



THE ALMANIAN



THE STUDENT PUBLICATION OF ALMA COLLEGE

VOLUME TWENTY

ALMA, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, MARCH 22, 1927

NUMBER 22

FARM RELIEF BILL IS SAVED

ANNUAL THETA'S PARTY ENJOYED

Farmer Josh Gives Account of Dance Held in Elk's Hall Saturday.

Well I must tell you. Came into town Saturday nite, hitched my team up to a post and started to brouse up and down the main drag. As I wuz walkin' by Alks Hall I heard a big noise and sprized me so I turned around and spected to see the cotitch band or somethin', but there wuz not a thing in cite, so then afer I finally got myself located and realized where I wuz, I thought maybe the boys were swingin' a party so I traped up the stairs and peaked in the door of the hall, where we have our weekly meetings and say, you'd never would have knowed the place. It was fixed all up fit to kill, with red, green, pink, yellow fan dangles hanging from the ceiling forming the swellest canopy making the whole place look just like the prettiest Japanese flower garden I ever hope to see. I decided I was in a place too gay for me and wuz just going to go when a whole crowd of young byes and gals came in all dressed up and dared me to stay, so as I always take a dare, decided to stay. Anyway beings how the men wuz all dressed up in waiters suits thought I'd stick around and maybe I'd git somethin' to eat.

Say I'll never be sorry that I stayed as it was the nicest party I wuz ever to and nicer than any we ever had in the town hall. They started it out by all gettin' their gals and I thought maybe there was goin' to be a dance but they fooled me and all started marching two by two around the Hall. Before they quit dancing each man had a "favor" so they called it, but it looked like a good pig skin wallet to me.

The music started to play louder and caused me to look at them and say those fellows sure new how to play. I asked a feller where they wuz from and he said it was Dollahans from Flint. Now I don't know where Flint is but they sure have good orchestras. Just then something went pop! and I noticed the big bunch of grapes in the center of the room was minus one balloon (for they weren't real grapes). The whole party was one big evening of enjoyment. Those byes and gals sure can dance. Wouldn't mind swingin' some of the gals around myself. They all looked so nice all dressed up in bright colored dresses. Although some of them didn't have any sleeves in their dresses. But imagine they got ready in a hurry and forgot their sleeves, you know we all are forgetful more or less. They all seemed to dance different steps than I ever dance, guess I will have to get busy and learn them.

Well, pretty soon I heard the orchestra playing one tune I recognized as "Home Sweet Home" so decided it was my move. Anyway the waiters all started to go out the door with the gals so thought my chances for food wuz pretty slim. So put my hand in my pocket and pulled out a stick of gum and as I chewed it I thought to myself. This surely has been a mighty fine party and I guess I wasn't the only one who thought so for as I went out I heard

(Continued on page four)

Making Two Hayseeds Grow Where One Grew Before

This wonderful new process makes this amazing result possible as never before.

After years of hard labor on a rocky farm in the Mohave Desert in Florida, Sir Archibald Heartbalm has discovered an infallible method to grow hayseed on barren hillsides. Send for thirty pounds of H-R Vigo-Gro at only \$10 per pound. Arrange hayseeds in neat row on hillside with seeds pointing in same direction. (Don't put heads together as this encourages cheating). Next take the Vigo-Gro and step back 357 feet from seeds and grasping a handful of H-R's Vigo Gro in each hand in the dark of the moon and throw powder at the hayseeds. If some of the hayseeds are hit by the powder you score one. Repeat the process until you win the game. Game is 27 points. Great care is needed in playing this as the powder kills hayseeds instantly. If preparation hits hayseed wash it off and start again, deducting 7.6 from your score. When you have won the game, forget the hayseeds and send for your money back.

(Now you probably think that the farmer is the one who got stung, but you're wrong—you are the one who got stung—what did you read this for anyway?)

ARCHIBALD HEARTBALM,
Bigger and Better Hayseeds,
Oshgosh, Wyoming.

MICHIGAN SENATOR SAVES DAY

Great Catastrophe Averted at Critical Moment by Quick Action.

Washington, D. C.—Special from the ringside to the Almanian:

Great interest was manifested at the opening of Congress this morning as the day was cloudy and intermittently showery. Although many members were absent (a farmer never works in the rain) it was found that a quorum was present and the meeting was thrown open to business.

