers was founded by Hugh Capet?"

"The Capetian line."

"And were they quite capable rulers too, Mr. Fritz?"

"Yes."

The recitation stopped here, as the instructor's emotions of exultation placed too great a strain on the arteries of his cerebellum. He had a mild stroke of apoplexy.

"AN OFF DAY IN CLASS"

"Humph! What is that infernal noise? Who is that scuffling along the hall? Was that you Fry? No? Well I should hope not. Take your seat Mr. Finley. Start the lesson, Mr. Borton. Don't know where the lesson is? That is too bad Mr. Borton, your work is none too high, you know. Where is the lesson Mr. Valern? Mr. Valern? Not here? Oh, there you are, over in the corner. Why don't you stay where you were seated? Never mind explaining now! Your name isn't Valern, it's Halpern? Ahuh! Ahuh! Excuse me. Mr. Halpern. Well, what do you know about Julius Caesar?"

"Well, he led an uprising in Rome, and it was also said that he had a bad temper."

"Ugh! Was that in your text?"

"No sir, but—"

Mr. Schweinsberg, tell us about Julius Caesar."

"He was the greatest of the great Swedish philosophers." A roar of laughter greets this answer.

"What, time up? So it is. Well, take the same 25 pages tomorrow, reviewing what we had today."

FRESHMAN PHILOSOPHER

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 I must do my work tonight!
 That I must curtail my slumbers
 Just to get these lessons right.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And a grade is not my goal;
 "Flunk thou shalt, to home returnest,"
 Brings no tremor to my soul.

'Tis enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 Tell me not that each tomorrow
 Will bring trouble and dismay.

Art is bunk, and time is fleeting,
 Let us revel while we may—
 Let's be drinking, smoking, eating,
 Ere our youth has slipped away.

In this rosy world of college,
 In this bivouac of youth,
 Be not seekers after knowledge!
 Be not yearners after truth!

Trust the future; 'twill be pleasant!
 Let the dead past hang its head!
 Live-live in the youthful present,
 Heart within and moon o'erhead!

Lives of seniors all remind us
 We can play a bluffing game
 Can forget what's been assigned us—
 And make credits just the same.

Credits that perhaps another,
 In his struggle after A's

Though he sweat and swear and smother,
 Fail to win in later days.

Let us then be up carousing,
 While the moon is in the sky;
 Singing, dancing, loving, sousing—
 Learn to bluff 'em and get by!

ADVICE TO LOVELORN

By Beulah Barefax

My dear Miss Barefax:
 I am terribly troubled. Ever since last fall I have been going with the sweetest co-ed in Alma College. But lately she has not shown the little affections that were once such an essential part of my existence. Oh Beulah (may I call you Beulah?) How I crave the sight of tall pines swaying enthusiastically in the moonlight. Romance fills my heart! And on top of this my studies are becoming uninteresting. Can you imagine me falling from an "A" to a "B" in English! Really, this grieves me more than the loss of my loved one. Oh, how can I regain the love of my lost one and at the same time raise my marks. I'll try anything but studying. You see, Beulah, I haven't got time to study as I like to play poker and shoot craps. Please give me your advice.

John Fry

P. S. My girl's name is "Sis".

Dear Mr. Fry:
 You poor boy. I know what's the matter. You have no "it". Why don't you grow a moustache or wear those loud knickers that you wore last fall? I consulted the stars and find that a first semester freshman from Minnesota named Olson has cut you out. Why don't you fight a duel or something?

ADVICE TO LOVELORN

By Beulah Barefax

Dearest Bue:
 Oh am I blue? Maybe I'll have shot myself before you get this! Ever since that fateful October night last fall, I have loved, and loved with all my heart too, this little co-ed from Ohio. She is the apple of my eye. Bue. Several times this winter I have feigned sickness in the vain belief that she would come to me in my hour of need. But, no, sometimes I even doubt whether she loves me like she said. What a horrible thought Bue! Back in Windsor I have another love waiting patiently for me. I know I'm false but it's my nature. I want to marry this girl Bue! We quarreled over the price of a theatre ticket, Bue. I wanted to meet her inside but she said no! Can you imagine that? After me spending ten cents on her the night before! Another thing is worrying me. I have sent in correct accounts for two athletic games to the Detroit Times. Something must be wrong here. This has never happened before. Advice please.

Milton L. Geller

Dear Mr. Geller:
 I think I know what's the matter. You are afflicted with gustitus. This disease is the result of walking in your sleep on dark nights while under the influence of alcohol. Not that I think you imbibe, Mr. Geller, but it looks like you have been either drugged or that your mother dropped you when she reached for your bottle. I think it best that you have nothing more to do with this young woman. Ten cents is eight cents too much for one week.

