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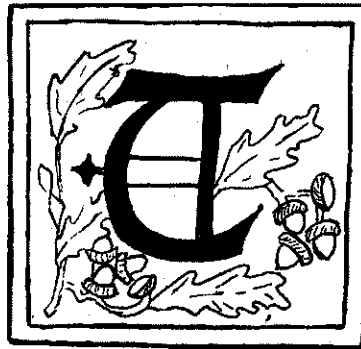
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Dedication



© the Tempe Normal School of Arizona, we, the graduating class of 1911, dedicate this Annual, in grateful appreciation of what this institution has done for us.



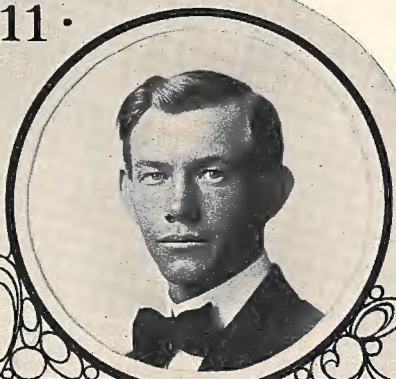
MAIN BUILDING

EL PICADILLO



EDITORIAL STAFF

· 1911 ·



· JUNE HALBECK ·

· MABEL WILLEBRANDT ·

· LUCY NASH ·

· OTTO JUNGERMANN ·



A. J. MATTHEWS,
President of Normal School,
Tempe, Arizona.

The Faculty



ATHERED together at Tempe, in the fruitful Valley of the Salt River, under Arizona's blue sky, are twenty-two selected men and women holding sway over the realm known as the Tempe Normal School.

At the head of this little kingdom is one Arthur John Matthews, of royal bearing and ample size. On St. Patrick's Day he forgoes the wearing of the green, for, as he says, the map of Ireland on his face is sufficient indication of his ancestry.

The "Old Guard" consists of Professors Irish, Hall, Frizzell, Anderson and Johnston. These have been members of the Normal Faculty longest and are well known to Alumni and friends of the Normal as Normal students' best friends.

Prof. Ayers leaves us this year to continue his work in University. But it is sincerely hoped that he will return again to take up his work in Tempe.

Dr. Bolton has been a ruler in the Normal kingdom for two years only. He is the only bachelor on the teaching staff and has proved himself a friend and benefactor to every student with whom he comes in contact. His genial, open-hearted manner has won him many friends, both in the Normal and in Tempe.

Prof. Clark holds sway over the Manual Training Department and has turned out from it many capable teachers in this subject.

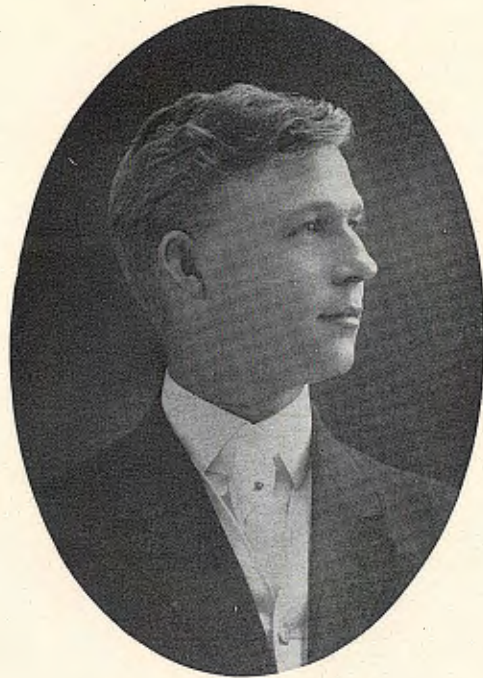
In the Normal proper there are only three lady teachers—Miss Burgess, Miss Francis and Miss Fernandez. The first has been with us this year only, but has won her way into the heart of every Normal student, and her work is such as to elevate the Normal standard just a little higher.

Miss Francis is ruler over Domestic Arts, and her capability is questioned by none, while Miss Fernandez makes Spanish a real pleasure by her enthusiasm for it.

Prof. Felton has the reputation of being able to accomplish more work than any man in Tempe, and he certainly lives up to it. Though seemingly a hard driver, he is popular with all of his students and is ever ready to give a helping hand.

Miss Dobbs, Secretary to the President and Board, comes in contact with the whole student body and knows every individual in school. She comforts the grieving and praises the successful, and is ever a friend to all.

Mr. Phelps, Director of the Training School for the past year, has departed to take up work in San Diego. His enthusiasm for his work and his ready counsel have been very valuable to every member of the Class of 1911.



PROF. C. L. PHELPS



MISS CRITCHLEY



MISS FERNANDEZ

When we turn to the Faculty of the Training School we find the people who cause the difference between Juniors and Seniors. It is in the Training School for the first time that we come to a full realization of the meaning of our work.

Miss McNulty is undoubtedly the best primary teacher in Arizona, and it would be difficult to find her superior any place.

Miss Lynd's gracious manner and abounding faith in humanity puts many a Senior on her best behavior and inspires her to do her best.

Miss Haulot demands promptness and attention, and Seniors usually give her both.

Miss Critchley is sweet and gracious to all, giving freely of her best that the raw Juniors may be converted into worthy Seniors.

In short, all of the Critic teachers work in harmony, giving their very best to both Seniors and Training School pupils.

In future years, any success attained by the Seniors must in part be accredited to the right start given them by the Faculty of the Training School.

There is one more silent member of the Faculty whose work seems to be easy, but which in reality requires tactful management to be successful, namely, the matron of the Girls' Dormitory. For three years this position has been filled by Mrs. May Belle Blakely and it is the sincere wish of every girl in the Dormitory that the same person may be in charge next term.

JUNE HALLECK, '11.



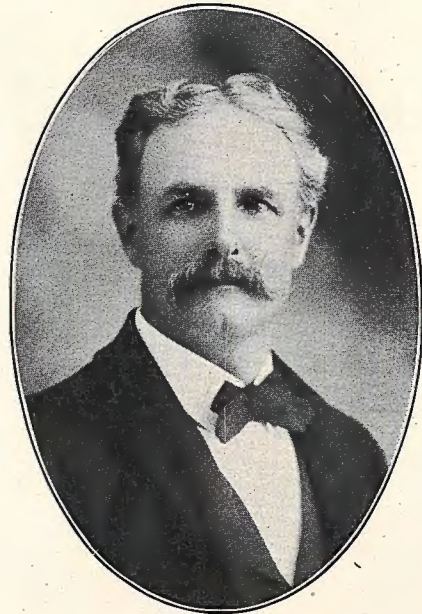
MISS L. B. LYND.



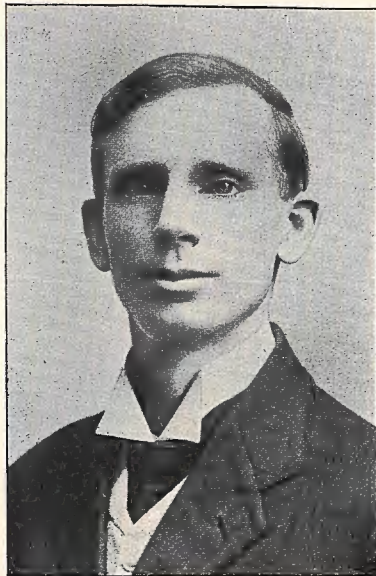
MISS L. HAULOT.



PROF. F. C. AYER



PROF. J. L. JOHNSTON



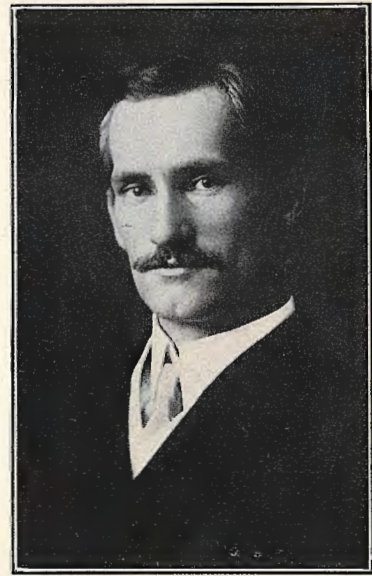
PROF. J. L. FELTON



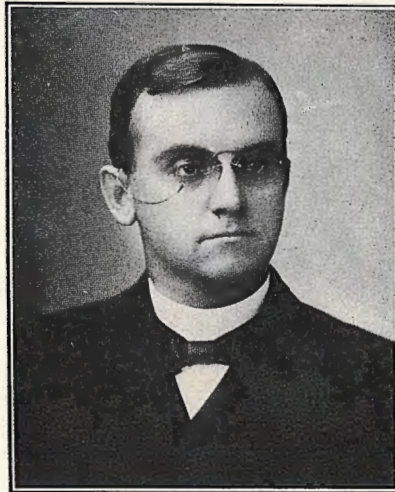
PROF. A. B. CLARK



MARY E. McNULTY



PROF. F. G. WAIDE



DR. T. L. BOLTON



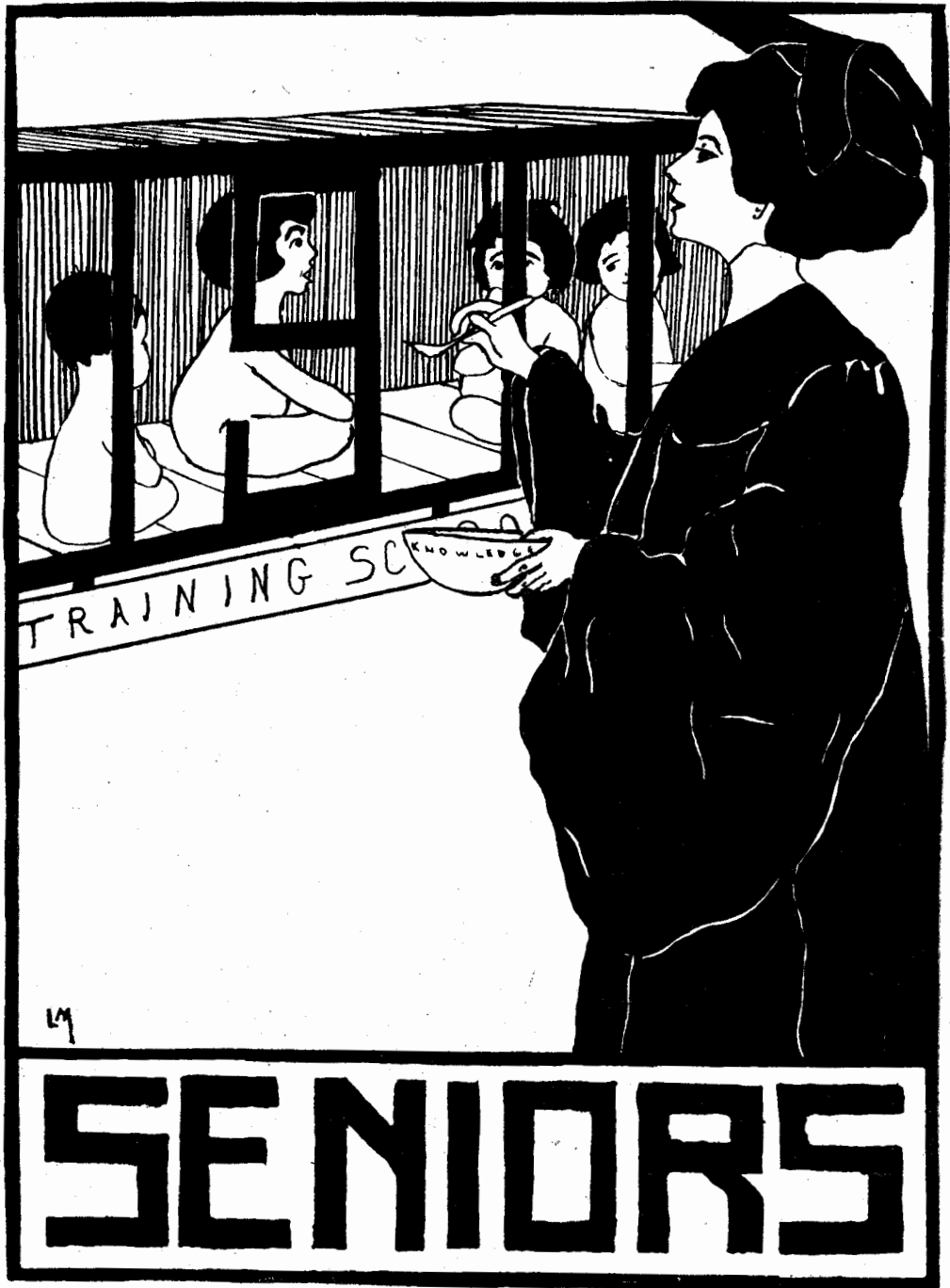
MISS LILLIAS D. FRANCIS

Faculty Characteristics

By these ye shall know them

NAME.	POSITION.	CHARACTERISTIC.
A. J. Matthews.	Principal.	Absent mindedness.
F. M. Irish.	Physical Science.	Sarcasm.
W. J. Anderson.	Art.	Gentleness.
J. L. Johnston.	Music.	Hot-tempered.
G. M. Frizzell.	Mathematics.	Square dealing.
J. F. Hall.	Latin.	Terrifying glare.
Laura Dobbs.	Secretary.	Warm hearted.
A. B. Clark.	Manual Training.	Johnny-on-the-spot.
F. G. Waide.	History.	Attempted wit.
G. L. Fernandez.	Spanish.	Sentimental.
T. L. Bolton.	Educational.	Plain spoken.
L. D. Francis.	Domestic Art.	Tyrannical.
J. L. Felton.	English.	Energetic.
C. H. Burgess.	Elocution and Phys. Tr.	Charming.
C. L. Phelps.	Director of Tr. School.	Enthusiastic.
M. E. McNulty.	Primary Critic.	Dry humor.
L. M. Haulot.	Grammar Critic.	Active.
L. B. Lynd.	Grammar Critic.	Faith in humanity.
J. E. Critchley.	Primary Critic.	Reticent.
Mrs. Blakely.	Preceptress.	Commanding.
F. C. Ayer.	Biology and Physiology.	Egotism.





Class of 1911

An institution in Tempe,
A Normal glorious and free,
Worked steadily, alas, alas,
With hope that this might come to pass—
That early days of June might see
A perfect Senior Class.

For years this hope was unfulfilled,
Until we came as Freshies billed,
Mixtures of work and wit and fun.
The faculty said, "This is the one."
They watched and guarded us, their prize,
For we their hopes would realize.

Their great hope made them all so stern,
With sighs our Freshman hearts did burn,
As second years we grew more wise.
We gave those teachers a surprise.
Such fun and work you never saw
When we knew just how much was law.

Our third year passed with scarce a thrill.
We came to Junior—sh—be still.
Around that year great memories cling
Of fried ham, fights, and hallowe'en,
Of songs, and friends so dear to all
As now we leave the assembly hall.

We say good-bye with smiles and tears.
We may not meet for years and years;
The parting of the ways has come.
Dear friends, here's luck to everyone!

HAZEL HEATON.

Senior Roll



PARLEY BLAKE.

"A watch which beats true for all time
and never 'runs down.'"

ELISA BOND.

"Favors to none, to all she smiles ex-
tends,
Off she regrets, but never once offends."

