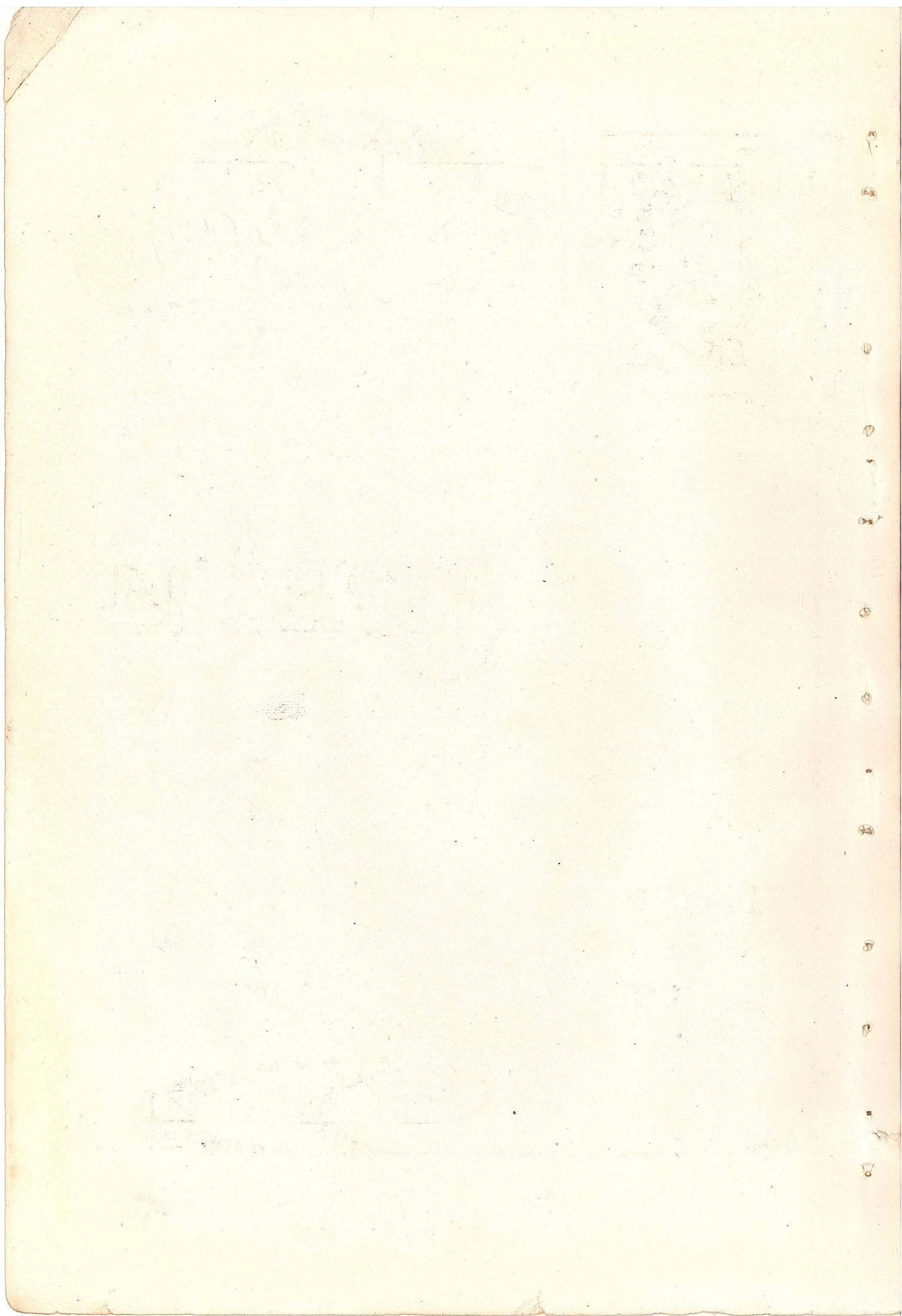




Vera M. Wilky
Mrs. L. B. (Graves)





CLASS '14

TEMPE
NORMAL
SCHOOL





To

Ira D. Payne

Our teacher and true friend who has
labored so faithfully with us, and who
has given so unreservedly his loyal and
effective services

We

the class of
nineteen fourteen

do

gratefully dedicate
this volume





PROF. I. D. PAYNE

AN ARIZONA NIGHT

The sky is clear as a bell tonight,
Clear as a bell that chimes at eve;
And the moon's fair crescent hangs high in air,
While its shimmering beams enchantment weave.

The stars in the dark blue dome of heaven
Twinkle and glimmer, and pale and glow
With a soft blue light, that streams gently down
On the sleeping earth below.

The cricket voices his clear, shrill call,
Borne far on the breath of spring;
And the distant frog lends his liquid bass
To the evening songs they sing.

The night is breathless and dreary and still,
Not a breeze to whisper a sigh
Through the branches of cottonwood, pepper and palm,
Darkly penciled against the sky.

The Salten river glides on its way
With a low, soft, murmuring song;
On its glassy surface 'twixt willow lined banks
The moon beams are glancing along.

The sleeping desert in level plane,
Stretches far away to the west,
All gray in the moon light's silver beam,
It slumbers in peaceful rest.

From the distant highway the beat of hoof
Is borne on the listening air,
And the honk and rumble of distant cars,
As they flash through the moonlight fair.

Off to the north the city lies
Sending into the pulsing night,
Though dimmed by the distance and rivaled by moon,
Its flood of electric light.

I gaze on the scene so peaceful and bright,
So still, so calm, so fair,
Oh! beautiful Arizona night,
Was there ever night to compare?

R. L. W.

THEIR USUAL NORMAL QUARREL

I don't want you at the Dorm, Sir ;
I don't love you any more,
I don't want your funny candy,
That you give me at the door.

I don't want your ball game tickets ;
I don't want to play for you,
I don't want your smiles and glances
From your eyes of bonnie blue.

I don't care if you like Mary ;
I don't care if you like Jane,
You can take them to the lecture
And then take them home again.

He interrupts :

I have called for Miss Carolina ;
I have taken her to church,
Then for Zenebie Dewistis'
I have left her in the lurch.

I have given all my tickets
To a dozen girls or more
And then left loads of candy
When I left them at the door.

I have kissed the haughty Mary ;
I have loved the pretty Jane.
I have roamed the streets with Julia
And roamed the streets again—

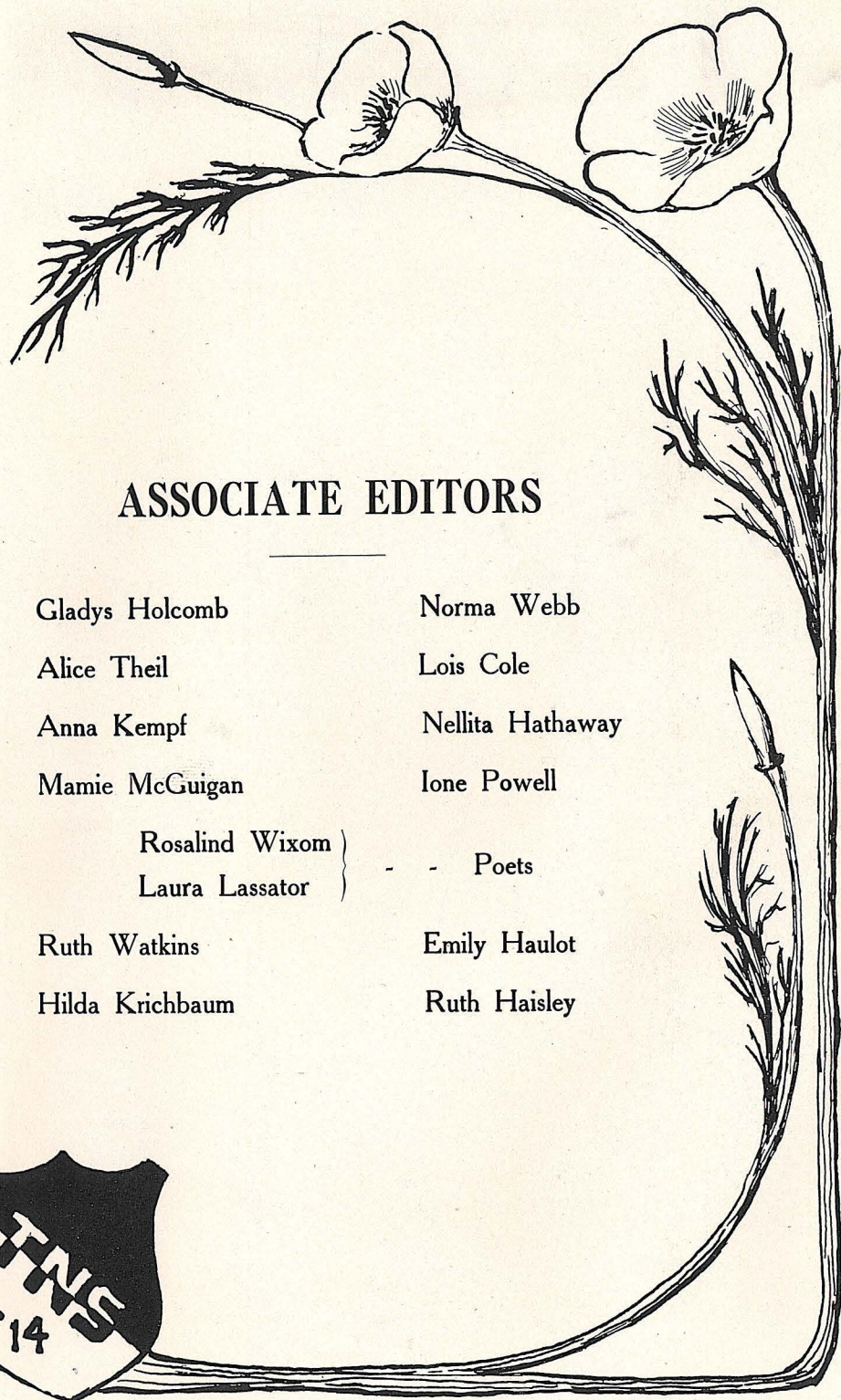
She interrupts :

You're a hateful mean old fellow,
And I wish your eyes could spy,
That I'm not going to let you
Love another more than I—

He continues :

But pray let me finish speaking ;
Out of all the girls I met
There is not a one can equal
My own girl who loves me yet.

L. L.



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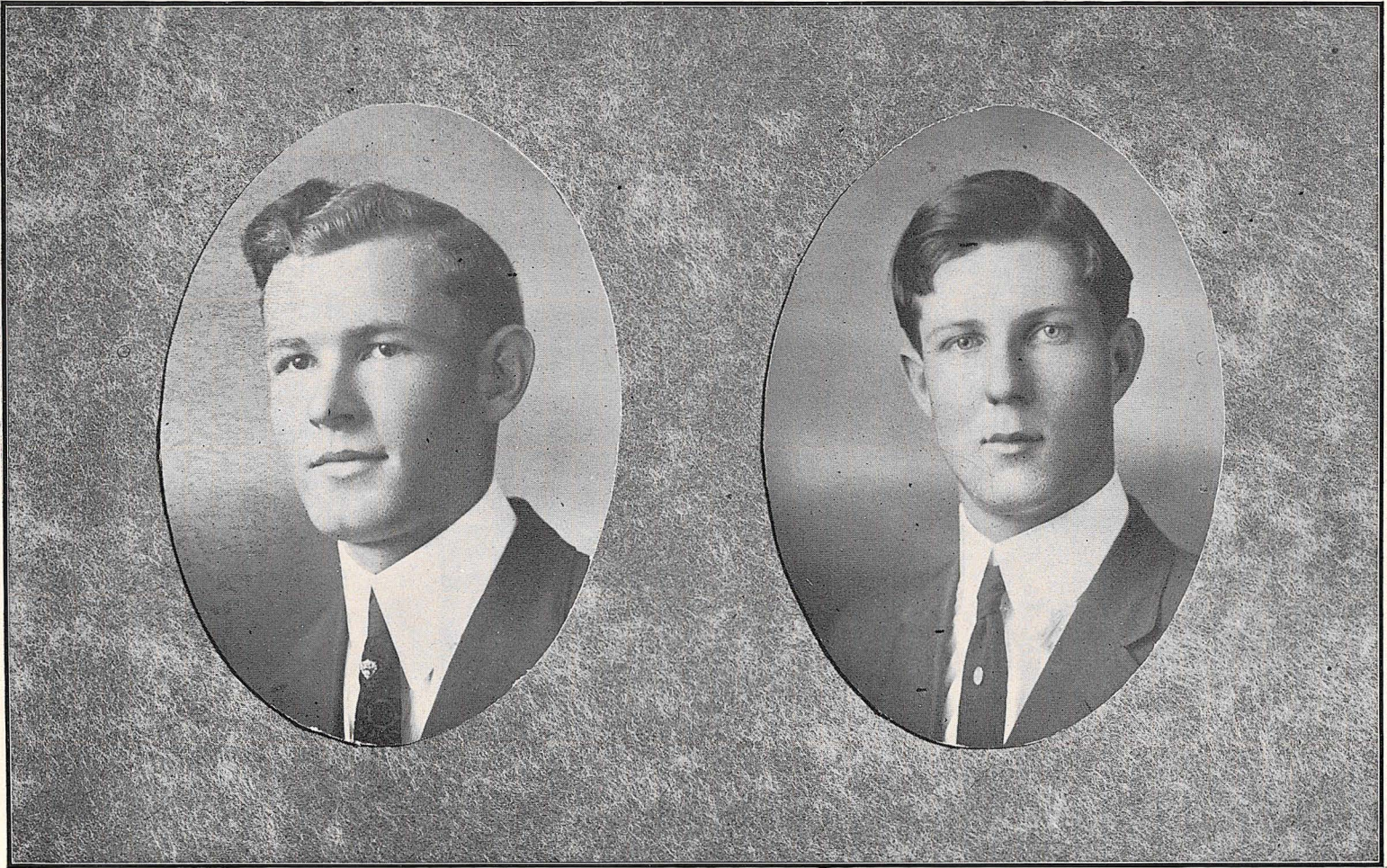
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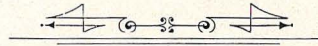
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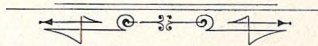
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—
HERE'S HOPING THAT YOU
WILL APPRECIATE OUR EF-
FORTS IN RECORDING THE
EVENTS OF OUR LAST AND
HAPPIEST YEAR IN NORMAL



Faculty

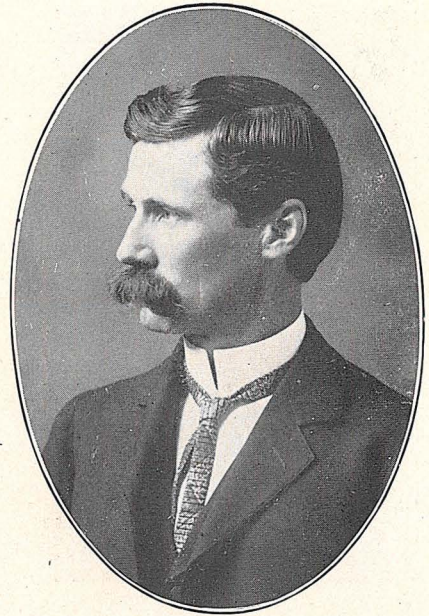


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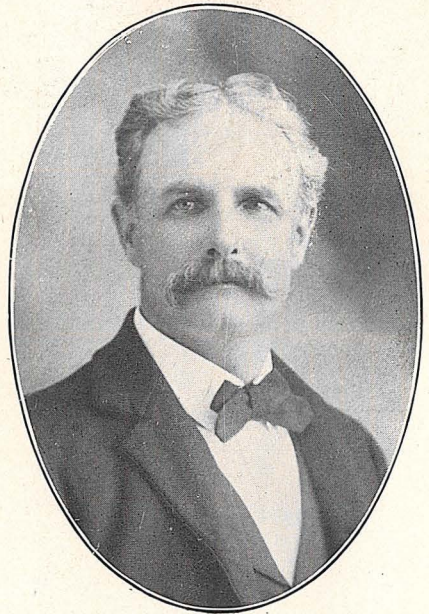
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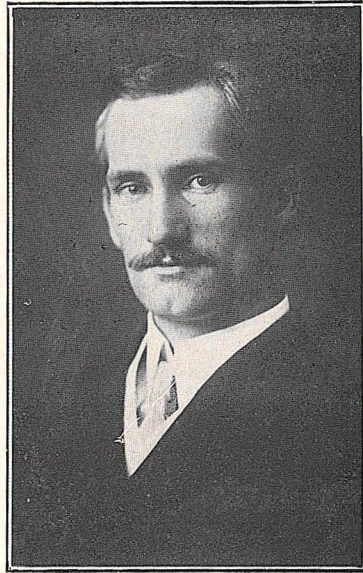
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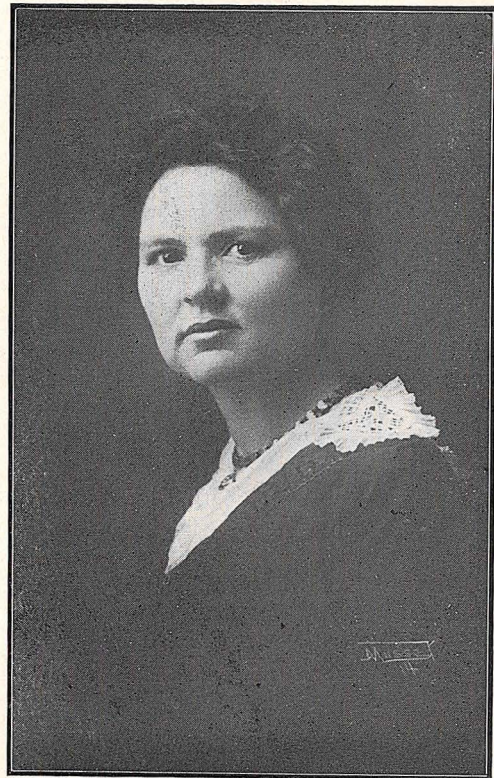
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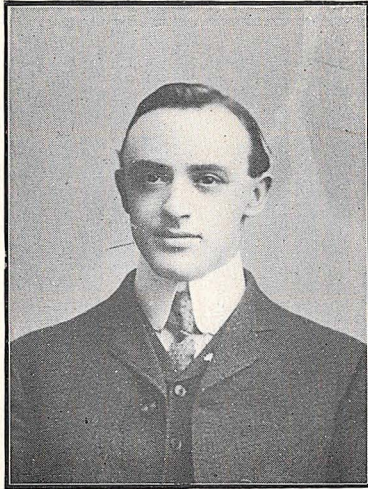
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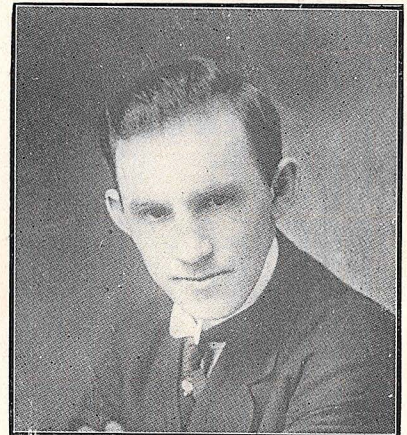
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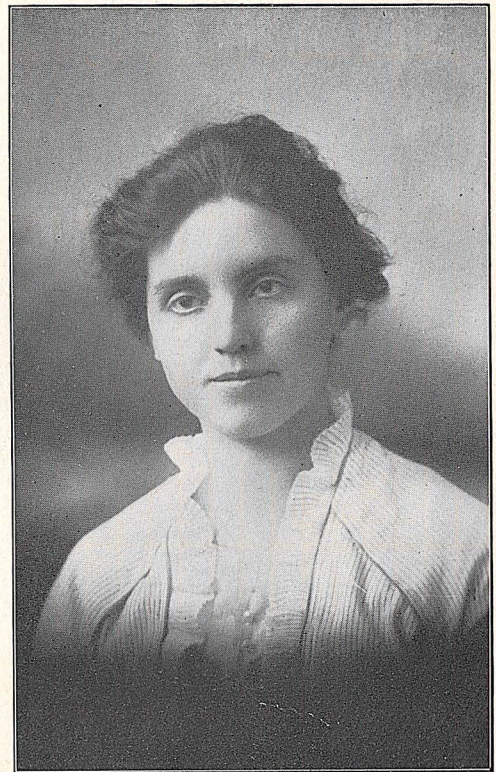
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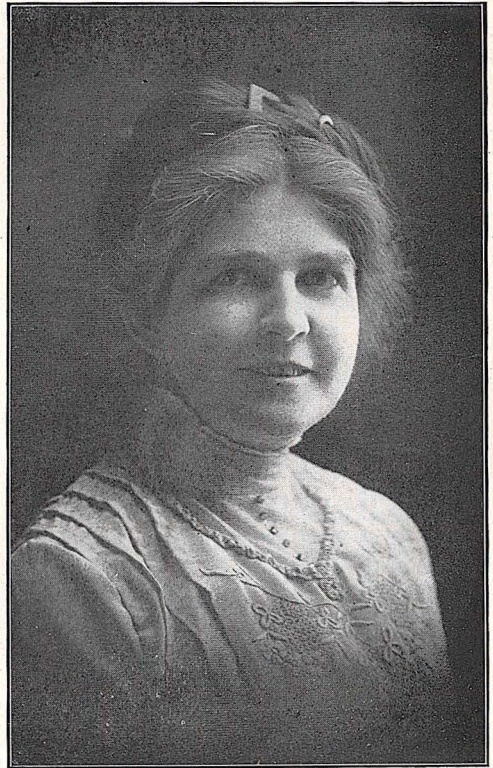


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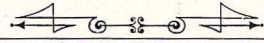
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Class Motto.