For the greater part of the morning the business was merely routine work and the debating was desultory and spiritless. Several minor bills were read and passed without comment and it seemed that there would be nothing of interest for the farming public. The Senator from Alabama presented a bill proposing that the second a in the name of his state be heavily accented whenever pronounced. Many did not vote, but it passed by a sparse majority, only the radicals voting against its passage. The Senator from Montana retaliated by the reading of a bill which provided for the preservation of an old cypress stump thirteen miles south of Butte. The Senator from Arkansas stated that he did not believe there was an old pine stump thirteen miles south of Butte, but on the explanation that it was not a pine stump but a cypress stump, he declared himself in favor of the bill and it was passed by an overwhelming majority. These were the more important measures considered by the governing body of the Nation until—the Farm Relief Bill came up for discussion.

This bill is a pet of the committee on Internal Relations and the feeling has run high on both sides. Lobbyists have been busy for months trying to line up votes and assuaging the opposing faction. The bill, when put into operation, will prove the biggest Godsend which ever came the way of the American farmer. It provides that every farmer shall receive on the first day of January every year one Ford (touring model,) two horses (for atmosphere in the barnyard), and a sufficiency of greenstuffs, groceries and meats so that neither the farmer or his family will need to till the ground to gain a living. Under present conditions the average farmer has to work at least eleven weeks out of every year to provide himself with these things, and this keeps him from enjoying the more aesthetic side of life.

To those who know the workings of the individual super-minds comprising this august body, it is readily imaginable how hot the debate waged over this momentous monumental piece of legislation. Some thought the bill was too liberal and comprehensive, others thought that the farmer should be provided with a radio and gasoline, oil and repairs for his Ford, some maintained that the farmer did not need help, in fact they were just working on the sentiments of the gullible American people through the more gullible Senate. One extreme radical gained the floor to state in no uncertain terms that the farmers were a lazy, shift-

(Continued on page four)

Second Annual Zeta-Beta Smoker is Held

As the clock struck eight the second annual Zeta Sigma-Beta Tau Epsilon smoker began to belch forth fumes. The boys gathered from far (College Street) and near (MacLarens) for the event. Things started with a bang as soon as the first match was lit and continued banging (mostly Murray off key or at the piano) until the keepers (Profs. Ewer and Chet Robinson) retired after the final flash light banged.

Cigarettes and cigars were in abundance until Wally Pezet loaded his pockets and even too abundant for some of the novitiates at the art of nicotingng. Ern Bare got so dizzy that he slipped through the broomstick. Professor Nathan N. Gaelor of music and otherwise led the community singing until Winslow arrived from —and then the string and wind instruments were predominant. Quite a few of the boys had dates and trundled in for the ice cream and wafers served by Gil Schieb. Alas, the Mt. Pleasant shieks arrived too late. Bridge was a feature of the evening, not London Bridge but Auction Bridge. Joe Wolters took all prizes for onlooking, followed closely by his room-mate, Foxy Grandpa. A contest in singing was held, volume being the only requisite, Charlie Mann and Nate leading the groups, Charlie had the quantity and Nate the volume. Valentine came through and procured some flashlights of the group. Hugh Ward looked lost all evening and his voice was off.

Things concluded early as the boys had to retire early and greet the morn with fresh faces, (fresher than usual). Red Clark was nervous, but as the evening wore on he chirked up. Let me conclude—

He hopes she is happy,
He knows she is fat.

KAPPA IOTA

The meeting of the Kappa Iota literary Society was called to order by the president, Cathryn Lee, on March 14, 1927. A short business meeting was held, and the members answered roll-call with an Irish custom. Following this, Ethel Deering, Hilda Cashmore, and Lena Hall were formally pledged to the society. An enjoyable program followed consisting of an interesting reading, "Irish Wit" by Inez Maurer, and a delightful vocal solo, "Killarney" was well rendered by Katherine Lehner. Refreshments were served by the officers, after which the meeting adjourned.



HERE WE ARE



Our gentleman farmer Doc Rands at Harvest time.



And this Dear Reader is a bonafide copy of a Wright Hall meal, note the genial expressions and the air of satisfaction that permeates the atmosphere. We were fortunate in securing this as you may guess.



A Wright Hall young lady setting her stocking for a man, alas we fear it will only be Santa Claus and you know the story about him.

