

# BRONX EDITION

# The Almanian

PUBLISHED BY THE STEWGES OF ELMER COWAGE  
The Pettiest School in the M. I. A. A.

VOLUME 27

ALMA, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1934

NUMBER 25

## CAMEL, MEASLES ABSCOND WITH DOUGH

Girls Protest  
FACULTY action

Editor, Business Manager Steal \$19,001 Cash,  
Muscott's Check; Discard Letter; Desert  
Four Women Companions at Cowshed

NOvak and TOPs  
STEal the SHOW

Petition SNOD to ResTRain  
FaCULTY woMEN from  
PuttiNg in SmoKIng  
ROOM.

Two hundred or better Right Hall girls actually got together last night after society meetings and sent a written protest to the Snod against the proposed establishment of a smoking room in the trunk room on the fourth floor. The girls came out openly from the showers and denounced the filthy nicotine to the bottom of the well.

"The faculty wants a drag," the president of the "I-Wouldn't-Think-of-Inhaling" association exhaled. "We women must pool our resources, and stick together in a pack. They needn't think they can get smoke in our eyes. Smoking is immoral, and we won't allow it around this building. They can't force us this way. We may be fagged out, but we'll fight this thing to the last mile."

Besides immorality, the Snod protest contained the following grounds for this action by the women:

1. Even the best of neckers are not always kind to the throat.
2. A mile is too far to walk.
3. There are too many carloads in a cough.
4. One cooler in the town is plenty.
5. Women are never satisfied.
6. Nonchalance is the root of too many evils.
7. Why pay a nickel more toasted?
8. The government went off the old gold long ago.

The girls also objected to faculty women smoking at the dinner table, and at the Sunday afternoon musicale. If this obnoxious habit must be indulged in, they felt, the faculty ought to at least have the decency to confine it to their own table, and refrain from going around and offering to light up for all the students. It was also argued that the expense in ashtrays is too high, and that the matron objects to butts soaked in coffee and left on saucers. These should be aimed at spittoons. It would be better, said one crusader, if the faculty would use the balconies and showers for smoking, in order not to annoy, disturb, nauseate, or offend the morals of the Wrighteous girls. Ten fainted at the mere suggestion that the faculty smoke downtown.

Octopuses Look Real  
As J-Hop Progresses

Over 200 poor fish endured the annual J-Hop wash out party last Saturday night. The decorations, representing an undersea scene, completed the background for the suckers that paid the price to wear out their shoes.

The greatest excitement of the evening came when a few of the boys were caught flirting with the mermaids during intermission. Neptune jumped from the wall and chased them all over the gym, forcing them to seek protection behind Prof. Clack's monkey-suit. To discourage the chase, Pulmotor Beach covered the floor with balloons (how did he get the gas to fill them?) and finally tried lassoing the "big boy" with serpentine.

Of course, all this rubbish on the floor made dancing almost impossible, but the orchestra was so "wettered down" by this time that they couldn't play. The night was saved by the Freshmen who started fiddling around; some upperclassmen horned in and so to the lull of this gentle music, the crowd fought their way to the exits. When the last wave had surged out, the faculty was heard to mutter, "Water, water everywhere—oh yeah?"

P. S. After the lights had been turned the rest of the way out, Billy Boyd was seen taking one last comprehensive gaze at a mermaid, and both were forced to flee for safety as the roof caved in.



PHOTOGRAPH OF BUD, OR IS IT LOOGIE, IN HIDING AFTER CAC ERICKSON'S AMAZING DISCOVERY THAT YEARBOOK FUNDS HAD DISAPPEARED. A HOLE THE SIZE OF A WOMAN'S HAND HAD BEEN DRILLED IN THE SAFE; NOTHING ELSE WAS MISSING. THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE TO TAKE.

Elmer College, that peaceful ole institution on the hill, awoke last week long enough to announce that Ward R. Camel and Louis W. Measle the head of the Marooned and Screamed staff had absconded with the dough they had so cleverly lifted from the unsuspecting steward body of the skool. Then Elmer College yawned once more and closed its dreary eyes and went back to sleep.

But not so Professor Leon L. Tippecanoe. He awoke with the striking of the rising bell at 7:01:15 and immediately hollered so loud that he forgot about an exam he was to give until Herman whispered sweet nothings in his ear. "Hello, suckers!" he greeted his class, and immediately he began a 55 minute discourse on the art

of absconding. "I've never been sucked in since 1907," he sneered high-hattedly, and considered again, "and I warned you, and what did you do? What did you do? You waded in up to your ears and sunk." Whereupon he entered into a 15 minute talk No. 7, upon the ole swimming 'ole. He snapped out of it when Ray Ralling spit out his gum and yelled, "How much did they get?" Joe E. volunteered that they told him that Camel and Measle took \$1,901 and Muscott's check. Biz Schmitz said that they told her that they left four women waiting for them at the Cowshed and that their names were not Mabel, Jan, Fran, and Con either. This last was given up by Marg Spendbag of Wheeler who had just come in

at 4 o'clock that morning. Tsk, tak!

Thus Elmer College was divided and not by Superior St. with the Zetas on one side and the Phees on the other. One faction wished that the culprits would be caught and hanged, while the other still hoped to cash in on the abduction of the wampum. As the members of that latter faction are in the majority, it will take up too much time and space and energy to list them, and to clinch it, the editor doesn't want so much article even though it be a front page story.

However, the former faction have gathered together a pussy headed by the old cue-ball and hope to track down the hell-hounds.

HATCHET MURDERESS  
GETS LOOSE AGAIN,  
SLAYS POOR FISH

Elmer's infamous hatchet murderer, known for assaults on homeless mice and the Wright Hall larder, was loose again last week, in the basement of the girl's dormitory. Mrs. Scott, she of the peaches and cream complexion, gave orders for a box of wooden dates—a wooden box of dates, and sent private Betty Tenney in search thereof. Miss Tenney, who rarely realizes what she is doing, (50 cents, Inie, please, please don't tell. I'll give you fifty cents), was instructed that this was the only wooden box in the storeroom, and that she must use a meat hatchet to hatch it open. This box said "Dates" on the cover.

Whether private Tenney recognizes a date when she sees one is unknown (75 cents, 75 cents!). At any rate, soon a peck, peck, peck was heard outside (I'll raise it to a dollar. One buck, for pete's sake). Then suddenly a curdling scream, and the dastardly deed was done! When witnesses rushed in, four innocent cans of salmon, heretofore safely ensconced in a cardboard box, had their sides battered in, and their insides were running all over the floor! Standing over their mutilated bodies, axe in hand, stood the weeping Miss Tenney.

Unable to explain her sudden mania for busting salmon cans, or why she failed to see the huge picture of the contents on the top of the box, Miss Tenney was hurried off to a psychiatric ward and put on a diet of mortified fish. Our reporter was unable to obtain the rest of the story, as Miss Tenney had raised the ante to the price of a cap and gown rental for the star witness. The date of the execution has not been set, but if Mrs. Scott is let at her, it will probably be accomplished with a meat hatchet.

Fowler: What makes petrified trees?  
Boynton—The wind makes them rock.

Leonard Talks  
About an HOUR

STARTS his voice; goes awaY  
and Leaves it talking; no  
Novelty to Stewges.

"Geology is all right if you can stand the smell of formaldehyde." Thus did Dr. George Leonard begin his address before a large chapel audience, and from that moment not an eye strayed from his face, which would have been rather absurd to expect anyway, and not a little gruesome.