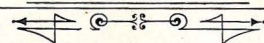
"PERMANE TVO OPERE"

Class Flower.

YELLOW POPPY

Class Colors

BLACK AND GOLD



WILL THE ANGELS GRADE IN HEAVEN?

(To the tune of "Will the Roses Bloom in Heaven?")

In a hot and cheerless class room,
In a school so strict and stern,
At the end of one semester
There was heard a little moan
And a Normalite was asking
Of a Prof. so grey
Do you think you'll go to heaven?
Tell me e'er I go I pray.

Chorus

Will the Angels grade in Heaven,
Are there any quarters there?
Any terms and old semesters,
Way up where the good folks stay?
Will there be some Halls and Matthews,
Mister Griffing's and Frizzell?
If such Angels grade in Heaven
I prefer to go to— Purgatory.

Said the Prof. "Why think of Heaven,
Have you not enough to do?
If you're working for a grade, sir,
Pray digest your chapter two."
"Yes, I've plenty," moaned the student,
I've enough; I'm most dead now
If we both go up to heaven
There will surely be a row."

Chorus

Will the Angels grade in Heaven,
Is there any flunking track,
Will there always be somebody,
Piling work upon your back?
Will there be a Waide and Felton,
And an Irish up there too?
If such angels go to Heaven
I don't want to go, do you?

IN THE VALE OF OLD TEMPE

By F. M. Irish

(Air: "Where the River Shannon Flows")
When the evening skies are glowing,
And the western breeze is blowing,
And the purple shadows growing
Over butte and desert broad;
When the campus lights are gleaming,
Oh, what radiant smiles are beaming!
And what golden dreams we're dreaming,
In the dear old Normal Quad!
Chorus:

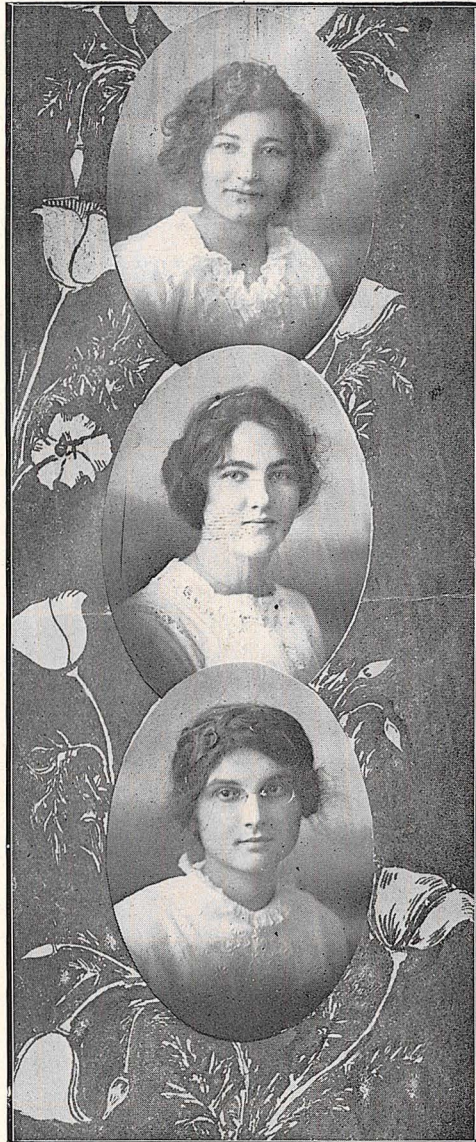
In the green and fragrant valley,
Where the days are ever fair,
Where our friends and classmates rally,
And our life is free from care,
Let us pledge a health to Normal,
Let us give her three times three,
For the days we've spent at Normal,
In the vale of Old Tempe.

It was here beneath that rare tree,
That fine old, dear old "pair tree,"
That Nell first smiled at Harry,
And Jim and Jane first met.
May its branches ever flourish,
May soft rains its old trunk nourish,
And each Normal class returning,
Find the pair tree growing yet.
(Chorus)

When our Normal days are ended,
And with gay and sad thoughts blended,
We've made our bow and wended
Our several sep-rate ways;
Wherever time may find us,
These ties will ever bind us,
And our hearts will still remind us
Of the good old Normal days.
(Chorus)

We may stroll by field and by-way,
We may motor o'er the highway,
We may sail the sparkling billow,
Through fair cities we may roam;
But whatever fancy speeds us,
Or wherever fortune leads us,
Our thoughts will be returning
To our dear old Normal home.
(Chorus)

Senior Quotations.



ENID ALEXANDER

"Oh my love's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June."

CLARA AUGUSTINE

"As frank rain on cherry blossoms."

BEAULAH AUSTIN

"One thing is forever good
That one thing is success."



CLARA BAKER

"Reason is the queen of all things."

EUNICE BEARDSLEY

"Silence that spoke and eloquence
of words."

KATHERINE BLENDINGER

"Of every noble work the silent part
is best."

WM. BLOYS

"I profess not talking, only this,
Let each man do his best."



LELAND BRACK

"I laugh for hope hath happy place
in me."

NANNIE BROOKS

"The music of the brook silenced
all conversation."

KATHERINE BUSE

"A noble spirit and seeker of wis-
dom."

LOIS COLE

"She wears the rose of youth upon
her."



JUNE CUMMINGS

"Virtue is her own reward."

ADA DUNAGAN

"Where the stream runneth smooth
est the water is deepest."

GRACE EVERETT

"The cautious seldom err."

THOS. E. FLANNIGAN, JR.

"His words are bonds, his oaths are
oracles."



ALICE FOUSHEE

"What stronger breastplate than a
heart untainted."

FREDERICA GILL

"The gladsome light of jurispru-
dence."

EDNA GILLILAND

"The noblest mind, the best con-
tentment has."

LEONA GOODWIN

"'Tis the heart's current, lends the
cup its glow."



HORACE GRIFFEN

"It's faith in something, and enthusiasm in something that makes life worth looking at."

MARY GRIFFIN

"Virtue, not pedigree, characterizes nobility."

RUBY HAIGLER

"From labor health, from health, contentment springs."

ORA HANSEN

"Endow'd with sancity of reason."



AMY HANSEN

"Knowledge is power."

RUTH HAISLEY

"Soft peace she brings whenever
she arrives."

GUSSIE HARRIS

"A tender heart, a will inflexible."

NELLITA HATHAWAY

"Her wit was more than man, her
innocence, a child."



RENA HIGGINS

"Happy am I from care I'm free
Why aren't they all contended like
me?"

EMILY HAULOT

"Wise to resolve and patient to per
form."

GLADYS HOLCOMB

"Happiness seems made to be
shared."

GERALDINE HODNETT

"Oh why should life all labor be?"



MAY HOUSTON

"Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year."

ISAAC IMES

"Zealous yet modest; innocent tho'
free."

TRINIDAD JUND

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."

ANNA KEMPF

"May, she aimed not at glory, no
lover of glory she;
Give her the glory of going on and
still be."



HILDA KRICHBAUM

"The conscious utterance of tho't
to any end is art."

VIRGINIA LOCKETT

"No one is useless in this world who
lightens the burden of it for
another."

LAURA LASSATOR

"Age will not wither her; nor cus-
tom stale her infinite variety."

BERYL MARTIN

"She shewed discretion the best art
of valor."



ROBERT McCOMB

"His saying was: Live and let live."

MAMIE McGUIGAN

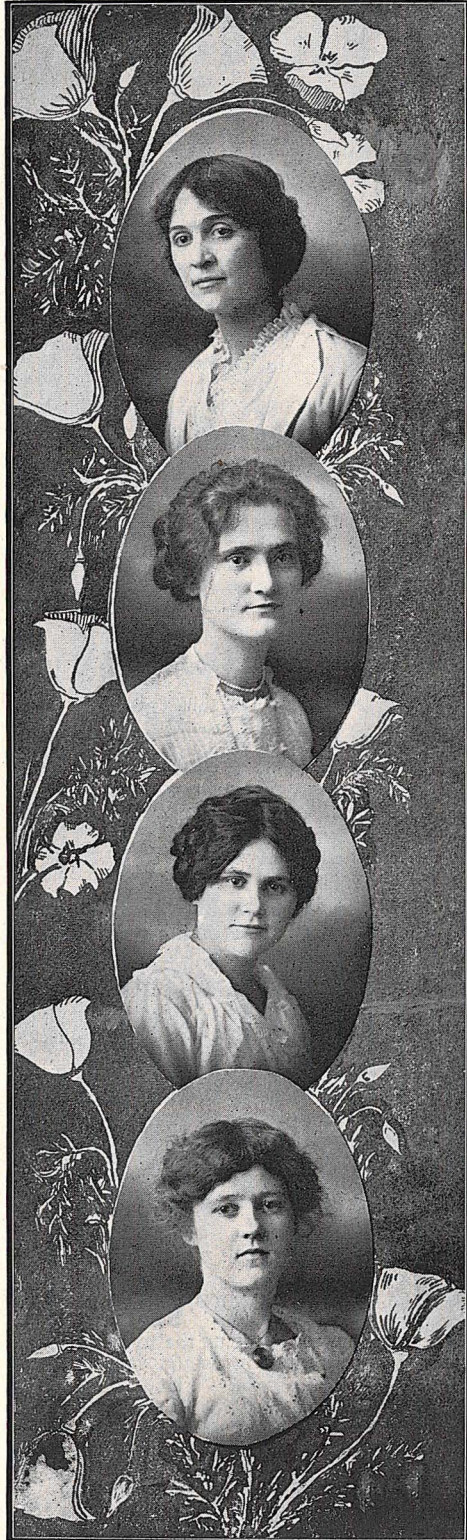
"As merry as the day is long."

SIDNEY MOEUR

"Take Winters as you find him, and he turns out to be a thoroughly honest fellow with no nonsense in him."

MARGURITE MOODY

"The reason firm, the temperate will, Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."



FLORENCE MOSS

"Women know not the whole of
their coquetry."

NANCY ETHEL MUTCH

"Those who know thee not, no
words can print
And those who know thee know all
words are faint."

CECIL MULLEN

"By music minds an even temper
know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too
low."

HELEN MUMFORD

"Come one come all—this rock shall
fly,
From its firm base as soon as I."



MARSHALL NICHOLSON

"He was such a schoolboy as a discerning master delights in."

MARGURITE NEWCOMER

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

IONE POWELL

"No instrument of man's devising can reach the heart as does that most wonderful instrument, the human voice."

MABEL QUINN

"There is nothing so popular as goodness."



MARY RADLEY

"To the wise and prudent mis-
fortunes seldom come."

JOHN SANDIGE

"It is better to have loved and lost
than never to have loved at all."

RUBY SHOTT

"Nothing can be sweeter than
friendship."

ALBERT R. SPIKES

"What man dares I dare."



MARGURITE STEPHENS

"On dreary night let lusty sunshine
fall."

ALICE THIEL

"In small portions we just beauties
see,
And in short measures life may per-
fect be."

EDITH WARNER

"For she was jes a quiet kind, whose
natures never vary."

BEAULAH STURGEON

"Action is eloquence."



GRACE WARNER

"Gentle of speech and beneficent of
mind."

RUTH WATKINS

"It is good to be merie and wise."

NORMA WEBB

"I have a heart with room for every
joy."

VERA WILKY

"True eloquence indeed, does not
consist in speech."



GARLAND WHITE

"Clearness is the ornament of profound thought."

MARY WINGFIELD

"I do but sing because I must."

ROSALIND WIXON

"A true friend and forever a friend."

RUSELL WOODS

"He is wise as he is learned."

Class of '14

We, the class of 1914, as we think of our five years in Normal, have decided that, although we have worked hard, so have we played hard when the occasion presented itself, and our school days have not been without enjoyment, to say the least.

As freshmen, we organized, as was customary, the Alpha Society. Our monitor, Miss Newbert, helped us wonderfully with her splendid ideas and contagious enthusiasm. About the first introduction the class had to the public, was through the Alpha play, "Wanted, A Man," and with the proceeds we bought the forest scenery for the auditorium.

Our Alpha roll stands as follows:

Enid Alexander	Geraldine Hodnett	Clara Augustine
Rena Higgins	Beulah Austin	Ruby Johnson
Katherine Blendinger	Paschal Lemons	Lilian Branaman
Laura Lassator	Forest Brady	Arthur Marten
Lois Cole	Cecile Mullen	Charles Cole
Lyda Miller	Victor Corbell	Florence Moss
Carrie Duncan	Ruth Oxley	Dorothy Douglass
Mabel Quinn	Grace Everett	Vernice Sandoz
Edythe Fogal	Charles Thomas	Olga Goodwin
Alice Thiel	Mary Griffin	May Webb
Norma Webb	Lucile Walker	Garland White

When we entered our second year, the real work started, and we did not have so many splendid good times as before. We took up algebra and biology chiefly, besides all the other subjects, and had our hands full. Many of our members of the year before did not return to us, but there were a great many new ones to join our class. Our picnics and pleasure excursions of the year before were supplemented with hunts for biological specimens.

It seems that the further we advanced, the more we were expected to carry, so in the third year we found our shoulders heavy with burdens, but relief came in the form of a general feeling of helpfulness; we pulled together, and the time flew by ever so rapidly. During that year we had a most enjoyable time on a picnic to Arizona Falls, and on our return trip, we visited the Hole-in-the-Rock and had supper.

When we began on our junior year, we knew we would have work enough to keep us well occupied for the entire year, and we did. We took up physics, however, as light-heartedly as could well be expected, and never lost hope. We came thru it and all its hard work with new vigor, and began chemistry. It was hard, and we had to work in consequence, but then success comes through hard work. Many a day we went to class with feelings and spirits at low tide, but we never gave up and in the end they would

rise. Now we're glad for the effort we put forth, and we can appreciate the teacher who holds his classes to the work.

Then, juniors, custom held, entertained the seniors before they left us for good, so we decided we'd make this the most successful entertainment ever held in T. N. S., and we have heard that it was. We decorated in Senior colors, lavender and purple, and they were without doubt used very artistically.

The Senior class of '14 has on its roll over sixty names, the largest class that has ever occupied the seat of dignity in Normal. With the senior year come many responsibilities that the juniors never dream of. You will wonder why we so suddenly lose our childish, thoughtless ways. Dear juniors wait until you take charge of a class in eighth grade, where the pupils are as large in stature as yourself, and in many instances larger. Our life is too full to think about recreation, but the critic teachers entertained us royally in the gymnasium one evening at a Folk Dance. All wore costumes of foreign people, usually of the peasant class, and many nations were impersonated. We had a grand lunch at the Training school toward midnight which was certainly relished.

The second social event was a party given by the class at Miss Haigler's home. All thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and we had lots to eat.

Then, there comes the time in every senior's life when he must make baskets, caps, bags, booklets, etc., until he sees them on the walls at night, in the short hours that he should be sleeping.

Yard duty at the Training School is another privilege we cannot shirk. That is indeed an exciting time if you draw from the lottery the boy's side, because one never knows in what direction those swift balls are intended.

Then the application season is a very busy one, and the postman is loaded daily with appealing letters, and their accompanying recommendations. Critical and Normal teachers sit up far into the night, penning a proof that you are a good and successful teacher.

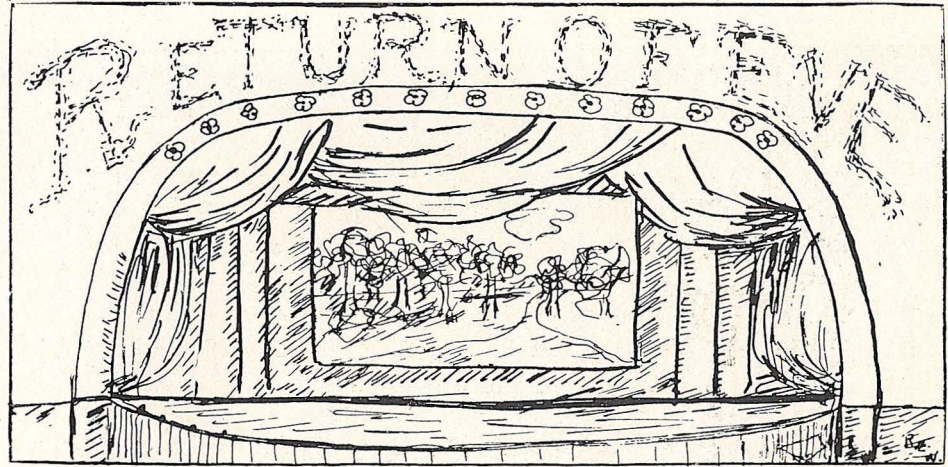
On top of that comes our senior play, "The Return of Eve," which has cost us a vast amount of time and hard work.

Our class of '14 has known no such word as failure throughout its course, and we intend to make such places in the world for ourselves that T. N. S. will be proud to have had the class as their graduates.





SCENE FROM "THE RETURN OF EVE"



The Return of Eve

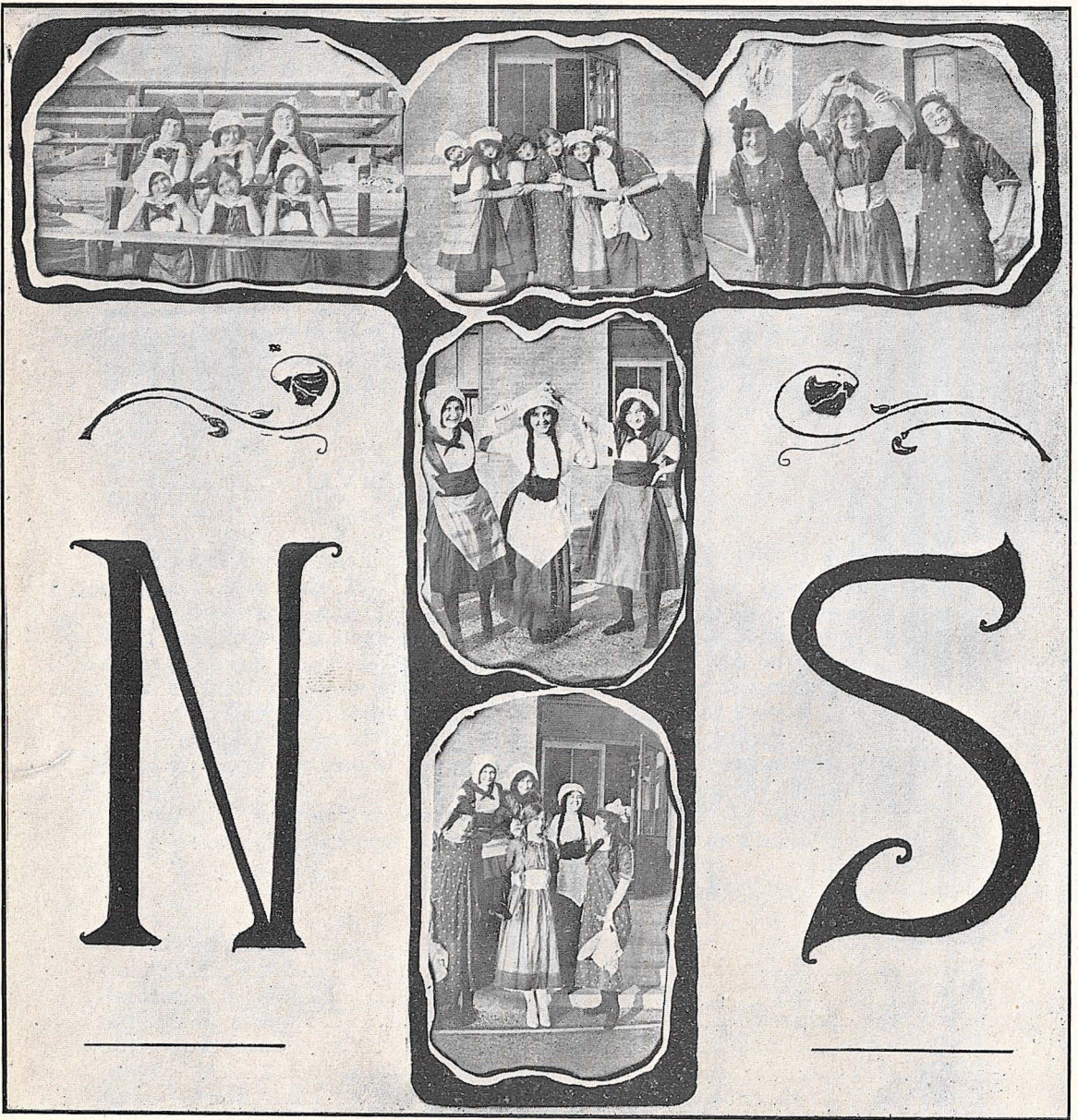
Long live the Seniors! Long live Miss Burgess! Long live everyone who can produce a play the equal of "The Return of Eve," as it was staged in the Auditorium on the third of April. It was one of the best amateur productions ever staged in the valley. So say the competent critics, and what is more, so says the public, even the alumni, and when an alumnus is moved to say that anything we do nowadays is equal to the way they used to do it, you may rest assured that height of excellence has been reached.

The cast as chosen by Miss Burgess could not have been better. Her professional experience along this line gave a good foundation upon which to build the work of the acts.

Miss Holcomb as "Eve" was the leading lady and too much cannot be said about her excellent work. Mr. Moeur was strong as his name signifies, "Old Winters."