(Continued on page three)

Girls Stage Basketball Game Thursday

The Soph and Frosh girls of Alma College, the institution of learning on the hill, played for the tri-county championship in basketball on Thursday night. The vast college gymnasium was filled to overflowing with enthusiastic rooters of each aggregation. The din was terrifying and the whistle could hardly be heard at times. The frosh won 28-18, or so they say. K. Ellison and Ruth Hyde starred for the losers. K's eagle eye and Ruth's reach gave them the advantage, Myrtle Keillor and the Foster sisters starred for the winners. The game was so fast the eye could not follow the ball. No hair-pulling or fights ensued. The sophs wore ribbons of daring red, while the Frosh were of Irish hue.

SOPH	SUMMARY	FROSH
Ellison	F	Colwell
Holmes	F	Keillor
Hyde	C	Boutine
Simons	S. C.	L. Foster
Roberts	G	M. Foster
Goebel	G	Baetz
Referee—McCoy (St. Louis)		
Timer—Aitken (Crosswell)		
Scorers—Peavy (Howell), Wolfe (Penn.), Shroyer (Flint)		
Rooters—Burgess, Maurer, G. Lamb, C. Mann, L. Pomeroy, E. Winslow, Ann Campbell and J. Hull.		
Substitutions—Infrequent.		

Pres. Crooks to Get Phi Beta Kappa Key

Our village mail carrier, Lightnin' Bill, tells us that our neighbor Harry Crooks is joining the Phi Beta Kappa Honorary Fraternity and is to be initiated on the twentieth of April. The chapter which has extended the invitation to our fellow townsman is the one located at the University of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio. Neighbor Crooks is a member of the second or third group which this chapter has initiated. This is all the positive information Lightnin' could give us, 'cause he says that it was a mighty poor envelope to read through and besides he got to the college just as he came to the part that started—"Bring a barrel stave."

We are proud of our Prexy and are glad for the honor that he has received, as we have felt for a long time that he deserved a key, but we were afraid that no one outside the college circle recognized it.

And now may we suggest that he take an extension course from Prof. Brokenshire on the proper way of stroking the key while making a speech.

Sister Mable has some wonderful advice for spring Housekeepers, but one of the little pigs fell in the milk can and in rescuing it, she missed the R. F. D. Watch for it!



DON'T

THE FROSH



DON'T BE A BIG



DON'T BE AN OLD



DON'T BE A

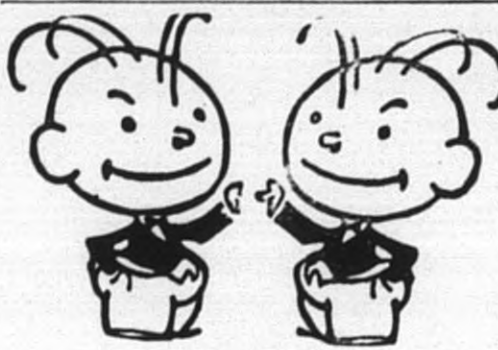
JUST BE A GENTLE LITTLE



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The Editors

THE FARM EDITION

When the snow begins to melt and the roads to uncover their pavement, then spring, the old stand-by of lovers, is here. Then when the soft odors arise from the earth, then is time for the Farm Edition of the weekly ALMANIAN. This custom was started, as we older settlers will remember by Doc Pills, two years ago. Last year the farm edition did not appear. This year you see the result of long planned effort and behold the lowly farm edition. We believe this example should be followed and add a little light to the township each year. Now old friends and subscribers start gathering your material early for each of you can shed some new light on cultivation or life on the farm. Write in or call up about the new calves on the campus, or the ugly duckling that has just arrived. Or maybe that new recipe for punkin-seed brew. All the help will be appreciated. All golden weddings or year long dates, will add great interest to the paper. Well folks send in your stuff and help we uns out.

The need for such an edition each year, full of good old time talk and remedies is a necessity on the campus and we hope that posterity will continue in our footsteps and in time may better our efforts.

—The Editors

LIBRARY NOTES

Vacation Hours

The library will be open only for exchange of books during the Spring vacation, March 25th-April 4th, from 10-11:45 a. m.

Out of town students who wish to draw books for class work will please bring a note from their professor granting permission to take any reserved books. A deposit equal to the value of the book must be made on books taken out of town. All books now out will be due the 24th.