"I'm not a republican, and I'm not a democrat", Dr. Leonard said. This brought a cheer, and



"AND LET ME TELL YOU."

everybody climbed into the chairs and waved red handkerchiefs. The acclaim was too much for the doctor, and he wept copiously from both eyes and one nostril. Finally he restored calm to the scene by proclaiming that a pipe was a man's best friend, but being married to one would be an awkward situation. When the vital truth of this statement had made its impression, there was no constraint capable of allaying the complete grief of the listeners.

"But all is not lost", cried the optimistic doctor. "We still have congress. There they are at Washington working for us." This (Continued on page 5)

Students Deprived of  
Nice Quiet Evenings  
at Home; Must Go Out  
of Town for Parties  
DRURY SAYS NO!

On with the dance! But along with the Faculty, the students of Alma college feel that certain very, very definite rules should be enforced concerning parties held outside of town. The best 3.2's insist it's every bit as nice right at home, but if they must, they must.

The first rule states that all informal drinking bouts should be held at Joe's. This is favorable on account of short distance, short change and short time. Unfavorable in that it seems farther going back than going over. Some however, feel that they want to "get away from it all," and prefer Mae's at St. Louis (the answer to a prof's and scholar's dream).

The green mill at Saginaw offers a jolly time for both chaperones and couples. This so-called den of iniquity affords a floor show unexcelled within a radius of many miles, with the possible exception of Elwell. The only rules connected with this place are: (1) All students should be forced to be back in Alma at 10:30, that is, A. M. (2) Only taxis should be the means of transportation between Alma and Saginaw (this is good, on account of it will boost the Alma Taxi Co., Inc.).

Now to go to the big city. We suggest that the Faculty write to the Black and Tan and ask what educational features are offered there. We are sure, however, that the music department would be more than pleased with the vocal selections. And that Mrs. MacGregor would approve heartily of the fine calisthetics demonstrated by the dancing girls. Dean Steward could find little wrong with the lighting effects, for all is covered with a curtain (of blue smoke).

The distance possible to travel was under controversy, but it was (Continued on page 6)

Hysterical crowd KNOCKS  
Wind out of chapel in riot  
at Booster Minstrel.

The thunders of applause almost wrecked the old add building as bushelfoot Novak went into the last tail spin with Topsy fairyfoot Nordling. The windows had been removed from the back of the chapel, the brick wall knocked out, and bleachers built on the outside to accommodate the overflow that was expected. And did they overflow. It happened on a Sunday night. They had cancelled all the church meetings in town, and the crowds flocked to hear and see the never-to-be-forgotten Minstrels of the Booster Club.

True Erickson was there but his feet could never be compared to Novak's, nor could his best attempts at anasthetic dancing be



SCENE FROM THE SHOW

compared to the production and contortion that Topsy was convoluting before the audience. The big man of the moment (What! don't you know the boy from Perry) was there as stooge manager. Oakley truly lived up to the tradition of the end man; he had to take it being on the tail end. And Poor Sonny Boy, what Topsy couldn't do, William did. His feet were where his hands should be

His mouth was opened wide And all that he could think to say Was Slide, Kelly Slide!

And there he was dressed as no self respecting member of the Zeta Sigma house should ever have been. Pantaloons, no they wer'n't, briches, no! They were like two balloons and when he took that dive into the Bishop's arms the crowd went into hysterics. The Bishop was there with flowing robe and flowing main, and the main thing about him was that you could get him to do nothing right.

It went on for hours until the town fire marshal came and demanded that the hall be cleared. It was absolutely unfit for any audience. And dolefully Uncle Charlie picked up his camp stool, put his clay pipe in his pocket, strolled from the hall. The cast were in tears. There goes our audience and reputation. However, Bushelfoot still had his feet and Topsy her figure.

MILK CURDLES;  
"TOO OLD," SAYS  
JOURNALISM STEWDS

Eleven Journalism steges and A hundred fifty frosh were rushed to the Museum last week, suffering with severe attacks of ptomaine poisoning. Pilo Pantz, chief investigator, took fingerprints, and traced the guilty person to the English class room. At the hour when the steweds became nauseated, Prof. Herman Nertz was in charge.

The theory has been advanced that the five W cream in his best bottle offering had become sour in the course of years. When tested in the lab, it was discovered that this had reached a state of decomposition some time ago, but its effect had not been noticed because no one had soaked it in. Prof. pleaded not guilty on the grounds that this cream has been so much with him he had not noticed its curdled state. He was released after promising to bury his troubles.

Marg Randels: Has Ralph proposed to you yet?  
Lelsz: No, but he has an engagement.



# The Almanian

STUDENT PUBLICATION OF ALMA COLLEGE

Entered as second-class matter Sept. 24, 1907, Act of 1879, Alma, Michigan.



## ALL MANIACS STIFF

"Don't Believe Nobody, Not Even Campusology Editor"

Chief Griper	Pelican Davis
Spirits Editor	Wart Campbell
"Tell It To—" Editor	Merge Spendlove
Dirt Collectors—(Hoover, Airway, Eureka, G. E.)	The Gas House Gang
Busted Manager	The Yidd Kidd Leyrer
Advertisities Manager	Sheila Johnson
Faculty Circulation Manager	Puffed Rice
Movie (Exlax) Editor	Neptune King
Arty Editor	Mermaid Johnson
Moosic Editor	King Kong Estes
Stooge Editor	Hoodoo Vincent
Pity Editor	Blimp Tomes



CLACK AND BOYNTON RETURNING FROM ANTI-WAR CONFERENCE

## Proxy's Lives



A. Euripides Weenie, otherwise known as "Proxy" was born when usually young, with his B.S. degree. Proxy was a very precocious child, and was brought up on the bottle, which makes him an expert at throwing the bull. Early in life he showed a financial bent, when at the unripe age of three, he learned to pry open his brother's bank.

He had been in kindergarten but a week when the public school authorities decided he was too smart for the teachers, so he was removed to the private tutelage of Lydia Pinkham, who struggled vainly for seven years to teach him his A. B. C.'s and gave up when she discovered he lisped. Brave in spite of his numerous handicaps, he worked his way through a school for defectives, and was ready for his secondary education. When the principal saw him coming up the walk on the day school opened, he was graduated P. D. Q., thus setting an all-time record. This was the first, but more were to come.

He did time again at his first job, chiseling rocks for the state, for which he got maintenance and a new suit upon his resignation. This apprenticeship made him an expert at chiseling, which he has since developed as a hobby (the Greeks had a word for it, yow-sahl). By this time he had begun to grow a bit, although the close confinement of this first job may have been instrumental in stunting his growth.

However, like Columbus, he had a mind which leaped out into unknown worlds, so he went to work in the office of a rubber concern. After the books were audited he did a second stretch, the time still being among the records. With this long line of experience behind him, he was deemed a fitting applicant for advanced work. Accordingly he came to Elmer-on-the-Pine, and has been on the rocks ever since.

Being familiar with publicity, due to the nature of his previous occupations, he was put to that task at once. Besides conducting 77 classes a week, he is working on a thesis. We doubt where in Chicago he will get it, but he insists it is the University that will give him the third degree. At any rate, he will soon be a doctor of philandery.

Proxy has a darling French telephone, which is the pride and joy of his daily existence. So much has he impressed people with his love for this toy that he has been granted a private office to house it in. His many deficiencies have won for him the pity and sympathy of all his students. They recently threw a departmental dinner for him in a booth at a downtown cafe, where the menu consisted of his favorites, pretzels and orange juice, with a little salt thrown in.