KATHERINE BONE.

"She is lovely, she is witty. What more
would you have?"



AGNES M. BAKER.

"A star of hope in the sea of adversity."

ROBENA BARKLEY.

"A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free."

HAZEL BARR.

"Her heart, they say, is not in her work,
but elsewhere."

MABEL BEDDOW.

"She is a winsome, wee thing."

HAZEL CARROLL.

"She seeketh diligently after knowl-
edge."

LENA COLE.

"A simple maid, devoid of art,
Bubbling out of her very heart."

MARY CORBELL.

"A graceful ease and sweetness void of
pride."

PEARL CROOK.

"Silence is more eloquent than words."





FRANCES DAVIS.

"A wayside flower, giving her fragrance
free to all."

PEARL DORSETT.

"A jewel that shines brightest in the
darkness."

MARY DUNLAP.

"Friendship's sweet and fairy strain
Shall ever in her heart remain."

LEONARD DYKES.

"A friend so sturdy and strong,
Who serveth friends, not selfish ends."

ALMA ELLINGSON.

"Sweet language multiplies her friends."

AURA FIKE.

"Her eyes had a glow,
And her voice a merry ring."

LORA FINCH.

"The best things are sometimes done
up in small packages."

JUNE HALLECK.

"A diamond in the ring of acquaintance."





HAZEL HEATON.

"A link of gold in the chain of life."

EDITH JOHNSTON.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and
low.
An excellent thing in woman."

OTTO JUNGERMANN.

"He avoids a laughing enemy and a flat-
tering friend."

MARGUERITE KIESSLING.

"She has a mind that envy could not
but call fair."

ELIZA LORONA.

"She is rich in true friends."

MARY MELTON.

"Punctuality begets confidence and respect."

ROSE MILLER.

"A kind and gentle heart had she, to comfort friends or foes."

NEOMA MILLET.

"With such a comrade, such a friend,
We fain would walk till journey's end."





LUCILE MORRISON.

"Much ado about nothing."

JOHN MULLEN.

"His powerful voice is his faithful friend."

RUTH McCOMAS.

"She would empty thy chalice of heart-ache and pain,
Would freshen thy desert with flowers and rain."

NETTIE McKAY.

"To her task addressed her earnest care."

FRANCES McNULTY.

"Her hair is no more sunny than her heart."

LUCY NASH.

"Thou hast a mind that suits thy fair and outward character."

JUANITA PAINTER.

"And she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much."

CHARLES PICKRELL.

"His heart is as great as the world."





DORRIS ROBERTSON.

"When joy and duty clash,
Let duty go to smash."

GRACE RODGERS.

"She does not allow the grass to grow
on the road to friendship."

HAZEL MUMFORD.

"She asks, one God, no more; but
friends, good store."

AILEEN SMITH.

"Her air, her manners, all who saw ad-
mired."

LOLA SPEAR.

"Wherever duty's pathway lay,
Her steps have passed."

RUBY TOMPKINS.

"A friend who knows and dares to say
The brave, sweet words that cheer the
way."

JOSIE THOMPSON.

"To her house the road is never long."

MABEL WEBB.

"A countenance in which did meet
"Sweet records, promises as sweet."





JENNIE WEEDIN.

"Upon a woman one must wait an hour."

AILEEN WALSH.

"Far may you search ere you will find
So good, so generous, so kind."

MABEL WILLEBRANDT.

"A volume of sympathy bound in cloth."

EUSTACE WINDES.

"Large is his bounty and his soul sincere."
N. T. B.

Class Songs

FAREWELL!

Tune—"Do They Think of Me at Home?"

We must leave the dear, old school
Where we've passed so many days,
And our hearts are sorely tried,
As we sing our parting lays.

Five short years have quickly passed
Since to Normal first we came,
And though absent from her halls,
Yet can ne'er forget the name.
And though absent from her halls,
Yet can ne'er forget the name.

But we should not now be sad,
For our long-sought goal is here,
And along with memories bright,
Cling the friendships grown so dear.
And along with memories bright,
Cling the friendships grown so dear.

EDITH JOHNSTON, 11.

WOULDN'T YOU DO IT, TOO.

Tune: "April Girl."

As the Senior class of 1911—
Count us one by one; we are forty-seven,
We will go out to teach, and be teachers grand,
And soon will be famous all over the land.

Wouldn't you
Do it, too?

If you were a Senior of this Normal School;
If you were a Senior of this Normal School.

As the Senior class of this Normal School,
To the Juniors, dear, we would leave one rule:
In whatever you do, just to be like us,
Then from no one at all will there be a fuss.

Wouldn't you
Do it, too?

If you were a Senior in the Normal School;
If you were a Senior in the Normal School.

The teachers who've taught us do love us so,
It really does pain them to see us go.
The Faculty, critics, training school—all
Are sighing for—Oh, how they'll miss us next fall.

Wouldn't you
Do it, too?

For we are the Seniors of this Normal School;
For we are the Seniors of this Normal School.

Characteristics of the Seniors as told by their Initials

Mary Agnes Baker—Much Artistic Beauty.
Robena Barkley—Richly Blest.
Hazel Elizabeth Barr—Happy, Energetic Body.
Mabel Pearl Beddow—Modest, Pleasing, Bright.
Parley Levi Blake—Prefers Lovely Blonde.
Catherine Lou Bone—Can Look Beautiful.
Eliza Roxie Bond—Ever Reading Books.
Emma Hazel Carroll—Ever Helpful, Cheerful.
Lena May Cole—Leads Many Classes.
Mary Nolan Corbell—Many Natural Charms.
Pearl Crook—Pleasant Company.
Frances May Davis—Finds Many Devotees.
Clair Pearl Dorsett—Charming, Popular Damsel.
Mary Evelyn Dunlap—Merry Every Day.
Leonard Roland Dykes—Likes Rich Doughnuts.
Alma Gladys Ellingson—Amiable, Generous, Erudite.
Aura Bell Fike—Artistic, Beautiful Favorite.
Irene Lora Finch—Irresistible, Loving, Fascinating.
Madeline June Halleck—Magnanimous, Just, Helpful.
Hazel Evelyn Heaton—Honorable, Energetic, Happy.
Edith Grace Johnston—Ever Good, Just.
Otto Richard Jungermann—Orderly, Reasonable, Judicious.
Marguerite Anna Kiessling—Much Ability Keeps.
Eliza Loroña—Ever Ladylike.
Ruth McComas—Real Merit.
Rose Miller—Rather Merry.
Nettie N. McKay—Needs Nothing More.
Wilma Frances McNulty—Will Frame Mandates.
Harriet Neoma Millet—Happy, Never Moody.
Judith Lucille Morrison—Jolly, Lively Manner.
Alfred John Mullen—Always Jesting Maidens.
Sarah Hazel Mumford—Serious, Helpful Maiden.
Mary Susanna Melton—Modest School Ma'am.
Lucy Philander Nash—Little Pesky Nuisance.
Jennie Juanita Painter—Jolly, Joyous Person.
Charles Ulen Pickrell—Carries Universal Praise.
Dorris Virginia Robertson—Doesn't Vary Rules.
Emma Grace Rogers—Ever Going Right.
Aileen Smith—Ambitious Student.
Lola Adelé Spear—Lively, Animated Student.
Ruby May Tompkins—Real Merry Tease.
Josie Gertrude Thompson—Just Good-Tempered.
Aileen O'Neill Walsh—Admires Old Widowers.
Mabel Clair Webb—Many Cute Ways.
Jennie Foster Weedin—Joyous, Frank, Winsome.
Eustace Evan Windes—Eschews Every Wrong.
Mabel Walker Willebrandt—Many Weighty Words.



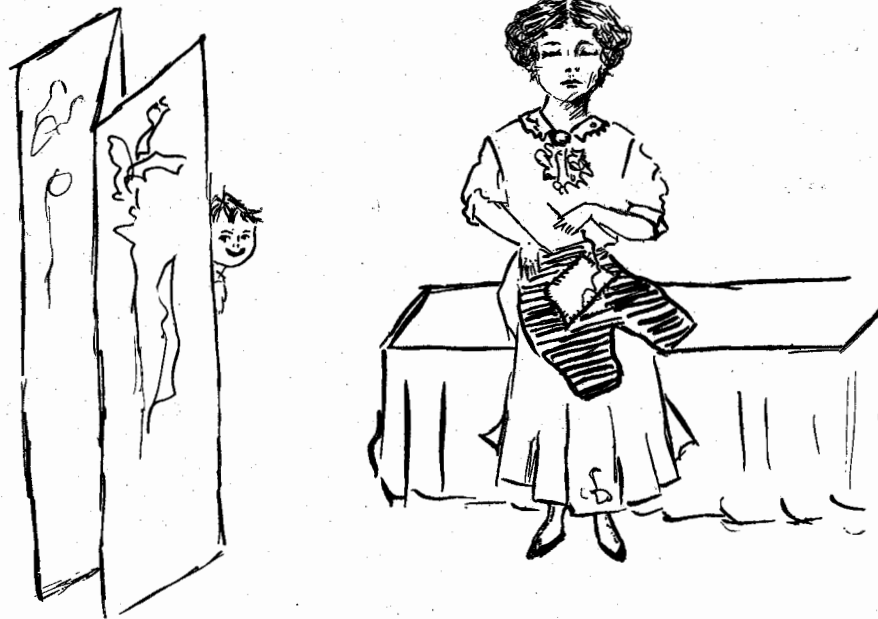
DORRIS ROBERTSON,
The baby of the class and First Grandchild
of the Normal.

Training School

As Viewed by the Seniors

I.

Miss M—— had burned the midnight oil in preparing her plan and fully expected to find “*Good*” or “*Careful Plan*” placed in blue pencil at the bottom of the page. But, much to her consternation, she found a “See me,” and when she entered the ladies’ office this is what she saw:



MISLEADING AIMS.

Aim:

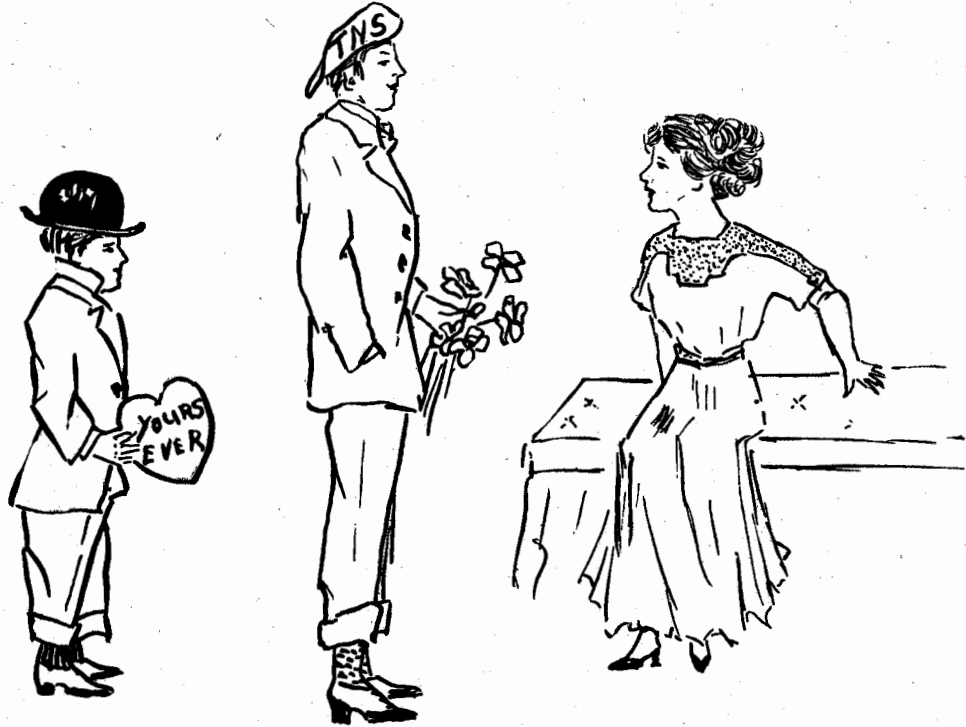
To take up the lesson in the text on the Ocean.
Better try it in the Training School.

Aim:

To present a lesson on Case.
New case?

II.

One of the Critic Teachers in trying to be very polite intended to write, "Please see me," on a plan book; but instead wrote, "Please me." This was the result:



III.

It is impossible to see Miss Critchley from 8 to 9:30, as she is otherwise engaged—



Discouraging Phrases Written in Plan Books by Critic Teachers

See me!!
This is no plan.
Am afraid of a part of your plan. See me!
What is the aim of your lesson?
Where is your plan today? I shall be forced to take your class. See me!
Do not attempt to teach a new song without first singing it to me. See me between 2:10 and 3 o'clock.
Please return your Gordon Manual and all charts some time today.
Your plan is aimless.
Your results in drawing are poor. Save Cruz and Pastora's work, but destroy all other drawings.

Oh, You Kid!

Miss McNulty: "Name a principal occupation in Brazil, and tell where it is carried on."

Percy: "Coffee is raised in Brazil; it is carried on little donkeys."

Miss McNulty: "What supports the sun in the heavens?"

William: "Why, its beams, of course."

Mr. Belknap (Current Events): "Here's a proposition to abolish the Senate."

Lanier: "What! And make the United States a republic?"

Mr. Windes: "Tell about the climate of the mountains of Mexico."

John: "I don't know. It is too high to climb."

Miss Nash (in Grammar Class): "Give an example of a declarative sentence."

Harvey: "The horse draws the cart."

Miss Nash: "Now change it into a neat imperative."

Harvey: "Gee up!"

Miss Smith: "Pastora, do you eat grass?"

Pastora: "Naw, me? I eat beans."

Senior: "Who was the first president?"

First Pupil: "Jesus Christ."

Second Pupil: "Adam."

Gertrude (after Governor's visit):

"The United States visited us today."



Senior Goblins

'Bout fifty of us Senior folks is goin' to graduate,
With heaps and heaps of learnin'; say, but ain't it great?
An' 'en right after June the eighth we'll all go far away,
But 'fore we go, somehow we feel 'ere's sumpin' yet to say.
So Juniors, dear, just listen here, 'fore we bid adoo
To w'at's the worst and wooziest of every bug-a-boo,
'Cause 'fore you wakes, and winks your eye, and finds w'at's all about
Them Critics have thist got you

If you
 don't
 watch
 out!

Your're skeerd a'ready; 'ist you wait, the worst is to be told;
Your knees'll bump, your heart'll thump, an' toes go shivrin' cold.
You see them bluish pencil marks 'at speckle lesson's plan?
They're made by Critic teachers ('em teachers rules the lan'.)
They watch your ev'ry movement to see 'fit's dignified.
They see mistakes, an' good points, too; from them you cannot hide.
An' if you're careless an' fergit w'at you're about
Them Critic teachers gits you

If you
 don't
 watch
 out!

Wunst 'ere was a Senior girl 'at wouldn't write her plan.
So when she went to teach her class when Trainin' School began,
She took her place, as usual, 'fore the marchin' line,
But as she turned to close the door, a Critic made a sign—
"You have no plan; you cannot teach; I'll teach for you," says she;
'N'en added to the senior, "At 4 you may see me!"
But when the grades came out nex' term, it did no good to pout
For 'em Critics they'd 'ist got her

'Cause she
 didn't
 watch
 out!