The cast is as follows:

	Characters
Old Winters.....	Sidney Moeur
Adam.....	Albert R. Spikes
Eve.....	Gladys Holcomb
Seymour Purchwell.....	Thomas Flannigan
Mrs. Tupper-Bellamy.....	Clara Augustine
Plym.....	G. White
Clarice.....	Ione Powell
Mrs. Conybear.....	Fredrica Gill
Theodora Shevlin.....	Annie Kempf



"BUGS"

There is a young fellow names "Bugs."
Very fond of kisses and hugs,
He must have a girl
Or his head's in a whirl,
And he's a most miserable "Bugs."

X. Y. Z.

—o—

CLASSY CLASS

Oh! we have a classy class,
If you ask, little lass,
Have a class that old Normal can't forget;

Gladly lifting every burden,
And we ask the world no querdon,
'Tis the class of 1914, yes, you bet!

Classy class? Ah yes, my deary,
Willing feet that never weary,
When on duty's errand swift they glide away;

In the Training school they love us,
And the critics smile above us,
And our fame in Normal's hall will live for aye.

R. L. W.

—o—

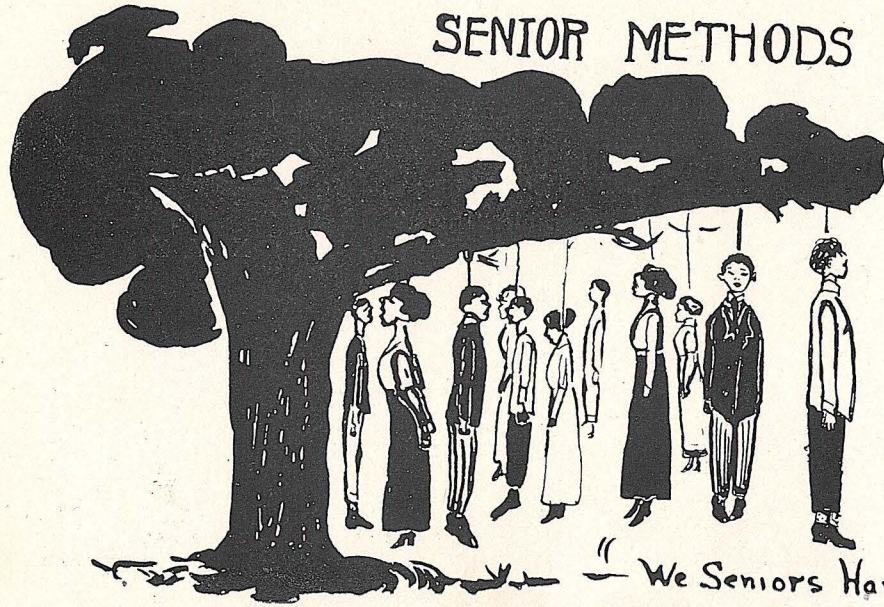
SENIOR MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

Diddle, diddle dumpling such a fright,
Went to bed the other night
One shoe off and one shoe on,
Couldn't get undressed because the lights weren't on.

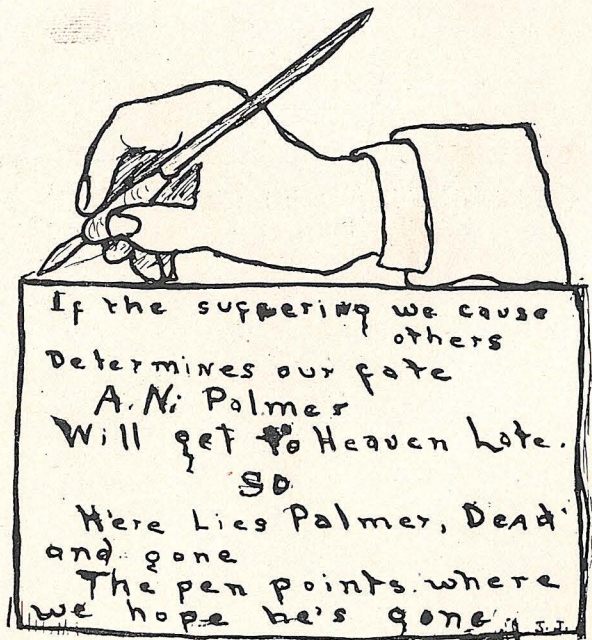
Mary, Mary quite contrary,
How does your class room come?
Scraping feet and paper balls
And wads of chewing gum? .

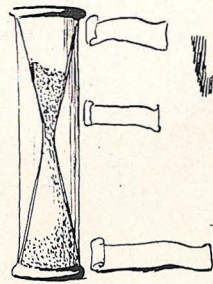
Bah! Bah! black sheep,
Gone is Bill's dog,
Yes, sir! yes, sir! fat as a hog;
Somewhere I smell it within that wall,
There're having hash for breakfast in the dining hall.

SENIOR METHODS

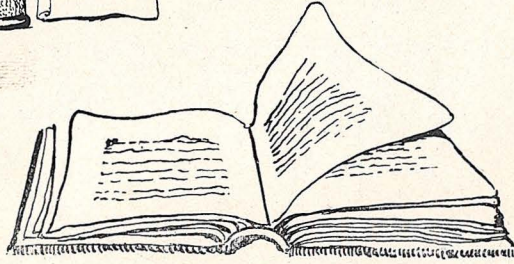


"We Seniors Hang Together"





EVENTS
OF
1913 - '14





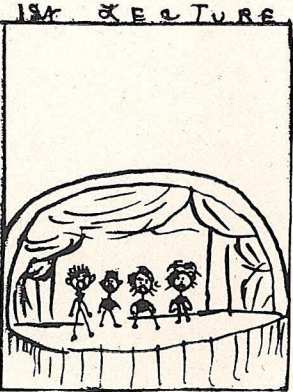
SEPTEMBER



NEW STUDENTS
RECEPTION

SEPT. 1st. Many new ones and
some mighty home-sick
ones too.

SEPT. 2nd. First lecture of course
Enjoyed by all.



1st LECTURE



OCTOBER



OCT. 1st. Seniors go to Haigler's on a hay ride.
Good old time.

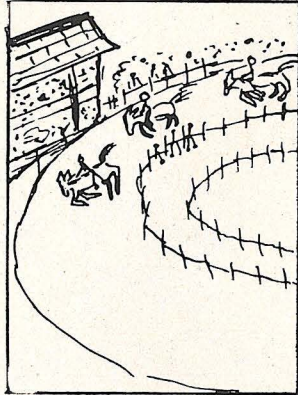


1st DANCE

OCT. 2nd. Everyone's watching to
see if Tango is to be
popular.



NOVEMBER



Nov. 1. FAIR WEEK

Lend me a dollar till Fri. I want to go to the Fair. Every body did it.

Double header and x x ??!
We lose both by (1) point! x ?



NOV 2 FLAG B.B.



NOV. 3rd. Student body dance many new dances. Every body interested in out come.



DECEMBER



Dec. 1. SY. FOLK DANCE

Critics entertain Seniors at a Folk dance in gym.

Favored ones leave for new home across the way. Much confusion.



DEC 2. MOVING TO NEW DORM.



JANUARY



New debating club make selves known by big slurg into society.



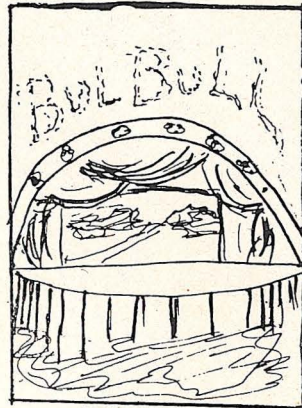
Training school presents Oreretta, Rival Queens

JAN. N. D. S. RECEPTION

JAN. T. SCHOOL O PERETTA.



FEBRUARY



Normal operetta Bol Bull. Many new cases.



Jr. Geog. class are now approaching Torrid zone at a lively rate.

FEB. I. S. OPERETTA

FEB. 2. Jr GEOG



APRIL



Mixed uniforms at drill. And?????

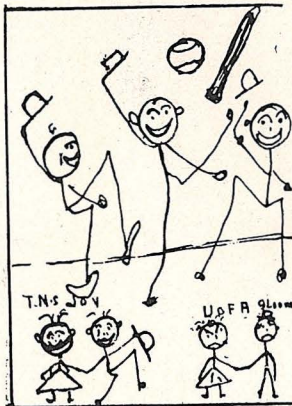
APR. 1



Boys entertain girls at lawn party at boys dorm.



MAY AND JUNE



Normal gave U. of A. a big defeat but evened up by a dance in their honor.

Everybody leaves for home. Many sad farewells.

MAY 1st U.S.F.A. COMES UP



JUNE 3 GOOD BYE

MY OLD WOODEN DESK

I feel that the solid wood work
Of my seat in the old school room,
Is binding me like a prison
Binds the men who have met their doom.
I'm tired of the books and pencils,
I'm tired of the rush and run,
I'm tired of the push and worry,
I wish these days were done.

It's spring just out that window,
The birds are on the wing.
The trees and grass and flowers
With love of living ring.

There's swimming in the river,
And climbing on the buttes,
And roaming o'er the desert
By a hundred different routes.

The sunshine on the fountain,
The children at their play,
Just fills me with emotion
I want so to be gay.

I want to clear that doorway
And leap those entrance steps
And plunge into the river
To most nerve-racking depths.

And then you say vacation
Oh, that's the time to go!
And then the sun grows dimmer,
I'm going then you know.

To go when you're a senior,
Means going out to stay.
To go when you're a senior,
Means this, You've had your day.

The buttes will last forever,
The river run for aye,
But your day on the river,
Has simply passed away.

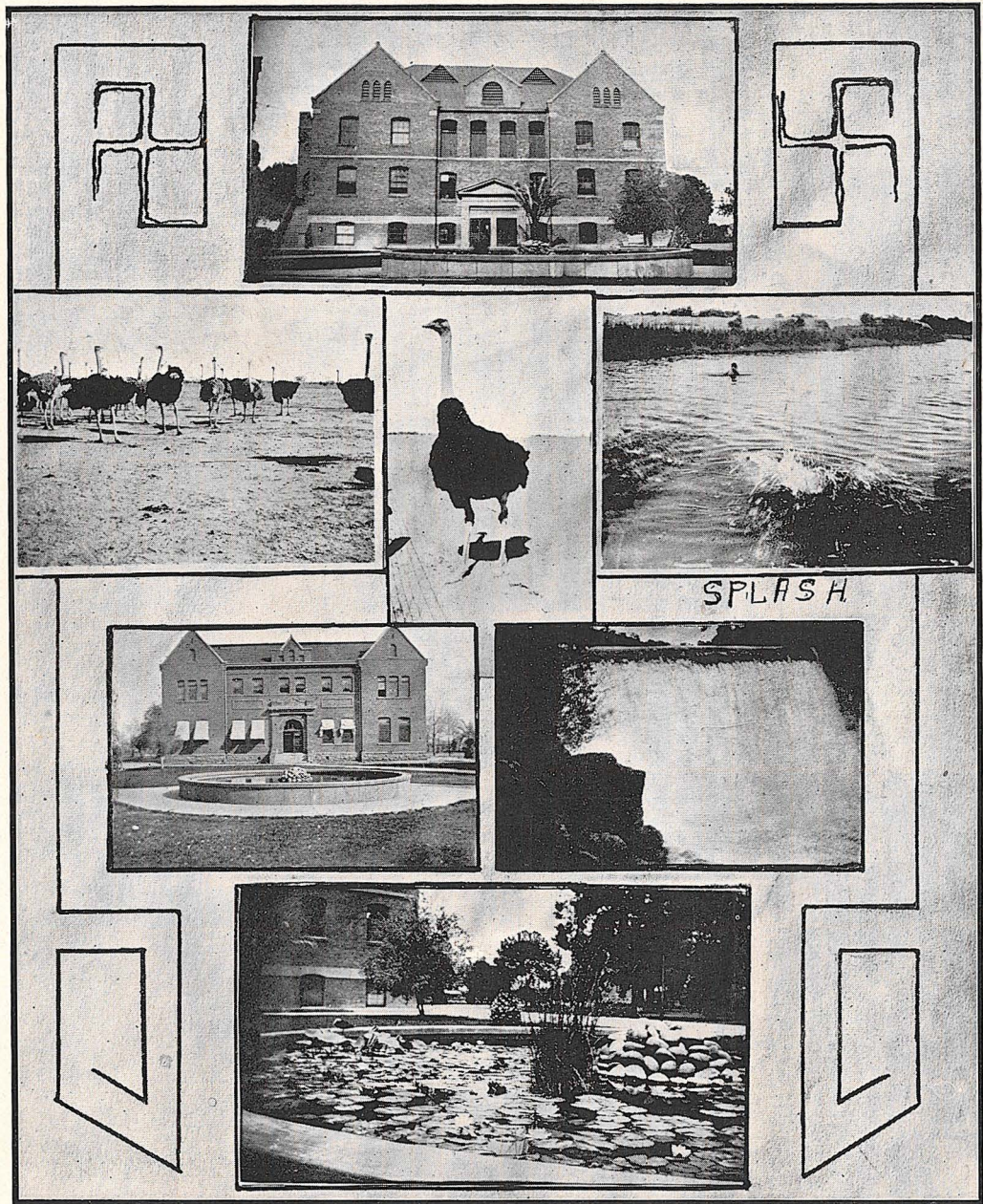
My seat is small and wooden
But ever will I hold,
It's wood was made of silver,
With a lining made of gold.

L. L.

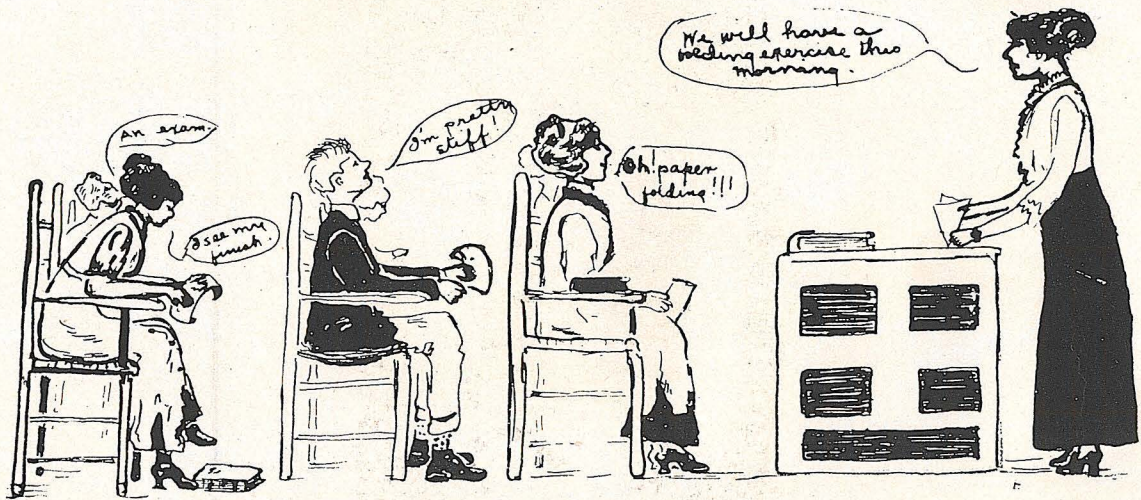


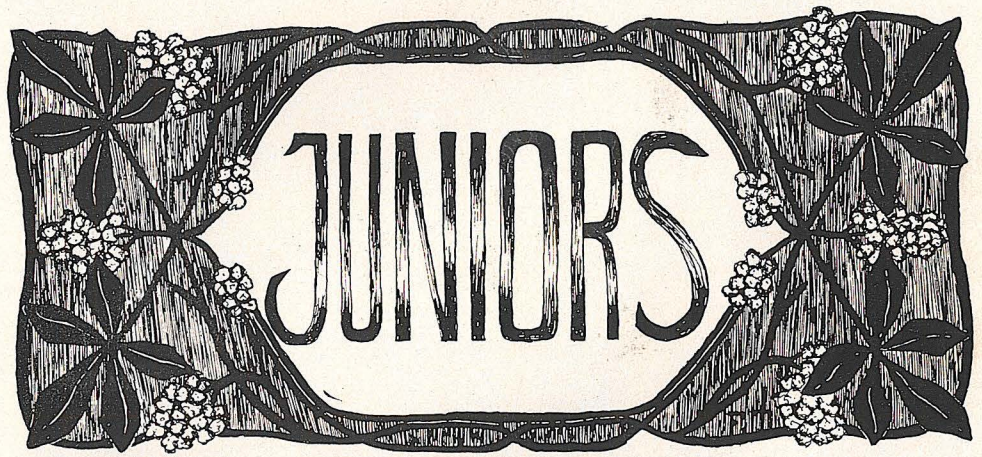
Senior Basketball.





SPLASH







JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class

OFFICERS

AARON McCREARY.....	President
GLADYS WALKER	Vice-President
HARRIET WELLS	Secretary and Treasurer
BRYAN MOSS	Sergeant-at-Arms
COLORS—Navy Blue and Gold.	
MOTTO—When joy and duty clash Let duty go to smash.	

CLASS ROLL

LIZETTA AEPLI—A merry heart goes all the day.	EMILY DAVIS — She could talk, Ye Gods, how she could talk.
CONTENT ANDERSON—Shall I compare thee to a summer day?	LOUISA DAVIS — The fairest garden in her looks, and in her mind the wisest books.
MYRTLE ANDERSON—“Where none are beaux, ‘tis vain to be a belle.”	SAM DIAMOND — He talks at random—sure the man is mad.
INA BARKLEY — You could endure the livery of a nun.	GLENN DOWNS — You nice, clever young man, you.
VELMA BARKLEY—Her very frowns are better far than smiles of other maidens.	EDYTHE FOGAL — Congratulations.
BONNIE BASKETT—Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.	KATIE FOSTER — Turn two mincing steps into a manly stride.
MARIE BAUER — Her sunny locks lay on her temples like golden fleece.	MILDRED FOWLER — What I will, I will, and there’s an end.
FRANK BIGGS — He hath a stern look but a gentle heart.	RAY FRAM — Just the age betwixt boy and youth.
ALICE BRADFORD — I hope you will not mock me with a husband.	APRIL GLYNN—They say she is mute and will not speak a word.
FOREST BRADY—He uttereth eloquent language.	MARY HARRISON — “There was a soft and pensive grace, a cast of thought upon her face.
EDWARD BRUNENKANT — Foreward.	ELNORA HENSLEY — She is always busy as a bee.
MEDINA COCHRAN — She seeketh diligently after knowledge.	MERCEDS HOSMER — Hail thee, blithe spirit.
VIEVA COOK — So wise, so young, they say do never live.	VIOLA HOUCK — She is an affectionate and thoughtful maid.
RAY DAINS—How fresh in the old world you are.	ANNA HOUSTON — Fair was she to behold, this maid of seventeen summers.

GRACE HUDLOW — We find her always the same.
JENNAVEVE JOHN — A golden mesh to entangle the hearts of men.
HELEN JOHNSTON — Why art thou so silent?
MABEL LANEY — Her mind, her kingdom, and her will, her law.
FRANCES LLOYD — What is the end of study? Let me know.
NETTIE LOCKETT — We know that thou art full of love and honesty.
CARMELA MARTINEZ — There is language in her cheek, her eye, her lips.
AARON McCREARY — I know not why I love this youth.
ANNA McDOUNOUGH — A coy young maid, half willing to be prest.
LUCY McILMOIL — Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue.
HAZEL MOODY — As brown in hue as hazel nuts, but sweeter than the kernels.
AMELIA MORDEN — Simple maiden void of art.
BRYAN MOSS — I think the boy has grace in him—he blushes.
EUGENIA NELSON — Intent she seems.
HARRY NEWTON — I am as sober as a judge.
MARGARET OVIEDO — Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self."
WENONAH PERRIGO — Sacred and sweet is all I saw in her.
MARGARETT PINSON—Give me Pritchard, or give me death.
ADELE PRIEST — She loves anything that is military.

ELLA RANKIN — This is not love, but love's first blushing youth.
LOUISA ROGERS — A maid of grace, and complete majesty.
FLORA SALMANS—They say she is dying and all for love.
VERNICE SANDOZ — "Studious of ease, yet fond of lofty things."
ROSA SHULTZ — Thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
OTTO SHILL—He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf.
BERNICE SMITH — A rosebud set with little wilfull thorns, and sweet as English air could make her.
ETHEL STABLER — Who chooseth me must hazard all he hath.
FERN TANNIHILL — To see her is to love her.
MYRTLE TURNER—Thy look is one of sweet benevolence.
GLADYS WALKER — As full of spirit as the month of May.
BEULAH WARE — Why look thou so stern and tragical?
JENNIE WARREN — There is nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
HARRIET WELLS — How know you that I am in love.
HELEN WENDELL — In each cheek appears a pretty dimple.
WINNIE WICKLIFFE—Alack there lies more peril in thy eyes than twenty of their words.
VERA WIGGS — How now my love, why is thy cheek so pale?
SARAH WILSON—A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair.
BESSIE WINDHAM — April showers bring May flowers.
LAURA WOODS — She has many nameless virtues.

JOKES

JUST IMAGINE

MABLE LANEY—Six inches shorter.

RAY DAINS — Completely surrounded by girls.

BRYAN MOSS — Without a freckle.

GLENN DOWNS — Too sick to be funny.

HELEN JOHNSTON — Making any noise.

MARGARET PINSON — With nothing to do.

GLADYS WALKER—Getting somewhere on time.

SAM DIAMOND—Not talking.

—o—

PERSONALS

Castle (tenderly touching Medina's curl): "I love that little curl over your left ear, Medina."

Medina—"Oh, Leo, I am so glad you told me so, I was just going to hang it over the right one."

McCreary wants to know how to make his pompadour more fetching.

What did Mr. Matthews mean when he marked Margaret Pinson's arithmetic note book this way—H—ll.