His theme song is "Just a Dreamer." His habit of lecturing in spir-itu, i.e. without presence of mind, has gained for him universally the charming nickname "Proxy."

Evans: Joe, what is steam?  
Bell: Water gone crazy with the heat.

## "Katy"



KATY AND HER FIRST LOVE

The records of the birth of Kibitzing Katy have turned to dust; unfortunately, this blessed event occurred in the days before imperishable parchment came into use. However, it is known that she was born out in the great open spaces, where men are men, and women are glad of it. This broad expanse of early environment gave her a mind "a mile wide", if little more than an inch deep.

Early communion with the Greek gods and goddesses bred in her that rare understanding of the human heart common only to society editors and anatomists. She fairly gloats over the delicious tales of Jupiter's escapades (including the Scandinavian).

As soon as she was able to master the fundamentals of reading and arithmetic (she never did learn to write), Katy enrolled involuntarily at A Female Academy, often called, in ignorance, "reform school." As the tuition was paid by the state, Katy stayed a long time. She just hankered to learn, and it took her a long time. At dear old F. A. she learned to suppress herself. Finally she worked her self up to a frenzy and graduated sine quo non.

At the Academy, in common with the rest of her inmates, she learned a trade. Katy chose soap-carving, which slipped her mind. She finally gave it up because of a great sorrow. Lifebuoy was too hard on her hands. She scouted around doing odd jobs, and always giving freely of her abundant advice. She usually had a good stock on hand, because people almost never took it. While at a certain university doing advanced work, she (deleted by censor).

When she had studied so much she was fit company only for the gods, she came to Alfalfa college, at a goddesses' salary. Here she was given free rein on advice, and ran her own column gratis, as benefits a Scotch institution. Having modest tastes, she dresses very simply. Her favorite liquor is coffee (we hope). She likes it stronger than 3.2, and derives all her astounding vitamins from it.

She is always on the go, and likes nothing better than to dive into gunboats, and take a tramp in the woods, where she can commune with her gods. She will be long remembered among her student admirers for her three great loves: 1. Duty. 2. Advice to the lovelorn, and 3, ye gods.

## FACULTY PROMISES NEW HONOR SYSTEM

In preparation for the 102 anniversary, the faculty announces a new honor system. All exams will be held in the gym, where decorations as dim as the traditional J-Hop will be in vogue.

According to the new plan, no cues to thoughts may be stenciled on the anatomy. There will be a monitor for each contestant, so if you get through with the exam on time you may enjoy a game of double solitaire. It is thought the Boosters Club will object to these rules, and ask for a handicap.

## MORALS NEED TO BE UPLIFTED, ACCORDING TO ALMA DELEGATES

The Association for the Moral Uplift of Undergraduate Students held its annual convention at the Midland Country Club and rendered several important decisions on questions of importance to undergraduates. The two Alma representatives, most famous of our convention goers, represented two major committees, Arthur S. N. Boynton, chairman of the committee for the problem of tenulsing and its relative merits, and K. D. G. B. S. Clack, on the committee for the promotion of Tarantulas and Centipedes.

Mr. Boynton suggested that tenulsing be extended to undergraduates at home as well as on trips. He advocated the open door policy also for late tenulsers, returning from their brief dates. He pointed out the relative advantages of freedom of entrance as compared to the Marblehead admission.

Mr. K. D. G. B. S. Clack gave a lengthy discussion on the problems of our modern day centipedes and contrasted their condition with that of the unfortunate tarantula. He derided the fact that the society for the prevention of Hoot Owls' hooting might interfere with the program in sight for bigger and better fights. He suggested little Promoter Beach as a likely candidate for the job of putting over the tarantula-centipede sturdy struggles and declared that the fight might easily prove the most interesting of the year.

After the committee reports, the major agenda was then taken up, and the committee of the whole decided to vote on these two worthy questions first, but Mr. Clack insisted on making so many objections and Mr. Boynton had to be awakened every time they called for a question about tenulsing that the ultimate decision of the convention was only reached after many weary hours of ponderous toil. They finally did decide that tenulsa was tenulsa and it was a vital part of the undergraduate's life and that the tarantula should be allowed a fight, even if it proved a draw (hoot owls to the contrary); and that the policy would be open doors at Marblehead Manor.

Before adjournment, the convention agreed that the next meeting would be in the hands of the archeologists to be held at Tucson and the representatives to be present at the time will be Doc Muscott, presiding professor on the ancient problems of bagging at Tucson; Kimp Campbell, professor of changes and variations, and N. W. Erickson, archeologist sublime. Further aid will be rendered by that most famous of all Greek archeologists, Hansford, and that well known transcriber, Charlie D. Uncle.

**G. V. WRIGHT**  
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## FROM THE WRIGHT HALL BULLETIN BOARD

Hay-Jop notice:  
The Leaning Tower dance is heartily recommended. It may not be beautiful but corsages and stuffed shirts won't suffer. If the men would place their hands on the back of their partner's head, it would be much more effective. Other types of questionable dancing, such as the Wiggle Hop and Stumble are to be performed in the corners farthest from the chaperones.

## OUR POET'S CORNER

A wonderful bird the pelican  
His beak holds as much as his  
bellican,  
At least I've heard tellectan  
But I don't see how'n hellectan.

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**GEM THEATRE**  
ST. LOUIS

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thurs-  
day, May 1-2-3

Double Feature

RICHARD ARLEN — CHESTER  
MORRIS—GENEVIEVE TOBIN  
in

"GOLDEN HARVEST"

Feature No. 2

JUNIOR DURKIN—MRS. WAL-  
LACE REID in

"MAN HUNT"

Friday, Saturday, May 4-5  
BUCK JONES in

"UNKNOWN VALLEY"

Also Serial—Johnny Mack Brown  
in "Fighting With Kit Carson"

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday,  
May 6-7-8

DOLORES DEL RIO — GINGER  
ROGERS — GENE RAYMOND  
in

"Flying Down to Rio"



StewgES WHoop  
IT UP in JungLE

ZEeta-PhE GirL-bId ProVES  
a riOt as TeNULsing Hits  
Campus in Big WaY.

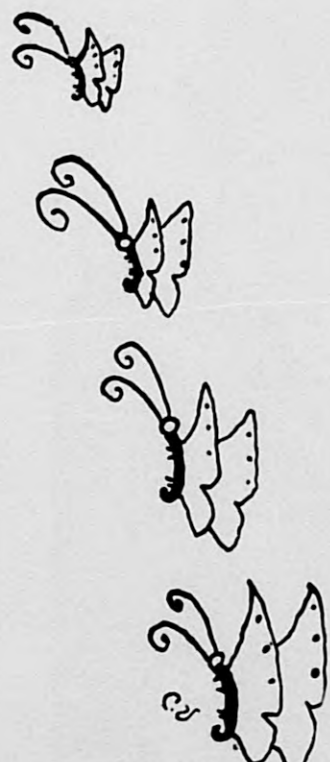
Le's return to the good old days and revert back to to jungle where men are men, and women are darn glad of it. This will be an all college party, which is sponsored by the Zeta Phi Gamma Epsilon fraternity. It is also announced that it will be strictly girl bid, so gentlemen! put on you best smiles and change to the other face.

As for specialties, Glance at these, Lady Maryon! Earl Archibald, the eighth wonder of the world, will dance as he has never danced before, his flying leap for life, and he will pass out souvenirs at the intermission. Wild Bill Hopkins, the old dribbler, will whistle the chorus, while Powerful Katrina McKay will tap the keg in accompaniment. Arthur Euripides Weimer will pour.