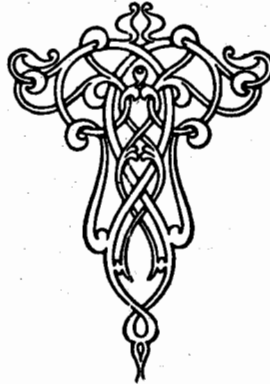
One time a little Senior boy 'ud allus laff an' grin
An' make sum fun in every class 'at he was dreamin' in.
So onc't he was in Methods, an' the Critics all was 'ere,
An' he mocked 'em, an' he shocked 'em, an' ack like he didn't care;
An' thist as he'd been laffin' an' turned som' notes to hide,
Ther' was two great big Critics a-standin' by his side,
An' they gave 'im two weeks' vacation, for he knowed w'at he's about.
An' 'em Critics they'll get you, too,

If you
 don't
 watch
 out!

An' so we Seniors tells you 'at when the sky is blue,
An' all the desert's bloomin', an' the Springtime calls you, too,
An' you hear the birds a-singin', an' the sun is bright an' warm,
An' you long to leave school buildin's far behind you every morn—
Oh, you better mind your parents an' your teachers, fond an' dear,
An' study long, an' write your plan, an' dry the bad boys' tear,
An' help the backward scholars as clusters all about,
Er them Critic teachers 'll git you

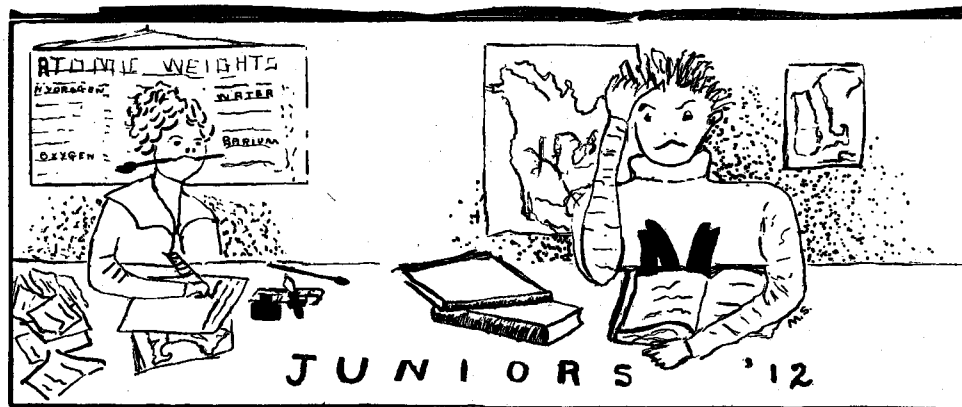
If you
 don't
 watch
 out!

M. W. W.





JUNIORS



CLASS OFFICERS.

President.....Edith Mullen
 Vice-President.....Helen Collins
 Secretary-Treasurer.....Lillias Goodfellow

CLASS EDITORS.

Velma Coyle Helen Collins Ettie Young

CLASS MOTTO.

“As we journey through life, let us live by the way.”

CLASS COLORS.

Red and Black.

CLASS ARTISTS.

Leila Kemp May Stewart Bessie Felch

Class History

Backward, turn backward,
 O, Time, in your flight,
 And make me a Freshie
 Just for tonight.

What Junior has not oft recalled the time when, as a First Year, he wandered, friendless and lonely, up and down the long corridors, always, always, going where he was not wanted, and therefore being taunted by one of those giggling Second Years. How often he wished that the floor would open up and swallow him, that he might never have to face them again.

But even as First Years, we can recall the various times when we, as a class, demonstrated our authority over other classes, which showed without a doubt that we were to fill an important place in the annals of the T. N. S.

Our talent was first exhibited in our class organization with John Lynch as President. Green and lavender were chosen as class colors, the green symbolic of the fresh, manly vigor and bright, growing ideas of the class, while the lavender expressed its gentleness and modesty.

The Alpha Play, "Bright and Gay," was the crowning point of the year, and it, linked with the lawn party at Dr. Blome's and the winning of the track cup, make the First Year a very worthy and memorable one.

When we became Second Years ourselves, we were able to laugh as loud and as long as anyone, and the only rock along the path was the association with the self-confident, self-praising Third Years.

It was as Second Years that the marked ability of the class was first shown. John Lynch again acted as President, and successful social events heaped honor after honor upon the class. We again carried away the track cup which made it ours.

As Third Years our rule was supreme. Giggling Second Years and ignorant First Years looked upon us with envy, and even the wise Juniors and triumphant Seniors with longing and envy as they watched us climb with ringing voice and waving banner up the path to victory with Edith Mullen at our head.

Hay-rack rides, parties, and other successful social events followed each other in quick succession.

At Christmas we presented Mr. and Mrs. Phelps with a silver berry set.

The crowning event of the year was a lawn party at Mullen's, where our executive talent and eating ability were displayed at good advantage.



But as Juniors we stand alone, each member triumphant in all his glory. Success is written upon every feature of the face, and we remain the most promising and successful class of the Normal.

We take the lead in everything and in each thing attempted we have shown our rare talents and marked ability. We are called upon before any act or venture is attempted, because, as the Seniors know, and they are the most important class in school (judging from their actions, not their works), we are the least likely to make mistakes.

The year was begun with a Tally-ho ride to the Arizona Falls, in which all participated, having a jolly time.

The Hallowe'en party at the girls' dormitory was the next event in which the dormitory Juniors entertained the rest of the Dormitory, Faculty and outside Juniors.

Social events of the year have not been as numerous this year on account of the extra heavy course of study, nevertheless we keep up-to-date in everything and set examples for others to follow.

As the only way of judging the future is by the past, our future lies before us, brilliant and successful, which predicts us next year the strongest Senior Class that has ever graduated from the Tempe Normal School.

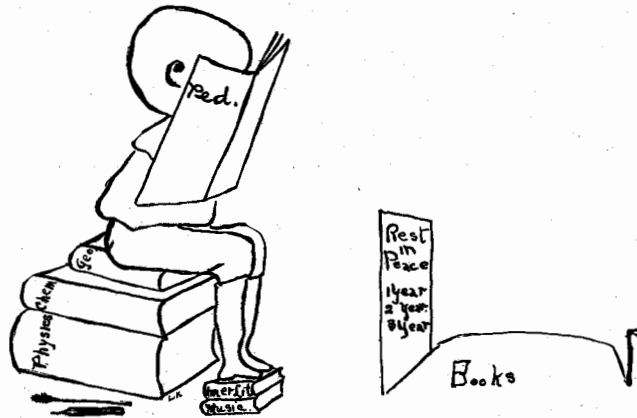
So here's to the Juniors! May they ever live and flourish!

V. E. C., '12.

Junior Class Roll

Anna Baker
Winona Barbour
Annie Brandenburg
Frances Calkins
Bessie Chilson
Afton Clarke
Helen Collins
Ercel Cooke
Velma Coyle
Edward Craig
Lucy Cummings
Blanche Cummins
Lucile Detloff
Flossie Dines
Edith Doherty
Bessie Felch
Leona Foushee
Lillias Goodfellow
Miriam Heinrichs
Hallie Holmesley
Erile Hughes
Kenneth Johnston
Velma Jolly
Mary Keating
Leila Kempe
Ruth Kittle

Nellie Littlefield
Detta Lisonbee
Allene McNeley
Edith Mullen
Lois Mullen
Willie Muse
Ralph Peck
Zetta Pearce
Daniel Peart
Eva Rains
Ethel Richards
Ruth Robbins
Iva Rogers
Mabel Rogers
Florabel Schoshusen
Ethel Sitrine
Lillian Stayton
May Stewart
Marie Stewart
Maud Tong
Nettie Tucker
Evelyn Turner
Ivy Utterback
Beulah Waddill
Grace Wood
Etta Young



Ode on the Departure of the Senior Class

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
That dot the vale below,
Where sheds the sun in golden showers
His last refulgent glow ;
Ye Dormitories clothed in light,
Ye Dining Hall with windows bright ;
Ye bring a thought that chills my heart—
As youth who feels the undertow,
Sporting where quiet waters flow—
The thought that friends must part.

For thou wert friend and even more,
Dear Alma Mater, to that class
Who's culled from out thy precious store,
The gems of knowledge—but, alas!
Their ways must henceforth lie apart.
They've left thee with a saddened heart.
To thee, outgrown, 'neath these blue skies
They waft a lingering farewell kiss.
Ah, me! When ignorance is bliss,
Why will some still be wise!

H. C., '12.





Class Roll

Third Years.

Romeo Haby—Sprinter.	Joe Sheldon—Record Breaker.
Amy Tompkins—Dimples.	Katherine Parry—Sweet.
Eva Behn—Noisy.	Viola Passey—Eyes.
Paul Corbell—Vaultier.	Moffat Dean—Senior Sweets.
Pansy Harmon—Independent.	Jessie McComb—Modest.
Margaret McKee—All-wise.	Mary Corbin—"Happy."
Maud Cole—Enthusiastic.	Edna Shew—Calm.
Warren Nichols—Absorbed.	William Nash—Witty.
Courtlandt Carter—Private.	Mildred Hart—Artistic.
Glenna Carter—Quiet.	Dorothy Tamborino—Changeable.
Anna Blount—Nice.	Lena Dichtenmiller—Timid.
Jessie Dickinson—"Spiksey."	Leona Goodwin—Alive.
Inez Braly—Jolly.	Viola Gulden—Five Cents.
Beulah Sturgeon—Frank.	Grace Kittle—Brilliant.
Cora Hudlow—Dreamy.	Rita Cole—Growing.
Irene Robbins—Talkative.	Edith Warner—Sturdy.
Anna Carroll—Sincere.	Vera Scott—Classy.
Lillian Meskimmons—Industrious.	Ethel Strumm—Amiable.
Arthur Griffin—Musical.	Ben Perkins—Barber.
John Spikes—Athletic.	Flora Thew—Ambitious.
George Everett—Hungry.	Ethel Billingsly—True.





Second Year

Class Roll in Blank Verse

Bryan Akers—Ambitious and jolly.
Enid Alexander—Not because your hair is curly.
Clara Augustine—Clever and coy.
Beulah Austin—Up, up! my friend, and quit your books.”
Ted Blakely—Never work between meals.
Katherine Blendinger—Patience and persistence.
Ina Bloys—She stoops to conquer.
William Bloys—Take your time.
Forest Brady—I can't sing.
Lois Cole—Whose little girl are you?
Lavina Cummings—Energetic and enthusiastic.
June Cummings—Kind and true.
Sam Diamond—“I know that I'll be happy till I die.”
Grace Everett—She heard herself called pretty.
Edith Fogal—Only excelled in music by (F. Brady).
Mary Griffin—Virtuous and wise.
Emily Haulot—“I never can be idle,” so she said.
Geraldine Hodnett—The will to do.
Rena Higgins—“As merry as the day is long.”
Gladys Holcomb—Sweet and low.
Hazel Holcomb—Sweet Sabbath Eve.
May Houston—“Lovable, hugable and kissable.”
Annie Kempf—Building upward to success.
Laura Lassator—Winsome and chic. Cute as can be.
Lyda Miller—What's your hurry?
Florence Moss—Winsome and shy.
Cecil Mullen—Busy and bright.
Ruth Oxley—Loved by all.
Loretta Parker—Always up and doing.
Albert Pitts—Possesses the strangest mind in the world.
Ione Powell—Heart to let.
Mabel Quinn—An efficient orator.
Vernice Sandoz—Blithe and gay.
Johnnie Shivers—What's in a name?
Albert Spikes—Class(y) Queener.
Alice Thiel—Capable and clever.
Helen Tunnison—“Oh, the pretty, pretty, creature!”
Hugh Weatherford—Every day is ladies' day with me.
May Webb—Always Frank and Ames High.
Norma Webb—Just someone (wanted).
Garland White—Our little tin soldier.
Fritz Griffin—A jolly good fellow.
Ruby Johnson—Though far away, we love you.

FRESH



Freshmen Roll

Life is only a Song

- Frank Ames—"You're as Welcome as the Flowers in May."
Jessie Byron—"Just Because You Were an Old Sweetheart of Mine."
Paul Blount—"In the Sweet Bye and Bye."
Grace Cordes—"Gee, but There's Class to a Girl Like You."
Clarinda Corbin—"Good Bye, Little Girl, Good Bye."
Carolyn Clark—"When Eyes Like Yours Look Into Eyes Like Mine."
Anna Clark—"Cheyenne."
Victor Corbell—"No One Knows How Much I Miss You."
Wilmirth Chilson—"When You Wore a Pinafore."
Benson Chritchley—"Pansy Blossoms."
Dea Duncan—"Sweet Bunch of Daisies."
Elizabeth Eisenhart—"Are You Sincere?"
Ray Fram—"Say, Boys! I've Found a Girl."
Veiva Crook—"Roses Bring Dreams of You."
Marie Bauer—"Sweet Marie."
Frances Fike—"You'll Always Be Just Sweet Sixteen to Me."
Lewis Harrison—"Not Because Your Hair Is Curly."
Audrey Holland—"In Dear Old Tennessee."
Helen Johnston—"Lead, Kindly Light."
Mabel Laney—"Could You Learn to Love a Little Girl Like Me."
Augusta Miller—"I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You."
Mildred Manley—"You Are the Ideal of My Dreams."
Lucy McIlmoil—"Somewhere."
Phoebe McVeigh—"Sunbonnet Sue."
Margarite Oviedo—"All That I Ask Is Love."
Lulu Pendergast—"Dreaming of You."
Ella Rankin—"Dearie."
Rosa Shultz—"The Rose of Allendale."
Bryan Moss—"I'm Glad I'm a Boy."
Earl Siprell—"Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder."
Jack Van Riter—"Any Little Girl That's a Nice Little Girl Is the Right Little Girl for Me."
Laura Woods—"Hearts and Flowers."
Sarah Wilson—"Loving Ways."
Mary Welborn—"Mary, You're a Big Girl Now."
Gladys Walker—"Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet."
Harriett Wells—"I'd Rather Float Through a Dreamy Old Waltz With You,
You, You."

Regeneration

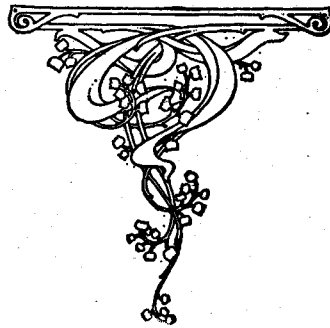
Once upon a time, there lived in the remnants of a once prosperous mining town, a little girl with her mother. There were no children of her own age and standing in the community, but her life was not a lonely one. She and her mother were companions and there were horses, dogs, cows, cats, chickens and other pets with which to pass the time. In spring and summer there were wild flowers and a garden; in winter, school. During spare hours, she wrote letters to invalids telling them of the wild beauties of her life. The answers touched her heart and took her thoughts out into the great world full of suffering, about which she knew nothing except from hearsay. A deep religious strain, hidden deep within her varied nature, yearned to render assistance to suffering humanity.