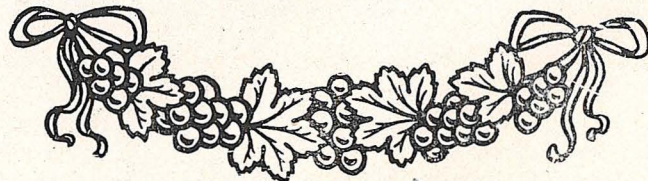
Fram—I never saw a woman who could hit a thing she thru at.

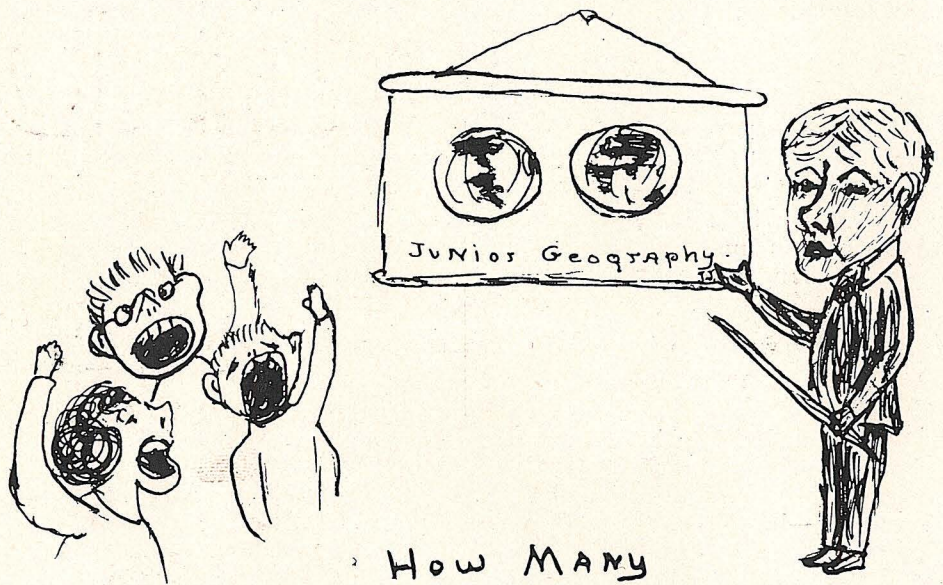
Castle—Well, you never saw Miss Short throw a hint.

Little drops of acid,
Little grains of zinc,
Mixed up in a test tube
Makes an awful—odor.

Mr. Irish (in Junior Geography): Where are the Rocky Mountains?

Miss Laney—Map page 366 in the text, sir.





How MANY
think you Need
this Exercise? Don't all
Speak at Once!



THIRD
YEAR



1916



THIRD YEAR CLASS

Third Years

CLASS OFFICERS

MYNNE CORDES President
 HELEN HAULOT Vice-President
 CLARA DUNCAN Secretary-Treasurer
 GEORGE MARSHALL Sergeant-at-arms
 CLASS COLORS—Old Rose and Silver Gray.
 CLASS FLOWER—Pink Rose.
 CLASS MOTTO—Eniti est evincere.

CLASS ROLL

ALVA MOTES — “O kids.”	GLADYS MURCHISON—“For goodness sakes!”
ADA WEDGWORTH — “O quit now.”	GLENN STANDAGE — “Quit your kidding.”
ADA ROSENBERGER—“Great Scott!”	GRANT LANEY — “Cut it out.”
ALICE KNIGHT — “Oh heavens!”	HAZEL SANDOZ — “Ye gods! I’m scared to death!”
CLARA DUNCAN — “O I! what’s bitin’ on you?”	HELEN HAULOT — “Believe muh.”
DOROTHY JOHNSON—“Merciful Father.”	HERBERT ENDERTON—“Didn’t it, kid?”
EDNA CHILSON — “No doubt about it.”	IRENE MARTIN — “Stingy.”
ELIZABETH McKEEN—“Ray, quit!”	ISABEL COREY — “O Golly!”
EMILIE BERRY — “Have you your lesson?”	JACK EISENHART — “I should weep.”
ERINA HODNETT — “Honest?”	JEANETTE DUPUIS — “Let’s play a joke on somebody.”
ETHEL CORBELL — “Oh! won’t that be great?”	JEWEL TURNER — “Oh! that makes me tired.”
ETHEL CHAPPELKA—“Good night in the morning.”	KENNETH MAC CLENNAN—“Shucks!”
ETHEL WOOLF — “O baby.”	LENA BLOYS — “Oh skinny.”
FRED GOULETTE—“You bet your life.”	LEO PARKS — “Now Sam!”
GEORGE MARSHALL — “What did you get?”	LEONA JONES — “Believe muh.”
GEORGE WILSON — “I couldn’t help it.”	LEONARD HILBERS—“Haw! Haw!”
GEORGIA BARLOW — “Law he’p us.”	LIONEL CASTLE — “Get me, Steve?”
GLADYS GLISSON — “Gracious me!”	LUCY HANSON — “Girls, I’ve got a joke to tell you.”
	LOLA SPANGLER — “I never said you did.”

LULA SPANGLER — "Oh, I don't know."
 LUCILE PETERSON — "Oh, I say now."
 LOUIS HALL — "Blessed be the tie that binds."
 MARIE BLOUNT — "Oh my hair!"
 MAY GRAHAM — "O piffle."
 MERLE WILLCOX — "Really?"
 MARIE HARMON — "Let me think."
 MARJORIE WALKER — "Miss B. and I."
 MAUD STACEY — "Such is life in the far West."
 MIKE ROUSE — "I heard you."
 MINNIE CORDES — "Good night."
 MYRTLE TUCKER — "Who said so?"

NELLIE BARNETTE — "Great Governor!"
 NEVA SEALS — "O Kid."
 OTTO ENDERTON — "What's the use?"
 PASCAL LEMONS — "Mildred! Mildred!"
 ROBERT McCOY — "Sure now?"
 ROBERT PRITCHARD — "That's a cinch."
 RHODA STRONG — "Now, Bill, quit it."
 RUBY WANAMAKER — "I think I understand."
 WALKER BURTIS — "Oh get in line."
 WILMARTH CHILSON — "I don't care a bit."
 WILETTA DINES — "O Girls."

—o—

THE THIRD YEAR CLASS

We've worked our way to standing
 In this school of wide spread fame,
 Oh what can quite compare with us,
 Our third year's noble name.

'Tis true that Seniors have the lead,
 But 'twon't be long 'till we
 Are boldly holding down their place,
 A proof of our pedigree.

We have won a grade in physics class,
 And it will not be absurd
 To say our third year in history
 Were the best that ever were heard.

Geometry was no task at all
 Though we've lingered long and late,
 And there we met our ninety-fives
 Where others met their fate.

We're natural Latin scholars
 And English a treat we'll confess
 Most everyone can tell you
 Of the wonders we possess.

So let us honor our third year
 For these words you hear and believe
 While onward into life we go
 And our crown of glory weave.

E. C., '16.

Third Year Class

Among the important features of the Normal and the one which most quickly attracts the attention of the visitor, is the present Third Year Class or the Class of 1916. Being in that happy medium between the verdancy of the First Year and the stern stateliness of the Senior, we feel it incumbent upon ourselves, in this number of the Annual to give an account of our origin, prospects and present situation.

On an eventful day in the early September of 1911, we made our debut in the Tempe Normal School of Arizona. It was a crowded day, and between the excitement of getting classified and the awe-stricken wonder wherewith the male portion of the class gazed upon the oceans of femininity that swirled around them, it was with difficulty that we found our way to the assembly room where the new members of the faculty were discoursing at length upon their pleasure at seeing the crowd to whom they were to impart knowledge.

Then with the aid of some of the old students who herded us to our various classrooms on that first day, we managed to lay the foundation of the long grind which we have not yet completed.

For quite a while the class drifted along without organization or head, until one day somebody woke up and called a class meeting. The poor fellow who did it was woefully ignorant of parliamentary law, and he knew it, but as soon as he secured the election of a president and vice-president he escaped to the rear of the room. Miss Irene Strumm was our first president.

The most remarkable event of our first year was the party given by our classmate, Miss Leona Jones, at the last of the year. A big hayrack called for us one evening and in this romantic vehicle we were driven out to Miss Jones' home near Lover's Lane. Here we listened to the pianists and vocalists of which our class is unusually productive and played games, indoors and out 'till Mrs. Jones and an inward gnawing warned us that supper was waiting. I say supper, but my vocabulary does not contain the word that describes the amount and quality of what we ate. And when we climbed on the hayrack again for the ride home we gave Leona and all her kindred three of the most rousing cheers of which we were capable, and the class of '16 can enunciate some yells when necessary, too.

The term of 1912-13 found our ranks quite depleted, but new students soon filled the vacant places. We put Pack Lemmons in the president's chair and he filled his office very well until his wedding last January. He served two terms and successfully engineered several hayrack rides and hikes, but in the course of these activities, he contracted the acquaintance which ultimately proved fatal. Irene Strumm, our first president, a short time before this married Mr. Graham of Miami. Thus we have safely disposed of two

presidents, and in time may also dispose of Minnie Cordes, who now holds that office, but as yet there seems no prospect.

We, the class of '16, have in our midst, experts and specialists who take a leading part in the activities of the school, as athletics, literary societies and the debating clubs.

Now with this explanation of our existence we hope the reader will be satisfied. If he is not, and wishes for further information, let him come to Tempe in 1916, and in the august, sedate and stately body of Seniors whom he will then see on the verge of starting out to dispense knowledge to young America, he will discover the sequel to this well intentioned history of the present Third Year Class.

—o—

SHE

There is a young girl in the school,
With eyes like a clear lake's pool;
She's a weaver of arts,
And a captor of hearts,
And she makes a lad feel like a fool.

HE

There is a young boy at the dorm,
Very handsome in face and in form;
And each girl in the school,
With an impartial rule,
He loves with affection most warm.

X. Y. Z.





SECOND YEAR CLASS

The Second Years

CLASS OFFICERS

CLIFFORD GRIFFIN	President
AIDA BERRY	Secretary-Treasurer
CLASS COLORS.....	Cardinal and Gold
CLASS FLOWER	Carnation
CLASS MOTTO.....	Fortuna favit fortibus

—o—

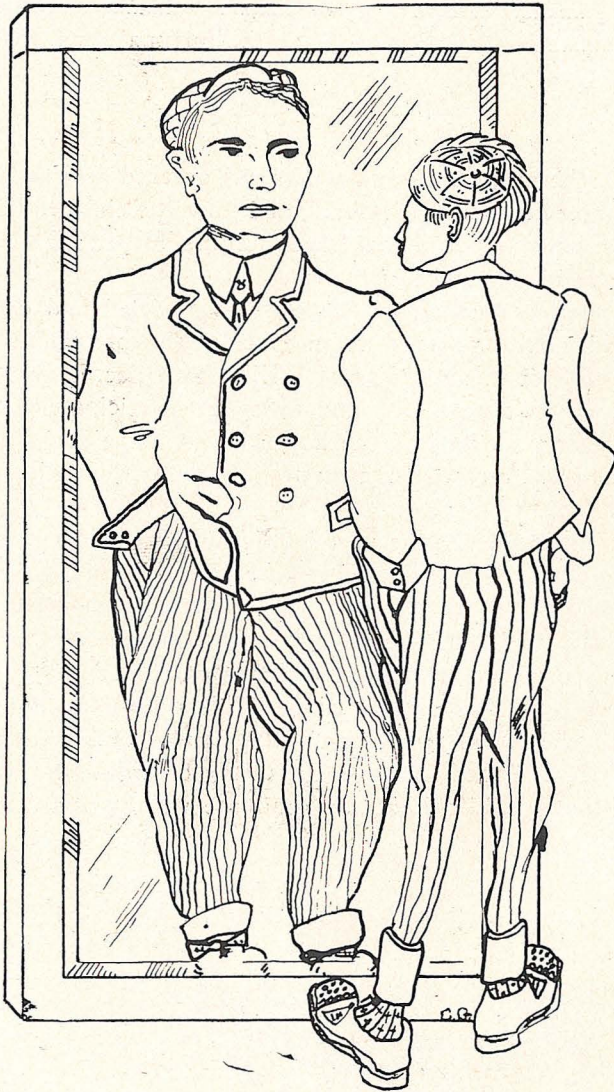
In September, 1912, the present second year class entered as Freshmen. They were a class enrolling fifty-eight members, and now the class roll numbers sixty-seven. This body of students have become united again this year, and only a few have left us since last term.

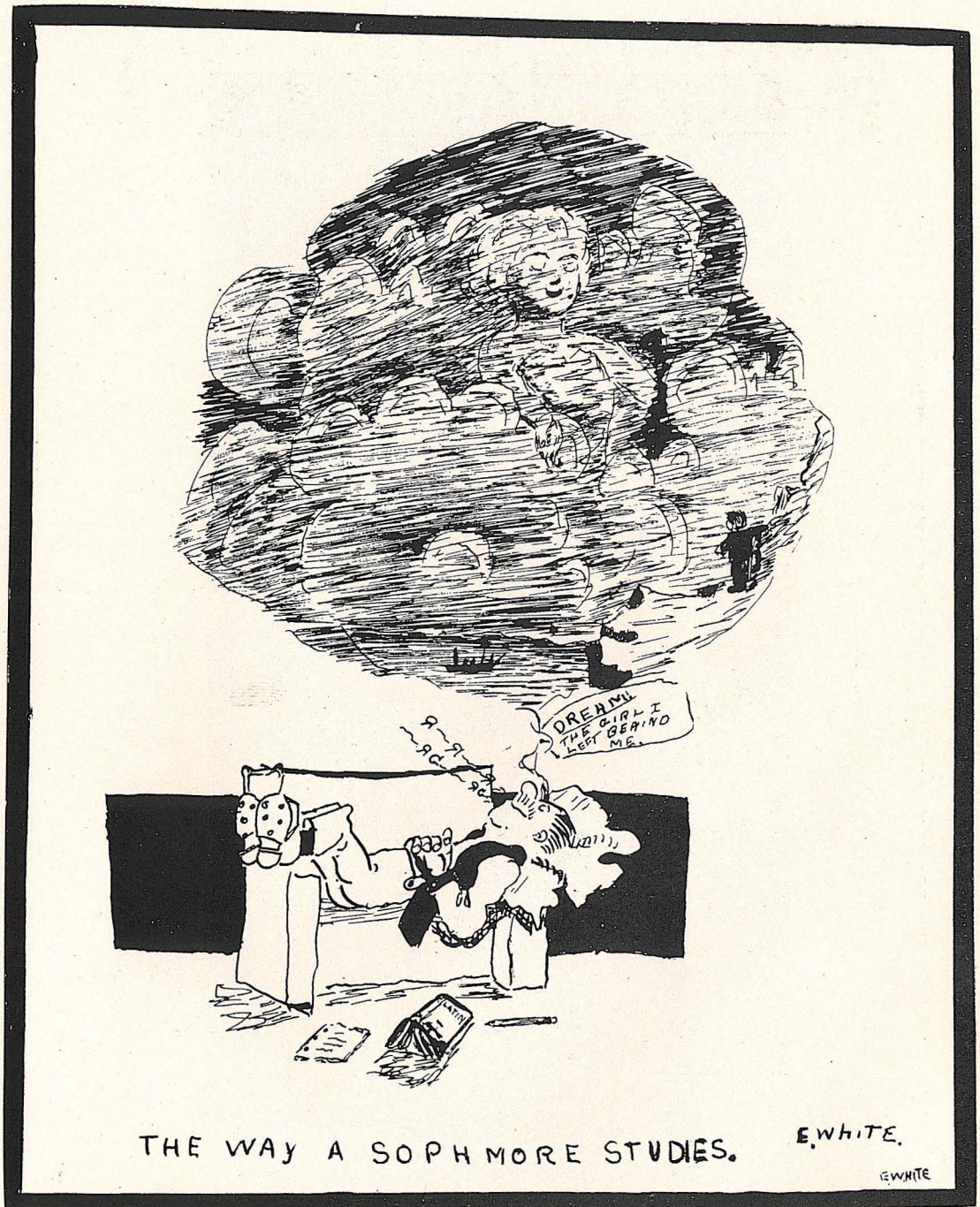
Early in the first year, a meeting of the class was called and officers were elected. Miss Gladys Evans served as an ever faithful president, Miss L. Owen was the vice-president, and Miss H. Millet was Secretary-Treasurer. The social side was not neglected and everyone participated in the enjoyments. The class party as well as the hayrack ride were some of the most enjoyable events of the year. In athletics, as well, the first year's showed marked success.

This year the class are taking great part in the amusements as well as in the work of the class room. The officers this year are Mr. Clifford Griffen, president, and Miss Aida Berry, vice-president and secretary-treasurer. The first social event was a trip to Hole-in-the-Rock, which was one of the most enjoyable events of the year. We have planted a tree on the campus that it might serve as a memento of this organization. This class has improved greatly in athletics and shows fair promise in the future of adding more honors to their school. It is hoped that the class may continue and realize its high ambitions and that in 1917 they may graduate with as many members as they now have.



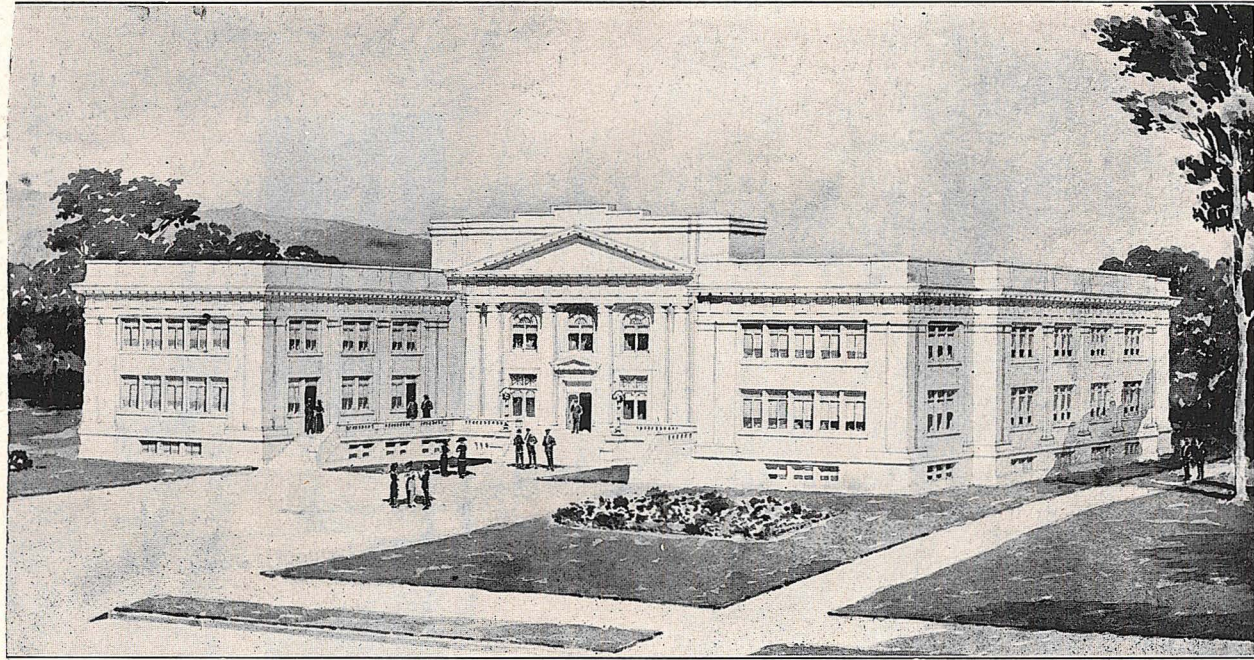
SOPHOMORES





THE WAY A SOPHOMORE STUDIES.

E. WHITE.
E. WHITE





THE COTTAGE

A RELIC OF THE NEW DORM

Down in the hall so narrow
The walls were tall and bare;
The girls so often wished
A clock were hanging there.

One day they came to bring us
A wonder made for time;
With case of oak and graceful hand
Oh wondrous new and fine.

No more we had to worry;
The hours for us were kept
The clock came like a blessing,
At last in peace we slept.

We rose at length for breakfast,
The clock so good and stout
Said seven was the hour
Or somewhere thereabout.

But by some chance of fortune
The bell at seven rung
We got locked out of breakfast
And by the clock were stung.

We couldn't get to supper,
And we couldn't get to bed,
We couldn't even study
By what that new (?) clock said.

At last we knew 'twas crazy.
And had a crazy tick
It might tick once an hour,
Or so fast it made you sick.

We show it not to company
As a sort of puzzle game,
And have them guess the hour
By the ones it doesn't name.

But anyhow we like it
Cause it brings us lots of fun;
It covers up the wall space
And it's always on the run.

So here's a toast unto it,
A clock like people wise
For fear you'd come to know it
It always tells you lies.





FIRST YEAR CLASS

First Years

MOTTO

Today is the day of battle,
The brunt is hard to bear.
Stand back all ye who falter,
Make room for those who dare.