Dottie Hannigan, the lil ole Rosebud, is still looking for a man, so be on your guard, youse guys and youse gals, 'cause this time she means business. Between acts the gang will play three deep, wink'em, starring John Volk and Sleepy Estes, and ring-around-a-pansy. Hurry folks, 'cause Prof. Weimer is still pouring.

Postoffice will be banned because it weakens the morale of the stewdents, according to an announcement issued by the International Relations Club. However, in spite of the League of Nations it is rapidly becoming the fan (with apologies to the editor) of the foreigners. In its place the stewges will burn the scandal at both ends. Okay, Harpo Marx.

Led by the above mentioned Tomes, there will be a new game called Ferry in the Dell. Although it may seem simple to some, it isn't the way Tomes plays it. "Keep 'Em on the job, Herbert"! Estes costars with the above mentioned.



THE BOYS PRACTICE  
FOR THE DAINTY  
BUTTERFLY DANCE

A butterfly dance with Cac Erickson, Al Glance, Arthur Boynton, and the above mentioned Tomes in the principal roles (rolls). The cast ought to be fluttered by this write-up, eh, keed?

It, this party, will be in the jungle sometime in the near future, as soon as the above mentioned "Blimp" Tomes can get into condition, corsets or what have you. The rest of the four horse-man are tenulsing into position. (I got it back at you, didn't I, Tomes).

We forgot, please bring your lunch and you can shoot when you are ready. Cheese sandwiches are suggested, as we now plan to have a rump roast. Aitken is asked to bring some peanut butter (sniff-sniff) sandwiches. Potato chips were just suggested by the editor as he proof read this. That is if Novak left any when he was down at Simi's. Sola!

# For Over the WEEK END

HANG OUTS

George Mitchell — Pine River Golf Club, and Gem Theatre.  
Novak—Canada.  
Dawson—?  
Topsy—MacFarland's.  
Beth Willits — Heaven Only Knows.  
Marj Southern—Mistah Joseph Coopah's.  
Corson Bernd—West End Street.  
Mack Crooks—Newberry's Five and Ten.  
Jean and Pudge—You ask 'em.  
Helen and Keith, Jean and Tommie—Tillie, the Faithful Hudson.  
Floyd Clark—Phi House.  
Benton Ewer—Swarthout's.  
Hopkins—Wright Hall.  
Marshall North—Ely Street, and how!

Opal and Ralph, Jo Elliot, Bill Bushnell, Fred Soper—The Elks.  
G. A. L.:  
Eunice Converse.  
Madeline Davis.  
The Deacon.  
Myron.  
Freddie Battles.  
Isabel Palmer.  
MacLeod—State Street.  
Olney—Baptist Church.  
And over in Elwell:  
Passenheim.  
Roberson.  
Wiley.  
Mel Fuller.  
John Boyd—The Strand.  
Gail Bruce — We don't know where, but we'll bet Bette's there.  
Ellwyn Mac—The Laundry.  
Scheffley—G. A. L.  
Gene Miller — Flint, whenever possible.

BRIGHT SAYINGS

Dickie Wickie: Let's call up the tonsil girls.  
Baumblatt: Who do you mean, the tonsil girls?  
Dickie Wickie: The Parkers, of course. Everybody's had them out.

WEAKNESSES

Bacon: R. G. Dunn's.  
Gert Elliot: Spencer.  
Delevan: Dancing.  
Louise Wisner: Raking Leaves.  
Louise Hurst: Notes.  
Tenney: Her Sensibilities.  
Malonya: Al Fortino.  
Keith Bennett: None.  
Kennett: General Motors.  
The Great Estes: His Diary.  
Kenneth Brown: Alice.  
Evelyn MacCurdy: Liberty Corners.  
Ruby McVay: High Heels.  
Phyllis Randall: Anecdota Americana.  
Louie Meisel: The Little Woman.  
Tenulsing A La Newberry: Cac  
Bob Sayles  
Bob Campbell

NIGHTMARES

Beach: With nothing to promote.  
Reva Smilanski (did you ever see a dream walking?)  
Striffler and Kendall: A day without love.  
Davis: Incanabula.  
Ruthie: Those unexpected visits from Jim.  
Bob Davies: Deliveries.  
MacConnell: The team.  
Gordon Clack: Physics.  
Bijjani: Wright Hall food.  
Alvin Hill: No more nuts.  
Woolley: Tenney's.  
Currie: The cage.  
York and Day: Vacations.  
Webb: Friday nights.

Spray: I won't even consider marrying you. You're the most stupid, idiotic, asinine creature on earth. You are repulsive, abhorrent, miserable. I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. I hate you, you are despicable.

Sammy: Do I understand dear, that you are rejecting my proposal?

Fran Rice: (after reading "The Ring and the Book") If that's the kind of stuff Brownine wrote, I don't blame Peaches for leaving him!

THEME SONGS

I'm Just a Vagabond Lover. Robert Brown.  
May and December. Boergert.  
Betty Co-Ed. Gordy Mann.  
Too Many Hands Want to Hold Hands With My Little Turtle-dove. Aitken.  
Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder. Bill Boyd.  
Big City Blues. Koth.  
Show Me the Way to Go Home. Muscott.  
There's a Little Dutch Mill, on a Little Dutch Hill. Osterhaus.  
I Can't Give You Anything but Love. Rea.  
The Pagan Love Song. Weimer.  
Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love. Welsh.  
Alice in Wonderland. Alice Miller.

Sweethearts Forever. Aileen Waters.  
Howdy-do. Alice Girvin.  
Smoke Gets in My Eyes (darn the pipe). Du Long.  
Papa Loves Mama. Aldy and Helen.  
Three Blind Pigs. Kahn, Seale, and Drury.  
Far, Far Away. Marj Morrison, formerly "I'll Be Faithful."  
There Goes My Heart. Lawrence Smith.  
How'm I Doin' hey, hey? Ginny Hill.  
What Is This Love All About? Smith and Striffler.  
Why Was I Born? Earl Tomes.  
Wishin' and Waitin' for Love. Lowden.

Lazybones. Bud Campbell.  
I've Got You in the Palm of My Hand. Jane Rice.  
I'm Sorry I Made You Cry. Breneman.  
Wonder Bar. Al Glance.  
When Day Is Done. Jane Allen.  
The Three of Us. Fraker.  
Little Old Church in the Valley. Chapin.  
The Last Roundup. Helen Walker.  
Just a Sunny Afternoon. Schwartzie.  
Have You Ever Been Lonely? Volk.

Wait 'Til the Cows Come Home. Purdy and Hallin.  
Let Me Call You Sweetheart (Vesta). Bishop Leyrer.  
Goin' Up to Heaven on a Mule. Menoch.  
How Come You Do Me Like You Do? Spendlove.  
Sad and Lonely. Jack Clark.  
Wagon Wheels. Ted Nash.  
Got the Jitters. Thelma Strong.  
Smiles, Les Eyer.  
Sweet and Lovely. Elizabeth Ann.  
St. Louis Blues. Jo Wilkinson.  
Just an Old Fashioned Garden. Hoffman.  
I May Be Wrong. Johnny Colbeck.  
Boop Boop a Doop. Fran Stephens.  
Shoutin' From the Housetops. Bob Mack.  
When You're Away. Vitek.  
Marching Along Together. H. Walker and her boy friends.  
Sittin' on a Log, Pettin' My Dog. Mary Craig.  
Down on the Farm. Agnes Duckworth.  
My Man. Kathryn McKay.  
The Irish Washerwoman. Marion Laman.