Exhibit

A few rare works, early imprints, are now exhibited in the display case. One of these, Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the world, has colophon date 1628, at the end of the volume. This is the first volume of the three originally planned. It brings the history of mankind down only to 130 B. C. An interesting account of this work, written during Raleigh's imprisonment in the Tower, may be found in the Dictionary of national biography. To quote from this—"it closes with an apostrophe to death of rarely paralleled sublimity."

The other three early imprints displayed are by Locke. Essay concerning human understanding, the 4th edition of 1700 and the 12th of 1741. Also, some thoughts concerning education, 5th edition, of 1705.

A perusal of such works adds zest to the study of history and philosophy.

The library is proud of the record of another of its former student stag; Miss Marjorie Kunze, who is now studying in the Department of Library science at the University of Michigan, was one of the 41 all "A" university students of last semester. Miss Kunze has accepted a position on the staff of the University library for next year.

THOUGHTS MORE OR LESS LITERARY

A new magazine in the library is the Fame and Fortune Weekly. In it this week is the last chapter of a most exciting serial. This story is entitled "Charlie Cooper's Curves" or "The Star Player of the Unknown Nine." I thought it so good that I will here give a brief synopsis of the twenty-fourth chapter, you may supply the first twenty-three chapters yourself. It seems that Charlie Cooper was pitching a ball game and he made a home run in the ninth inning thereby winning the game by the close score of six and one. Also winning Marjorie for his wife and his mother for his father, so Geo. committed suicide, Bill sent to prison for ten years, Fred made a mint of money and Ben gave up bootlegging 'cause he broke his still and went back o his dear old mother. The author has a rich flowing style, unhampered by tradition and grammatical rules and we have high hopes that someday he will be a credit to his home town.

One of the new books of the month is "Jesse James Revenge", or "The Holdup of the Train at Independence." It seems that Jesse got real downright sore at Bill Sims and his sweetheart Sadie, so he burned the toes off Hawkins' feet and burned "Traitor" across his back and chest. Well, folks, that made Sadie good and sore so she went and stole Jesse's treasure and then Jesse got real mad and held up a train that Sadie and her lover were on and got all his money back and some more besides, and then laughed (hey, hey) up his sleeve at Bud and Sadie, who had tried to foil him in his deej laid plans. One feels sure on reading this opus that the author knows his bandits from the first sneer to the last desperate hanging. He surely knows about caves for he had Jesse and his gang hide in one. There is a brutality about the hero of the novel, as is evidenced in the episode of the toe-singing. But there is also a quality of gentleness in his make-up, shown by the fact that he gave his victim a drink of powerful liquor to revive him after the harrowing experience. The book is beautifully printed, with a colorful lithographed paper cover. Its intrinsic value is fifteen cents, net, or two cents a day at the library.

The Poultry Keeper for March is full of interesting things. For all those interested in chickens and chicken-raising one of the best articles in this issue is entitled "A Little Journey to the Farrow Chickens." Mr. Farrow is one of the up-and-coming go-getters of the younger school of incubators. He has been doing extremely well with his chick work, teaching them the rudiments of setting and laying while still very young. One of the interesting departments of the magazine is the page of questions and answers, giving advice in straightforward fashion. It is well worth any one's time to read this magazine as it gives a new slant on the fresh egg problem. The magazine is not without its humor—it has many advertisements and a special column "Cackles From the Coon." One of the best jokes follows—

Customer—Those eggs you sold me were very ripe.

Grocer—How do you know?

Customer—A little bird told me.

Well when Si heard that he liked to have knocked the top off the incubator. Laugh,—you should have heard him!

Now not wishing to neglect the feminine readers of this column we have chosen one of the latest books to be put on Boston's famous black list of ten. This one makes the eleventh. The title is "The Mistress of the Court of Regna." A beautiful description of the heroine Claire Sartoris is the most noticeable feature of the first part of the book. She is undoubtedly a combination of Louise Fazenda and the Sistine Madonna. Gerald Wayne, the hero, is

a man of wit as is shown by the following pun. When asked if he is an artist, he replied without hesitation "No, an architect." The usual plot and counterplots are introduced in a new way leaving the villain to be introduced on page three instead of two. The duel under the old apple tree will satisfy all the romance of any maiden's heart. The ending is unhappy, ah, you have it, they do not marry, but are separated by an old man's folly. A sequel is sure to follow. The author's style is to be commended in his clear phrasing, of which, "No, No," came from her lips in a pained whisper, is an example. His bigness in omitting small details is a revelation. We predict a great future for this work, and hope you will enjoy reading it as much as we have.