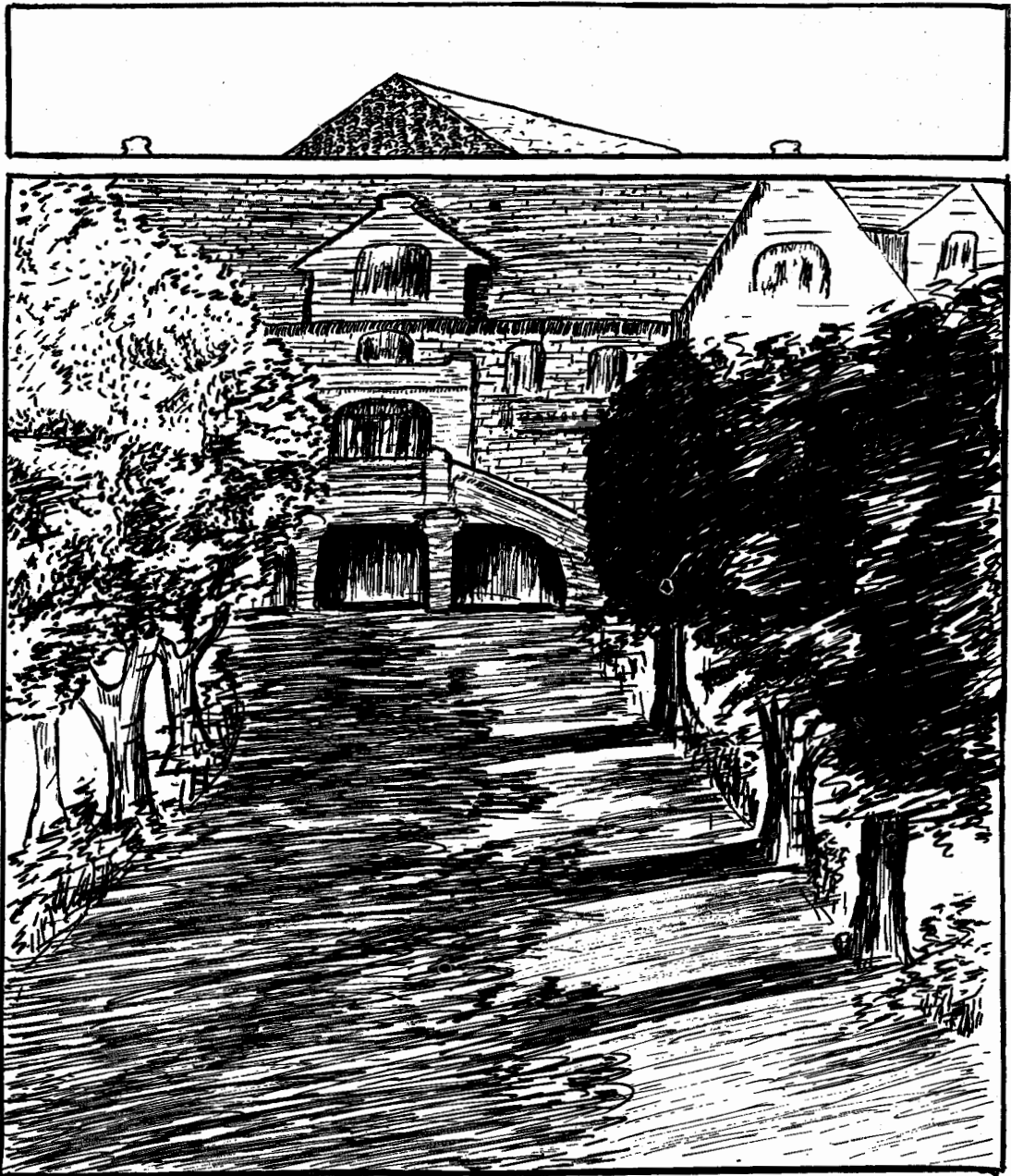
Fifteen summers had thus slipped into the golden past, when the rugged mountain rose was transplanted into the soft, warm valley. The change was sudden but the rose grew hardy, still clinging to the customs and habits of her mountain home. Her life had been different. She had been much alone and still continued so. The other roses tried to approach but the wild mountain rose was rough and the natives soon desisted. At length the thorns began to lose their sharpness and the rose began to reach out to the other roses, but they would have none of her. She was not one of them and felt, instinctively, that she never could be. She had won their admiration by her steadfastness, but could now hope for no more as she had repulsed their first advances and the same opportunity is not always offered twice. During this period, her list of invalid correspondents had dwindled down to a very small number to whom she wrote irregularly. She devoted herself assiduously to work and social functions held no attraction for her.

Five years of her life were now inextricably tangled up with that of the valley and the gradual change had produced a marked difference. Work was no longer the prime factor in her life. The wild rose was wild no longer, though she retained her hardihood and broad views gained from living close to nature's grandest productions—the mountains. She often appeared at social functions; she was often, now, the center of a group of laughing girls and though not popular, was on more of an equal footing with those among whom she lived. Some of her cherished ideals lay scattered in ruins, and her work often suffered as she had come to believe that there were things in life of greater value than mere mastery of books. She realized that this attitude

at first had been a stepping stone toward greater things, as it was her devotion to books which had extended her view to what it now was.

She had started with blind devotion to books and unquestioning obedience to rules and regulations; she had reached the point where she compared results and values by reason, selecting the thing which, in her judgment, seemed the best. Many of her former habits had been lost in the interval of time and one wonders whether transplantation had made her improve or degenerate. At any rate she was unfitted for her native soil and not fully prepared for that of the valleys.





ORGANIZATIONS

Alpha

The Alpha is considered a primary society by the other societies of the school. But, for all that, it has a very clear distinction. You can always tell a member of it; but, mind, when you begin don't try to tell him too much, for if you do he will certainly tell you.

The Alphas are very loyal to their organization, always eager to respond to the orders of the president. They are also very generous-hearted. For instance, a bill was presented them for a feather duster purchased by the society last year. "What shall we do about it?" said the president. One member said, "Make last year's society pay for it." Another, much wiser than the first, said, "Tell them to charge it to the town pump." Upon this they were all agreed, and the "store" man has never received the large sum of 50 cents which is due him.

The Alphas have never failed to have their program in its place and on time, and for it they have received many compliments. These are not the only compliments they have received, but I shall not relate them, because time and space will not permit—and a still better reason: they might not look well in print.

The Alpha was easily the best society this year, for every member was enthusiastic. Mr. Van Riter and Mr. Critchley were its stars, as they are gifted with the art of writing unearthly stories and poems.

Miss Burgess made a splendid monitor and was loved by every member of the society because of her charming manners and willingness to help each and every one.

AN ALPHA.



Olympia and Philo

Hurrah for the green!
Hurrah for the white!
Hurrah for the Olympians!
They're all right!!

Oh! Philos always win;
Olympians always howl!
As long as we can win the prize,
Oh! what's the use to growl.

Any stranger stepping into our auditorium some Friday night early in the last quarter of school would think that an angry mob had been loosened.

Nothing of the sort. It is just a society medal contest between our two rival literary societies—Philomathia and Olympia. Every person in school must belong to one such society. He is an Alpha by virtue of being a Freshman. Then he is an Olympian or Philo, because at the end of his first year he is chosen by the president of one of these societies. This society he stands up for through thick and thin, no matter how much he wished to become a member of the other one on choosing day.

All year long these societies, organized with proper officials, committees and a faculty member as a monitor, meet once a week on Wednesdays. Here the literary, elocutionary and musical talent of the school shine in declamation, oration, essay, debate, music and in small farces or tragedies which they sometimes present.

This is all more or less a preparation for the final contest between the Philomathians and the Olympians. Representatives are chosen by these societies in preliminary contests in which any member may compete.

Then the chosen few of both societies meet for the final dash. Here the representatives do their best to win for their society. Then the medals are awarded the winners in original oration, essay and declamation and debate. The work continues for the rest of the year, but this is the grand test.

Our societies mean a great deal to us, for we feel that the cultural value is well worth the work and energy that we spend.





STUDENT

“The Student”

“The Tempe Normal Student” is a weekly paper published by the students of the Normal. Its chief purpose is to give the students a chance to get actual practice in a liberal line of work. Every student who is elected to the staff feels, and should feel, himself highly honored. However, the fact that all students are not members of the staff does not mean that they are excluded from the work. All voluntary contributions are gladly and gratefully received.

There is some talk of discontinuing the paper, but let us hope that it is only talk, for the “Student” is one of the best things in the school.

In the last three years “The Student” has offered a number of loving cups to be contested for by the different classes of the school. It has also offered medals for the Inter-Scholastic Declamatory contest, which is held every year, in March, under the auspices of “The Student.” Not only in these ways but in many others has “The Student” served to encourage good work from the members of our own school and from others.

Hail to our Normal Student,
Forever may she be blest,
A bright spot in each student's life,
An echo of Normal's best.

MAR., '11.

The “Student” Medal Contest

At the beginning it may be well to state, as general information for the public, that the “Student” medal contest in declamation is a feature of interest and enthusiasm to the whole school. To this contest all the High Schools of the Territory of Arizona are eligible. This event originated in 1907, under the direction of Dr. Golder and Prof. Hall, and was a marked success that year and has been so ever since.





A. D. C.

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, man, seeing that woman with her instinctive propensity for argument was about to possess the earth and all living things therein, including man, cast about him for means of combating her advance and, although having lost his independence, determined to save at least his trousers, by turning against her her own weapons, analysis of conditions, and argument for those conditions which are most desirable.

Man with his plodding logic was no match for incessantly flowing language attractively arranged, so having realized his deficiency set about cultivating, along with logic, expression and aesthetic presentation.

It was for this purpose that debating clubs were organized, and in the natural order of development, the A. D. C. of T. N. S. came into being.

This organization from its infancy has borne in mind the purpose for which it was created and how well it has achieved its aim can be determined by a casual glance about the school.

An object so fundamentally important to every man furnishes specific purposes in works and perhaps the enthusiasm and fruitful labor of its members can be accounted for on this score.

But another reason has been assigned by some as the true cause of the success of the A. D. C., in bringing about efficient training in its line of work.

First, the organization is voluntary. Membership is not required by the school as a factor necessary for graduation. This assures the club only such members as are interested in the work and who will put the energy and force into their work which is resultant from interest and free choice.

Second, no one may become a member unless he demonstrates to the club that he means work, has ability and is not of the disposition which breeds discontent and indifference among the members. This places membership upon a basis of merit and secures for the club only the talent and initiative of the best members of the school.

Third, Anyone not making satisfactory grades in his regular school work is suspended from the club until his work measures up to the required standard. This is a strong factor in elevating the general standard of work among the members and is, no doubt, responsible for the high standing of the club among the other organizations of the school.

Some good men pass out of the club this year with the graduating class, but with the energy and talent of Haby, the clear analysis and logic of Nash, the sincerity and oratorical ability of Daggs, the Spikes and Peck, the club is assured a future equally as successful as the past.

And now the Senior members of the club, Belknap, Mullen, Pickrell, Dykes, Jungermann and Windes bid the remaining members of the club God-speed and challenge them to uphold the negative side of this question: "Resolved, That the A. D. C. has achieved the object of its organization."

Society Medals

All students, except the First Years, belong to either the Philomathian or Olympian Society. In order to encourage interest in literary work, the Faculty gives two medals as prizes for excellence in essay and declamation and the Athenian Debating Club the one in oration. The medals are competed for by members of the two literary societies, Olympia and Philomathia, at the end of the third quarter. Preliminary contests are held, a representative from each society being selected to represent his society in the final contest, which is an honor worthy of being sought.

The contest for these medals arouses interest and enthusiasm in society, making them bring out and develop the very best material they have. This work develops those talented along these lines, leadership and initiative, and efficiency in oration, essay, and declamation, and one's taste for pure and wholesome art, which is an education in itself.

The Moeur Scholarship Medal

So often, especially during the first years of our school life, we get a grade and think very little of it, whether it be high or low. If it be the former we compare it with others of our class and glory in the fact that we stand first; if the latter, we compare it in a similar manner and console ourselves that there are other grades as bad or even worse than our own.

To encourage steady work in the class-rooms, Dr. B. B. Moeur, an enterprising citizen of Tempe, offers a scholarship medal to the student having the highest average standing during the Junior and Senior years. The two years immediately before graduation are selected, for the course is heaviest then, and pupils grow discouraged, becoming careless in their work and think it does not matter, for I am almost through the Normal; but the thought of the medal encourages perfect work and stimulates an ambition to excel in one's class.

But here in the Normal, where all our records have been made and many forgotten, they are brought back to us again before we leave school, not as individual grades, but an average of the entire work that we have done in the Normal during the last two years of the course. Each year an average of the grades of the Senior Class is made and on graduation night the five highest averages are read. It is well worth the effort to be the highest of these five—to have the name of being first in one's class.

The "Harvard" Medal

The Tempe Normal School has more than unusual interest in the "Harvard" medal contest, for it represents a high standard of essay writing and adds to the history of individual knowledge the beauties and wonders which Arizona possesses. This medal was first given in 1906 to a member of the Senior Class who wrote the best original essay on Arizona, and the custom of giving it still exists. Those who have shown remarkable literary ability and have been fortunate enough to receive this valuable prize up to the present time are: 1906, Harriet Gaddis; 1907, Nelly Murphy; 1908, Maude Perry; 1909, Marcia Carter, and 1910, Jennie Ellingson. The medal itself is a thing of beauty and value, and is well worth the effort of striving for it; however, it was not the object of the Harvard Club of this Territory, who established the custom of giving it, to merely present to the Senior who was able to write the best essay on Arizona a medal, but a means of increasing the scanty amount of Arizona literature. This essay writing represents the highest and noblest efforts of educational life. Not only does the club keep up its own circle, but in a most praiseworthy spirit offers this medal to the Normal, in order to promote all interest possible along literary lines and in work of research. Though this medal is practically a new element in the Normal, it is classed in the minds of the First Years as a prize worthy of being obtained when they are Seniors. Although the medal itself is a valuable acquisition, the accomplishment for which it is given is to be valued more. It represents the culmination of our literary work here in the Normal, and serves as a basis for such work as may come up in the future when we are out in the world.

The Kingsbury Assistance Fund

There appears always to be some one ready to help the Normal encourage the efforts of the students in every possible way. Many prizes have been offered for various attainments in the Normal, but Mr. W. J. Kingsbury, in establishing the Kingsbury Senior Assistance Fund, has started not only one of the most original donations to the school, but also one of the most useful. This is for the students who lack the necessary funds to carry on their education.

Very often students are willing and ambitious to continue their education by getting a Normal diploma, but in many cases it is impossible to do so on the account of lack of means. Mr. Kingsbury, realizing the need of assistance by such students, for this purpose, has made his liberal offer. Each year he lays aside three hundred dollars, known as the Kingsbury Senior Assistance Fund. Any student of the Tempe Normal School can, at the recommendation of the Faculty, draw upon this fund as a loan. Although the offer has been in the school such a short time, the value and liberality of it can be seen at once. By taking advantage of this offer the Senior gains more than merely the means of making the money to repay the debt; he gains an education worth many times the amount of the money spent upon it.



weeners'



orner.





Bridge 



Players.



The Northern Lights

When Autumn's pensive somberness
Gilds o'er Her livid hues,
And chill, brief days of Winter's breath
With tingling life imbues,
In North-Countree I long to be
To watch the sun go down
Where stoic pines their mystery
In peaceful silence crown.