TERM PAPERS

Why Smoking Looks Bad for Women. Mary Painter.  
Ten Things to Learn Before Taking a Job at a Summer Resort. H. Vincent.  
Why I Behave Like a Human Being. Ann DeKraker.  
Techniques of J-Hop Co-operation. Stan Bussard.  
Four Ways to Calm the Old Man. P. Ditto.  
Is Life Worth Living? Hastings.  
Bones, bones, and More Bones. Liz Smith.  
Co-operation and the Man. Marion Nummer.  
Brothers on the Pan. LeRoy and Wilson Block.  
Bigger and Better Scandinavians. Christopherson.  
The Art of the B. S. Degree. Zimmerman.  
Profitable Week-End. Cyril Lewis.  
The Growing Years. Allen MacDonald.  
Cosmopolitan. Hanley Rosenberg.  
Men of Might. Claude Knight.  
Keep on Smiling. Hagaman, Nelson.  
Overcoming the Attraction of a Phi Pin. Kenny Ling.  
Two Can Learn More Than One. Vivian Harwood.  
Why Go to College? Emily Phillips. Why?  
The Grande—How We Love It and Leave It. By the Jordan Sisters.  
Dark Days in the Dining Room. Ivan Storbeck.  
Dark Food in the Dining Room. Molly Parrish.  
Woes of a Potwalloper. Edith Walker.  
How to Tat 14 Ways. Helen MacCurdy.

WHAT THEY LIVE BY

Cy French: I keep my ears to the ground.  
Bob Reed: "I've always wanted to be one of those strong, silent men."  
Clyde Dawe: "I expect to rise up as janitor of my fraternity some day."  
Louis Crampton: "I attribute my popularity to the fact that I am seen, but heard too much."  
Margery Andersen: "One should smile, even when his heart is bursted to the breaking point."  
Copeland: "I suppose in college one ought to study much, but not too much."  
Hoiland: "I'm simply waiting for an opportunity to prove myself."  
Lorraine Sprague: "The question in my mind has always been, 'Who stacked the stacks?'"  
Lois Watkins: "My family would object to seeing my name in your columns, so please leave it out."  
J. B. Ward: "I have but one love in my life, and she is only four years old."  
Washburn: "Can I take it? Well, I'm back ain't I? I'll say I can take it."  
Don Johnson: "Sorry. Words are a mere waste of time."  
Max Dean: "Joe Vitek still thinks that he lives too far from either Wright Hall or Merrill; after hearing him come home at 4:30 the other morning, I think so too."

Clifton Mapes: "I can't seem to rate Campusology any more, as I have to pull Fred Battles out of scrapes all the while."  
Hughes Noble: "I expect to get a lot out of college, and I don't care what kids think of me."  
Weyant Pangburn: "I am not related to the guy who plays in comedies, and I think Marjie Andersen is a swell kid, even though she is Joe Bell's S. P."  
Ken Kauszler: "Ditto isn't the only one who thinks that Three Rivers is a swell town."  
Del Strong: "Every morning I partake of Kellogg's Corn Flakes."  
Hazel Redman: "Even though I'm named after a chew, I'm a pretty big chunk to swallow. See Novak and ask him."  
Notice: A debate on whether or not the traditions of the Museum Steps should be kept up between Esther (we don't go there any more!) Kilmer and Melva (It's keen) Raymond.

PET PEEVES

Conlee. Pansies.  
Hubbard: Estes.  
Richmond: Mermaids.  
Janet. Rea.  
Lehner. Campusology.  
Brainard. Competition on the high seas.  
Goggin. Haircuts.  
Ludwig: The world.  
Bowen. Merrill.  
JoAnna. Diets.  
Helen Kellogg. Superior Street grade crossing.  
Bill Hood. Sophomores.  
Keglovitz. Nicknames.  
F. Malcolm. Popularity.  
Jo Battles. The Genius.  
Mary Smith. Publicity.  
Marguerite Witt. MacConnell.

Charles Barden and Norman Wright: Please pass Pa's way, when you pass away.

Anthonisen: I have an awful cold in my head.  
Rambo: Well, that's something.

Florence: My roommate says there are some things a girl should not do before twenty.

Robert Nephew: Well, personally, I don't enjoy such a large audience either.

10 Seniors gEt  
The Rare Jobs

SpRightly, aTHLeTic GRad  
to CoVer NUdIST COLonY;  
VolUNTEERs SerViceS.

At least ten Seniors and Larry Musnott have good leads on jobs for next year. One Sinner, Helen Tinent, has the promise of work during the summer, as timekeeper in a nudist colony south of the Ganges. Hellin, a great little social worker, says this is practically volunteer work, as the props furnish only her clothing and transportation, and she doesn't expect to be going any place.

Willie Johnson is still considering a detective job, watching the man who watches the man who holds the chain leading to Roosevelt's watch dog, who watches Congress, who watches the Brain Twist. It is said on good authority that Will got this job through a pull, being a great nephew of Hugh R. or any other Johnson, and also being a demitasse, as they are in power now.

Ann De Shocker took a week off to try out as a chaperone at high school weenie roasts throughout the state. Miss DeShocker's firm firmfulness, her steadfast steadiness, and downright discipline, to say nothing of her swift obedience to duty's call, are all firm assets on her behalf.

Janet Pill and Herb Perry were in Estesville last week, where Herb signed a contract as a flagpole siter. He might as well sit there as any place else. Janet got a job teaching horticulture, but most of them have automobiles now, so she may retire.

Beth Biliou has a job licking the glue off postage stamps for a famous stamp collector. She then lets them dry out and sits on them so they won't blow away. Her future is clearly stamped out for her.

Louise Miser was rejected by the Wegetem Rake Company as a salesman for their best grade of rakes. They said one year's experience was insufficient. However, Looie promptly accepted a better job peddling almanacs, one free with every bottle. He said that wasn't the first yearbook he ever got rid of.

Marion Night, who has always had an urge to write, will author the refund slips for dissatisfied customers at Woolworth's. Miss Night has great hopes for advancement, as she says Woolworth's is a big concern.

Marjorie Northern just received a telegram from a lumber camp, asking her if she will consider running a punch press that turns out pine slats for beds in tourist cabins and college dormitories. Being of a crusading nature, she took the job at once, mostly because she adores lumber camps from what she's read in books.

Alice Girlish, although slightly under age, will become a platinum blond hostess in a night club near Lansing. She thinks she can handle this on account of so much experience with Wright Hall teas. The competition for her company would also be a simple problem, as she has been picking them since she was sixteen.

Larry Mustache found a job with an advertising firm. They wanted someone with high courage, and decided that anyone who could stand seven winters this close to the Pine must be brave. Larry's first assignment is to conduct a contest between different brands of ginger ale, to determine which equals the most burps.

Marge Wastelove may take a job scaling fish at a summer resort. She understands bull heads, and has scaled many a balcony during her stay at Allah.

Guider: Can you write shorthand?

Cottrell: Yes, but it takes me a little longer.

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**Suffers 18 Days  
With NasTY BuRps**

An unidentified professor, whose strange malady has caused him to lapse into a comma, was found wandering around up in the tower on Saturday. In moments of conscience, he said he has been hiccupping constantly for 18 days. He drinks without ceasing, holding his breath which nobody wants anyway; but water is not effective. Such remedies as dangling a cold key down his back, counting to six between burps, and running bare-foot through sawdust have utterly failed. Some individual attacks are longer drawn out than others.