ADVICE TO LOVELORN

By Beulah Barefax

Dear Buelah:
 As one girl to another, I think you can help me. For some time I have been going with a freshman here at college. He is awfully nice, Beulah, but I don't think he is true to me. When we first met he said that I was the only one that really mattered, but several times lately he has spent week ends in Lansing and Saginaw. I think he loves me, Buelah. Every time he looks in my eyes I can tell that. Oh, he has the nicest complexion! Just as pink and white as my pet rabbit that I call "Tabby". It was his shy, bashful way that first attracted me to him. I never go out with any other boys, Buelah. Can you tell me how to win back his love and at the same time raise my history mark to a full fledged "D".
 Nancy.
 P. S. His name is "Smitty".

My dear Nancy:

Yes, Nancy, take on an air of indifference. Pretend, just pretend, understand, that he doesn't mean a thing to you. Oh, I know this will be hard, but bear up, little girl. I'll wager that he'll come back to you before your senior year. These trips to Lansing and Saginaw mean nothing. He is probably going in to see his little dog, Adolph. Probably, Dean Mitchell suggests that you get some sort of a "pony" in order to bring your mark to a "D". Anything that can be carried under the sleeve or hidden beside a book will do.

DID YOU KNOW

That famous words of famous women are: You took me all wrong? Cookie.

That Irene Beuthin has charge of the parking space at the cemetery? Inquire of Ralph.

That George is planning on a course in electrical engineering before the next Alpha Theta party?

That Irene Haines' school colors are black and blue? She votes for tamer horses at the riding academy.

That Ray came home Saturday night without a coonskin? First signs of spring!

That Bertha has been two timing Al?

That Peterson can eat more than any two men in Pioneer Hall.

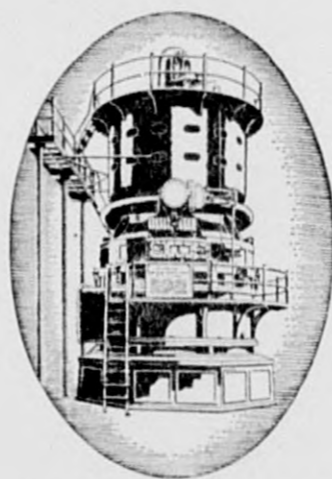
Speak to Win Thomas first if you need life insurance. Adv.

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your roommate will be wanting to borrow them for important Saturdays and any other "date" time! You can't help "registering" editorially, at least, if you are in the habit of wearing J. C. Penney's smart clothes! If you're not . . . come in and see them . . . and if you are, come and see the new things, anyway!

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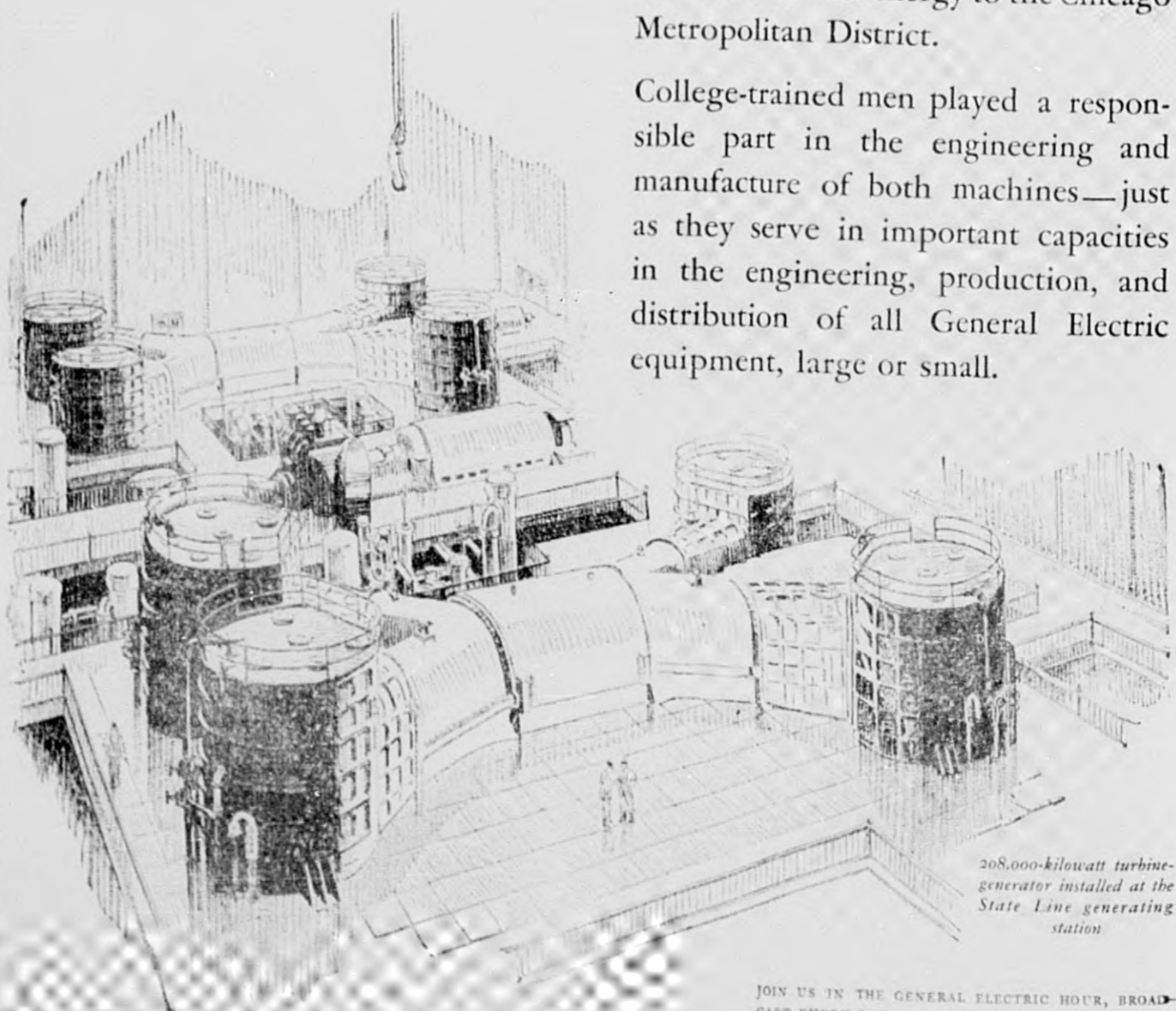
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CAMPUS CHATTER