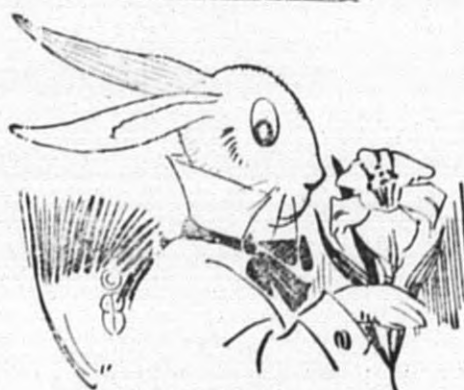
A feature for small folks appears in this month's Farm and Fireside. It is a contest on what we would be if we could change our form. The first prize winner desired to be a rocking chair, and, we ask, what could be more useful than a chair that rocks?

Farmer Horace

Men's Glee Club Will Tour During Vacation

The Alma College Men's Glee Club will give their first concert of the year at Ionia Wednesday evening. Leaving Alma Friday the Club will start on its annual concert tour of northern Michigan. Concerts have been scheduled in the following cities: Cadillac, Cheboygan, Manistique, Escanaba, Negaunee, Marquette, Munising, Newberry, Sault Ste. Marie, Petoskey, and Traverse City.

Twenty-four men will be taken on the trip, the ensemble of twenty—quartet, flutist, Baritone Soloist, Pianist and Chalk Talker. Frank H. Prouty is president of the club and Romaine G. Hogan is business manager.



EASTER PARTY

Every well regulated farm family feels obliged to throw an Easter Party. Usually a party of this kind is held at or on about Easter time although there is no set rule to follow. Some people think it adds materially to the gaiety of the occasion to have an Easter Party at Christmas time or on the Fourth of July, and others take a stand directly opposed to this.

At every Easter Party the host makes up games they play during the evening. The following are suggested as hot-stuff for the clever.

The Golden Egg Hunt

Take ten fresh eggs and color them with gilt powder. Give these eggs to intimate friends with instructions to keep their possession as secret. At a given signal the guests arrange themselves in a circle, each couple clasps hands and sings up and down the scale "Where is that egg, where is that egg." Then they pass on to the next couple, repeating the performance. The possessors of the eggs are to keep secret count and give the egg to the tenth person. The proper way of presenting the prize is by a crushing blow to the chest, which will break the egg instantly. The original possessor of the egg sings loudly during the presentation "You've got that egg, You've got that egg." The game ends when all eggs are presented. This game is guaranteed to get a kick out of the dullest crowd.

Whipping Eggs

This requires quite a number of eggs and several whips. Divide the crowd up in teams and give each team an egg and a whip. The object of the game is to drive the eggs with the whip to there and back again. Each broken egg sets them back one (egg). In this game it is well to have ground rules as required. Some good rules are: insure your furniture and your guests, take up rugs and the floor before starting game, remove all whips and eggs from the farmhouse and outbuildings before party arrives, announce to the guests that party is off.

There are any number of other games to play with eggs—it's always best to use hard-boiled eggs unless the guests wear bathing suits—an ingenious mind can think of them as fast as you can say "Jack Robeson."

And now just one more word about eggs—there are eggs, good eggs, bad eggs, awful eggs, and the kind you get on a blind date.

Anyway a bathtub party ought to be a clean affair.

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Father Josh's Weekly Pome

LIFE

Oh life is made of falls and bumps, we like our gold, we take our bumps. The mornings come, the days pass by, and still another is our cry. The sun shines down on man and beast, on the preacher and the priest. And so our daily lives do slide, a mother's joy, a father's pride. Now let us work, with vim and vigor and watch our inner selves grow bigger. For as we grow and set the pace, we pass the milestones of the human race. We sing our psalms, we read our poets, we watch our lambs, we fear the goats. We milk the cows, we feed the horses, we wash the steps, we wash the porches.

All this talk sure has a meaning, for at the eventide comes the gleaming. We measure up the work we've done from dawn dusk to set of sun. Are we short, in measure wanting, when comes the great eternal counting. Say not so for life is brief, a call for help is not a screech. All our work by men is counted, all our sins in face are flaunted. So we go from day to day, reckoning not the toll we pay. My lesson is, my dear good neighbors, heed not the call of guns or sabers. Believe not what you in the papers read, but only heed my simple creed. Live a life so clean and wholesome, free from vice and free from rum, that when you pass from life to death your reward will be the best.