The professor, and it is judged he is a professor because of the vague, and oftimes wild stare in his left eye, begged for medical care. Between painful elevations of the diaphragm, accompanied by insuppressible chirps, the good man said that he had meant to see a doctor, but so many things came up at the last moment.

The night watchman, who found him after he had been in the Ad Building almost a week, turned the

case over to the Women's League for diagnosis. His description is as follows: Height: less in bare feet. Figure: rotund. Complexion: soft as a baby's. Hair: almost white, with a permanent. Attitude: gleeful because he has detectives baffled. If any students notice a professor answering to this description missing from classes, don't tell anyone.

**MAROON ROBES???**

The Seniors have been denied the use of maroon gowns for graduation, on the following grounds:

1. Red is the fastest drying color.
2. Armenians don't rope in Masons.
3. I wasn't in favor of a year-book in the first place.
4. The faculty can't afford it.
5. Coach has a goiter.
6. Dakh Spots ought to be campussed.
- 7.
- 8.
- 9.

Wilma: Doc Schreiber says I'm a model student. Not a bad model student, am I?  
Connie: Yeah, but what model?

**SoC StoOGe CaNned;  
AILOWS oNLY one  
UppeR Plate foR 2**

Rich (mermaid) Johnson, formerly employed by local welfare agencies so he could put himself through school, was given the well-known bum's rush along with five other workers last week. Johnson refused to admit to inefficiency, although the records proved that he allowed but one upper plate for a relief group of two.

Graft, fingering government hams, and using breakfast foods on dance floors were other reasons assigned for the wholesale clean-up. Workers were also accused of inadequacy in the art of poking their noses into other people's business. Three are known to have walked out of a local cafe rather than report that two high up in the service were tenulensing.

Kenneth: Sis, which is easier, math or physics?  
Vera: Which is easier, juggling three elephants or four grand pianos?

Hannigan: Is my pulse normal?  
Doctor: Yes, and so is your temperature.  
Hannigan: Is my tongue coated?  
Doctor: I'm sorry, Lady, but moss doesn't grow on a race track.

Miss Banta: Why do you say that Rome was built at night, Mr. Bennett?  
Lyle: You said yourself that Rome was not built in a day.  
Silence is Golden, but Talking is Glass.

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The clean Center Leaves  
are the mildest leaves  
*They Taste Better!*



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WHEREVER the finest tobaccos grow—in our own Southland, in Turkey, in Greece—all over the world, we gather the very Cream of the tobacco Crops for Lucky Strike. And that means *only the clean center leaves*. The center leaves are the mildest leaves—they taste better and farmers are paid higher prices for them. These clean center leaves are the only ones used

in making Luckies. Then "It's toasted"—for throat protection. And every Lucky is fully packed with these choice tobaccos—made round and firm, free from loose ends—that's why Luckies "keep in condition"—why you'll find that Luckies do not dry out—an important point to every smoker. Naturally, Luckies are always in all-ways kind to your throat.

"It's toasted"

✓ Luckies are all-ways kind to your throat

**Only the Center Leaves—these are the Mildest Leaves**



*They Taste Better*



# FacULTY Wins in Throwing It

Need No RED flag to win big BULL event; easily down Stewge AggREgAtioNs.

Led by the infamous Ph. D. Raw, the Alma College faculty swamped the four other classes last Tuesday morning in a track meet. The pros garnered 127 points and the other classes were strung out—Juniors 25, Sophomores 24, Freshmen 23, and Seniors 21, P. G.'s, (Muscott), 4 1/4. The faculty took first in every event except the standing high call, which the lowly immature Seniors captured with the Great Novak at the helm.

Two new records were set up on the campus, and one more (passing the buck) ties the record set by congress and tied by them every other year. One of the more influential members of the faculty took this, but the authorities are withholding his name until the publicity department obtains a cut of this mighty individual. The two new records were set in the running broad spit in which L. L. Tippecanoe came in first, with Janet (shortest-girl-in-the-MIAA) Hill taking second for the Seniors. The high dive, in which Allen (Fullerbrush) MacDonald dived off John Volk's shoulder in 52 1/2 seconds, gave the Juniors 2 1/2 points and the Sophs a like number.

Outside of Volk's work in the high dive, the Juniors amassed their points by supporting the faculty in the capacity of yes-men. This also proved to be the downfall of the Senior members who were slated to take the meat. The Frosh failed to pitch in until it was too late, but good work with the timber caused them to nose out the near graduates. The Sophs couldn't be bothered after they had gotten off to a good start, and almost tied the Ph. D.'s in the throwing the bull relay.

Drury, Kahn, and Bushnell ran off with honors in the consolation event, discussed (1st Frosh girls, and after that, frosh girls, and then the Parkers).

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Tuesday and Wednesday, May 1-2  
JOAN BLONDELL, GLENDA FARRELL and PAT O'BRIEN in  
**I've Got Your Number**

Matinee Wednesday  
News, Musical, Comedy 10-15c

Thursday and Friday, May 3-4  
AL JOLSON, KAY FRANCIS, DICK POWELL, DELORES DEL RIO, RICARDO CORTEZ and GUY KIBBEE  
in the musical extravaganza  
**"WONDER BAR"**

Surpasses in splendor both 42nd STREET and GOLD DIGGERS. Don't Miss It!  
News, Comedy 10-15c

Saturday, May 5  
GEORGE O'BRIEN in  
**'The Frontier Marshal'**

VODVIL SHOWS at 4, 7:40, 9:45  
News-Brevity-Cartoon 10-15c

Sunday and Monday, May 6-7  
JIMMY DURANTE, STUART ERWIN and LUPE VELEZ in  
**"JOE PALOOKA"**

News-Cartoon-Comedy 10-15c

**- ALMA THEATRE -**

Friday and Saturday, May 4-5  
LEW AYRES in  
**'All Quiet on the Western Front'**

News, Last chapter of "Gordon of Ghost City," Comedy 10c

Sunday, May 6  
NOAH BERRY, ASTRID ALLEN and CORNELIUS KEEFE in  
**"MYSTERY LINER"**

News, Cartoon, Serial 10c

## BELIEVE IT OR NOT . . .



This is what the interior of the Hood Museum will look like when it's swept out in time for the 300 years' celebration sometime, according to the architects, Wreckitt and Hodbuster. With all the rhombodolly and pseudo-cinnamons in such perfect order, the spectacle will present a complete surprise to the entire student body, synod, and Benny Leyrer. However, it may prove to be less of a surprise than that, as no one, not even the synod or Benny Leyrer, has ever seen the rumbas, in or out of order.

The fact that the Museum has been known to contain a lot of rare old fossils has kept the students in mortal terror lest someone let some more loose around the place. The action of the Faculty in ordering a re-classification of the shells left over from practice in the Wright Hall dining room during the late, and often lamented, war, comes as a pleasant surprise. Any action by the Faculty would. The hams will now be strung up on the inside (meaning, of course, the step-monopolizers formerly roped in on the outside). Pineapples, cauliflowers, and other unclassified sophomores will decorate the space now occupied by pithecanthropus and similar vermin. The famous but forgotten two-headed

calf will have one head removed by the Drama Club play, so it may be restored to its rightful mama.