Then outlines soften in the glow
Until but Fancy sees
Where skies bend o'er the earth below,
And in caressing breeze
The pathos of the distant hills
Comes wafted from the trees.
Some Norseman's soul within me thrills
For ancient icy Seas.

His very god—who knows how old—
'Neath frozen Northland stars
Makes weird with fear my spirit bold,
As lurid silvery bars
He shakes across the heavens wide—
A challenge to the night—
Then draws them back to where they hide
In deep and starry height.

So the flaming witch-fires of the North
Call me when dusk is dim,
To seek again the wide expanse
Of frost-strewn forest rim
And feel the call of comic force
That plays with centuries,
And threads unchanged through all the course
Of man's Eternities.

M. W. W.

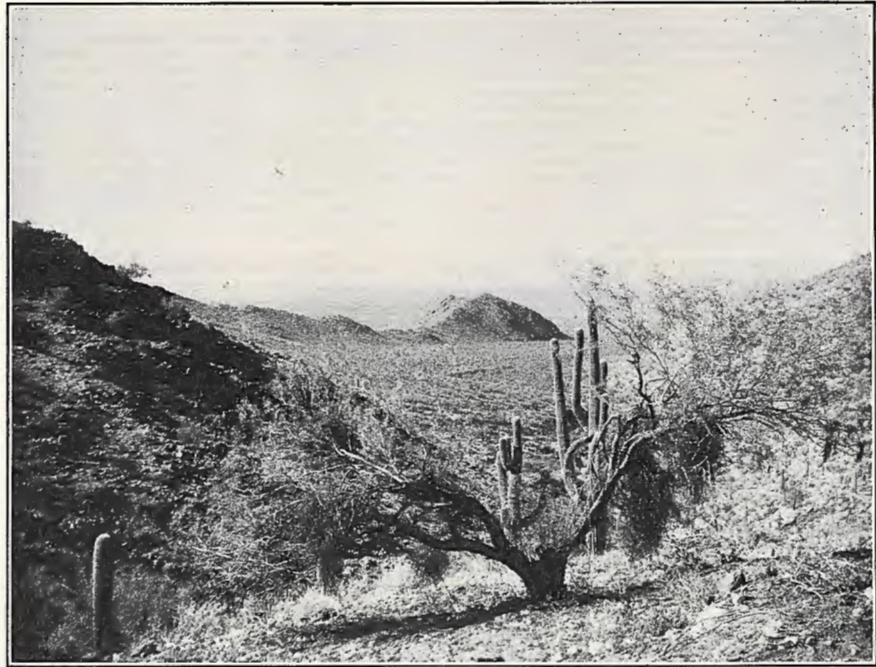
Progress

When Progress lights its flaming torch and starts
Upon new conquests in a path unknown,
And tramples down the weeds that long have grown
And over-run those vast unconquered parts,
Set off from sounds of cities and of marts,
Then, lo! A transformation swift is shown:
A mansion where was once a passive stone.
We stand aghast. For Progress, as it darts
With lightning speed, cuts down the barriers bold
Which rear and flaunt their forms of hugest size
Yet seems as threads when Progress' tide sets in.
And Progress gives to hopeless mass a mould.
Such miracles, aye, hap before our eyes
And we can help to fight, and hope to win.

A. G. E.

Arizona, 1000 B. C.

The devil was given permission one day
To select a land for his own special sway,
So he hunted around for a month or more,
And fussed and fumed and terribly swore.
But at last was delighted a country to view
Where the prickly pear and cat claw grew.
With a brief survey he ended his tramp
And he stood on the banks of the Hassayamp.
He saw there were still improvements to make,
For he felt his own reputation at stake.
An idea struck him; he swore by his horns
To make a complete vegetation of thorns,
He studded the land with the prickly pear
And scattered the cacti everywhere;
The Spanish dagger, pointed and tall;
And last, the Cholla, to outstick them all.
He imported the Apache direct from hell.
The sire of his sweetscented ranks to swell,
And a legion of skunks whose loud, loud smell
Was perfume to the country he loved so well;
And then for his life he could not see why
The rivers would any more water supply.
And he swore if they furnished another drop
You might take his horns and head for a mop.
He sanded the rivers almost dry,
And poisoned them all with alkali,
And promised himself on their slimy brink
The control of all who from them should drink.
He saw there was one improvement to make,
So he imported the scorpion and rattlesnake.
That all who came to his country to dwell
Would be sure to think it almost a hell
He fixed the heat at one hundred and eleven
And banished forever the moisture of Heaven,
And remarked as he heard his furnaces roar
The heat might reach five hundred or more.
After fixing these things so thorny and well,
He said, "I'll be switched if this don't beat Hell."
Then he flopped his wings and away he flew,
And vanished forever in a blaze of blue;
And vowed that Arizona could not be beat
For thorns, tarantulas, snakes and heat,
For with all his plans fulfilled so well,
He felt that it simply did beat Hell.



DESERT SCENE.



NATURAL BRIDGE.

Arizona, 1911 A. D.

How time has altered the Devil's great scheme,
For the oldest conditions have gone like a dream.
The Devil to Hades has taken his flight;
The Apache rests harmless in his bed tonight.
The rattlesnake and skunk have ceased to alarm;
The cowboy and herder are safe from harm.
The waters from "Roosevelt" dam freely flow
To gladden the heart of the ranchman now.
The orange groves cover with gold and green
Where once only desert and dryness were seen.
Rich mines in the mountains, rich farms on the plain,
Fine fruit in the orchard; in the fields golden grain,
And the healthiest, happiest folks on the sphere;
And the brightest of God's sunshine secure all the year.

(Selected.)



GRAND CANAL.



CATTLE AND HORSE RANCHES.

The Desert

O'er wastes of gray
That stretch away
In magic—in
Monotony—
A bonded band
Of mountains stand
All lashed and scarred
By centuries.

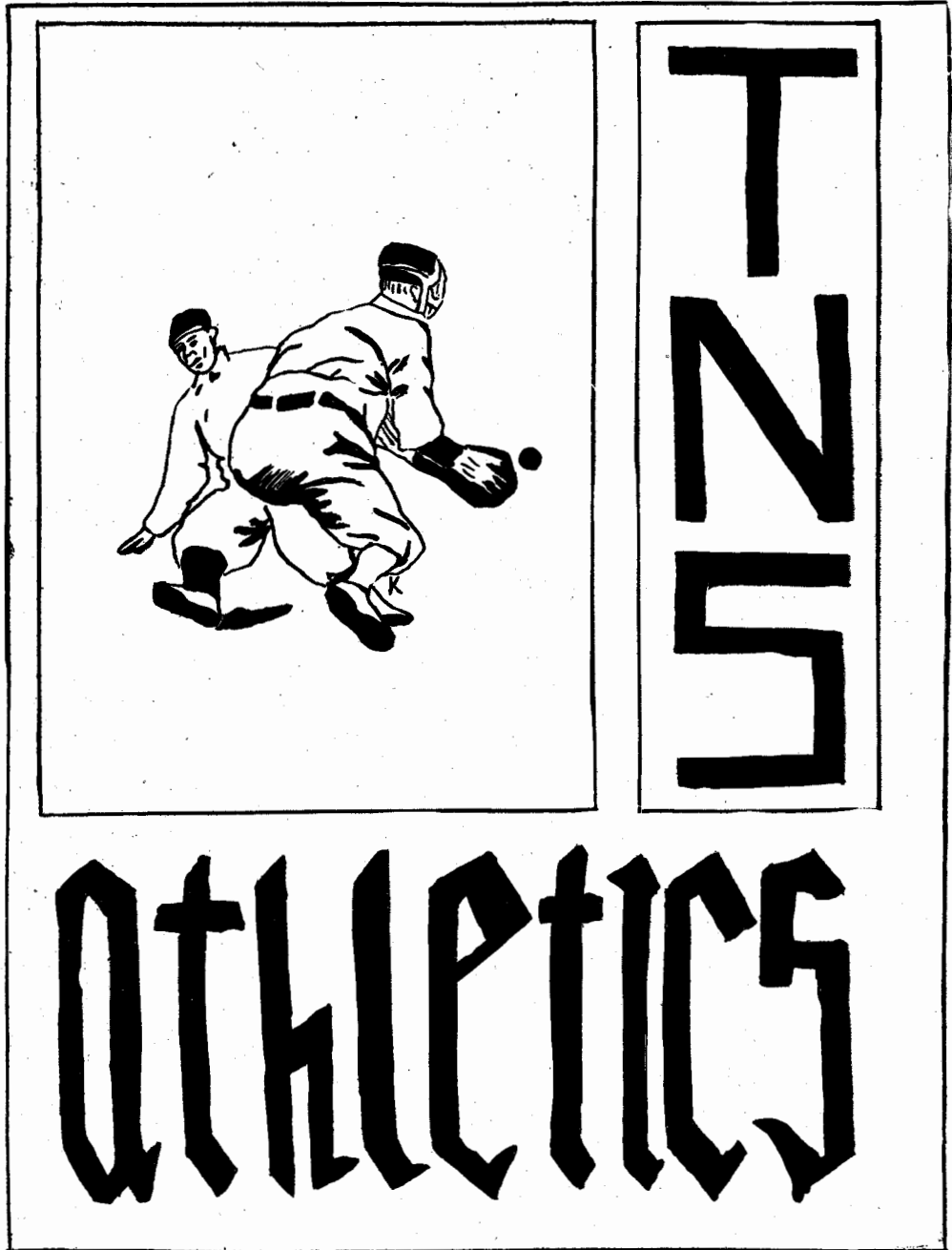
Grim cacti brood
In solitude
Reluctant of
Their barrenness—
Or find no rest
'Till on some crest
They see beyond
The wilderness.

Where mesquites weep
In desert's deep
And parched winds blow
Their fevered breath—
An ancient mound
Of sacred ground
Marks some crude clan
Revered in death.

At close of day
When colors play
And tint the rocks
So tenderly—
Or mountains, set
In silhouette,
Blend with the charm
Of reverie.

'Tis then I feel
Soft cadence steal
To me from out
The mountain's heart—
But soon to fail
With evening's pale
And slowly die,
And then depart.

M. W. W.





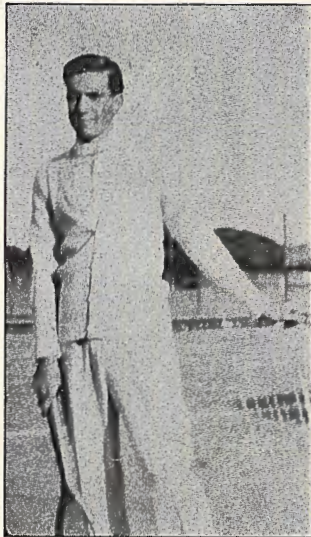
Tennis



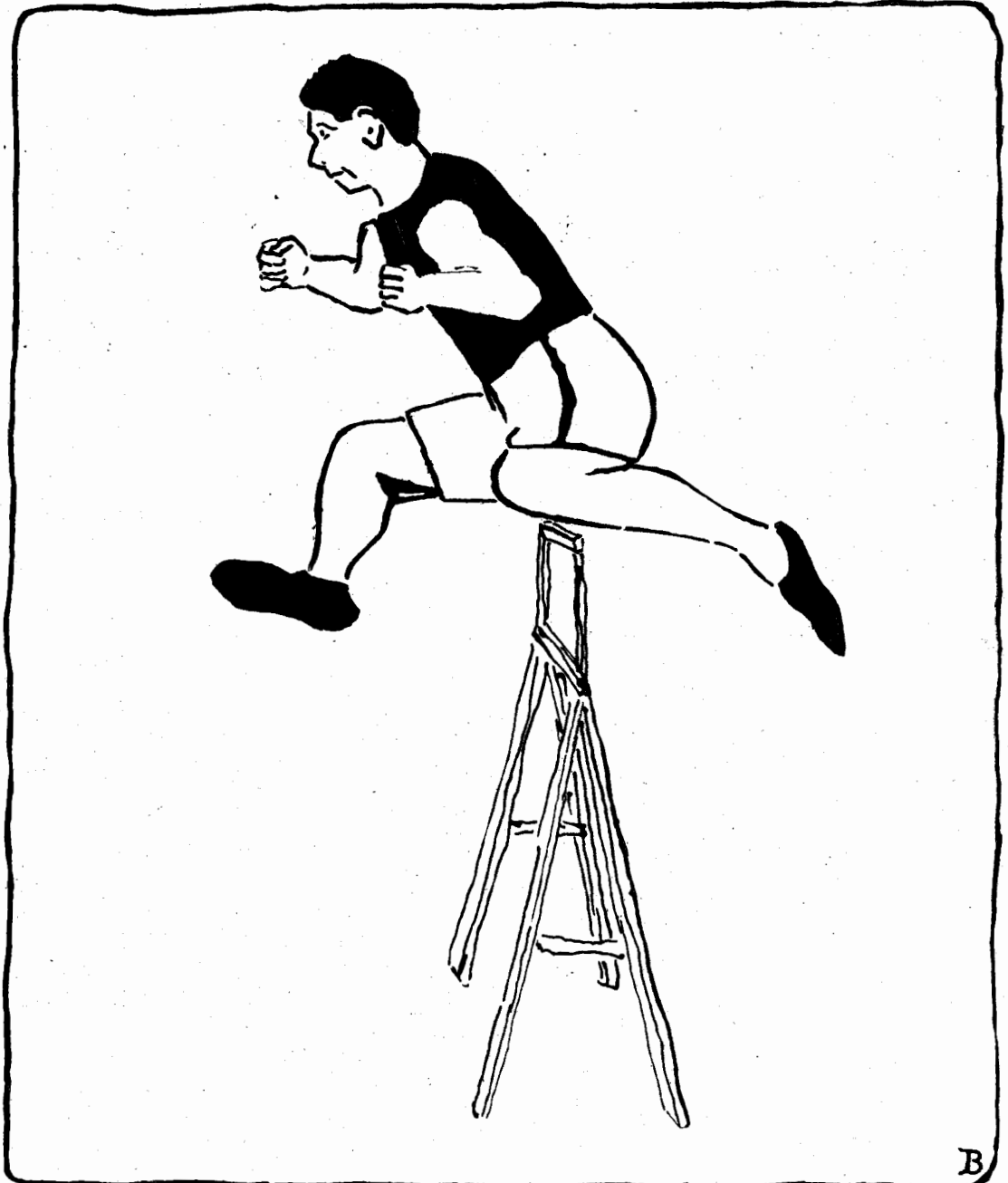
Tennis has been unusually popular this year. Never before have we had so many beginners who have so successfully pursued the game. Nearly every afternoon when the weather has permitted (and that means almost every day here in Arizona) the seven courts have been occupied, and there are even some strenuous ones who play the game in the wee small hours of morning, or so it seems to the gentle sleepers who are rudely awakened from their early morning nap by the shout of "Love game!"

There have been three tournaments held on the Normal courts this year. In the interclass tournament the Third Years took first place, with the Juniors and Seniors as close seconds.

In the interscholastic meet, in which there were only three entries—Evans School, University of Arizona and Tempe Normal—individual cups were offered. University was victor of the spoils, winning both singles and doubles. There being no entries in mixed doubles from the other schools, the contest was opened to the Normal players, the cups going to Miss Smith, '11, and Mr. Sheldon, '12, who won out over Miss Tamarino and Mr. Dean, and Miss Behn and Mr. Corbell, who are all of the class of '13. The other tournament was held with Evans School. The latter won out, no cups being offered.