FATHER JOSH.

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(Continued from page one)



Joe Hot frantically searching the pages of this week's ALMANIAN to see whether he has been named in Campusology or not. We expect to send Joe a copy of a bill for publicity at the end of the year.



This is our president, Calvin Coolidge, taking his morning ride on his wooden horse. Note how excited he seems. The expression on his face is said to be typical, showing the vivacity and alertness which characterize all his movements. The horse seems to be very spirited, also, perhaps the stable-boy fed it some wild oats for breakfast.



This is the bird that tells the Wright Hall girls everything that happens on the campus. Don't get the idea that this bird is a gossip. It may tell the girls things but it tells them not to tell anybody else and if they do, to tell them not to tell anybody else.



Ev Winslow and Wally Burton reminiscing on the Alpha Theta party are shown above. The exact costume is shown and the topic of conversation can be readily surmised. Both seem to be sitting on top of the world, that is figuratively speaking.



Another scoop for the Almanian. People, this is the only picture in existence of James E. Mitchell (himself) taken while he was attending Alma College as a student. See the glittering buggy, see the luxurious lap-robe, see the chivalrous expression on his face, see the sedate postures, see the prancing steeds. Ah, those were the days! My! how I should have liked to have gone to school in the good old days.



This is a contented cow. The bottle of milk is milk from a contented cow. The round thing beside the bottle of milk is the sun, just coming up. It is a big bottle of milk. Just behind that big tree behind the big bottle of milk is Homer Barlow, coming home from a heavy date. He

will make a lot of noise getting into bed at the house and the boys will make him wish he had stayed behind the big tree behind the big bottle of milk.



And who have we here but Fusser Aitken, throwing on the dog over in Crosswell. The hat is his father's, the cane is his uncle's, but the air he has is his own. He is going out on a heavy date, so take a good look at him—he won't look so prim and collitcher when he comes back.



Prof. Ditto used this illustration of a good connection in Physics class the other day. Even Charlie Murray understood it.



This mouse and his two brothers were the originals of the song—"Three blind mice." If you are familiar with Mother Goose you may remember what happened to his posterior appendage, but this little mouse had his grafted back on. In a recent interview this mouse said that all the kick from scaring women was gone. He said, "What's the use? With these short skirts—"



Love of Mike Jenks! The young man's identity, we will not disclose.

THE FARMER'S ALMANAC

This is a continuation of our self-help department, save this copy and in an emergency turn to it.

The year 7436 of the Byzantine Era begins on September 1, 1927. Julian calendar.

Christmas falls on December 25 this year.

A good way to keep mosquitoes out of the house follows. If you have a house, the best way is to screen the doors and windows, this means all of them. If building a new house, build without any doors or windows and the mosquitoes will have great difficulty in entering.

To keep cider sweet, use as soon as made.

Oysters contain 200 times as much iodine as milk, eggs, or beef-steak.

The originator of the postage stamp was Rowland Hill. The originator of the saying, "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes" was Bunker Hill.

On the 28 of March in 1925 The Prince of Wales left for South Africa.

Helps in case of accidents:—

1. Drowning—Loosen clothing if any. Jerk the body a few times.
2. Salt rubbed on a burnt person stimulates the heart action.
3. Sunstroke—Loosen clothing if any.
4. Bites—Call doctor.
5. Lightning—Dash cold water over person struck.
6. Fainting—Lead back with the right.
7. Test of death—If a person is dead decomposition is sure to set in before 72 hours has elapsed, if not send for a doctor.

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MINER'S CAFE

**THE ALMA RECORD
PRINTERS**

We rarely fail to deliver a job
at the time it is promised.