After seventeen weeks of careful deliberation, the Student Council has finally agreed, with only eleven dissenting votes, to paper the east wing with financial statements, student activity notes, Birdseye Diaper Toweling from the chem building, and petitions still awaiting action before the Faculty. They have further generously voted to heat the building for seven years with a surplus of the latter. Their only request, a simple enough one, was that the Museum contain the charming full length portraits of themselves, which you now see dangling from the catchall. This was no trouble to anyone, as the amount was voted out of activity fees.

Several other suggestions, some of which were submitted when the building was less than a century old, were again considered but turned down for obvious reasons. Some wanted to donate it to Sally Rand as a dressing room, but it was argued that her personality might suffer. Prof. Weimer suggested that it would make a nice fountain room for a German garden, but Doc Schreiber thought this idea all wet. Prof. Clack said

it would be an excellent place to confine campused students but Josie asked was that a punishment? Prof. Ditto wanted it for his own personal use, to file his lectures, but the Faculty decided there wasn't air space enough. Prof. Spencer then came through with the bright idea that if all the contents, (of which there might be an untold number, as none had ever been seen since the day of their incarceration), were dusted off and put back on the shelves, and the old buggy repaired, it would take nine years and three months of student labor, at twenty-two cents an hour (plus tax). As the CWA voted the money, and failed to ask the kind of labor, the Faculty passed out at once.

Consequently all of these ideas were combined and rejected, and we have now a promise of the handsome interior you see here. The only regret is that the steps will probably give way to an elevator, if they don't give way before. In which case the present Senior class has voted, out of a surfeit of votes, to gather up the worn spots in a vile, and present them to future generations, as a memorial to the diligence of Elmer cowage students who at first did not succeed, but tried, tried again until they graduwated.

### NEWS SPOTLIGHT

BY "PROXY"



#### HIS DEAR TEACHER

(May 1, 2076)

Washington was all a-gog today—you guessed it—plans were announced for the greatest celebration of all time—the three hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Rumor has it that newspaper censorship will be removed to the extent of allowing a complete publication of the famous document. The words "all men" in the famous "all men are created equal", passage, however, will read, "all Americans", since the Japs, Germans et al needn't think they are equal to us. Plans were made to unveil the memorial to the 38,977,000 heroic American dead in the recent war—readers will recall that the rest of the world lost 101,278,000 men—a great triumph for American nationalism and individualism. Yowsah! Special services were held Sunday for the great American, W. Rudolph Hurts—in honor of his getting us into that great conflict between the hemispheres—wotta man.

Announcement comes from New York that the new bridge across the Atlantic will be opened for through traffic this fall. It is rumored that communistic Europe has agreed not to post bills advocating the tenth international along the way.

Chicago's World's Fair—running continuously since 1933 (what a record!) has expanded to include all of the territory within a radius of 300 miles—the new 2467 story Main Progress Building is to be opened this year. It is built according to the fan architecture which has been evolved at this fair.

Air traffic occupied Congress for the past week—it is rumored that about the only way the legislators can solve the problem is to allow all east bound traffic one week, west bound another, north the next and south last. The Senator from Louisiana objected to the south being placed fourth on the list. Since we now own all the air on this hemisphere the interests of Canadian, Mexican and

South American airways will probably have to wait—too bad.

The final triumph of nudism was marked by this week's news—the last hold-out of old-fashioned clothes-wearing people, Zion, Illinois, has finally agreed to fall in with the ways of civilized man. The Smithsonian Institution has agreed to take the wearing apparel and preserve it for the curious of future generations.

The w. k. "Forgotten Man Club" paid homage to their patron saint FDR in a banquet held on the seventh air-level above New York. No names were revealed—the men apparently being willing to remain forgotten.

Name in news—Joe Blitz—he and a Miss Jones re-enacted a marriage service. Mr. Blitz is an ardent student of history—expressed a desire to illustrate the customs of his ancestors.

#### LEONARD TALKS AND TALKS AND TALKS

(Continued from page 1)

didn't go over so well because at first nobody knew what he was talking about, but pretty soon somebody remembered that there had been an election. There was more cheering because everybody had been glad to get those undesirable people packed off to Washington.



#### GEORGE IN A LAXATIVE POSITION

At the close of the speech every man and woman was awake, which was an unheard of situation in the chapel. A vote of thanks was offered to Dr. Leonard, but he insisted that he would never be mercenary. This pleased most people, but some of the professors got sore and started a fight. It all ended very nicely though, and it was agreed never to let it happen again.

#### NOTICE

Marion Nummer is sending out a notice stating that no activity fees have to be paid this year, because the Student Council no longer needs the money. Somebody paid up a week's board.

#### OBITUARY

It is with bowed heads and weary hearts that we have to bring to you the sad tale of the failure, the complete failure, of our efforts to find any actions that were worthy of note in the weekly dirt column. We posted them on the museum steps. They watched Pioneer at night. They even stood guard at the door of the Senior room. But disappointment even met them on the Library steps. In desperation the Elks dance was canvassed. The 1 000000 F was searched. Crystal got a call, and Bass was not omitted. And yet with bowed heads we had to admit that nothing happened. Tomes wore himself to a shadow sitting up nights at the Zeta House, but Larry said don't you know I've reformed. Then he spent one night on the Gym front stoop and Dawson gave him a pillow while Novak read him bedtime stories. But nothing was happening nowhere. Well there was still Prof. Clack's Astronomy class and he proceeded there. The boys invited him in and showed him the wonders of the sky. From Jupiter to Mercury, from Mars to Venus too they explained and told him all they knew but not one wrong thing did they do.



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We Print THE ALMANIAN



## ALUM-knees Did MEAT in BORNEO

HelNO TelePhone, '86, clAims  
natives will feAture new  
fAnny dAnce.

The Alma college graduates were all invited to prepare for a huge jamboree to be held in the wilds of Borneo. This conclave was to last a week and a day, for the purpose of allowing the grads to renew acquaintances under conditions similar to the ones in which they were made. The guiding light of the conclave was Helno Telephone. This genius, a live wire of the first water, had made it possible in the old days for Alma college to go to class by the bell system; previous to that the students had operated on the belle system.

On the morning of July 1, the delegation began to arrive. By noon, three different boats had docked and the sons of Alma had disembarked to renew life in the topics. Instead of putting up in the palatial hotels of the island, the delegates were purchasing tents of the natives, as per the orders of Helno. Helno had contracted with the Borneoites to trade their tents for a bountiful supply of silk negligees.

Although warned not to leave the certain plot of ground which had been leased for that purpose, many of the couples, strolled during the first evening, beyond the limits of the camp. When roll call was taken at midnight two individuals were missing. They were Bearle Stomes and Wreta Gilson. Upon the arrival of daylight several searching parties were organized to hunt for these worthy individuals. A searching party headed by chief forester Truscott found our worthy brother and sister in a cannibals' camp eagerly awaiting breakfast. The cannibal chief was looking hungrily at our friend Bearle, probably enjoying the prospect of a choice morsel from that paunchy individual. Wreta, although not such a choice morsel, was probably being prepared for lunch in the minds of the cannibals.

Dern Ferickson, a red-headed yodelling graduate of Alma, strode into the midst of the camp, emphatically smoting himself on the chest, and shouting, "How!" to the

cannibal chief. The chief was wont to call his cohorts together and capture this individual, but the scrawny one was unsuitable unless being parboiled for some time. After many grunts, Bearle was released upon the payment of a plug of Yankee Girl, and Wreta was exchanged for a spool of thread.