While Tempe has not been so successful this year as in previous years, due to the fact that two of our best and most diligent players have left school, still we have some mighty good material here now, and there's no reason why Tempe Normal should not win back her lost laurels next year when we have another chance.



B

TRACK

Track Team

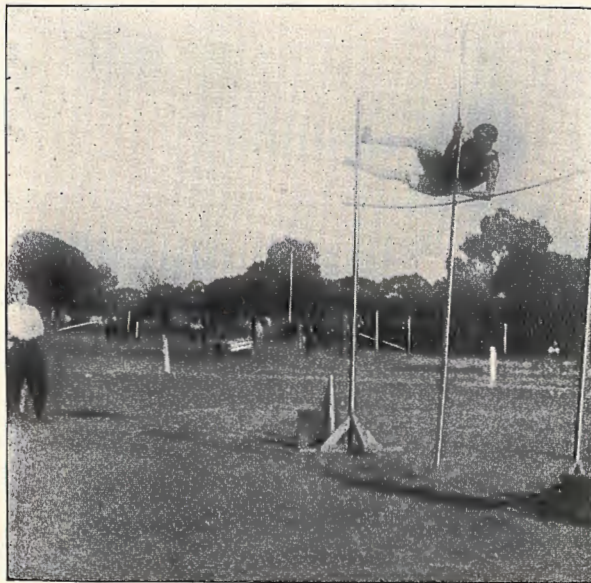
Have we a track team? Well, rather! The best in the Territory! The best Arizona ever produced!

With this somewhat egotistical introduction a portrayal of the merits of our team would seem justifiable. The squad this year consisted of the stand-bys from last season—Sheldon, Blake, Dykes, Haby, Craig and Jungermann—re-enforced by the new recruits, Corbell, Spikes, Nash, Windes and Griffin. Practice started in the fall, instead of the spring, as in previous years. This was done in order that we might arrange meets with the University.

The season, as far as the Normal was interested, consisted of four meets—a dual meet with the local high school, two with the University and a general event in which the Normal, Tempe High and Phoenix Indians were the competitors. In all of these the Normal boys were successful, scoring more points in the general meet than the other schools combined.

Practically the only contest in which we were obliged to exert ourselves was the first meet with the University. This was held at Tucson on the U. of A. campus April 15. It was evenly matched from beginning to end, and at no time until the close of the last event could the result be foretold.

The boys left Tempe at 1 in the afternoon and arrived at Tucson about 6. They retired early, and after a good night's sleep, interrupted only by dreamy visions of victory, appeared on the Athletic grounds the next day armed with shots, poles, hammers, spikes and a confident smile, ready for victory.



The meet started with a dead heat in the century between Sheldon and Carpenter, scoring four points for each team. In the next event the University won the high jump, passing us in points, only to suffer a reverse of conditions through the Normals winning the 220-yard dash and the hammer. We then held superiority, thanks to the efforts of husky Dykes, deer-foot Sheldon, stay-with-it-ive Haby and bounding Blake, until the pole vault, in which Corbell managed to snatch one and one-half points, but the score then stood 50½ to 52½, in the U. of A. favor.

Only the relay remained, and victory here meant winning the meet. Excitement was intense. The first lap was almost a dead heat between Dykes and Sheldon. Jungermann and Barnes, followed by Blake and Highfil, were practically repetitions of the first. Sheldon and Carpenter started out with the result of the meet upon their shoulders. Carpenter, however, proved unmatched with the quarter champion, and the meet was ours.

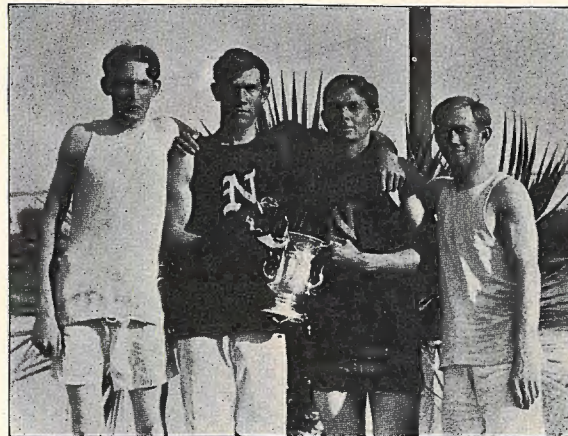
With exuberant satisfaction the boys returned to "do up the town," but they couldn't suppress happy thoughts of what "she" would think when the news reached home.

RESULTS OF THE MEET.

	Winner.	Second.	Points.		Record.
			U. A.	T. N. S.	
100 Yards.	Sheldon Carpenter }		4	4	10½ sec.
High Jump	Strong	Dykes	5	3	5 ft., 2½ in.
220 Yards	Sheldon	Highfil	3	5	22¾ sec.
High Hurdles	Strong Blake }		4	4	16¾ sec.
Hammer	Dykes	Underhill	3	5	118 ft., 8 in.
Low Hurdles	Blake	Strong	3	5	17 secs.
Shot	Dykes	Hunt	3	5	43 ft., 1½ in.
Broad Jump	Highfil		8	0	20 ft., 1½ in.
Discus	Dykes	Underhill	3	5	110 ft., 6 in.
Quarter	Sheldon	Highfil	3	5	52¾ sec.
Pole Vault	Strong	Corbell } Irvine }	6½	1½	9 ft. 9 in.
Half-Mile	Barnes	Haby	5	3	2 min., 9 sec
Mile	Haby	Williams	3	5	4 min., 58 sec.
Relay	T. N. S.			5	3 min., 38 sec.
Totals			52½	55½	

ARIZONA RECORDS.

Event.	Holder.	School.	Record.
100 Yards	Sheldon Corpstein }	T. N. S. P. H. S.	10½ sec.
High Jump	Rulo	U. S. I. S.	5 ft., 5½ in.
220-Yard Dash	Sheldon	T. N. S.	22¾ sec.
High Hurdles	Blake Strong }	T. N. S. U. of A.	16¾ sec.
Hammer	Lassen	T. H. S.	128 ft., 8 in.
Broad Jump	Highfil	U. of A.	21 ft., 5 in.
Discus	Lassen	T. H. S.	110 ft., 10 in.
Quarter	Sheldon	T. N. S.	52¾ sec.
Shot	Dykes	T. N. S.	43 ft., 6 in.
Low Hurdles	Strong	U. of A.	26¾ sec.
Pole Vault	Dines	T. N. S.	10 ft., 3½ in.
Half-Mile	Stroud	P. H. S.	2 min., 2 sec.
Mile	Haby	T. N. S.	4 min., 58 sec.
Relay	Normal	T. N. S.	3 min., 38 sec.





Sheldon -
Record Breaks



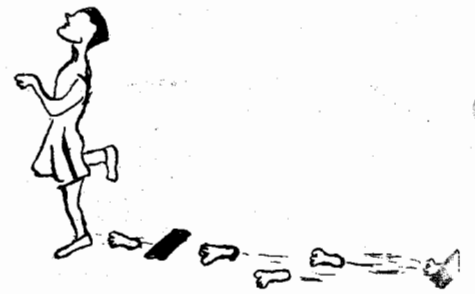
Corbell Likes
His Hobby-horse



Blake breaks
EVERY THING
But The Record.



Spikes Discus?



Makes Good Time
in the broad JUMP.



Dykes Tack-ties in Hammer Throw

FOR

Basket Ball



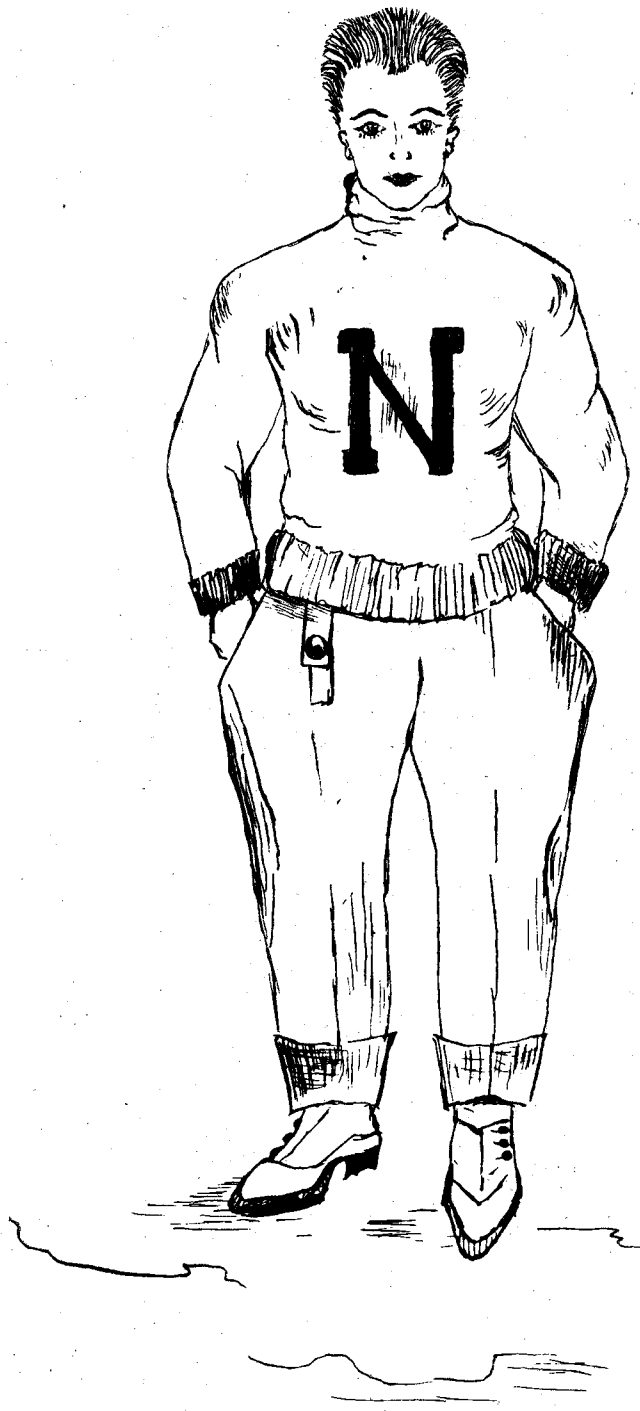
19
11

Games Won

UNIVERSITY ARIZONA	INDIAN SCHOOL
TUCSON HIGH SCHOOL	PHOENIX HIGH SCHOOL
TEMPE HIGH SCHOOL	FLAGSTAFF NORMAL



SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM.



HE FAVORABLE FEW

A black and white line drawing of two crossed baseball bats. A baseball glove is positioned at the base of the bats, and a baseball is on the ground in front of them. The drawing is done in a sketchy, expressive style.

RETT

Base Ball

Our past season of baseball was not as successful as those of former years. Until this year we have held the championship of the Territory in this line of athletics.

Our failure to win the championship this year was not due to an inferior team, but partly to the shortness of the season and the limited number of games played, for our team was the best one in the history of the Normal.

A Salt River Valley League was organized, consisting of the Phoenix High School, the Indian School at Phoenix, Tempe Union High School, Mesa Union High School and the Tempe Normal School. Each team was to play a series of two games with every other team in the league for a silver loving cup, presented by the Arizona Republican.

Mesa High and Phoenix High dropped out, thus leaving only three schools to compete for the cup, each having to play but four games.

Our first game was with the Indians, Dec. 17, on our home grounds. In this game we were successful in defeating them with a score of 2 to 0.

Our next game was Jan 21, 1911, with the Tempe High School on their grounds, which was as successful as that with the Indians, for here we were easy winners, rolling up a score of 7 to 2.

The joy at our success, however, was very short-lived, for we went down before the second onslaught of the Redskins, with a score of 7 to 3.

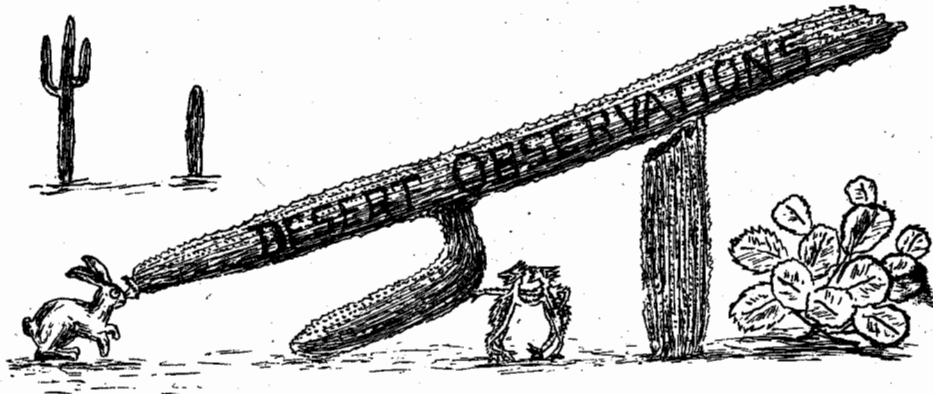
The second game with the Tempe High School was not as good as it should have been. A few wild throws on the Normal side sent our visitors home howling—not from pain, but for victory, for they had won and we had lost. Score: High School, 6; Normal, 2.

As the Indian School had won both games from Tempe High and one from us, they were at the head of the League, thus getting the cup.

LINE-UP.

Coach—Prof. Fred C. Ayer.
Catcher—Romeo Haby.
Pitcher—John Spikes.
First base—Albert Spikes.
Second base—George Brown.
Third base—Paul Corbell.
Short stop—John Mullen (Captain).
Right field—
Moffat Dean.
Jesse McComb.
Center field—Parley Blake.
Left field—Eustace Windes.
Manager—Chas. Pickrell.





Do You Know?

I.

I know about this valley,
I've been here sev'ral weeks;
I've seen the scenes on post-cards—yes;
I'm sure there are Four Peaks.

II.

I know the desert "fascinates,"
I've read Van Dyke—his books,
I know the cholla's jaggy—
I guessed it by its looks.

III.

That centipedes are per-fect-ly.
I know—I've been apprised.
The Gila Monster monsters,
Already I've surmised.

IV.

I know it's "Heela;" "Tooson," too;
I know it's not "Tempay;"
I know the Indians "get this yarn
From Germantown, Pa."

V.

I know it's not so hot as more
Degrees in Terre Haute;
I know I don't know half you know
About I don't know what.

VI.

I know the population now;
1915, also;
I know the heat waves make it seem—
I know, I know, I know.

VII.

For Pete's sake, drop it; don't I know?
But, dear Salt Riverite,
What makes your damned old roosters crow
All night, all night, all night?

J O K E S

Lordly Senior to Junior: "It would please me greatly, Miss C—, to have you go to the Senior Play with me this evening."

Miss Coyle: "Have you secured the seats?"

Lordly Senior: "Well-er-no, but I think they will prove strong enough."

* * *

"Man's made," she said, "of dust, they say;
The man I want is he
With sand enough to find a way
To make the dust for me."

* * *

The commandant recently ordered a rooster off the campus for using fowl language. Next, they'll be penning the swine for rooting.

* * *

Mr. Williams (over the 'phone): "Send me fifty cents' worth of oats and a bale of hay, please."

