



THE TEMPE COLLEGIAN



VOL. 2.

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No. 11

Second Annual College Day To Be Celebrated Mar. 9

Tempe College will observe its second annual College Day on March 9, commemorating the signing of the bill which elevated Tempe from the status of a Normal school to a Teachers College.

No classes will meet March 9, as an all-day celebration has been planned. The whole college will participate. Roll call will be taken in assembly, from whence the students will journey in a body to the "T" on the butte. A formal ceremony will be staged there and the remainder of the morning will be given over to a program of songs and speeches.

Miss Jean Smith, the Campus Queen, will be crowned at 6 o'clock by the Normal Senior class.

"As You Like It," one of the best liked and known of Shakespeare's comedies, will be presented on the green directly following. This production insures an hour and a half of fun. Miss Gladys Miles is quite accomplished in the role of "Rosalind," having played the part before at Florence under the direction of Mrs. Mark Twain Clemans of Phoenix. Miss Beatrice Felton, a niece of Mr. Felton of the English department, will be the gentle "Celia." Miss Dorothy Sorrels, popular tennis player of the college, displays unusual ability in her corking interpretation of "Touchstone," the court fool. Virgil Pyle will be seen as the dashing young "Orlando" and Leonard Clements as "Duke Frederick," the father of "Celia." A large cast supports and is rehearsing daily under the direction of Miss Marian Messer, a new teacher at the college. The costume committee is working out some original costuming schemes and "in good faith" promises a truly Shakespearean setting.

The long looked-for dance on the tennis courts will terminate the College Day festivities. Good music provided by one of the peppiest orchestras in the valley is the biggest feature of the dance.

Alumni and friends of Tempe College, all over the State, are invited to be the special guests of the college at this time. Come back and help your school celebrate the biggest day in its history! Be present at the morning services, the afternoon fun, see "As You Like It," and don't miss the dance on the tennis courts.

Co-ed Prom a Success

Boys of every race, religion and color brought their fair damsels and turned out to the biggest and best co-ed "prom" Tempe College has ever had last Friday night. Even the Gold Dust Twins and Uncle Bim were present. Despite the rain the turnout was larger than at any other social function this year, excluding Dr. Matthews' reception.

The men of the campus couldn't stand being left "to hold the sack" for even one night, because several attired themselves as girls and attempted to gain entrance to the "prom." Riggs' orchestra furnished the music.

THE PUZZLE

I'm just an average Freshie green. But here's what puzzles me: Why should big, strong Francis Vihel A little "chicken" be.

I thought a chick was 'sposed to be So gaily chirping and sweet, But if you can make "Chick" chirp to you You've certainly got me beat.

He plays ball like a fiend from heaven And is as nice and quiet as can be. And all of us who know him say A wonderful "Chick" is he.

—Anon.

MISS PRICE ARRIVES

Miss Clara Burky, Y. W. C. A. secretary, had as her guest this week Miss Helen Price of San Francisco, the regional secretary. Miss Price arrived in Tempe Monday and has been very interested in getting acquainted with this branch. She visited the cabinet meeting, the world fellowship discussion group, and addressed the Y meeting Thursday night on "We Want to Know."

President H. J. Grant of L. D. S. Church Addresses Assembly

"That which we persist in doing becomes easier to do, not that the nature of the thing is easier, but that our power to do is increased," forcefully stated President Heber J. Grant of Salt Lake City, Utah, general head of the Latter-Day Saints Church, when he addressed a special assembly called at 10 o'clock on Monday morning, February 14. President Grant was attending a Mormon conference at Mesa.

President Grant urged that every man learn to know himself and improve, in himself, those failings that he condemns in his neighbor. "As Providence has been kind to you, so should you be to your inferior," he said, and added: "It is remarkable how we can comprehend the faults of others and never see them in ourselves. If we only criticize our own actions rather than others, if we hear both sides, we will accomplish more in the battle of life."