COLORS.....Old Rose and Silver
FlowerAmerican Beauty

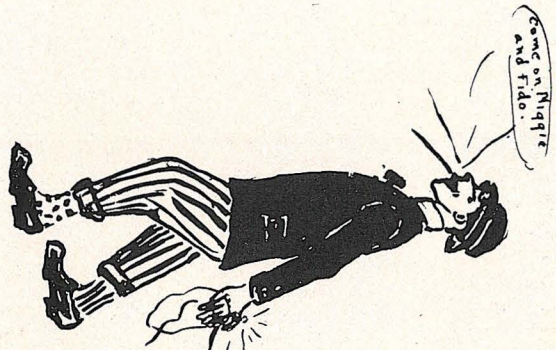
CLASS ROLL

ADAMS, ELLIS — Fat and sassy.	FOSTER, JACK — Our Pompadour Pitcher.
ASTON, ELLA — Our Athlete.	GRABLE, DOROTHY — A case of "Puppy Love."
BARRY, NELLIE — Resolved —I will win.	GREEN, FRANCES — Very active.
BIRDNO, BELVA — Does your mother know you're out?	GRANGER, AGNES — Modesty!
BLACK, ETHEL — Everyone loves a fat girl.	GREENBURG, WILLIAM — Socrates the Second.
BLOUNT, ALMA — "Blondie!"	HALBERT, CREELIE — A heart breaker.
BROOKS, BERTINA—Healthy and Wise.	HAMILTON, EFFIE — He has gone to Mesa—John.
BROWN, JESSIE — Dimples!	HILEMAN, WILLIAM — Goldie.
BUZAN, CLARA — Quiet.	JOHNSTON, JANET — Simple and sweet.
CARTER, GEORGIE — Oh! I know.	LANDERS, MAY — Likes Peanuts.
CARTWRIGHT, STELLA — Beautiful black hair.	LEE, HAZEL — Dignified.
CASSANEGA, EMMA — Very friendly.	LEMONS, JAMES — The leading lady.
CAUTHEN, WILLIAM — Smiles.	LUCID, KATHERINE—Little! but oh! my.
CLARK, MYRTLE — Enthusiastic.	McGINTY, MARY — Perpetual smile.
COLE, RUTH — "Cutie."	MILLS, AGNES — Ambitious.
COOK, EULA — Curly Locks.	MURILLO, GEORGE — Viva Madero.
DERRINGER, CLINTON — "Cicero."	PENDERGAST, RALPH — Girls! Girls! Girls!
DEIL, ROSCOE — Baseball Shark.	PENDERGAST, CLARENCE— Handsome.
FAY, THELMA — Blushes.	
FOSTER, CLAUDE—Reason-it-Over-Claude.	

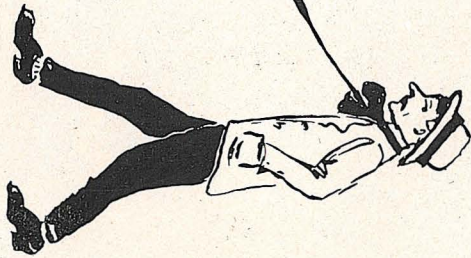
PHILLIPS, CELESTINE —
Very musical.
PITTS, HARVEY — Walking
Dictionary.
PLATT, CLARA — "Beat it."
PRICE, MOLLIE — Jolly.
RANKIN, MYRTLE — Studi-
ous.
RANEY, VIVIAN — Roy Rid-
ing.
REASONOVER, EILEEN —
Gone but not forgotten.
ROBERTS, LESTER—The boy
with curly hair.
ROGERS, ANNA — Full of fun.
ROSS, JAMES — Oh! how sly.
ROWAND, CECILE — Dreamy
Eyes.
SANDOZ, GILLIAN — Very
talkative.
SEALS, IRWIN — Tennis
shark.
SIMPKINS, HAZEL — Likes
Robins.

SMITH, EDNA — Willing to
help.
SNEED, ELLA — There's a
reason.
SPRINGER, DOROTHY —
Fashion plate.
STAFFORD, CLARA —
Thoughtful.
STEPHENS, CHARLES —
Jokes.
STRATTON, ERNESTINE —
Dancing.
STROUD, MAUDE — "Fatty."
TURNER, MIRIAM — Rosy
cheeks.
WARE, PAULINE — Very ar-
tistic.
WEDGEWORTH, LULU —
"Oratory."
WESSON, EDITH — To be
punctual.
WILSON, MAUD — Laughing.
WOOLF, LENA — Busy bee.
ZIMMERMAN, ERDENE —
Bright eyes.





Bill and his two Dogs.







A. D. C.

The Athenian Debating Club of 1913-14 has been successful in several important respects. Though we have produced neither a Daniel Webster or a Henry Clay, and though none of our members proved to be a second Demosthenes, yet the enthusiasm and enterprise exhibited by the club have helped to make the year a decided success.

At the beginning of the term but seven members were left over from last year. And, though this number was later increased to eight by Mr. Diamond, who returned at the beginning of the second semester, yet it was evident that to do good work, the membership must be increased. As soon as possible a list of prospective members was presented to the faculty, and those who managed to run this gauntlet unscathed were: Messrs. Imes, Russell, Nicholson, McCreary, Daines and Pritchard. These candidates were duly initiated with the fitting ceremonies and the real work of 1914 began.

The constitution of the club had disappeared in some mysterious way during the summer vacation, and as it was impossible to work without one, a committee was appointed under the direction of the president to frame a constitution. This all important document was in due time drawn up and presented to the club which adopted it with several alterations and additions.

Having thus re-established the foundation of our organization, we proceeded to its primary purpose—debating. As Captains we elected Mr. Moeur and Mr. Griffin whose sides were named the "Bedbugs" and "Fleas." A series of debates was held which was won by the "Fleas" in the last debate of the series.

Among the events of the second quarter must be mentioned a reception given by the new Normal Debating Society to all the societies of the school which was a decided success. It did not permit one dragging moment. In fact if the N. D. S. can debate half as well as entertain, it behooves the Athenians to get busy and develop several good imitations of Socrates.

As Captains of our main series of debates we elected Mr. Spikes and Mr. Diamond. The losing team of this series was to give the winning team a banquet, and as luck would have it the "Diamonds" were pretty badly snowed under by the "Spikes." But in spite of this it was a very interesting series of debates.

At one debate of this series we were pleased to have as visitors the Kalakagathias, the Zetetics and the N. D. S. The question for debate was: Resolved, that the eight-hour law for common laborers should be generally adopted. The affirmative won, being represented by Mr. Spikes and Mr. Griffin, but the debate was intensely interesting in spite of a unanimous decision. Mr. Diamond and Mr. Pritchard were on the negative.

At the beginning of this series of debates we elected as officers for the third quarter Mr. Pritchard, president; Mr. White, vice-president; Mr.

Diamond, secretary; Mr. Nicholson, treasurer, and Mr. Brunenkant, sergeant-at-arms. A little later in the quarter we welcomed to membership Mr. Bloys, who entered just in time for the Zetetic reception.

This reception given all the societies by the Zetetics was as huge a success as its predecessor, that given by the N. D. S. The playette given by six members of the Zetetic was a fine example of the dramatic talent that our Normal girls are hiding under a bushel.

The prospects of debates with other clubs while still uncertain are better than they have been. This matter has always been a serious problem of the A. D. C. because of the unequal relation which the Normal bears to the other schools of the Valley. We have high hopes, however, of being able to arrange at least one or two outside debates.

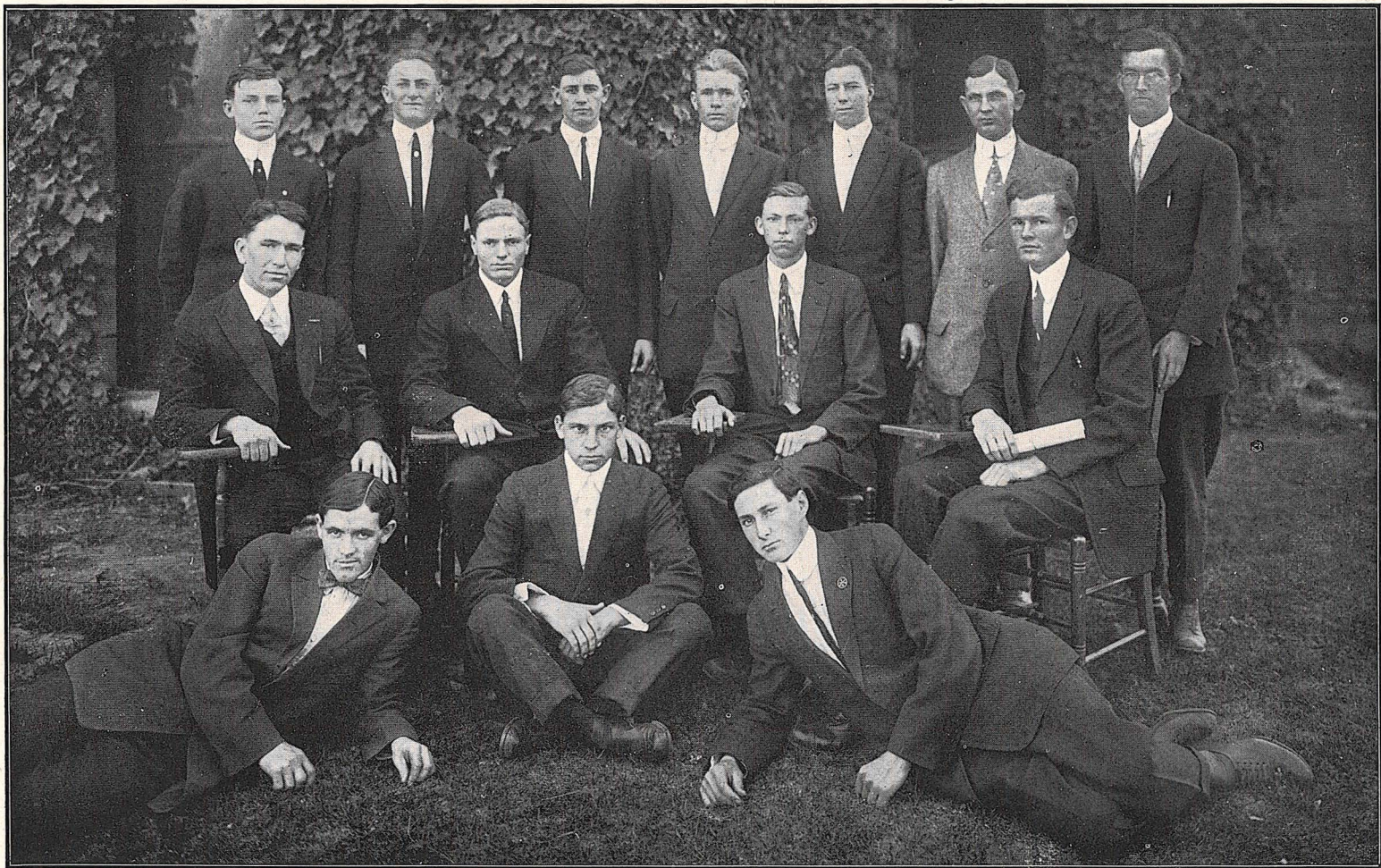
Our great achievement this year, however, is the concession which we secured from the faculty to use one period for morning exercises each week for public speaking in the assembly. This concession is given not to the A. D. C. alone but to all the societies.

On March twenty-fifth the A. D. C. held an all-society night to which function all the societies of the school were invited. At this affair every member did his utmost to make it a success, and we leave it to the Kalakagathia, Zetetics and N. D. S. to judge as to whether it was a success or not.

For the last quarter of the term we elected Mr. Imes, president; Mr. Nicholson, vice-president; Mr. Bloys, secretary; Mr. McCreary, treasurer, and Mr. Pritchard, sergeant-at-arms.

And now being so near to the end of this year we look forward to the next, and wonder what will be left of our club then. The new members of this year will be the backbone of A. D. C. next year, and our shining lights of the present will be out in the wide world. But we hope—Nay, we know, that the A. D. C. will still be in the front rank of the societies of the Normal and that its members will always be proud of the Athenian Debating Club.





ATHENIAN DEBATING SOCIETY



KALAKAGATHIA SOCIETY

Kalakagathia

The Kalakagathia Society was organized in the school year ending 1912. Dr. Bolton was monitor, and the study of the Bible made up the year's work. In 1913 the society was reorganized and enlarged. This time the modern drama was chosen as a subject for study. Many of the best modern dramatists were taken up, with a look into dramatic structure. Good work was done, and the close of school left an enthusiastic group of seven or eight to start the society at the beginning of this year.

Accordingly, early in October they began to hold many mysterious meetings, in which enough new members were initiated to increase the roll to the required twenty-five.

This year the short story was adopted for study. The texts were: "Studying the Short Story" by "Esenwein," "Study of Prose Fiction" by Perry and Matthews, "The Short Story." Many interesting points about the short story were brought out and freely discussed, the best stories from current magazines and famous authors being read or told to illustrate the point under discussion. As every member is enthusiastic and loyal, unlimited interest is taken in every meeting. In order that the members might meet each other socially, four social evenings were arranged for during the year. Each of these evenings was in charge of a committee, which gave each girl a chance to try her originality in entertaining. Aside from the endeavor to benefit her own members, Kalakagathia tries to be on the best of terms with the other organizations of the school and has had several friendly meetings with them.

Kalakagathia owes a debt of gratitude to Miss Wright, the monitor for the past two years. It was through her good will and enthusiasm that the society has maintained its success and vigor.

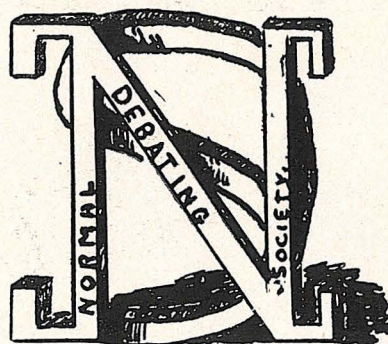
The officers for the first semester were: President, Margaret Pinson; vice-president, Gladys Walker, and secretary and treasurer, Marie Bauer. For the second semester they were: President, Mary Wingfield; vice-president, Marguerite Stevens, and secretary and treasurer, Bernice Smith.

ACTIVE MEMBERS 1913-14

Marie Bauer	Bernice Smith	Gladys Walker
Margaret Pinson	Genevieve John	Hilda Krichbaum
Sarah Wilson	Ethel Stabler	Jennie Warren
Grace Cordes	Helen Johnston	Mabel Laney
Mary Radley	Beulah Ware	Anna McDonough
Louisa Davis	Marguerite Stevens	Bessie Windham
Louisa Rogers	Dorothy Johnston	Leo Parks
Fredrica Gill	Alice Knight	Mary Wingfield



NORMAL DEBATING SOCIETY



E. WHITE.
1903

One of the remarkable features of the school year has been the birth of a new debating society. The creation of this organization and its subsequent work has been a successful demonstration of what a few young men full of enthusiasm and determination can accomplish.

They organized on the seventeenth of November under the direction of Professor J. B. Griffing, as monitor. Their standard of work in debate has not only been high, but they also aim toward perfection in parliamentary practice. To this latter end, they require every member to possess a copy of Roberts' "Rules of Order."

On the evening of January eighth, they established themselves as a full-fledged organization by entertaining the three older societies. Their work has at all times been stimulated by the friendly rivalry of the Athenians.

The present membership is as follows: Messrs. H. Enderton, Goulette, Hilbers, Lemmons, Maier, Marshall, McLennan, McCoy, Newton, L. Roberts, R. Roberts, Sandage and Wilson.

The present officers are: John Sandage, president; Fred Goulette, vice-president; Kenneth McLennan, secretary-treasurer; Robert McCoy, sergeant-at-arms; Prof. J. B. Griffing, monitor.

WITH THE CACTUS WALKING CLUB?





CACTUS WALKING CLUB

Cactus Walking Club

On September 20, 1913, the old members of the Cactus Walking Club met and reorganized, electing officers for the year as follows: May Houston, president; Ray Fram, vice-president; Geraldine Hodnett, secretary-treasurer, and John Sandage, guide.

The first "hike" was to the "Point" near the river. The second and third to the "Hole-in-the-Rock," the old haunt of this club. Other "hikes" were held to Castle Butte and other interesting places within walking distance.

As the club numbers only a little over a dozen the "hikes" are made invitational, each member inviting two friends.

Let us take a typical Cactus "hike." Of course our typical destination must be Hole-in-the-Rock, the place which was chosen for the first trip of this club in the fall of 1912. At five-thirty there assembles in front of the Girls' Dormitory about fifty eager "hikers." Boxes of sandwiches, cake, fruit are distributed to the crowd as well as cans of water for the coffee and for drinking. It is a pretty sight, these young people laden with packages, beaming with good cheer and merriment, as they march along across the State Highway bridge, and then carefully and cautiously wending their way in a long chain across the desert. For the desert, enchanting and beautiful to those who love it as we do, is covered with the "cholla" a troublesome cactus. When Hole-in-the-Rock is reached, supper is spread at once for the appetites of these girls and boys have grown out of all proportion and size. Where do sandwiches taste so good as on a "hike," and where is coffee more appreciated? When supper is over there are no dishes to wash—the boxes go to brighten the bonfire, and the cups and spoons are piled into an empty can to be carried home.

The crowd then gathers around the campfire and with stories and songs the evening passes. By and by the moon comes up, the fire dies down and all enjoy the grandeur of the moonlit scene. The walk toward home is not the least of the evening's pleasure and the crowd come in tired enough to enjoy the night's rest, but eager for another hike.



CACTUS WALKING CLUB

Can you pack a can of water,
Have you drunk from cups of tin,
Can you munch a tasteful sandwich,
Can you walk your shoes clean thin?

Can you laugh and tell a story,
Can you call your neighbor friend?
Can you be a real good fellow,
And play a game unto the end?

Can you settle round a camp-fire
And feel the aching thrill it brings?
Can you hear the desert singing
Singing 'till the night air rings?

Do you know those good old songs lad,
Can you hum them soft and low?
Can you feel the silent sorrows,
Of the friends you think you know?

Can you watch the moon's great splendor
As the shadows shorter grow?
Can you feel a lonesome sadness
When you find it's time to go?

Can you walk more peaceful homeward
With the thoughts upon your mind,
That in all this world's great places
You can but on the deserts find?

If you've never come to nature,
If you've never heard her song,
Beg of friends an invitation
And with "hikers," go along.

L. L.



Zetetics

When the present Seniors were third years, the old Olympian Philomathian and Alpha Societies were broken up. These societies were compulsory. The first years were forced to belong to the Alpha and all other students to one of the other two societies. The Alphas were chosen into the Olympian and Philomathian societies at the end of the first year and all were expected to appear on the program when asked by the committee. The result after a few years was that the society work became irksome and was only half-done, so the faculty, after one of their mysterious meetings, decided that the societies should be broken up. The students who cared for the work were then given the chance to organize volunteer societies of not more than twenty-five members.

It was at this time that the third-years as the class of 1914 organized the Zetetic society with Mr. Felton as monitor and Miss Vera Scott (now at home in Michigan), as president.

The Zetetic soon had twenty-five members all of whom were third years, as this was a class society. Among the charter members those who made the constitution, were Bryan Akers, Albert Pitts, Hugh Weatherford and Hazel Holcomb.

As our first year's work we took up the study of different countries, studying the geogbaphy, customs, music, literature, and current events. The programs were always very interesting and our social affairs were of the very best, especially when Mr. and Mrs. Felton entertained us.

The following year we worked on dramatization, using for this purpose, Ekkehard, a tenth century tale by Von Scheffel. This year we again took up the study of countries, some of the most interesting programs being on Mexico, Panama, Turkey and Australia. This work is of great benefit to us and we feel that our knowledge of conditions in other countries has been broadened.

The present members of the Zetetic Society are: Nellita Hathaway, president; Alice Foushee, vice-president; Mildred Fowler, secretary-treasurer; Claire Augustine, Velma Barkeley, Nannie Brooks, Grace Everett, Ruth Haisley, Emily Haulot, Helen Haulot, Gladys Holcomb, Viola Houck, Trinidad Jund, Annie Kempf, Laura Lassator, Virginia Lockett, Elva McDougall, Irene Martin, Ione Powell, Alice Thiel, Jewel Turner, Ruth Watkins, Norma Webb and Harriet Wells.



ZETETIC SOCIETY

ZETETIC SONG

Words by Annie Laurie Lassator.

Music by James Lee Felton

More loyal more earnest and truest hearts than these I care not to bind
O years may be dimming to mem-o - ry but these whom so well we've known
Then rally we all once more in song while yet we have time to sing

If friendships more lasting you cannot hear or love of a purer kind
For ever we'll hold and ever keep tho' all has shaded grown
And let our old melodies bill the air while our hearts to its echoes ring

Then hail we our noble Zetetic band so happy so gay and free

Who would not relinquish half he owned to spend but an hour with thee.



STUDENT STAFF

The Tempe Normal Student

At the beginning of the school year, there was a good deal of anxiety on the part of the old Staff members and many of the Student Body, because it was not known for certain whether there would be a school paper this year. But at last after earnest and spirited work by a faithful few, things started moving. The first six months brought the paper out once every two weeks instead of every week, as had been the custom formerly; but for the last three months the paper appeared regularly every Friday.

It is the aim of the Student to bring before the Student Body the current events of the school in a live and interesting manner.

Those at the head of the Student for 1914 are as follows: Prof. J. L. Felton, critic; Prof. I. D. Payne, head of finances; Thom. E. Flannigan, business manager; Margaret Pinson, editor-in-chief.