"You see, every four out of five have had it" she explained as she returned Finley's fraternity pin.

"I'm not the happiest person in the world, but I'm next to the happiest," murmured Schweinsberg as he took the sweet young thing in his arms.

Prof. MacCurdy is having a difficult time proving that man descended from an inferior animal.

She seemed to enjoy the Annapolis dance, and yet great gobs shook her frame.

John Fry says that the trouble with this crime business is that there does not seem to be any arrest for the wicked.

And at the top of the canning in-

dustry we find not Mr. Heinz, but the dean of the college.

It is reported that the students at Pioneer Hall have reached the pinnacle of success.

If all the boys who slept in class were placed end to end, they would be much more comfortable.

Prof. Spencer suggests a tentative opening for novel on college life: "A small coupe drew up to the fraternity house and eleven passengers alighted."

Prof. Wise says that a woman, generally speaking, is generally speaking.

Frosh Peterson's Mother: "Stop reaching across the table! Haven't you a tongue?"

"Yes, mother, but my arm is longer."

Many a bright young man has been taken for a slay ride.

Caught red-handed in the act of sprinkling bread crumbs on the campus, Chuck Mann said he was doing it just for a lark.

Anderson: "I always travel in the best circles."

Burget: "Oh, that explains the dizzy look."

DID YOU KNOW

That H. MacNichol was a woman hater until he met a certain Ruth from Flint? And that he writes her 6 or 7 pages daily?

That F. Churchill, the big lipstick man from Hazel Park, was valedictorian of his graduating class.

That Colleen Moore, film star, is Bill Morrison's cousin.

That H. E. Johnson's "steady" led the Frosh Flurry at Mt. Pleasant, and H. B. wasn't her partner.

Every student should have life insurance. See Win Thomas. Adv.

That Herschberg's first name was Shurley? And that he traveled Europe last summer?

That "Windy" Smith gets more "fan mail" than any other Frosh? You can't keep a good man down.

That "Houdini" Robbins has quite a goodly number of disciples in Pioneer Hall? Hasn't he Churchill?

That Heerschap says Ex-President Wilson is the other great man from New Jersey?

That Paul Goodwin rates very high with employees of the Bell Telephone Co.

That an elevator hasn't five wheel brakes?

That Rhodes house is open for inspection? Ask Bert and Helen if you don't believe it.

That Mary acquired a class ring? Yup, N. H. S.

HOW TO KEEP FROM GROWING OLD

Always drive fast out of alleys. You might hit a policeman. There's no telling.

Always race with locomotives to crossings. Engineers like it. It breaks the monotony of their jobs.

Always pass the car ahead on curves or turns. Don't use the horn because it might unnerv the other fellow and cause him to turn out too far.

Demand half the road—the middle half. Insist on your rights.

Always lock your brakes while skidding. It makes the job more artistic. Often you can turn clear around.

Always drive close to pedestrians in wet weather. Dry cleaners will erect a monument to your memory.