"I've lost more time waiting for people to keep their appointments than at anything else," remarked President Grant, when speaking of punctuality. "To allow your own affairs to interfere with your engagements is a species of selfishness. Men like to do business with those who are prompt. A reputation for promptness helps materially in the game of life."

President Grant stressed particularly the necessity of staying with a thing and never getting discouraged. He cited the case of the ant which succeeded on the sixtieth attempt after fifty-nine failures. He believes, too, he said, that there is a great deal in making up your mind to do a thing, and then doing it. Youth should dream nobly, but if there is not work along with the dreams they will be of little benefit, he said.

Since teaching penmanship in the University of Utah, President Grant says, his respect for teachers has increased. Until then he never knew how hard it was to get ideas that are perfectly clear to you into the head of some one else.

What makes a man happy? "Practice," says President Grant. What makes a good writer? "Practice." What makes one successful in any walk of life? "Practice." We should practice until we become expert in our line, and practice will make an expert in any line if there is persistence.

Alton Riggs of Mesa, who is president of the Normal senior class, brought President Grant over to the college.

ORCHESTRA ENTERTAINS

The second of a series of four musical concerts was given in the college auditorium Wednesday evening, February 16. The orchestra gained quite a reputation by its first program and the students anticipated the second one with much pleasure. No admission is charged, as the purpose is not to raise money, but to show the college what progress is being made in the music department along instrumental lines. Miss Norton is the director.

Miss Calloway—Sometimes we have a girl who is thinking. Yes, really we do.



Washington

Soldier and statesman, rarest union: High-poised example of great duties done Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn As life's indifferent gifts to all men born; Dumb for himself, unless it were to God, But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent, Tramping the snow to corral where they trod, Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content: Modest, yet firm as nature's self; unbalanced Save by men his nobler temper shamed; Never seduced through show of present good By other than unsetting lights to steer New trimmed in Heaven, nor th'his steadfast mood More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear; Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will; Nor honored then or now because he wooed The popular voice, but that he still withstood; Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one Who was all this and ours, and all men's—Washington. —James Russel Lowell.

Geographics Inspect Smelter at Superior

A week ago Saturday twenty members of the Geographic Society went on a very interesting field trip. They left the fountain at 8 o'clock, arriving in Superior about 11. They were bound for the mines at Inspiration, but it began to snow, and snow, and snow. At last Pinal Ranch was reached. It was decided to stop there, as the roads were too bad to continue the journey. The party were the informal and unexpected guests of Mr. and Mrs. Craig at the ranch, and were very grateful for the use of the cheerful stove. When everyone was warmed up and ready to go, a fierce and ferocious snowball fight was started. The only casualties that resulted were a few very clean faces. After a delicious lunch eaten around the roaring stove the society started on its homeward journey.

But the trip was not made just for fun. If it was impossible to visit the mines at Inspiration, something else could be substituted to make the day a success from an educational viewpoint. When the society reached Superior they inspected the smelter and concentrator there. They were fortunate in seeing the slag being tapped. The concentrator, where the ore is treated to remove it of some of its impurities, is located about half a mile from the smelter. After undergoing a treatment at the concentrator, it is pumped in a semi-liquid state to the smelter through a large pipe. Here large filter screens filter the ore and place it on a conveyor belt running to large drying bins. The ore is dried and is then ready for the smelter. After several processes, it is placed in a Bessemer crucible in order to burn out certain kinds of impurities. After the ore has been in the furnace the required time, the molten mass is emptied into a huge bucket. A forty-ton crane then comes rumbling along and lifts the bucket to a funnel, where it is emptied for further refining. The operator of the crane becomes very expert in marksmanship while pouring the hot metal.

About 5 o'clock the society started their homeward trip. They were a tired group, but had a great deal of knowledge to show for their expenditure of time and energy.