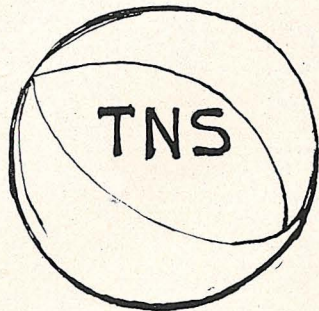
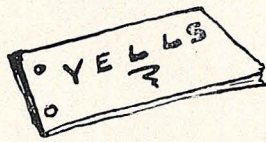
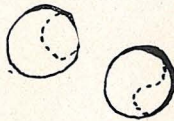
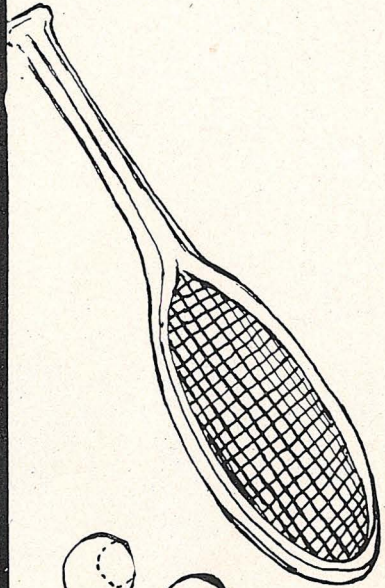
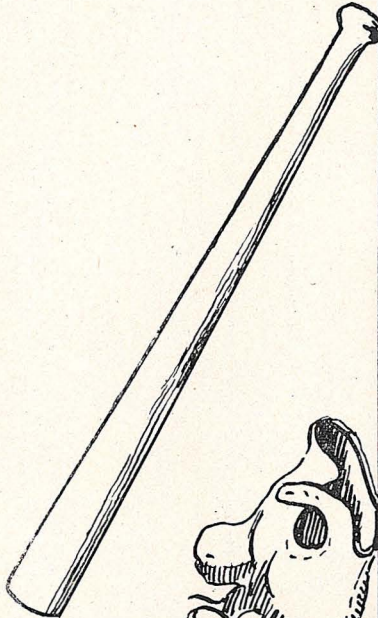
OUR FOUNTAIN

What is that low rush, slush and gush
That breaks the hush of evening air?
And that fine soft mist, that frisked and kissed
And caressed with wanton list the face and hair?

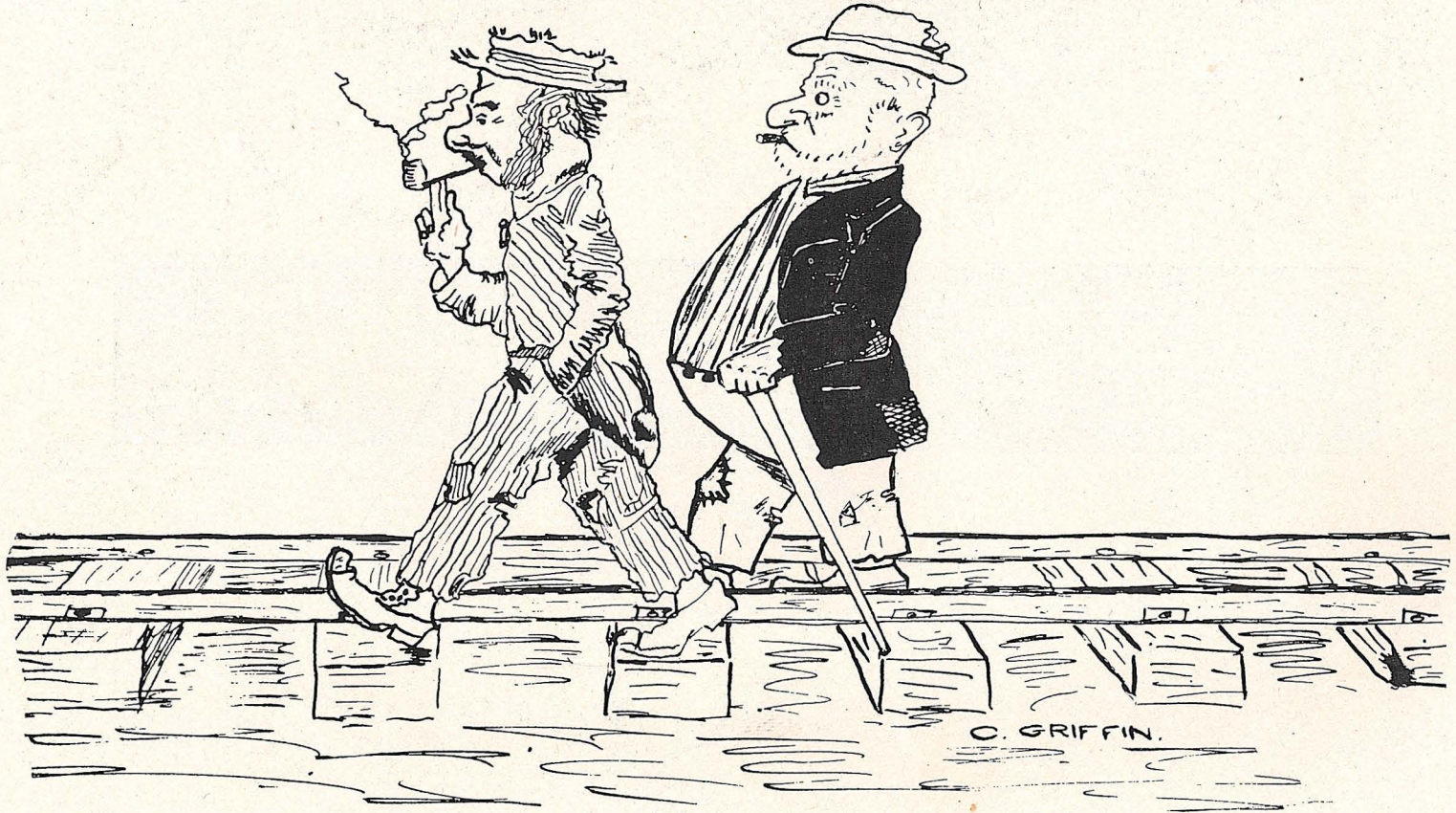
'Tis the dashing, flashing, splashing
Of our fountain lashing its walls of stone,
'Tis the spray, gay spray
That flits away on breezes blown.

R. L. W.

ATHLETICS



TRACK TEAM

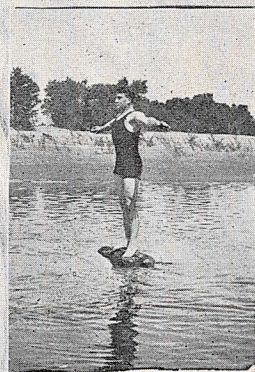




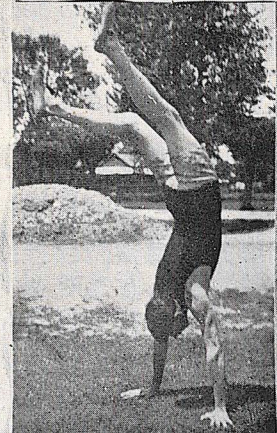
TRACK SQUAD



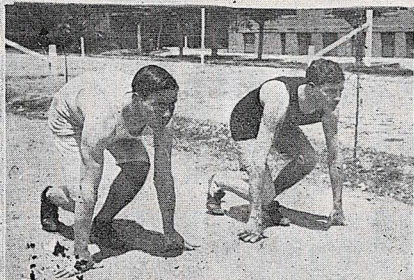
"Pals."



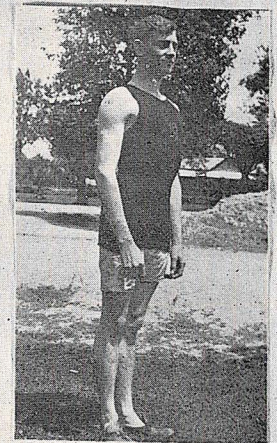
A Deep Sea Diver.



"A Fancy Stunt."



"Get Set"



A Sprinter.

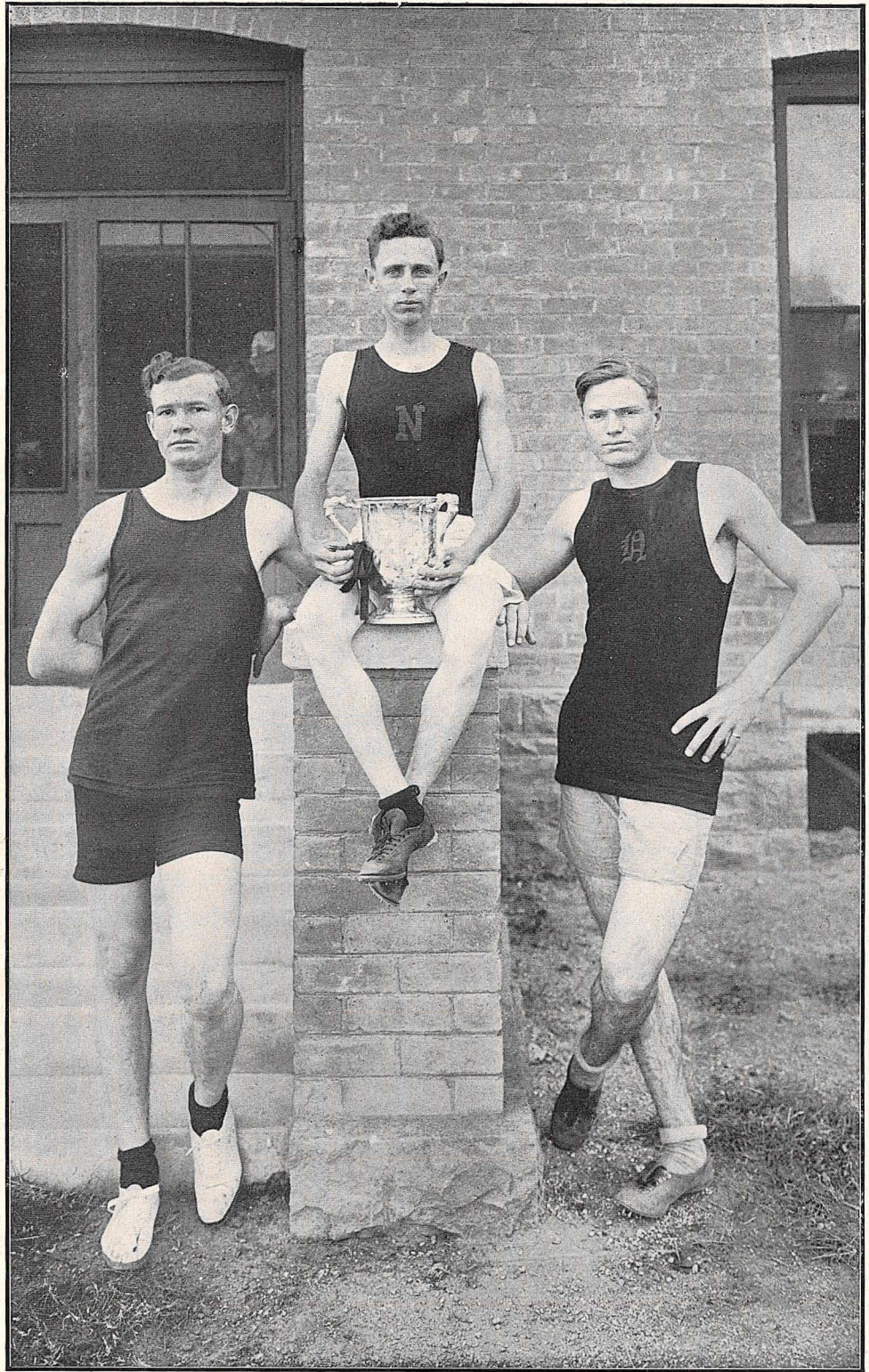
Track

Last year Normal won the Valley Championship, and a beautiful loving cup, this year things have been different. The results of our three encounters are as follows:

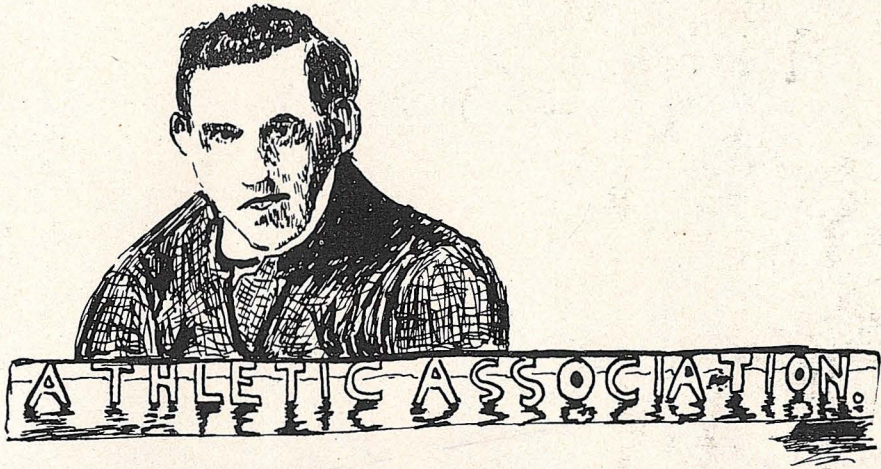
Tempe Normal School, 45; Tempe Union High School, 44
Tempe Normal School, 34; University of Arizona, 94
Tempe Normal School, 21; Phoenix High School, 75.

Although not successful in meets, our team had some of the strongest men ever in the school. Griffin, sprints and hurdles; Fram, quarter; Seals, high jump and holder of state record in pole vault; Spikes, holder of State record in discus; Castle, weights; McComb, Sandage, Moss and Adams.

The interclass meet was taken by Griffin, Spikes, McComb and Sandage.



SENIOR TRACK CHAMPIONS



SOPHMORE BASE BALL TEAM.

EWHITE



TENNIS TEAM

Tennis

Tennis has always been one of the important branches of Normal athletics, and so it was this year. Early in the school year an association was formed and the following officers were elected: Wm. Hartranft, president; Ray Fram, treasurer. Seventy-five members joined and each was assessed a dollar.

The interclass series created considerable enthusiasm as all teams were strong and well supported. Another incentive worthy of mention is the loving cup which is offered by the association to the winning class. The final outcome of the series was as follows: Juniors, first; Seniors, second; Second Years, third; First Years, fourth, and Third Years, fifth.

After the interclass tournament was over Mr. Flannagan, Mr. Fram and Mr. Hartranft were chosen to represent the Normal at a tournament in Tucson. Our boys were defeated in the tournament but there are some honors in defeat. A tournament was later held on the Normal ground at which our representatives did commendable work. The only defect in the tennis season was that the annual tennis dance was omitted. We hope that this evening of pleasure will not be overlooked hereafter.



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Basket Ball

The basket ball season for 1913-14 opened with great enthusiasm among Normal players, and many new men were on the field for practice the first few evenings. Under the directions of our coach, Mr. G. W. Henry, a team was soon selected and Mr. A. McCreary was chosen as captain, and the season started favorably for Normal by a score of 16-13 in Normal's favor in a game with our strongest opponents, Tempe High School. Two more games were played with Tempe High, and the scores in these two games were in Tempe High School's favor by a margin of only two points in each game, and all who witnessed these two games were convinced that Normal would never give up until the whistle blew for time.

Two games were played with Mesa High, and both of these games went to Normal's credit by high scores. Glendale High gave Normal two hard games, but were defeated by large scores in both games.

Phoenix High did not begin their season until late in the year, and in their game with Normal, they showed the lack of practice and victory for Normal was an easy matter, as is shown by the large score of 42-12 in our favor.

Probably the three most interesting games of the year were the two with the University of Arizona, and the one with our neighbor school from Flagstaff. Tempe Normal gave the University a hard battle, and allowing for the difference in standing of the two schools, the scores made in these two games were a credit to the Normal. The score in the game with Flagstaff was so close at all times that the game was not won until the last whistle blew, and then only by one basket, the final score being 27-25 in favor of the Northern Normal.

Eleven games were played and Tempe Normal won six, a fact which proves that next year we will be in the lead again with more games to our credit, and the class of 1914 hope to look upon the coming records.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Girls' Basket Ball

Much interest was taken in girls' basket ball this year and the girls organized their association at an early date—elected Miss Watkins, president; Miss Walker, vice-president, and Miss Lassator, secretary-treasurer.

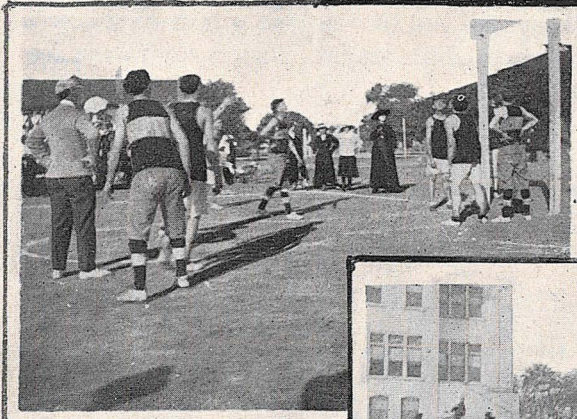
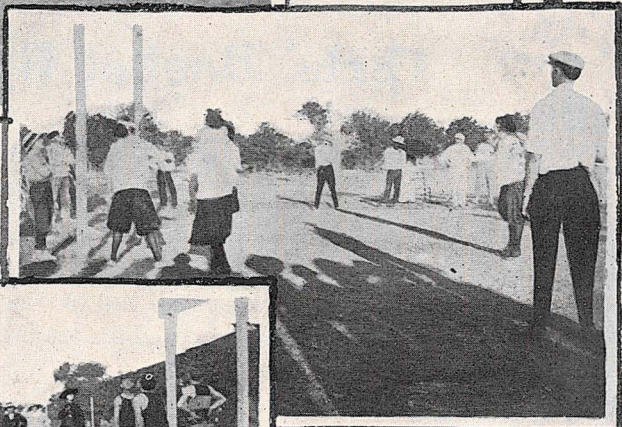
The interclass games were lively and full of vim, due to the good coaching of Mr. Irish, and the equal standing of the teams. At the end of the season the teams stood as follows:

Teams	Played	Won	Lost	Percent.
Seniors	8	3	5	0.325
Third Years	8	3	5	0.325
Juniors	8	8	0	1.000
Second Years	8	3	5	0.325
First Years	8	3	5	0.325

The team selected by Mr. Irish to represent the school was: Misses Stephens, Rogers, Cordes, Wilson, Walker and Watkins. This team played with other schools of the valley, winning from Tempe High, Mesa High and Glendale High. They also played Flagstaff in a hotly contested game, losing by a score of 14-13.

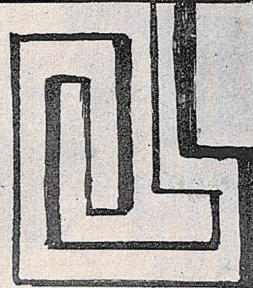
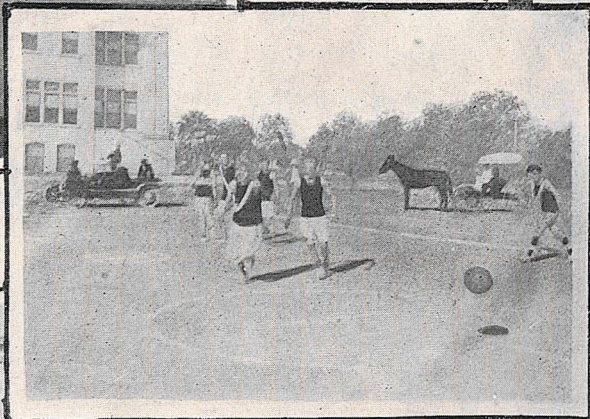


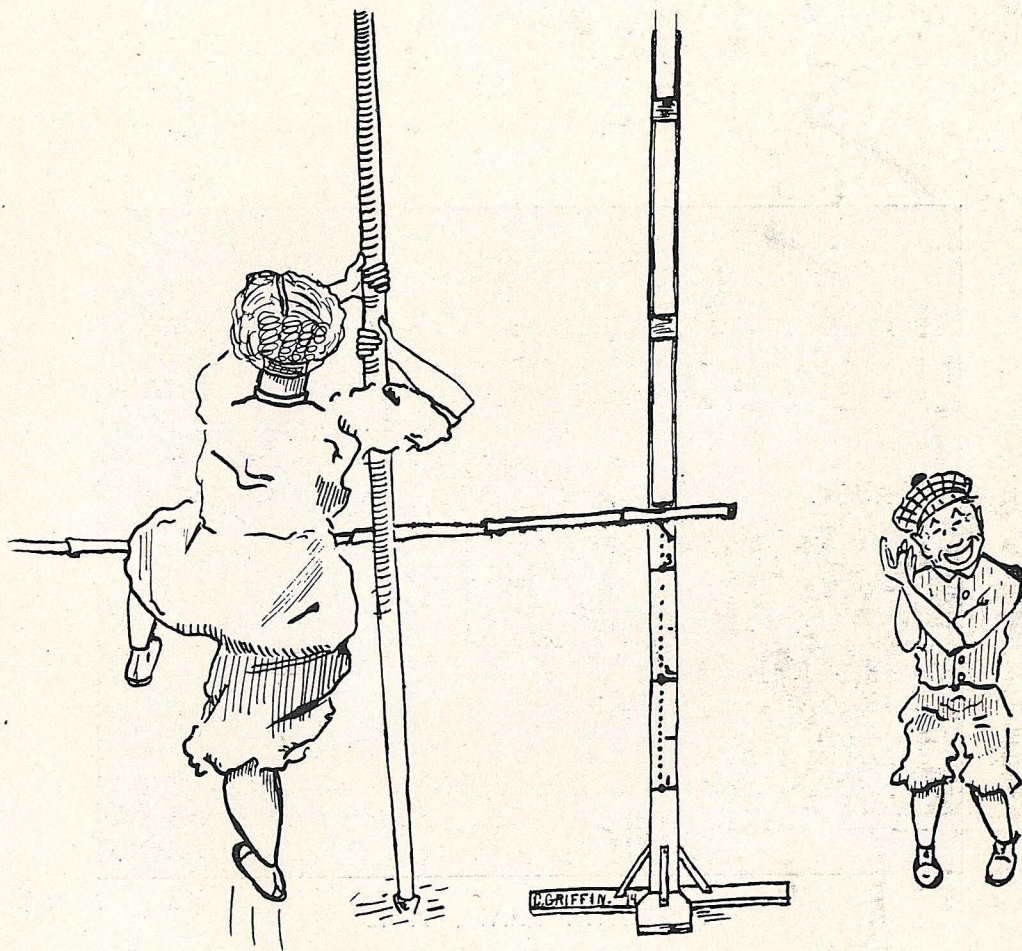
FL AG
VS
NOR MAL



N.A.N.S.