Strand Theatre

Tuesday and Wednesday
March 22 and 23

DOROTHY GISH
in
"LONDON"

Thursday and Friday,
March 24 and 25

W. C. FIELDS
in
"The Potters"

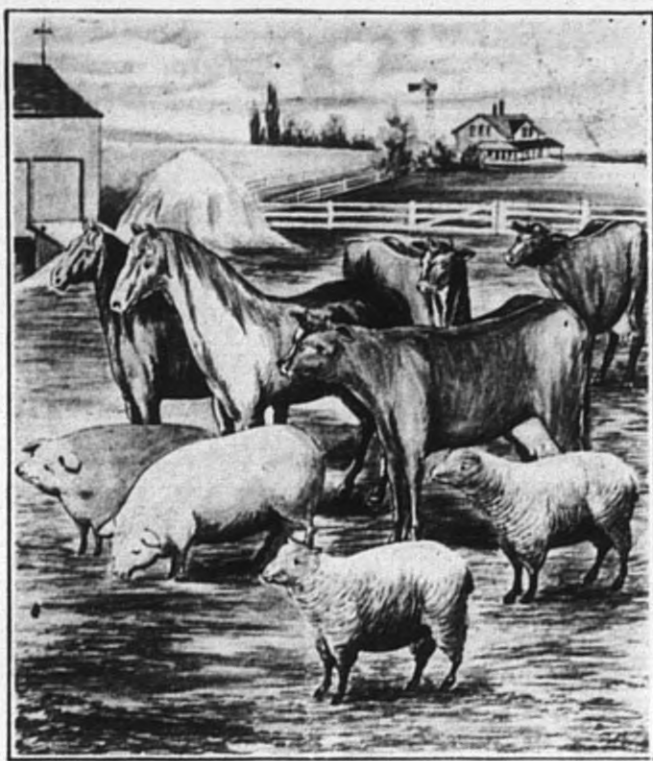
Another great comedy with the
Star of "So's Your Old Man." It's
a "pip."

Saturday, March 26

FRED THOMPSON
in
"A Regular Scout"

Sunday and Monday,
March 27 and 28

ADOLPHE MENJOU
in
"Blond or Brunette"



Since this year is the celebration of the Fortieth Anniversary of Alma College, we are getting a little ahead of things and showing the college fifty years ago. The barn in the background is on the spot where Wright Hall now stands. The second horse to the right consented to stand where the Administration Building was erected. The cow in the background shows the location of the Chemistry Building. The pig-pen, just out of the picture to the right, is now Pioneer Hall. The farmhouse in the background was remodeled in 1881 and has served since that time as the President's Mansion. Incidentally, the last of the animals were killed last week to be served as Swiss Steak at Wright Hall. You may notice that the location of all the buildings were not shown, but we couldn't help it—we ran out of animals.

beautiful country of ours, lying on the Vice-President's desk, all white and clean and ready to be copied into the Congressional Record, but look, what sinister shadow is that falling across the bill? The Senate was stricken dumb; they could make no move to save the Bill from complete disaster. They all saw the imminent danger hanging over the unsullied pages, but every man was powerless to avert the catastrophe. The moment was horrible, extreme in its absolute helplessness, until the indomitable courage and dexterity of one lone man saved the Bill for the country. The Senator from Michigan, that home of summer resorts and Ford Cars, rushed forward and threw himself into the breach. He seized the ominous bottle of black, black ink, which at that moment was ready to spill its contents on the Bill, and placed it safely on the far corner of the Vice-President's desk. The Senate heaved a great sigh of relief as one man. The Farm Relief Bill was saved!



WRIGHT HALL NOTES

Favorite mid-night sayings around Wright Hall are the following: "s s s sh" More quiet please. Would you please close your tramson. It is eleven o'clock girls. This is your second call down girls." Result. Loss of sleep, loss of social cuts, loss of disposition, loss of pleasant breakfast looks, loss of privileges.

Moral—Lost. Miss Mae Scheppers of McBain and Miss Marion Watson of Detroit, spent the week end here.

Miss Dorothy Bradley, one of our alumnae, from Flint, spent the week end here and attended the Alpha Theta party on Saturday night at the Elk's Hall.

Miss Ruth Richards of Alma spent from Friday night until Saturday morning with friends in Wright Hall.

Several who were on the sick list last week are much improved at this writing.

Under the auspices of Pioneer Hall and the Phi Phi Alpha House, Wright Hall witnessed the burning of the hearse, Tuesday night. It was a pleasing sight to all who watched.

It is the hope of the girls of Wright Hall that another delightful serenade will be given by the songsters of the campus.

George Kaiser visited Wright Hall Wednesday of last week.

Anna Marie Campbell and Lola Foster went Turtle Hunting with Claude Morrow Friday afternoon. They were successful in their adventure.

Miss Clara Schaefer is at home to her friends in Wright Hall until further notice is given.

Friday night a chop suey spread was had by the Kappa Iota Gals, at ten o'clock. Every one was there and a neat sum was realized.