Here's Vindication for "Carrot-Tops," If They Need It

Those meticulous men who are fussy about the complexions of their girl friends—who imagine that they prefer blondes to brunettes or brunettes to blonds, and all that kind of nonsense—may be interested in the news that the character of the red-headed girl has been vindicated at last, says the New York Sun.

For centuries everybody has been afraid of her, the other girls have scandalized her and the fellows have either fought shy of her or else made up to her with an air of guilty bravado, as if they were determined to go the pace at all hazards.

The fieriness of her tresses has been associated in a vague way with some interior fieriness of temper or affections or what not, and nods and winks and have been considered sufficiently definite intimations that the red-haired woman was in a class by herself, mysteriously and dangerously more of a live wire than the rest of her sex.

But new modern pedagogy has stripped the mystery and the menace from the carrot-topped lass, and, after an exhaustive analysis of her performances in comparison, drawn the conclusion that she excels them in some of the most desirable girl qualities.

Prof. Karl Pearson, in a lecture to university and college teachers in London, proclaimed that red-headed girls—also boys, to be sure, but who cares about red-headed boys?—"are today the most conscientious, the most athletic, and the most popular." He drew attention to the significant changes of opinion regarding red heads since medieval times, when they were regarded with "suspicion and dislike."

Whether they have more peppery tempers than black, brown or mousey tressed lassies, the good professor did not reveal, nor did he dive into the question of their ardor in affairs of the heart. Perhaps he felt that he had done enough for ruddy haired damsels by acclaiming their superior honesty and likeableness.

Nor did he say anything about freckles, which are frequently asso-

Lumberjacks Win From Tempe In Extra Period

CLASSES MEET

Freshmen, Normal Seniors, Juniors and College Seniors attended their respective class meetings on Monday, February 14, to discuss class business and formulate plans for the coming month's activities. On the day classes assemble there is no assembly given unless a special assembly is called, as was the case last week. Directly after roll call and announcements the students go to the various meeting places.

Letter to a Freshie

DEAR FRESHIE:

I'm a Freshie too. All your woes and Troubles also Make me blue. But have you heard the Latest? They expect the Freshmen To put out a Number of this Paper. "The Tempe Collegian." And they expect Them To do it Soon. "April Fool" number They say. Course that's not So far away. Now I been a-thinkin'. We ought to Fool 'em. We ought to Show This College What real live 'wire Honest to goodness Freshmen Just off the ice Or out of the oven Can do. What say? Start A few ideas Percolating Thru your gray matter And I'll tell you Where To put Them In my next Letter.

Yours,

Hunting for a life saver—if you're a corker you'll help me out.

A FRESHIE.

SORT OF SILLY, WHAT?

Mr. Ostrander—The gardens extend westward toward Mill Avenue. Lita Young—How far do they go down?

Mr. Ostrander—To the next stake. Class—Ha, ha, ha, he, he, he!!!

Hat check girl: "Aren't you going to give me a tip? Why the champion tightwad of the town gives me a dime."

T. S. T. C. Normal Senior: "He does? Well gaze upon the new champion."

An Englishman heard an owl for the first time.

"What was that?" he said.

"An owl," was the reply.

"My deah fellah, I know that, but what was 'owling?'"

ciated with red hair, especially in earlier years.

Prominent New Yorkers who have made post-graduate studies in red-headed girls expressed keen satisfaction over the vindication voiced by Professor Pearson.

"But what I have in mind are genuine, undyed red-headed girls," one of them hastens to make clear. "And I can say from the heart that every man who has loved one or more of them will agree that the Professor has said a mouthful."

The Bulldogs lost their first game with the Lumberjacks by a score of 30 to 24. An extra five-minute period was required to play off the tie at the end of the last half.

The game started off with Flagstaff leading, then the Bulldogs tied the score. They were then leading. Immediately Flagstaff did the same thing, and at the end of the half the score was 9-9.

The score seasawed back and forth first one team ahead and then the other, until the end of the last half, when the score was 24-24. During the extra five minutes of play the Lumberjacks were able to cage three shots, to win by six points.