The party then returned to the camp rejoicing. However, on the way, "Jimmie" was bitten by a poisonous serpent. Dr. Kobert Ring had charge of the case. All his treatments were unsuccessful however. He finally issued the statement that the only way to combat the poison would be to inject venom into the blood stream of our beloved prof. It was suggested by Beak Daitken that Demery Rendall was the only person possessing venom to the degree that it would counteract the effect of the snake bite. A blood transfusion was made, and miracle of miracles, it worked! Jimmie was able to get around in half an hour!

By that time the natives had taken a great liking to our people. They had something in common, which they noticed when a group of the Almaties began to practice some yells under the leadership of Mordan Gann. In return the natives offered to do a Fanny dance, being encouraged in this plan by Vo Jitek.

Instead of enjoying himself as the rest of the group did, our kind friend Hoy Ramilton spent his time crusading among the wild men of Borneo, searching for prospects to swell the list of college students. He could go in safely as the cannibals said they had no reason to start picking bones with us. The trio accompanied our venerable friend on his foray into the unknown, and the wisecracks of this outfit fell on deaf ears as formerly, but they were used to that.

The party really got rough in the last two days of the convention. Three natives turned up missing, but they were found cringing in their caves, frightened to death over the festivities of our gang.

The reunion lasted until the eighth of July, the alumni returning to their respective homes.

### BRAVERY REWARDED

The Society for the Promotion of Chivalry in Tenusing, Jibooming, and (Censored), has awarded a bunch of bananas to MacCodding Oakley and Hapless Holland for their bravery in rescuing sixteen caskets from an unearthly end at Moody's last week. Oakley singed his fingernails, which may be replaced. What Holland lost may never be replaced.

### Campus Pillow Ticks



### OUR COUNCIL IN A PLAYFUL MOOD

"My Council 'tis to thee that I owe my captivity", sang the Student Council representatives as they sacrificed a splendid and very springy evening last Tuesday to the high and noble cause of student government. The meeting was held up for a little while by a game called "a quorum, a quorum, who's got the quorum," but this game didn't last long, for little Benny Ewer finally came, bringing with him the quorum. Of course, now that their game was over there was nothing to do but begin the meeting.

A few minutes were spent with the minutes and then the fun began. After a long and weighty discussion it was finally decided that since it was impossible to have a Senior swing-out that a motion should be passed to drop the subject, for otherwise (I take it) some darn fool might have talked the rest of the year on it. Then returning to the welfare of the masses, they passed a motion to sponsor a Softball Intramural League this spring so that all the young men of our institution might receive equal and adequate physical training. 'Twas a noble deed! Our spring hay-day which comes on a May-day and is called Campus Day was the next subject for our campus politicians to orate upon. The result of this debate was the bringing back of the Campus Day under the Student Council banner, so that it will no longer be a product of the Boosters' best brains.

Next Louis Meisel proposed the addition of two new offices for the spring election—Editor and Business Manager for the Maroon and Cream. With this went an offer of free lessons on how to put out an annual and have Joe pay for it. The matter was tabled however. After this a motion for adjourn-

ment was asked for, but lo and behold, the usual reluctance prevailed, and everyone sat perfectly still. It was a critical situation to be sure, but finally one far-sighted representative, realizing that they couldn't stay there all night, rose and with a mighty voice roared out those immortal words, "I move that we adjourn."

### STEWDS DEPRIVED OF NICE QUIET EVENINGS

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decided that only students who have an average of .0003 are able to go as far as they like (that is, in Michigan). Out of the state the Faculty rule is "Let the dear children have their fun."

All students in favor of the above suggestions and rules please show approbation by patronizing our own home town U. S. L. C. On with the dance!

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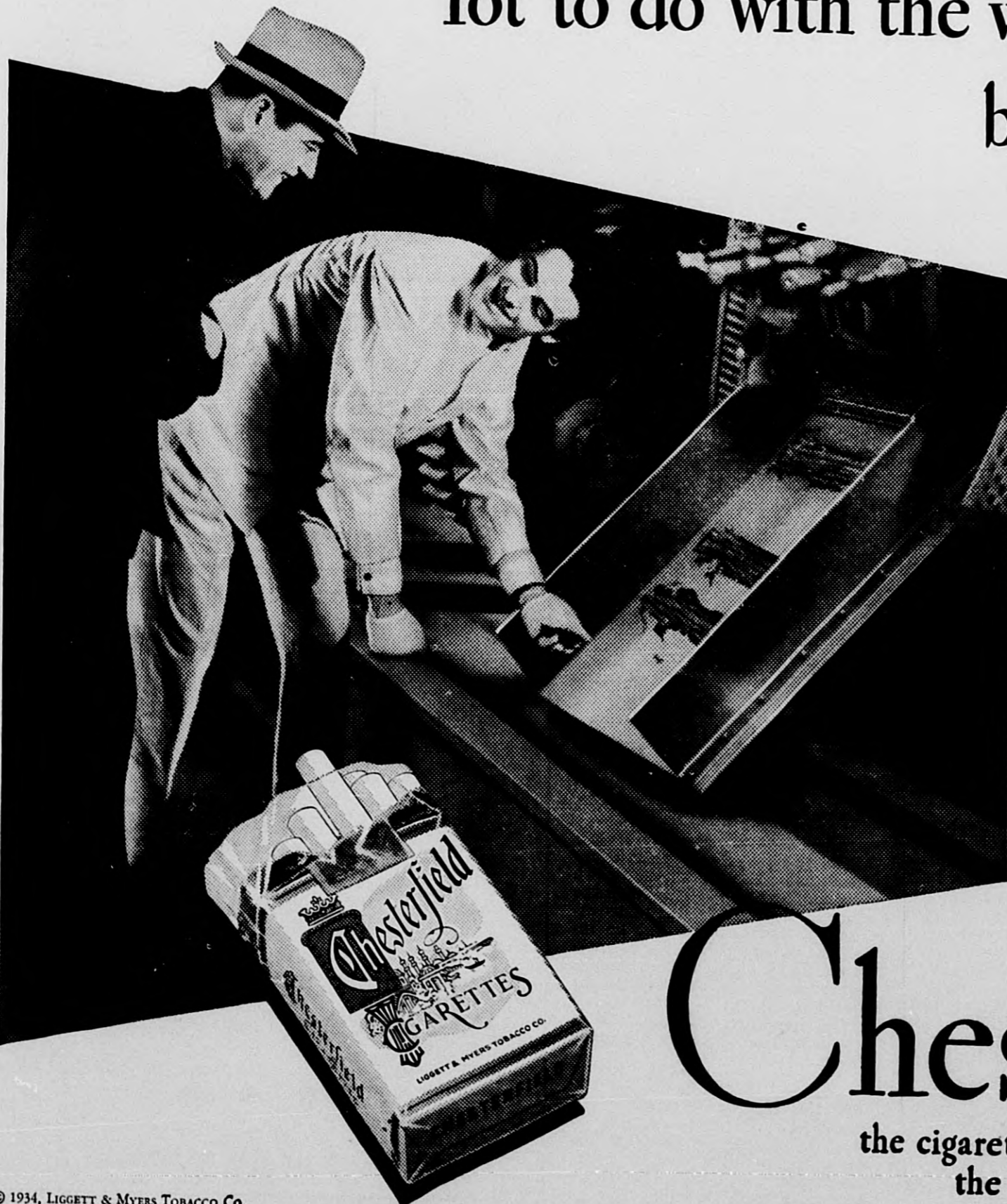
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