Joe Birchett: "All right. Who's this for?"

Mr. Williams: "Now, don't get gay; it's for the horse."

* * *

Senior: "If you don't stop saying such nice things to me, I shall put my hands over my ears."

First Year Boy (gallantly): "Ah! your hands are too small."

Senior (aside): "I wonder if he meant it for a compliment."

* * *

Mr. Frizzell: "Why is the international date line in the Pacific Ocean?"

Jack: "The Pacific Ocean is so deep that no one is likely to disturb it."

Benson: "No, it is made on water so it won't wear out by being walked over."

* * *

Miss Woods: "'Aqueduct' is from 'aqua—water—and 'duck'—a goose; meaning a 'water goose.'"

* * *

Miss Fernandez: "What is resilience?"

G. Walker: "I'm not sure, but I think it's foolishness that returns from time to time."

* * *

"Miss Millet acts as if she might be going to elope."

"No; her beau is a can't-elope farmer."

Mr. Waide: "Why is B. C. placed after dates in the history of ancient Greece?"

Mr. Dean: "Well—er—you see—those old Greeks were very queer, and when they didn't know a date for certain they put down B. C.—'bout correct—after the number."

* * *

Mr. Johnston: "Albert, you are taking music. What is a flat?"

Albert: "Two rooms and a bath, sir."

* * *

Ercel: "Listen; I hear Mrs. Blakely's keys rattling."

Annie: "No, you made a mistake. Those are piano keys you hear."

* * *

Prof. Felton (wearily): "Oh, don't always have girls for your subject; use some other kind of beasts." And every girl in the class immediately decided to use "professor" as a substitute.

* * *

Mr. Johnston (the word "head" occurring in the verse of a song): "How many beats on that head."

* * *

Professor in Biology: "Illustrate by a concrete example the fact that the amount of nourishment required by different animals does not depend upon their size."

Student: "Well, an ant will eat sugar and other sweet things, while a moth, though larger than an ant, never eats anything but holes."

* * *

Mr. Waide: "The Romans enjoyed long lawsuits, for they believed that these showed the interest of the judges in the litigants."

* * *

Mr. Lohman—"Your hair is getting thin, Joe."

Joe—"Yes? That's all right. I've been giving it anti-fat. I hate stout hair."

Mr. L.—"It is quite gray in spots."

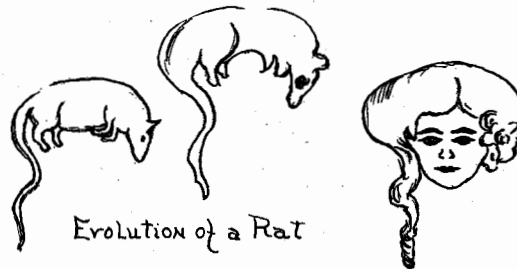
Joe—"Of course; I'm in half mourning now."

Mr. L.—"But you really should put something on it."

Joe—"I do, every day."

Mr. L.—"Ah! May I ask what?"

Joe—"My hat."





FACTORS IN THE LIFE OF EVERY JUNIOR

A prize of \$100 is offered by the Juniors for the person who invents a new color which can be used on our commercial maps.

* * *

On looking over the Chemistry notes, Mr. Irish found the following:

"The iron filings were separated from the sulphur by means of flirtation."

Comment.—"There is a time for all things, girls. The writer probably means filtration."—Mr. Irish.

Mr. Matthews (in School Law): "If this period doesn't close too soon, I'll get the roll called."

* * *

That which always trembles on Winona's lips—"Dad blame it!"

* * *

Lives of Juniors all remind us
That we can make our lives sublime
And departing, leave behind us
Maps that took up all our time.

* * *

Who is the man that rules us all?
Who is the man for whom we fall?
Who is the man on whom we call?

Prof. Irish.

* * *

Another Physics test? But such is life in—the Junior Class.

* * *

Miss Doherty (at microscope): "I can't see a thing!"

Prof. Irish: "Open your eyes."

* * *

Neoma has a little voice,
Its timbre sweet and strong;
But when she goes to baseball games
It does not last her long.

Class in Chem.,
Attempt to shirk—
Exit Juniors—
Bluffs don't work.



"NATURE REBORS A VACUUM."

Mr Irish — This is a perfect vacuum except for the presence of water-vapor.

Prof. I. (in physiography): "Now, we will represent the moon by my hat."

Miss McKee: "Is it inhabited?"

* * *

Visitor: "How is chemistry this year?"

Student: "Oh, fine! The students not only have the advantage of the new laboratory, but Mr. Irish has been kind enough to promise to order a blasting machine for the benefit of the Junior Class, to more easily break through their plane of consciousness.

* * *

Miss Heaton (meeting Mr. Irish in the Hall): "Well, are you looking for some one, too?"

Mr. Irish: "I'm looking for two, but I want only one."

Miss Heaton: "How's that?"

Mr. Irish: "I'm looking for Mr. Dykes, but I want only Miss Barbour."

* * *

Mr. A., in Drawing Class: "What are you drawing?"

Miss B: "A horse."

Mr. A.: "Well, you had better put a cross on it and call it the Catholic church."

* * *

Mr. Ayer—"What is a little duct called?"

Aileen Smith—"Ducklet."

* * *

Mr. Hall (in Latin class): "Name in Latin what you wear on your feet."

June Halleck: "I can't say corns in Latin."

A TALE OF THE "DORM."

I.

It was the evening study hour,
And the "dorm" was very still,
When to my ears there came a sound
Of laughter loud and shrill.

II.

I hurried out the noise to quell,
But nothing even stirred.
I started to my room again,
When piercing shrieks I heard.

III.

I traced them to their source and then
I rapped upon the door.
It opened wide, and there I spied
Five girls sprawled on the floor.

IV.

The guests were nine, the chairs were four;
The tale was easily read.
Four sat upon the chairs in state;
Five others on the bed.

V.

At first they were real quiet
While the hostess laid the spread,
But when the feast waxed riotous
Down went the girls and bed.

JOSIE THOMPSON,
(*Asst. Preceptress.*)

* * *

AN ODE TO HASH.

(A Parody.)

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That we meet again today—
All the scraps we left on Sunday,
Fixed up in the same old way.
Mutton chops and turkey giblets,
Lamb and chicken, steak and stew,
In a motley mass of jumble,
Served again to me and you!
Ah! I recognize the giblets!
There is one I could not crack!
Oh, good-evening, Mr. Gizzard,
And that neck is coming back!
Friends of other meals, I greet you—
Greet you in the same old way;
Yes, dog-gone you, I will eat you,
Or you'll come again some day!

* * *

Prof.: "What is the Latin word for silver, Miss Tompkins, or do you belong to the Latin class?"

Miss T.: "Er—yes, I do, but I never saw silver."

Prof.: "Well, I will give you a dime if you will call around after class."

"Fired again?"
 "No; I quit this time."
 "What for?"
 "Because Prexy wouldn't take back what he said."
 "What did he say?"
 "Said I was expelled."

* * *

Capt. Q. (at double time): "Mark time, march!"
 Huck (groaning): "Wish I was a centipede."

* * *

George Everett (describing poetry): "Well, there might be a cerambic foot."

Prof. Hall: "I have often heard of club feet, but never of cerambic."

* * *

A Senior sat on his trunk; his heart was full of sorrow.
 The Faculty had sent a note—he must go home tomorrow;
 And as he thought of Normal joys, with fun mixed in with the work required,
 The only thought that helped was this:
 That all fine china must be "fired."

* * *

Mr. Irish: "What do you call the ruler of a province in Turkey? A Turkish what?"

Miss Hughes (inspired): "A Turkish bath."

* * *

Mr. Waide: "These notebooks will be very convenient for some as they have the multiplication table on the back."

Miss Corbell: "Do they have the A B C's, too?"

* * *

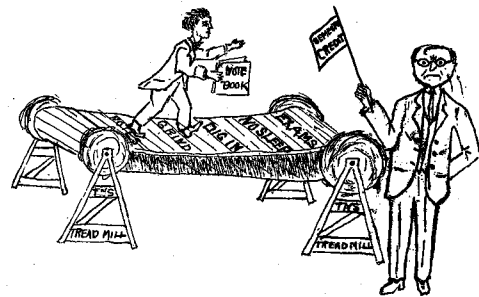
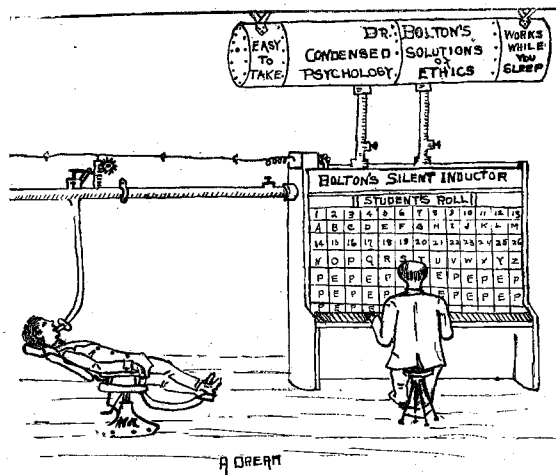
Dr. B.: "Where did Moses find the tables of law?"

Pious John: "In the bulrushes."

* * *

Dr. B.: "How do corporations benefit morals?"

Miss T.: "Why, they increase crime."



THE UNIFORMLESS SQUAD.

There was a boy named Pickrell—
You've heard of him by chance;
He started out to drill one day,
But slipped, and tore his pants.

Then home he hiked to change his duds
Before the bugle blew,
For wearing pants with holes in them
Was incorrect, he knew.

He fell in bravely, dressed anew,
In clothes that were entire;
He stood up straight, he looked ahead,
And dreaded "Cap's" calm ire.

The Captain, he was strict and bold,
And wouldn't bluff at all.
Said he to frightened Pickrell:
"Behind the Company fall!"

"You must always wear your uniform
Whene'er you come to drill;
If you neglect to do this right,
We'll run you through the mill."

"I've always worn those good old pants
Whene'er I came to drill,
And if I hadn't torn them bad,
They'd be right on me still."

"Oh! did you tear them? That's too bad,"
Spoke up the Captain bold;
"But you will have to sew them up,
Or I'll leave you out in the cold."

"I had some swell intentions
Of making you First Lieu.,
But now you will not get it,
For you've proved yourself untrue."

Now here's to dear old Pickrell,
Who sorrowed long and loud,
And here's to me, and you, and us,
The uniformless crowd.

* * *

Helen looked at Pickrell,
Standing tall and slim,
Said, "I'll wait a while,
Then throw a loop at him."

* * *

Perk: "I want to buy a necktie."
Mr. Hyder: "Here is a tie that is very much worn."
Perk: "I don't want one that's very much worn. I've plenty of them
at the Dorm.

THE M. F.'S INTERPRETATION OF SKIDOO.

Miss Burgess—Excused.
Miss Francis—Wash your dishes.
Miss Fernandez—Excusados.
Mr. Irish—Hand in your exercises.
Mr. Hall—That's all.
Mr. Waide—King George, Queen Anne, Mary—Ah, they are gone.
Mr. Phelps—That's as far as we can get today.
Dr. Bolton—Take about twenty pages more.
Mr. Anderson—We'll meet here again tomorrow.
Mr. Johnston—Bring your books tomorrow.
Mr. Clark—Return my pencil before you go.
Mr. Frizzell—That'll do. Bring your thinking caps tomorrow.
Mr. Ayer—All right.
Critics—See me.
Seniors—Next.
Mr. Matthews—(A nod, and presentation of dorsal surface.)

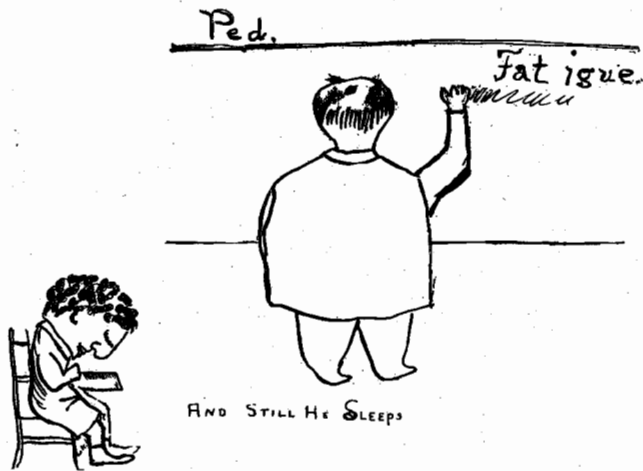
* * *

Student to bachelor member of Faculty:

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Give me good grades,
And I'll think of you.

Dr. B. in reply:

Some roses are red,
Others are pink.
I'll give you good grades
Without work, I don't think.



Prof. A. (commercial law): "Things that are bought go to the buyer."
Otto: "Yes—all except coal; that goes to the cellar."

* * *

Mr. Mussey—"Now look as if you were being kissed."
Alma—"Before or after."

Parley—"When I stand on the stage I see nothing and I am conscious of nothing but my speech. The audience disappears entirely."

Alma—"Well, I can't blame the audience much for that."

* * *

Dan—"Phew! What kind of cheese is that?"

Inez—"De Brie."

Dan—"Please remove the debris."

Leonard (sighing)—"What have I got to live for?"

Winona—"I don't know; is somebody making you?"

"Did you hear of the fright Olive got on her wedding day?"

"Yes, indeed; I was there and saw him."

Olga—"You must write me lots of postal cards this summer."

Jessie—"Why postal cards."

Olga—"Oh, to make it more pleasant and sociable. The postmaster takes an interest in you and everybody is willing to get your mail."

"Why does Leonard move up and down the stage when he debates?"

"He knows his public. If he was to stand still he might be hit with something."

"Why is your tonsorial bill so small this month, Len?"

"Oh, I have a stand in with the Barbour."

* * *

"She has no friends to speak of."

"Good heavens! What does she talk about?"



Reversion of Educational Process

Why Not Marry?

Why marry a girl with eleven toes?
Why marry a girl with a swinging nose?
With corken legs? Or garden hose?
Why not marry a Normal Girl?

Why marry a girl with an extra foot?
Or one too timid to lead you to't?
Why marry a girl whose belt stays put?
Why not marry a Normal Girl?

Why marry a girl you never hear say:
"I can't do a thing with my hair today?"
Who passes a mirror and on her way—?
Why not marry a Normal Girl?

Why marry a girl who can throw a stone?
Why marry a girl whose age is known?
Why marry a girl whose hair's her own?
Why not marry a Normal Girl?

'11.

ALUMNI

Our Normal now numbers its alumni by the hundred, and each succeeding year witnesses a gratifying increase in the ranks; all indicative of the growing prosperity of the institution and of the splendid reputation it has gained among the people—not only of Arizona, but throughout the Union. From the date of its humble birth about a quarter of a century ago, when the Thirteenth Legislative Assembly of the Territory ordained that, “A normal school for the Territory of Arizona is established at Tempe, in Maricopa county, Arizona, etc,” it has continuously advanced in strength and in favorable public opinion, until today it is the model and most appreciated school in Arizona, and stands among the leading institutions of its class in the West. During the early years of its existence, the attendance was meager, the number of instructors limited, and the accommodations far short of what they now are. It would be difficult for those who have graduated within recent years to believe that in 1890, when the writer matriculated in the school, that the entire faculty force, equipment and plant consisted of a single instructor, a one-story brick building of four-rooms (only two of which were in use) which has long since been torn down, a case of physical apparatus, and the tract of land on which the school is located. Then there were no play grounds, no walks or driveways laid out, no trees or other shrubbery that now beautify the grounds. The only vegetation then on the premises was a field of alfalfa, where the “sweet kine” grazed at night, or slumbered on the porches of the school building, as happened to suit their pleasure. The number of graduates who had then gone forth from the school was so small that no one had ever thought of referring to the “Alumni,” and the student body did not exceed twenty individuals.