A series of songs were given by very capable singers in the dining room Saturday, the occasion being the birthday of one of our fair sex.

Thursday night a house meeting was in order and as usual the long distant call came in.

Friday night and Saturday noon the weekly social hours were enjoyed by all who attended. Music was furnished by the more musical girls of our infirmary.

Quietness reigned on second front from Saturday night until the following evening when the four vociferous girls made a little jaunt to one of our neighboring cities.

ANNUAL THETA'S PARTY ENJOYED

(Continued from page one) one of the waiters comment on it and he said it wuz the nicest party he was ever too, he said even the teachers had a good time at the party. I couldn't imagine what teachers would be at the party, for, but after inquiring found that Miss Steward, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Robinson were the honored guests. They surely must of had a good time for I certainly did, and hope that next year if they ever have another one I will be luck enough to get there.



One Of The Campus Cats

MOTHER MAUD'S LOVELORN NEST

If you are disappointed in love or your best girl has left you for the greener pastures of spring, send in your queries and Mother Maud's great bosom will pulsate with yours.

Dear Mother Maud: My best girl refuses to talk to me and will not even speak to me since I wore an orange tie on St. Patrick's Day. What can I do to regain her complexion (I think he meant affection). Wally Pezet.

Now Wally don't get worried. This ailment is very common. Just wear a green tie on the next twelfth of July and all will be forgiven.

Dear Ma Maud: My nicest sweetie has eloped with a good-for-nothing, worthless, cross-eyed drug clerk. O what will I do? My heart is broken. I cannot eat, sleep or tend the farm. Tearfully yours, John William Hayden (Brute).

Boy—John, send two dollars for list of eligible girls in Gratiot County. For five dollars in postage stamps, I will mail you the complete album of their pictures showing race, color, and previous conditions of servitude.

Dear Old Maud: The young man I keep company with here in Ann Arbor has shaved the hireshute decoration off his upper lip. He looks so young now I haven't the heart to refuse his least request. What can I do to have him regrow it. In despair, —Peg.

Little sister—don't cry and spoil your beautiful eyes, try coueism on him this might also add onto his stature. "Grow a little," repeat this in your odd moments, if any, until your prayer is answered. Cheer up—little sister.

Dear old Consoler—(Not bought in a drug store). Every night when the moon shines and young lovers lurk in the campus trysting nooks, I too feel my oats. Where can I secure a faithful swain to take me to the Strand and then to Pat's. Lonesome Betty.

Now Baby Face, Pull a lady Godiva in an open Ford and the men will be yours. If you can't get a man you may get a Frosh.

MICHIGAN SENATOR SAVES DAY

(Continued from page one) less, good-for-nothing, tobacco-chewing class and should be exterminated. A red-faced senator jumped to his feet at that and loudly declaimed that the only reason the rest of the people did not chew was that the juice made them sick. Then the fight was on, but the two contestants were parted before serious damage was done to their persons or to their senatorial dignity. In speaking of the fray after the session, the Hon. J. U. Pretzelwitz, who has been doorman at the Senate chambers for the last forty-seven years, said that it had the makings of being the best fight in the last twenty-five years until one participant fouled by calling the other a name in a foreign language. Of course the other had no idea what he was being called and could not reply in kind to the epithet. This was essentially so unfair that the fight was stopped by gagging both contestants.

Finally after three hours of continuous debate, the Vice-President railroaded the bill through by declaring that he would not adjourn the session until the bill was passed. And so there was the Farm Relief Bill, which is to mean so much to the farmer class in this great and

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Luggage that Lasts at G. V. WRIGHT'S

PHOTOGRAPHS Tell the Story BOICE STUDIO North of The Wright House

Every Step Costs You Money Let us help you cut this cost. We do good shoe repairing. Expert workmanship. Up-to-date machinery. M A Y E S SHOE SHOP

Idlehour Theatre "Where the Big Ones Play" Tuesday and Wednesday, March 22-23 CORINNE GRIFFITH in "The Lady in Ermine" Thursday and Friday, March 24-25 JACKIE COOGAN in "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut" Collegians—"The Last Tap"

Saturday, March 26 WILLIAM BOYD in Peter B. Kyne's "Jim, the Conqueror"

Sunday, Monday & Tuesday, March 27-28-29 LAURA LA PLANTE in "Her Big Night"