Always try to pass cars on a hill when it is possible. It shows your bus has more power, and you can turn somewhere surely if you meet another car at the top.

Never look around when you back up. There is never anything behind your automobile.

A few shots of booze will enable you to make your car do real stunts. For permanent results quaff long and deeply of the flowing bowl before you take the wheel.

Drive as fast as you can on wet pavements. There is always something to stop you if you lose control—often a heavy truck or a plate glass window.

New drivers should be shown how to drive fast in heavy traffic. It gives them the experience every motorist should have.

Always speed! It looks as though you are a man of pep even though an amateur driver.

Never stop, look or listen at railroad crossings. It consumes valuable time, and besides, nobody believe in signs.

In wet weather always drive in trolley tracks. It's smoother going. (American Mutual Magazine)

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THE TRUE STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD (Statistics Included)

Red Riding Hood—born July 14, 1922, weather cloudy—was on her way to visit her grandmother. Her name was derived from the cloak which she wore. It having been originally red, but which was now, after 367 days of existence, faded to a dull maroon shade.

Her journey was three miles, forty yards, fifty feet, and ten inches along State Highway 31, a concrete road with sloping gravel shoulders. This distance was negligible compared with the march of the Phi pledges during initiation or that of Coxey's army, 3,253 miles.

The young lass arrived at the door of her grandmother's cottage at 11:57 a. m. Central Standard Time, corrected hourly by Western Union Service. She knocked on the door four times, three times vigorously and once lightly. (Vice President Curtis has been knocked vigorously three times and not once lightly since his election).

The door opened after 45 seconds of time had elapsed and there stood her grandmother, five feet, 3 inches in height, in the middle of the doorway, which measured 4 feet wide and 7 feet and 4 inches high, the doorknob being a little loose but effective.

"Come in, my child!" welcomed the old lady in a rich baritone voice. (22 rich baritone voices were made husky during the recent Glee Club trip according to press notices.)

Little Red Riding Hood entered her paternal grandmother's house happily. She seemed unaware that its population, at the moment, according to the Chamber of Commerce, was 35 cockroaches (assorted), 2 crickets (male and female), and 1 wolf disguised as her grandmother. Red Riding Hood had no feeling of impending danger such as that which filled the breasts of the freshmen on the night before pajama parade.

"Let's have a bite to eat, my dear," suggested the imitation grandmother, and she and the innocent child sat down at the dining room table. (34 persons ate hash for dinner at Wright Hall, on the noon of Saturday, April 13, 1909.)

Red Riding Hood noticed things. "What makes your ears so big, Grandmother?", she asked in her childish treble, encountered in the young in 97 cases out of a hundred. She seemed unconscious of the incontrovertible fact that she had committed a faux pas in spite of the 37 hours and three minutes that she had spent studying a book of etiquette that contained 456 pages.

"The better to hear you, my dear," replied the grandmother, who was really a wolf. (See above. Other cases of deception: Milton Smith as a cheer leader during the 1929 season; Milton Gellar as a news correspondent during the same season.)

"What makes your eyes so big, grandmother?" asked Red Riding Hood, her second question in less than one minute; twelve seconds less, in fact.

"The better to see you with," was the reply. (Four out of five persons suffer with this same astigmatism.)

"Well, what makes your teeth so big and sharp?" The third question in an elapsed time of 1 minute 42 and one-half seconds. (World's record, 41 questions in one minute flat. Record held by Mrs. John Billikens, established at 2:32 a. m., the night Mr. Billikens stayed after lodge to play poker.)

"The better to eat you with!" snapped the wolf, who flung off her grandmother's garments and made a standing broad jump of 8 feet, 4 1/2 inches toward little Red Riding Hood. (World's record held by Winterburg, 2 ft. flat.)

The little girl was agile, however, the ability of a ten year old child being fifty per cent greater than that of a youth or girl of 18 years, and she was out of the house in two bounds. In two seconds elapsed time, she was hotfooting it home and had passed the arterial highway "Stop" sign without even pausing. (An infraction of Paragraph 6, Section 83 of the Civil Code.)

Red Riding Hood arrived at her home all out breath (100 per cent) at 2:43 p. m., having aged two weeks and four days by her harrowing experience.

DID YOU KNOW

That Johnny Fry, the LaGrange ice man, is an insurance salesman in the summer.

That Ken Sansom, golf caddy, shoots the most difficult courses in the 70's.

That "Sunshine" Jacobson has offered a reward for apprehension of the party who opens his door in the "wee small hours" and then runs. Better watch your step "Howdy".

That Jim Coleman, erstwhile ladie's man, hails from the Lone Star state. And that he is rated the best steady in Pioneer Hall.

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