Since that day many changes have taken place. The Faculty has increased at the rate of one or more each year; the student body has grown in like proportion; improvements in the way of buildings and equipment have been made to meet the resulting requirements; and the cow pasture has given place to the present attractive park and grounds adorned by the fragrant rose, the mountain ash, the ornamental trees and shrubbery, and last, but not least, the baseball field, basketball and tennis courts.

Many causes have contributed to this transformation, but one of the great forces that has wrought the change has been the type of manhood and womanhood of the graduates of the school and the influence they have exercised in moulding a favorable public opinion for the institution, by their integrity, moral rectitude and devotion to the work that has fallen to their several lots to be performed in life.

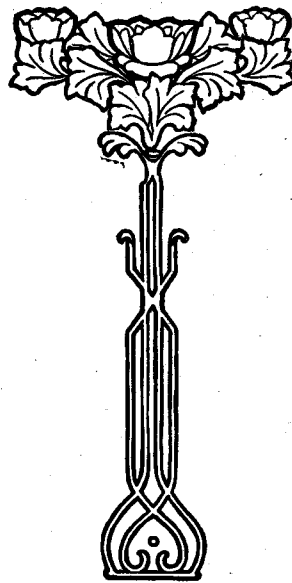
The most potent factor in the establishment of the reputation and standing of any institution of mankind, social, political, religious, commercial or educational, is the type of citizenship produced by such institution. No social organization can gain or retain the approval of public opinion unless the conduct of its members, in their intercourse among themselves and with those with whom they come in contact, be characterized by virtue, honesty and industry. No government can become really great or secure the confidence and respect of the civilized nations of the world without a patriotic, progressive and virtuous citizenship. No church or religious organizations can ever hope to receive the general approval of enlightened public opinion unless its devotees typify and practice those great moral and social virtues so essential to the progress, culture and general welfare of civilized society. No commercial institution can long retain the confidence of the public if those identified with it do not, by their integrity and fair dealing with its patrons, demonstrate that not only the institution itself, but those in charge of its business are entirely worthy of that confidence. And no school, college or other educational institution can obtain any extensive recognition or strong support, morally, financially or otherwise, if a great majority of its alumni do not prove to be honest, aggressive, moral and useful men and women in the communities of which they may become citizens. There is perhaps no institution of learning to which this principle applies more forcibly than it does to a normal school, for the reason that a large majority of the graduates of such a school become teachers in public schools, and thereby come more closely in contact and are subjected to a more rigid scrutiny of a larger number of people than any like number of graduates of any other school; and just in the proportion that these teachers, as well as those who choose some other profession or avocation succeed or fail in their work, will the standing and reputation of their alma mater rise or decline. Parents may have never met an official or an instructor of a school, may have never seen the institution, and may have little or no knowledge of its curriculum, but if they are acquainted with one of its graduates who has made good as a teacher or in any other work he or she may have undertaken and who is a respected and useful citizen, they will have little or no hesitancy in sending their child to that school. A legislator may know little or nothing of the school, its faculty or student body, and may have even less knowledge of its financial requirements, but if a few of its graduates happen to be representative men and women in the community he represents, that alone will have no little weight in securing his favorable action on appropriations for the support of the institution.

Judging from the growth of our normal and the financial support it has received during the past ten or fifteen years, and the splendid reputation

it now bears among the people of Arizona, it is evident that its alumni have been no disgrace either to their alma mater or to the Territory, but that quite to the contrary, they have convinced the public of the fact that the training they received here better fitted them for the duties of citizenship and that the perpetuation and liberal support of this school, as one of the essential institutions for the upbuilding of Arizona and the culture of its people, is not only commendable, but necessary.

CHAS. WOOLF.

Tempe, Arizona, June 2, 1911.



Happy Memories

Of friends and flowers,
Normal Days and Sunny Hours.

"Ideals are like stars; you may not succeed in touching them with your hands; but, like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you chase them as your guides; and, following them, you reach your destiny."—*Carl Schurz.*

When we think of the Senior Class as it is now, it takes a vivid imagination to recall the members as they were five years ago. But, yet, those dignified Seniors were once Freshmen, and as green as the greenest.

However, the green things began to grow along with their mental capacity, the girls' dinky hair-bows, the color in the boys' socks, and the rest. The Seniors would have forgotten many of these things only, in packing their trunks, they have uncovered possessions of the old days which they now treasure for the memories associated with them.

Among these may be numbered a note book, a queer conglomeration of scratch paper, ribbon, arithmetic problems, and red ink, manufactured for Mr. George in the sweet days of long ago. Other mementoes are a much interlined "Marmion," a Swinton's "Word Analysis," part of "Esmeralda," and a little red Latin book with a one-time gold head stamped on the cover. From year to year, new souvenirs have been added as time has brought the changes of progress, a broader field of action, and new friends. As a result of the work of time the class of 1911 stands before us an example of the "Survival of the Most Fit."

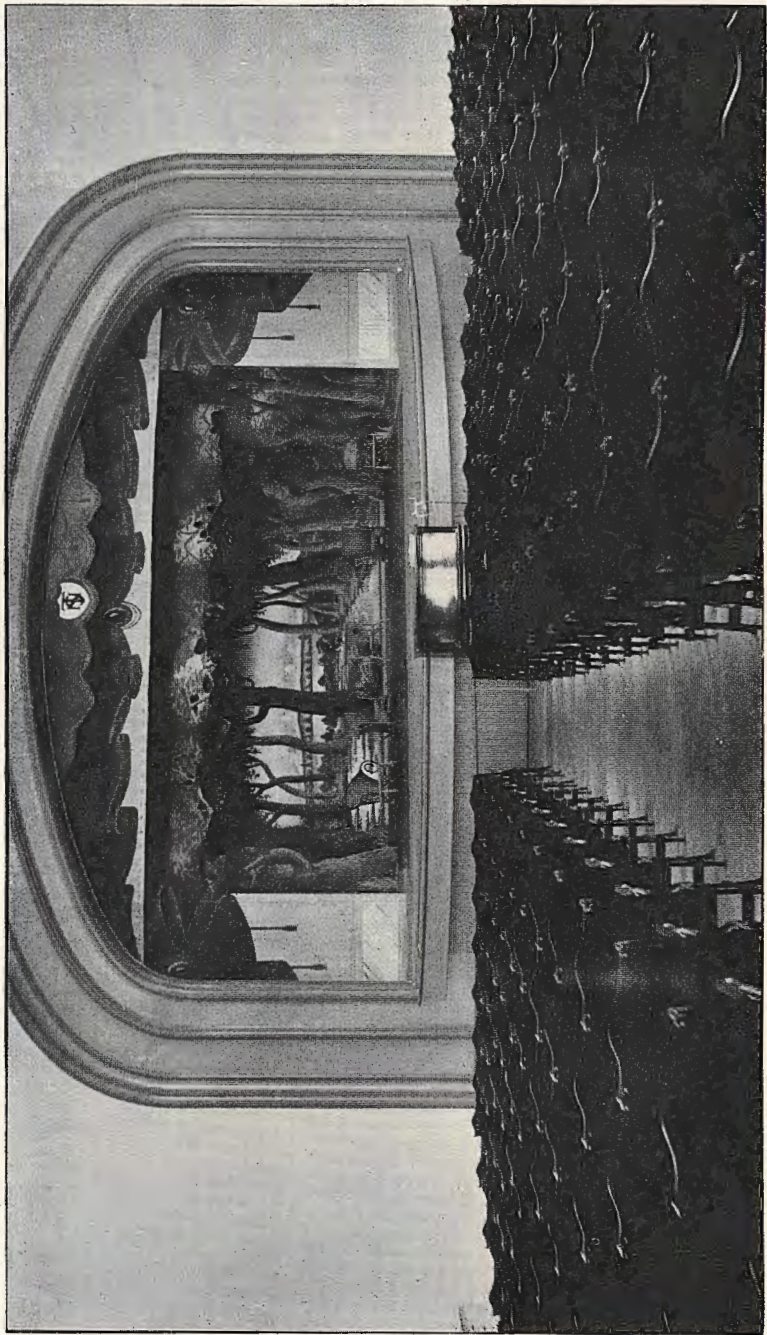
We are now leaving the old scenes to do our share of the world's work. Our hearts are filled with the happiness that comes to those who wish to benefit humanity. May our highest hopes be realized.

Next year, perhaps, as the glorious Arizona sunset casts its splendor over the Western sky, the Seniors of 1911, far and near, will lay aside their present cares, and as fancy takes them back to campus life, they will revel in memories of friends and flowers, Normal days and sunny hours.

PHILANDER.



"THE DEMONS" AND "GO DEVILS."



PUNCH AND JUDY'S BACKGROUND.



RESORT OF THE MUSES.



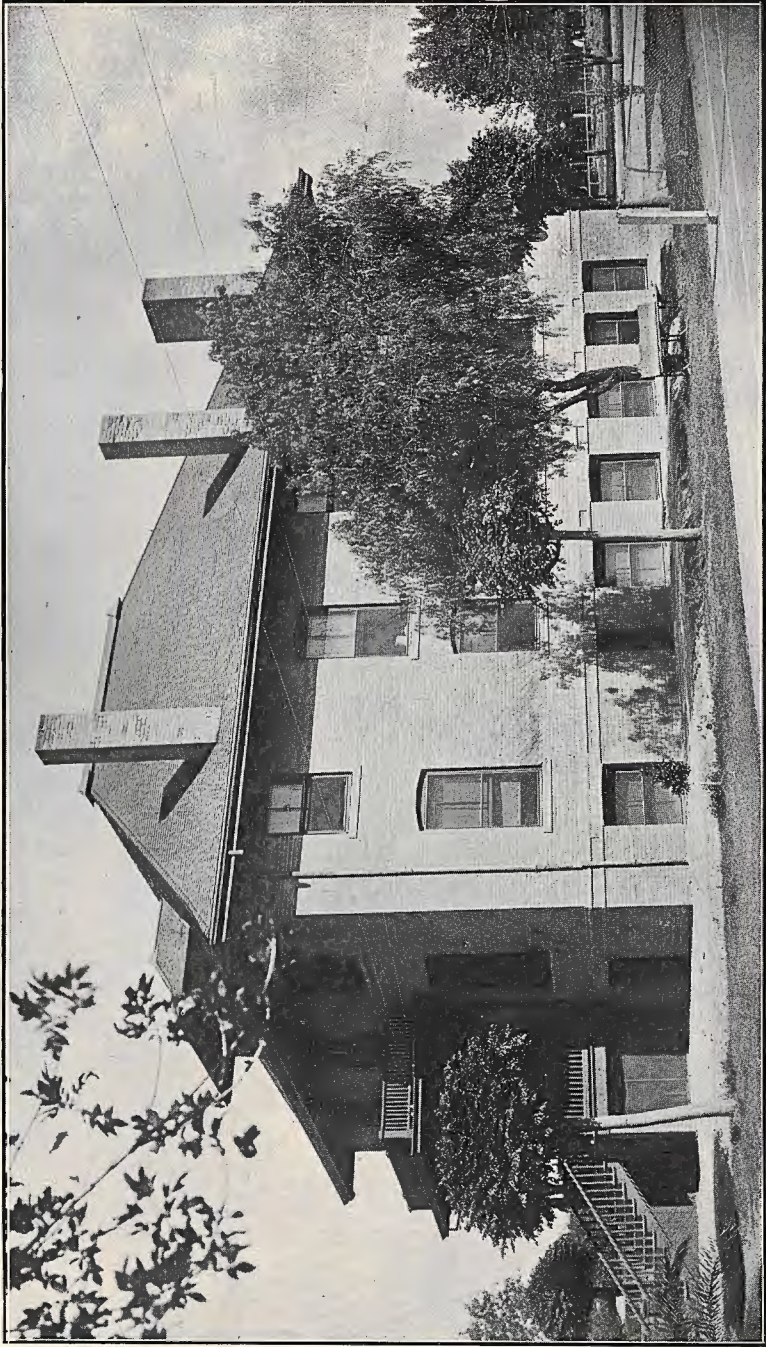
"BE TRANQUIL—CONTROL THYSELF."



LES MISERABLES.



THE ZOO.



THE JUNGLE.

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1911

We, the members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eleven of the Tempe Normal School, in the County of Maricopa, Territory of Arizona, perceiving the approaching end of our existence as a student body in the aforesaid Tempe Normal School, and being in perfect health and sanity of mind, do make and ordain this, our last will and testament, in manner and form as follows:

First. We give and bequeath to the heir first of succession, namely, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twelve, our noble wisdom and dignity as Seniors, with the sincere hope that they may bear this advanced state with propriety and fulfill their duties unflinchingly, even as we have done.

Furthermore, we turn over to their tender mercies the beloved teachers of the Tempe Normal School and would recommend that no useless leniency be displayed toward the aforesaid teachers, and that they keep ever a parental, just, though stern eye on the young and rising generations at the Tempe Normal Training School; as will be their duty as Seniors.

Second. To the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen we grant our best wishes and fondest hopes; the sacred charge of the Chemical Laboratory for the year of nineteen hundred and twelve, only, with the advice that they in no wise neglect their dignity as Juniors and upper classmen.

Third. To the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen we give the well meant advice that the members thereof get not swollen heads upon the occasion of their becoming third years, and further, that they brag not, bluff not, but do their duty as it is shown them by us, the Seniors.

Fourth. To the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen we grant our tenderest blessing, with the sound advice that its members listen faithfully to their teachers and get not acquainted with the "discipline committee."

Fifth. In regard to all the members of the school, we beg with our dying breath that they ever remember the *Red and Gold*; that they maintain its sacred honor and be ever loyal to it; that they have their fun, but forget not their duty, for on the performance thereof rests the standard of our school.

Sixth. To the members of the Faculty we extend our hearty forgiveness for all past misdemeanors. May our severing of connections prevent not their remembrance of us.

Seventh. To our executors: Let there be a public auction after our decease in order to dispose of all private property belonging to us, including plan books, school law note books and ethics books and all other odds and ends acquired by us during our long and checkered career.

Let these be our last words and advices; let us die in peace, unmolested and with the good will of all.

In witness whereof we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eleven, do here, to this, our last will and testament, set our hand and seal this sixth day of June, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

Amen.

NEOMA MILLET, 1911.

Our Advertisers

Gentle Reader: If you have had the patience to come thus far, do not stop here. This is the last request of the Class of 1911. Pray heed it.

We, the Class of 1911, request each and every one of you, for the sake of any good will you may have had toward us, to read through the succeeding pages carefully and because they have been kind to us, take your trade to our advertisers.

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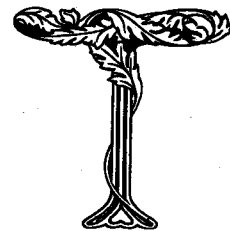
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