T.N.S.





GIRLS-TRACK-TEAM



BASEBALL TEAM, '11-'12



BOYS' BASEBALL TEAM, '12-'13



BASEBALL TEAM, '13-'14

Baseball

Normal praises and has a right to praise her baseball teams. For the past five years our records show victory piled upon victory with seldom a defeat.

1909-10 Normal School, Valley Championship; Coach, Fred C. Ayer.

1910-11 Normal School lost Valley Championship, and Republican Cup, by one game to Indians, Normal taking second place in Valley Inter-scholastic League; Coach, Fred C. Ayer.

1911-12 Normal won Valley Championship and Republican Cup; Coach, John L. Spikes.

1912-13 Normal won Valley Championship and Republican Cup; Coach, John L. Spikes.

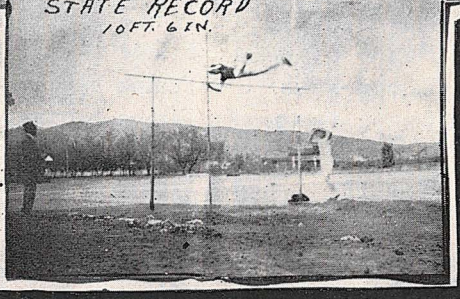
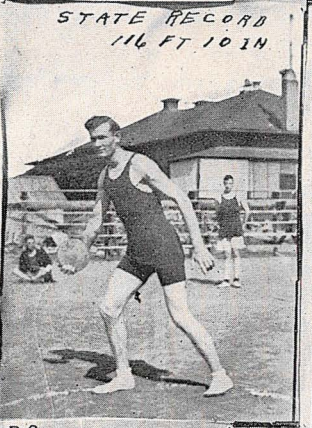
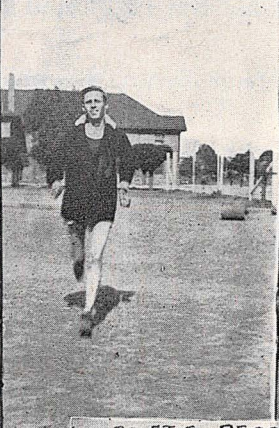
1913-14 Normal's line-up was as follows: Thom. E. Flannigan, captain, short and pitcher; McCreary, catcher; Griffin, coach and first base; Hart-ranft, second base; McComb, third base; L. Castle, R. Roberts, left field; Dains, center field; Hileman, Glen Downs and Hilbers, right field; Lemons, catcher; Jack Foster, pitcher.

The record of the above team up to date, April 28, 1914, is as follows:

Games

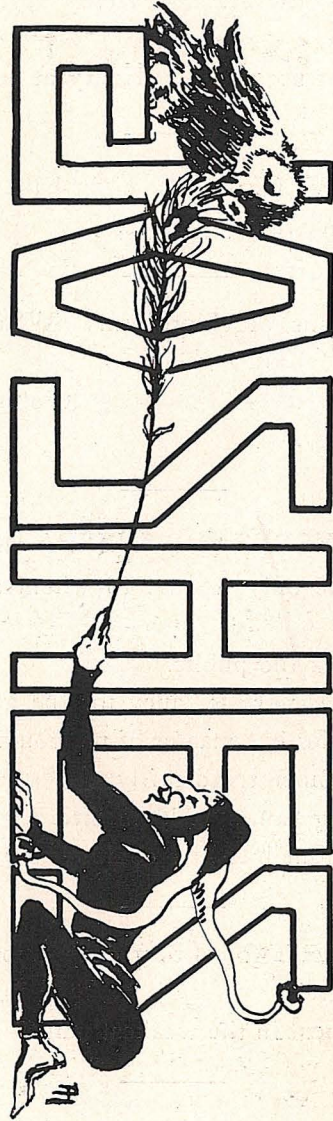
Tempe High,	1;	Tempe Normal,	3
Tempe High,	1;	Tempe Normal,	2
Tempe High,	10;	Tempe Normal,	4
Tempe Town,	7;	Tempe Normal,	5
Tempe Town,	18;	Tempe Normal,	2
Indians,	4;	Tempe Normal,	1
Indians,	7;	Tempe Normal,	2

All Normal athletics for '13 and '14 were managed by Glenwood Henry. He also coached basket ball. Baseball was coached by H. B. Griffin, and track by R. Fram.



ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS



Mrs. Mutch—"I look like a giraffe without a high collar."

Laura Lassator—"Well, I look like a little duck with one."

"Did you know that Castle beat Mr. Henry up this morning?"

"No, how terrible!"

"Yes, Castle got up at six and Mr. Henry at seven."

Mr. Waide (in History of Ed.)—"I might have brought up that map of Egypt, but I think you have it in your eye."

Druggist—"Five gallons of chloroform! What are you going to do with it?"

Miss Short (on the quiet)—"I'm going to start a society for the prevention of cruelty to pianos."

PROVERBS FOR SUFFRAGISTS

A stenographer is the only woman to whom a man can dictate nowadays.

The easy word catches the public.

What is saucy for the goose is saucy for the gander.

Man is jack of all trades but master of no woman.

Men rush in where women tread softly.

It is said that barking "antis" seldom bite.

If politicians were automobiles, we could all buy rides.

X He—"Why does an actor to portray deep emotion, clutch at his head; and an actress at her heart?"

She—"Each feels it most in the weakest point."

X First flea—"Been on a vacation?"

Second flea—"No, on a tramp."

It is a waste of time for men to collect their thoughts.

AN IDEAL

Let us all be up and doing,
With our hearts untriumphed set;
Still perceived, still pursuing
And each one a husband get.

Miss Hosmer—"I want to get 'Slim.'"

Alice—"Well, no chance for he is already taken."

Mr. Henry—"The class is to write a composition on Julius Sachs. Be sure and say something more than Julius Sachs was the son of old man Sachs."

Eunice—"She simply threw herself at Blondie."

Mamie—"Yes, she knew he was a good catcher."

He angered her, there's no dispute;
She thought he was a boob.
He asked her if her bathing suit,
This year, would be a tube.

Mr. Felton (in English)—"The next we have is Jane Austen. Will you take her life, Miss Cordes?"

Lucas P.—"In what shape is North America?"

Miss Quinn (unconsciously)—"In a bad shape."

"If the devil lost his tail, where
would he go to get another?"

"To a liquor store where they
retail bad spirits."

"That old hen is eating tacks."

X "Yes, she is probably going to lay a carpet."—(Ex.)

WERE YOU AWARE OF THE FACT

Mr. Waide (Hist. III.)—"Uncle Tom's Cabin is the only book not written by the human hand."

Geraldine H.—"How is that?"

Mr. Waide—"It was written by Harriet Beecher's Toe" (Stowe).

Enid—"I think that Mr. Henry is the nicest dancer. He is so easy on his feet."

Clara A.—"Humph! He may be easy on his feet, but he was hard on mine."

Student—"Are you a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly?"

Mr. Waide—"No, but on my foreign trip, I was a contributor to the Atlantic daily."

Mr. Hopkins—"I could waltz on to heaven with you."

Hazel Moody—"Can you reverse?"

Verda—"What did you think of Slim's mustache?"

Aillen R.—"I never saw anything so funny in my life, it nearly tickled me to death."

AT LAST

Everybody happy

Nobody sober

What's the excitement?

Exams are over.

GRIEF AND REMORSE

"Now," said Miss Burgess, "you are the heroine. You are supposed to suffer more than anybody else in the play. You must put yourself into a frame of mind which represents grief and remorse."

"I know," replied Gladys Holcomb, "I'll try to make myself believe I'm one of the people who paid to see this play."

Mabel—"I wonder where the clouds are going?"

Bugs—"I think they are going to thunder."

MODERN VERSION

Rock-a-bye baby,
On the tree top!
Ma's turkey trotting—
She cannot stop;
Sister's tangoing,
Pa grizzly bears,
Rock-a-bye baby—
For nobody cares!

Genevieve—"Why did you kill that hen, Bugs?"

Bugs—"The old thing looked like you, and I could not stand it any longer."

Celestine—"I like to wander on the campus, the birds sing so sweetly."

Ernestine—"Yes, but they never sing ragtime."

If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, then laugh at the age of the jokes.

A REMINDER

Lives of spinsters of't remind us
Happiness is but a snare,
Why should we to base men bind us
When we've cats and curls of hair?

Mr. Griffing, in Senior Agriculture, bringing around the spraying tank—
"Now, who's got the bugs?"

OH! YOU SANDWICH

Mary had a little lamb,
Not living now, 'tis dead.
Now Mary carries it to the dorm
Between two hunks of bread.

A POSSIBILITY

We may live without poetry—most of us do;
We may live without art and find happiness too;
And we might get along, notwithstanding our wrongs,
If there never were any more popular songs.

Mr. Irish—"Diamonds, did you take the note to Mr. Matthews?"

Diamond—"Yes, sir, but I don't think he can read it."

Mr. Irish—"Why, so, Diamonds?"

Diamond—"Because he's blind, sir. While I was in the room he asked me twice where my hat was and it was on my head all the time."

Miss Pinson—"I think Pritchard could easily hypnotize people."

Elizabeth—"Why do you think so?"

Miss Pinson—"He often holds my hand until it goes to sleep."

Roberts—"Say, did you ever see 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room?'"

Flannigan—"Ten! kid, I've seen hundreds."

Adams—"The buttermilk was fine. What are the charges?"

Mrs. Krause—"Oh! nothing, we always feed it to Normal's pigs."

CONJUGATED

Inquisitive Friends—"Don't you find that Leo is subject to moods?"

A. Spikes—"No; she has only one mood, the imperative, and I'm the one subject to that."

WHY IS IT?

What makes the student dance and shout
And wave his hat that way?
He's glad school has let out,
So he can get away.

If he's so glad to leave it all,
I wish you would explain—
Why will he dance and shout next fall
Because he's back again?

HE WAS WISE

Laura Lassator—"The moonlight makes me feel romantic."

Sidney Moeur—"Let's go in the house."

EXPLAIN IT

Gussie (speaking about Ruby H.)—"I didn't know she was left-handed."

X Lois C.—"She isn't."

Gussie—"But she seems to do everything with her left hand."

Lois C.—"Yes, haven't you noticed the engagement ring?"

Irene—"What funny buttons on Mr. Henry's coat."

Bessie—"Yes, those are bachelor buttons."

Mr. Irish, making an announcement before the assembly—"Mr. Matthews is in the center of that great snow which swept over the Middle Atlantic States, and is now sweeping out to sea." (Poor Mr. Matthews.)

A. Spikes—"Would a married man get a better position than a single man?"

X Miss Lynd—"Yes, but I would not advise you to get married in order to be able to teach."

Mr. Griffing—"We will now have roll-call. All those who are not here please respond by saying, 'Absent.'"

Bunny Smith—"Do you like codfish balls, Baby?"

X Ethel Wolf—"I don't know. I never attended any."

Mr. Henry—"How many ribs have you, Miss Stabler?"

X Miss Stabler—"I don't know, sir. I'm so ticklish I never could count them."

Sid Moeur—"My boy, when I played in the 'Return of Eve,' it took the crowd fifteen minutes to leave the auditorium."

Stephens—"They must have all been cripples."

"Myrtle has a tongue like a motor."

"Like a motor? How's that?"

"She is always running someone down."

X Wanted, a Sophomore boy who neither smokes, drinks, chews or swears.
Impossible, try the Senior Class.

X Foster—"Do you know Prince Albert?"

Bloys—"I ought to, I've smoked it for five years."

X Spindle—"Do you think I deserved a zero?"

Henry—"No, I don't, but zero is the lowest mark I am permitted to give."

Him has went, him has gone;

Him has left, I all alone;

Will him never come to I?

Will me never go to he?

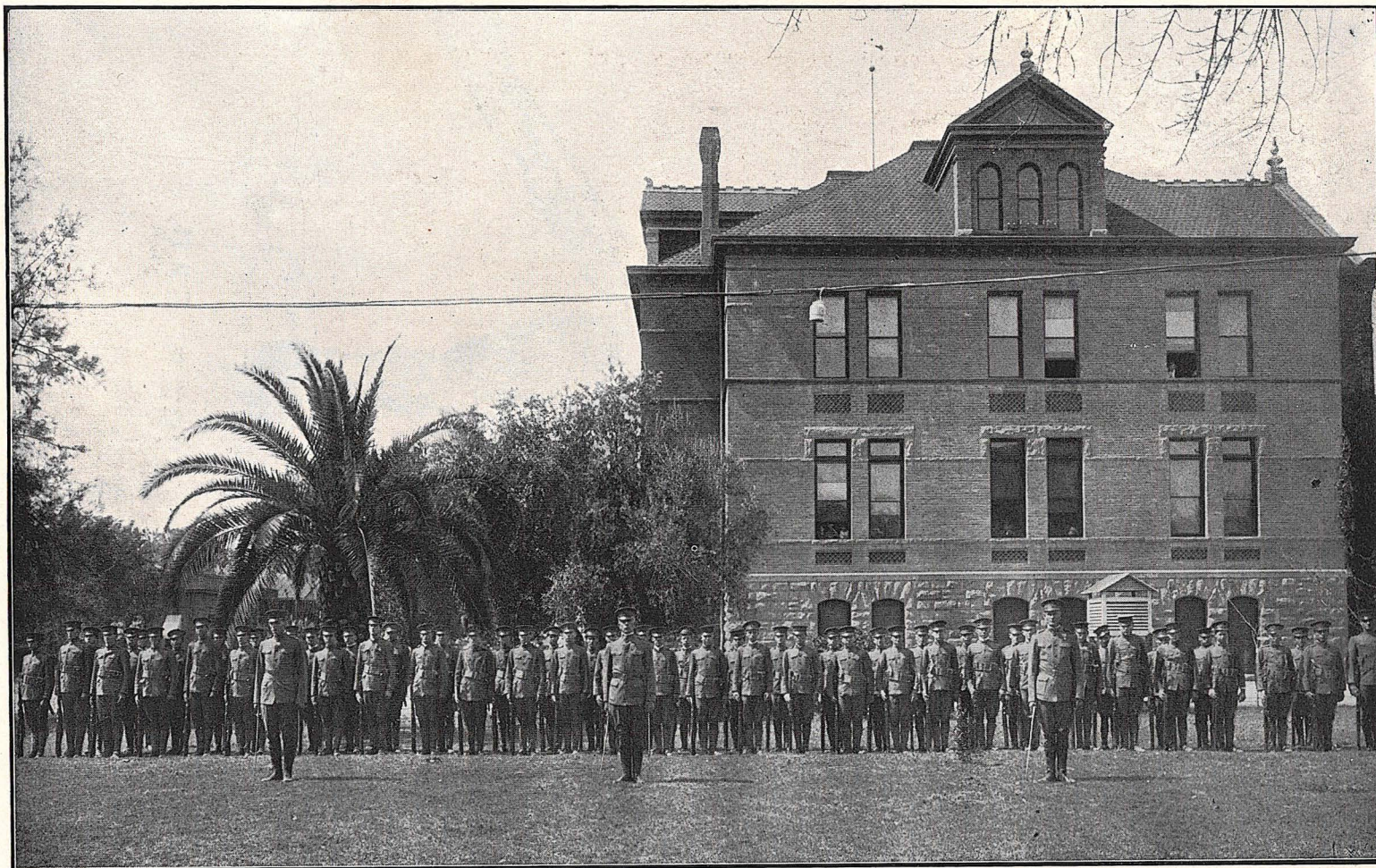
Oh! It cannot was.

—A SOPHOMORE.

CALLED TO MEXICO.



OH! 'TIS SO SUDDEN SAM.



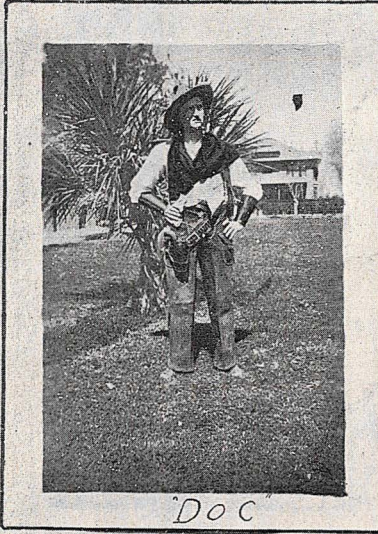
CADET COMPANY



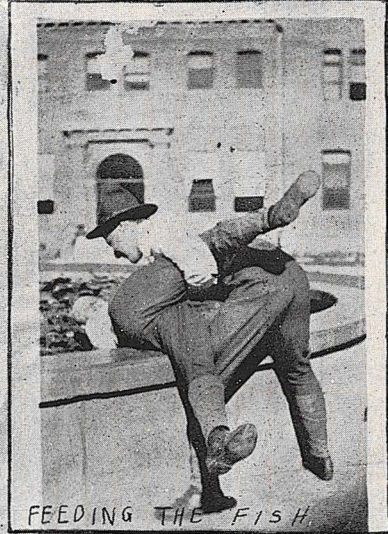
ZETA CHAPLAIN



WAR
A LA CADET CO.



DOC



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A
NORMAL
RECRUIT



CADET OFFICERS

DRILL

F. M. Irish.....	Captain
H. B. Griffin.....	First Lt.
A. R. Spikes.....	First Lt.
S. B. Moeur.....	Second Lt.
L. Castle	Line Sergt.
R. Fram.....	First Sergt.
P. Lemmons	Line Sergt.
E. E. Russell.....	Line Sergt.

—o—

CORPORALS

Wm. Bloys	Thos. Flannigan
R. Woods	M. Nicholson
R. McComb	J. Sandage

—o—

The Normal Cadet Company is an auxiliary to the National Guard of Arizona, receiving guns, ammunition and equipment and being subject to an annual inspection by the inspecting officer of the state.

The Company of '13-'14 is the largest in the history of the institution, consisting of over seven squads.

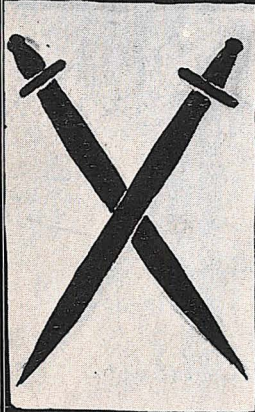
The work of the Company is always along practical lines such as squad movements, platoon movements, company movements, rifle practice, guard duty and experience in camp for three or four days.

Work on the rifle range deserves special mention. Private White qualified as expert rifleman; Captain Irish and Lieut. Spikes as sharpshooters; Sergeant Castle and Corporal Sandage as marksmen. Several of our Normal boys also won honors on the Tempe National Guard Rifle Team.

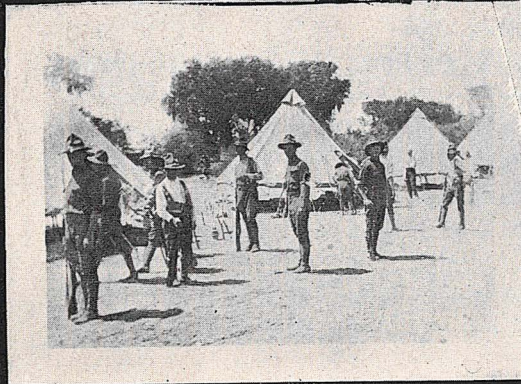
To finish up the year's work, and put those principles which have been taught into actual practice, a tour which lasts for three or four days' rifle practice is finished-up and experience in hygiene, camp sanitation, soldiers' rations and guard duty are practiced. A sham battle between the Guard and the Cadet Company is always carried out.