Taking everything into consideration, the Bulldogs should be able to win from them in the tournament tomorrow, IF everyone will get out to the game and back them.

The line-ups:

Tempe—	Flagstaff—
8 Simkins	F. Shlansky 2
0 Goddard	F. Wilson 7
0 Griffith	C. Detloff 17
4 Riggs	G. Kieren 1
0 Vihel	G. McClure 1
12 Smith	F. Patton 2
0 Foreman	C.
0 Harbison	G.

24 30
In the second game the Bulldogs were matched against the Freshmen, who had one man with the uncanny ability of consistently shooting goals from the middle of the court. The first half the Bulldogs were outplayed 29 to 9. They rallied in the third quarter but were unable to overcome such a big lead. The game ended 36 to 24 in the Lumberjacks' favor.

Line-ups:

Tempe—	Flagstaff—
4 Simkins	F. White 2
8 Smith	F. Fritz 19
0 Griffith	C. Pace 12
3 Riggs	G. Easley 2
2 Vihel	G. Coughlin 1
0 Goddard	Redman 0
1 Foreman	
2 Harbison	
4 Terrell	

24 36

Tempe Tennis Coach Resigns

It was with regret that the tennis teams of Tempe State Teachers College were forced to accept the resignation of their coach, Mr. Fairbanks.

Mr. Fairbanks, who has had a good deal of practical experience on the baseball diamond, is going to coach that sport here for the coming months, and finds that it is impossible to handle both. With his experience in baseball coaching and actual playing, our teams are bound to spell victory in every game.

As a tennis coach, Mr. Fairbanks has been more than successful. This is one of his major sports, and not only being an excellent player himself, he has given all the players pointers on the technicalities of the game which, coupled with a willingness to help and an unflinching punctuality at all practices and tournaments has put our teams on the map.

Not only to the tennis enthusiasts has he contributed much, but to the whole school he has given valuable material. In the library you will find some very good articles on "Inside Dope on Tennts." These articles give to us the game in "play" and everyone should not fail to read them. The one on "Sportsmanship" is priceless.

Due to the fact that the tennis teams feel that Mr. Fairbanks can be of equal value to our baseball men, they accept his resignation and wish to express their appreciation of his work for them.

J. B.—What is Brute doing in there?
J. R.—He's working on his annual.

Dormitory News.

NORTH HALL

House Meeting

Mr. Ostrander was the speaker of the evening at a regular house meeting at North Hall Feb. 14.

"Human sympathy and a kind and understanding heart are the primary essentials of a teacher," he declared, and gave specific cases in his own experience which illustrated this point. He developed the giving of service for one's fellow men, which must ever be present in the successful human being.

Mr. Ostrander's philosophy is entirely wholesome and elevating and is presented in a forceful, sincere manner. He is ever ready with a story, and his witty irony is thoroughly enjoyable. He can make us feel that the world is a pretty good place after all, and that the people in it really are desirable. A feeling that we can accomplish seemingly impossible tasks if we but will, permeated his talk.

North Hall was fortunate in being the recipient of the wonderful ideas Mr. Ostrander imparted.

Visitors

Mrs. J. Hales and sons, Morris and Dick, and Mrs. Michaelson of Miami were visitors at our hall Sunday.

Mrs. John Stevens and daughter, Nellie Frances, of Mesa, visited Alice Ryan Sunday morning.

Valentine's Day and some rather healthy appetites were responsible for an original and entertaining feed which took place in Mammie Stevens' room. The eats were in profuse abundance and of delicious quality. Place cards and candy hearts decorated the table. Those attending were Sunny McDearmon, Elsie Heinlein, Dora Rosenblatt, Evelyn Kjellgren, Marge Cox, Frances Billman, Elsie McGraw and Mammie Stevens.

J. C. Club

The J. C. Club of North Hall gave an elaborate dinner dance in the basement last Saturday night. The event was the big one of the year for this peculiar organization. The instinct of eating was in no way repressed, for a full menu was furnished. A portable phonograph supplied the music.

The members of the club are Alice Barber, Dot Smith, Marge Cox, Frances Billman, Elsie McGraw and Mammie Stevens.

Guests of the evening were Fern Parker, Sunny McDearmon, Elsie Heinlein, Johnny Tyson and Frances Howell.

Birthday Party

When Lela Roach became — years old, she took the part of a very charming hostess to a number of her friends. The lovely birthday party was featured in a blue and white atmosphere which was accentuated by dainty place cards and favors. Those bidden were Thelma Layton, Esther Hodges, Camilla Lunt, Essie Nunn, Gladys Beardon, Lois Rogers, Etta Nichol, Ella Long, Viona Snedden, Dorothy Walker, Frances Vielma and Nellie Martinez.

House Guests

Lillie Hayes visited us Sunday. Myrtle Kinsman enjoyed a visit from Frank Kleiner of Globe Sunday afternoon.

Marie Samples favored a number of her friends with a feed Sunday evening. Those invited were Edna and Nellie Graham, Pearl Lamb, Lavora Miller, Louise Norcross, Eleanor Sears and Ruth Johnson.

An interesting and novel feed took place Saturday morning when Alice Ryan and Alice Knowles entertained with a breakfast. Everything was served which was appropriate for the breakfast table and other things in addition.

Bedtime Party

In the rooms of Misses Graham and Sears, beneath a beautiful and novel decoration scheme, was spread a banquet fit for a king. But the king was not present so the ladies ruled supreme and undenied.

Seven young Miami ladies, dressed in their finest robes, settled themselves gracefully and daintily among the many pillows spread upon the floor around the festive board. Those present at this Valentine party were Pearl Lamb, Louise Norcross, Lavora Miller, Marie Samples, Edna and Nellie Graham and Eleanor Sears.

The menu was printed on small white hearts in red ink. The room was decorated with red crepe paper and hearts of red felt with the name and "Be our Valentine" were pinned just above the different places and served for place cards.

After the feast an interesting game of bridge was played, at which Lavora made high score and Louise made low. The first prize was a dainty little horseshair basket and Louise is disturbing the monastic quiet of North Hall with her "fire whistle."

The bridge game was followed by fortune telling, in which the girls became intensely interested and nearly rebelled when out went the lights. Then came the scramble for home, sweet home.

Many of the latest styles were to be seen and appreciated at this bedtime party, although no sleepy heads were present.

SOUTH HALL NEWS

Hm! I'll say we had heaps of fun and it was a surprise, too. Monday evening we all assembled for one of our regular house meetings and went through all the business when Patty informed us that the rest of the evening would be devoted to a salmagundi party. This treat was given in honor of the unsophisticated Freshman but I suspect every last Senior had just as much fun—perhaps more.

The decorations were carried out in Valentine motif, including those clever little card tallies. After everyone had played to her heart's content we all partook of frosties and bridge, while Dorothy Aubrey and Elizabeth Layton furnished a very clever program. Of course all good things must come to an end so we all wended our way back to our respective abodes, declaring that we just had the time of our lives. The wonderful management and pep was the result of the untiring efforts of Louise Goodwin, our ever-ready social chairman.

Since our hall maintains a high standard in regard to the fostering of feeds Nellie Ray and Iva Peterson called in a guest or two and decided to keep up the old tradition. They ate to their hearts' content until lights flashed and thereupon, as all good Normal Seniors should do, they left the dishes and went to bed.

That wasn't the only feed either—Mary Benson and Mary Oglesby proved themselves to be excellent hostesses last Wednesday evening, when they provided their fortunate guests with an extravagant spread. Those upon whom the God of Fortune smiled were Lake Howell, Agnes Smith, Lena Howell, Julia Rais, Mary Benson and Mary Oglesby.