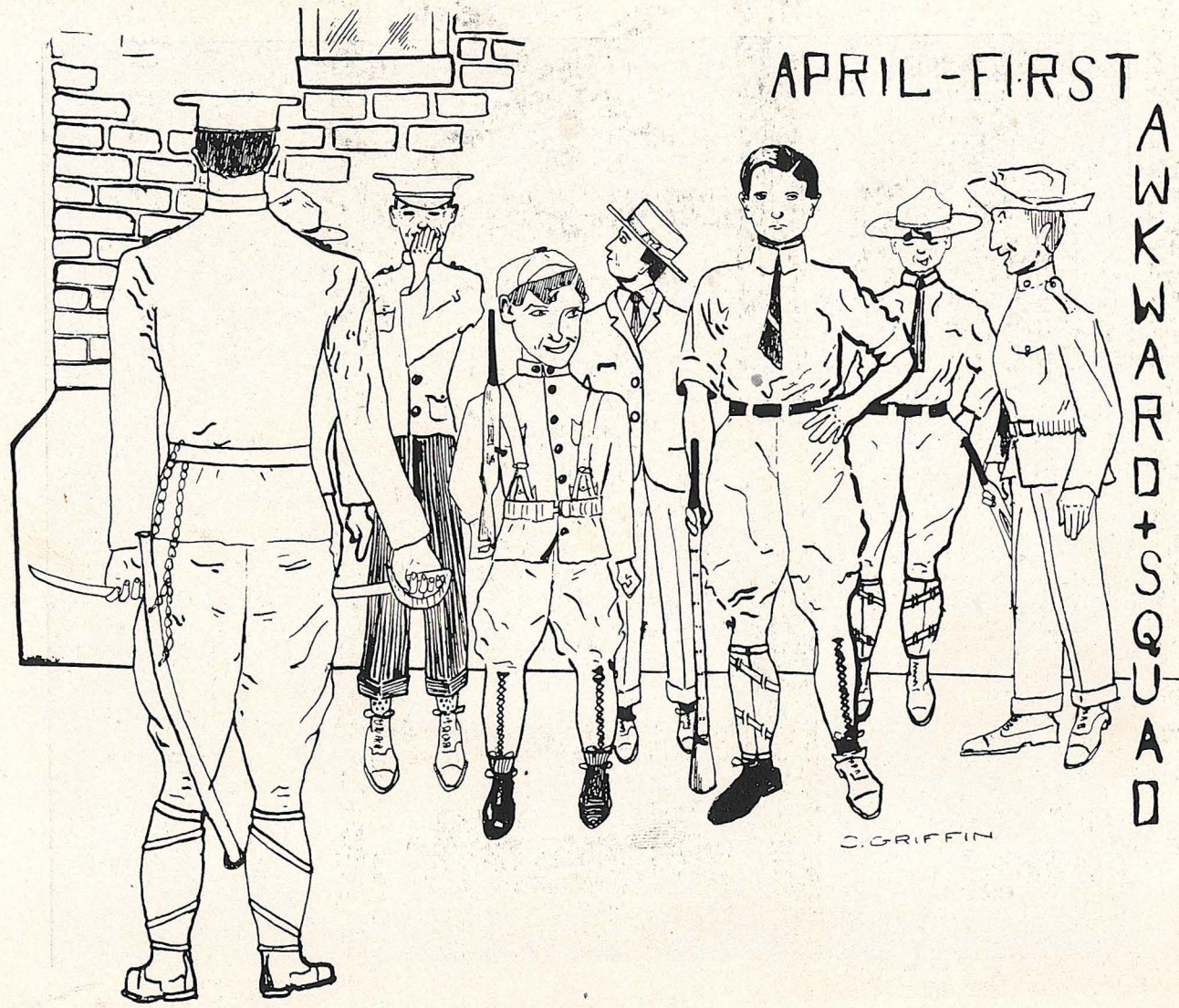


"EVERYBODY'S"



"DOING IT"





APRIL-FIRST

A
W
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C. GRIFFIN





Training School Operetta

CAST OF CHARACTERS

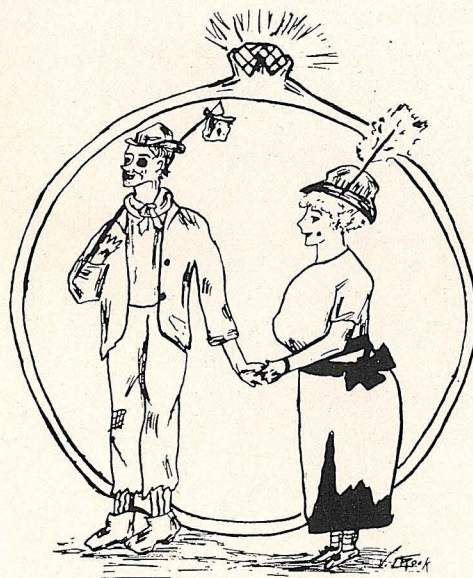
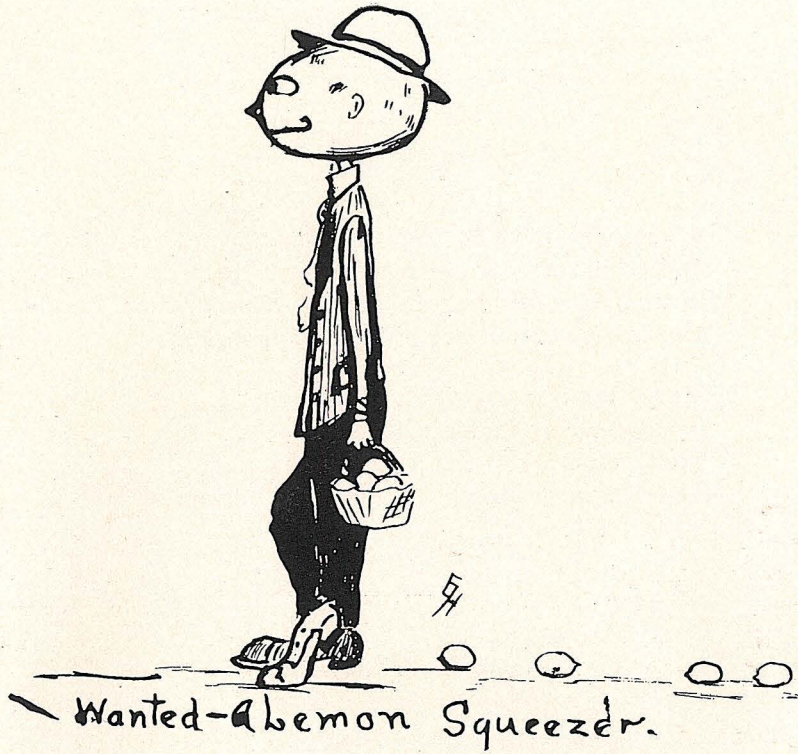
Rose, Queen of Fairies.....	Ione Powell
Nightshade, Queen of Goblins.....	Marguerite Oviedo
Leon, a mortal Prince.....	A. J. Cosner
Telfa, an Elf, Page to Queen Rose.....	Gordon Goodwin
Maids of Honor to Queen Rose—	
Lily	Ruth Warner
Iris	Lulu Virginia Moss
Queen Nightshade's pages.....	Gertrude Haulot, Alta Crook
Guards of Queen Nightshade.....	Bailey Davenport, Paul Turner
Cupid	Kenneth Clark
Lords, first and second.....	Harold Austin, Cecil Alexander
Eschacholtzia, in Poppy Dance.....	Gladys Walker
Hyacinthia, in Fairy Dance.....	Elva McDougall
Butterfly pages, Lords, Fairies, Goblins and Huntsmen.	

We could not close our Annual without mention of the Training School Operetta, for it was undoubtedly one of the greatest successes of its kind in the history of the Training School.

Each year this event is looked forward to with great enthusiasm by all, and always attracts a large crowd. The Auditorium was hardly large enough to seat the audience, and if the Training School operettas grow more popular every year, it means a larger auditorium.

The Operetta chosen, "The Rival Queens," was one of high class, both of music and libretto.

The acting on the part of the children was remarkable. To manage the appearance of over one hundred little people, comprising goblins, butterflies and fairies, and to secure beauty and harmony in all was the remarkable accomplishment of those who labored so long and faithfully in making the whole operetta a delight to all.



SOME JUNIOR CLASS HAPPENINGS

"SEE ME"

"See me," the Seniors read upon their plans,
And then before a critic stern must go;
"See me," the haunting specter of their dreams,
And for it never peace of mind they know.

'Tis ever uppermost within their minds,
No matter in whatever class they be;
In music class when one must 'rise to sing,
He shrieks in trembling fear, the notes "si mi."

R. L. W.

—o—

SENIORS, THEIR NERVE

The nerve of these, our Seniors!
Will it never limit know?
Where angels fear to loiter,
With confidence they go.

They stalk into the Training School
With all important air,
They help themselves to what they see,
And fill the critic's chair.

They occupy the office,
While critics in dismay
Retire to assembly
For their meeting of the day.

Oh! the nerve of these, our Seniors!
Will it never, never die?
Or will it grow and flourish
'Till it spans the earth and sky?

—R. L. W.



E. WHITE.

OUR PRESIDENT.

SENIOR AGRICULTURE



"ANY OF YOU THAT HAVE BUGS"

E.H.

WHEN MY THINGS ARE LAID AWAY

Everything is marked by it;
My treasures one and all,
Even that small picture there
Which hung upon the wall.

That pennant there across the tray,
I've waved at many games.
I hate to think its use is o'er
And all the sport its names.

That boy's cap I packed away,
Is typical of school,
Although it's not polite, I think,
To keep them as a rule.

You see that portfolio
That's standing by the door,
It is filled to running over now,
With themes and notes galore.

And each small paper means to me,
Some moment I have spent,
And taken from it some kind thought,
Before it onward went.

Those books look old? I know they do,
But what is there contained
Will ne'er grow old to me, I feel,
Nor e'er seem nothing gained.

Those other things? Don't ask of them,
For you have some the same,
Those things you love, which someone gave,
You cannot call the name.

I'm all now packed, except my clothes
And though I've worn them through,
Still clinging close, I feel they bring
The thoughts to me, still new.

I put them in now, all and one;
My things I've laid away,
But with them too, I've placed myself,
And last, my Normal day.

—L. L.



OFFICERS

Ralph J. Peck.....President
 E. CosnerVice-President
 Miss I. Schmidt.....Secretary
 Mrs. A. M. Harmer.....Treasurer

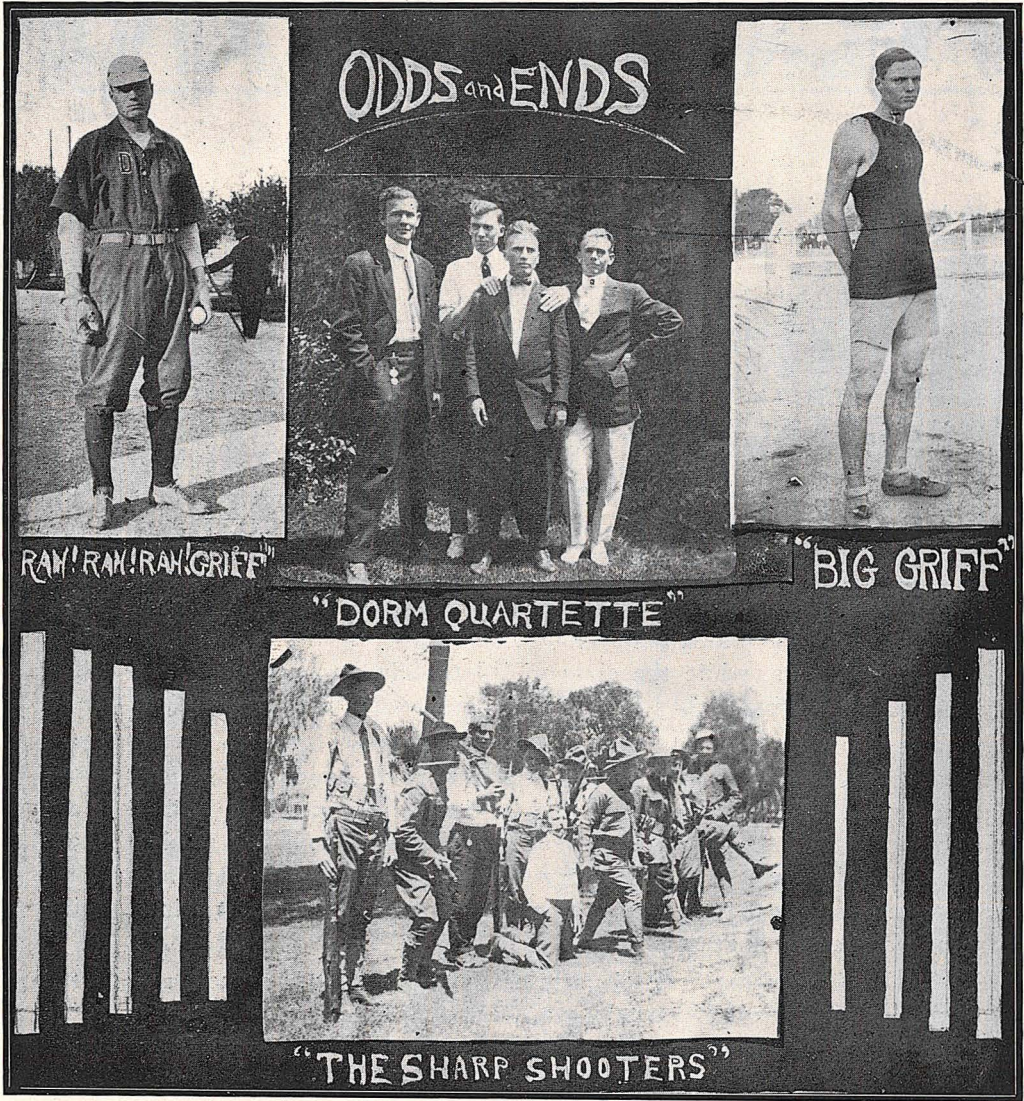
Number who are or have been members..... 497
 Present Senior Class..... 67
 Total 565

The Alumni Association of the Tempe Normal School continues to grow. The class of '13 added fifty-one. The class of '14 offers sixty-eight eligible candidates, while the class of '15 promises to eclipse all preceding classes by presenting eighty-five infant pedagogues for initiation.

The Alumni does not only consist of numbers, but also of prominent individuals. Many of whom occupy positions of honor and trust for the government; others have specialized in law, medicine, etc., and now are following their respective professions. The great bulk of graduates are teachers. They are found in every town, city or community in Arizona. They are teaching our young Americans to be good citizens, and in so doing are accomplishing a great work.

At the close of each school year a meeting is called; officers are elected for the ensuing year; committees are appointed; applicants for admission are caused to go thru mysterious performances under diverse circumstances. To close the festival a banquet is given followed by a dance.

As editor of this "Book of Remembrances," and speaking for the class of '14, let us love our Alma Mater; let us be loyal to her calls; let us be present each year at her meetings, and when we are out doing our duty let us think of dear Old Tempe where we spent some of the happiest days of our lives.





"That fellow gets on my nerves."



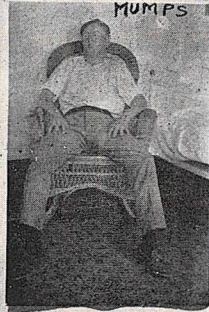
Athletes.



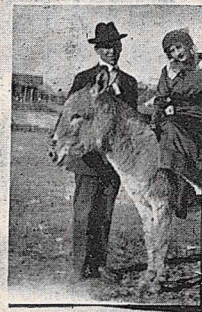
How cute.



A familiar scene.



Repose.



Joy riding.



Contented.



"Were the Guys."



A temple - howl - Am. v."

TEACHERS

I've seen them in the papers,
Cartooned in fiendish glee,
By some unthoughtful artist,
The teachers of the free.

With glasses rimmed and ugly
Upon a tortured nose,
And lips so drawn and surly
They ne'er can know repose.

Their limbs so stiff and shapeless,
Their backs so bent and worn,
Their every minute outline,
Bespeaking fate forlorn.

With heart of steel and nickel,
With minds all pinched and cramped,
Their all eternal mission,
Upon their visage stamped.

But worst of all unkindness
Upon the school mam's laid,
The label on the picture!
Old maid, old maid, old maid.

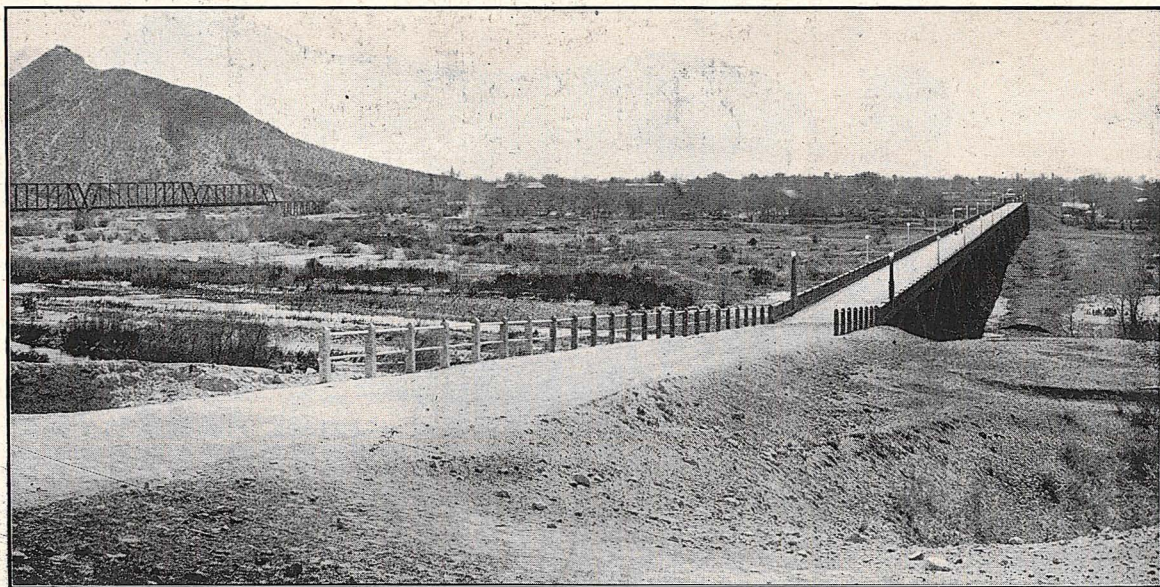
The dream of girlish fancy,
The hope of years of youth,
Are buried in that noun phrase,
Old maid, old maid; old in truth

And don't you fear and tremble
Lest e'er you pass the age,
Some kind and noble mankind
Won't save you from that stage.

And wouldn't it be awful
To have folks' pity true,
Not that you wish to marry,
But well—you know don't you?



146





OUR ALMA MATER

In the school of Tempe Normal far away,
Where students laugh and study, work and play
Where the sun shines warm in heaven, and the breeze
Wafts breath of flowers 'mid the lawns and trees,
Our Alma Mater flourishes in pride,
In foremost rank with learning's onward stride.

A gallant student-throng within her doors
Are gathering up her wisdom, ever new,
Are training minds to plan, and hands to act,
Are learning how to think, and live, and do.

A jolly, gladsome crowd, thy student band,
Gay as the lark, and loving pleasure's call;
Yet busy as the hive, when work must be,
They lift the heavy tasks that to them fall.

Thy campus is an Eden, Normal School,
With lawns and trees, with fountain and gay flowers,
At eve when all thy mystic lights gleam forth,
'Tis land of fairy romance 'mid thy bowers.

Sometimes the student, weary of his tasks,
Forgetful of the beauty 'round him strewn,
Longs for the yearly closing of thy doors,
When summer skies shall tell us it is June.

But when the time has come, and he has gone,
Perhaps to enter Normal's halls no more,
His thoughts they backward linger, and he feign
Would come and live his Normal School days o'er.

Yes, backward linger, as the thoughts of friends,
Rest tenderly where absent friends may stay,
As will the thoughts of those who now go forth
In life's wide ways, to fill her needs today.

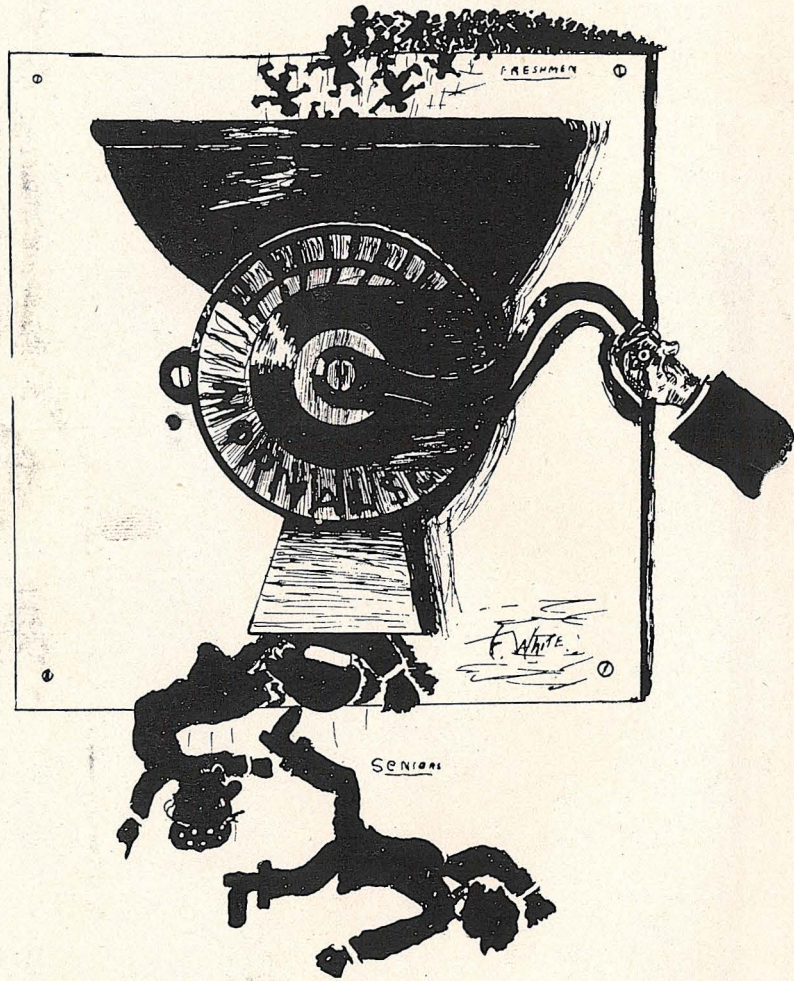
We of the class of '14, bid farewell
To Alma Mater fair, dear mother school,
But we can ne'er forget the happy days
Spent 'neath thy care, and oft times rigid rule.

Farewell, dear Normal, and may peace attend
And honor crown thy onward, upward tread,
We go our ways, but e'er we part from thee,
A parent's blessing shower on our head.

—R. L. W.



MILL OF EDUCATION





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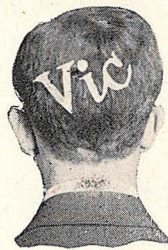
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W R I T E F O R C A T A L O G U E

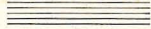
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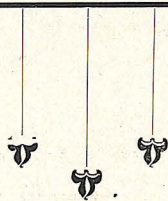
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