Now, 'twas a wonderful Saturday morn when three South Hall inmates decided that shoe leather was cheap and pleasure was needed and thus they sallied off to the Hole-in-the-Rock and the Butte. They traversed many a mile, their walk being broken only when their appetites needed satisfying and they immediately consumed sandwiches, candy and fruit till they all peeped "Nuff." Maybe I ought not to tell you who the energetic young ladies are, but I will do so in order to satisfy your curiosity. Sylvia Shelp, Dorothy Goar and Avelia Barnett will verify the above statements concerning the voyage.

The visitors entertained were a boon to us all but more so to the happy girl who was so fortunate. Bernice Thomson has been smiling from one extreme to the other since her two sisters called and gave her a little sojourn in Phoenix. We welcome Miss Betty and Thalen Thomson to our hall and hope that Bee can coax them into returning soon. Marjorie McEwen has likewise felt very jovial since her sister, Garnet, paid her a visit over the week-end.

Among those who paid us short visits were Gertrude Hoar, Mrs. Harriet Buckbee Crocker and Olive Crowley Smith.

Miss Marjorie Palmer was the week-end guest of Elizabeth Layton and although "Leb" had sort of a

(Continued on Page Four)



PHI BETA

Speaking of picnics, here's one really worth while speaking of. Phi Betas will tell you that.

It was the peppiest bunch of girls for miles around that climbed up and around the hills in Echo Canyon. And talk about eats! There wasn't a thing we didn't have, even to box upon box of peanuts which Mr. and Mrs. Holladay surprised us with. We had another surprise before the day was over, and that was the knowledge that Miss Dora Rosenblatt is the champion coffee maker of thirteen States (first twelve don't count!).

We were so glad to have Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie with us and we just couldn't resist making Mr. Wilkie an honorary member too, after all the nice things he did for us, among them bringing his portable Victrola which was sure great and the cause of much merriment.

If you see the bright and smiling faces of Phi Betas' dressed in overalls and sweat shirts, in the annual, just remember it was that day at Echo Canyon when we wrote another page in our history of good times.

PHILOMATHIAN SOCIETY

The Philomathian Society has been having a very enjoyable time reading plays and criticising them. The last two plays we have read were "Op O' Me Thumb" and "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil." We enjoyed both of these immensely.

We also had fun anticipating our next meeting night. The juicy morsels which were mentioned would make one's mouth water.

There were also our two new pledges present at the last meeting. These were Helen Sprowles and Grace Brownlee. After business was discussed the meeting adjourned.

TIMAKAEENA

The Timakaeenas are looking forward to a very exciting week, starting Feb. 21 and ending Feb. 24. During that time initiation for the new members and a sandwich sale will take place. Mr. Ostrander has undertaken the pleasant task of entertaining us at that time. We have been looking forward to this occasion of hearing him for some time and at last it has come.

Alla Wilkins gave a very delightful program at our meeting Tuesday, Feb. 15. She made it so interesting that we hope she will give another very soon.

HOMESTEAD

The Homesteaders have been marking time for a few weeks in preparation for another big "pop off."

We are very sorry Dell is off on the sick list, and look for him to be back this week.

The two new members, Jess Hayes and Chick Vihel, are entering right into the spirit of college life and promise to spread glory over the place with all A's and B's in studies, athletics and campus. The way these two freshmen study is a revelation and an inspiration to the older members.

Last year we had an alarm clock but that is a minor contrivance compared to the Underwood sleep producer we have this year. Yours 'til the pepper and salt elope.

JOLLY REDHEADS

The recent rains have made the desert beautiful in color and heavy with an enticing fragrance. It just makes you want to shout to the heavens that you are glad it is spring. Of course we all know that rain has a remarkable power in changing nature's appearance, but I had no idea how powerful the water from the sky really is.

This was revealed to me when the Jolly Redheads held their regular meeting under the stars at some wild place in Papago Park Monday evening, Feb. 21.

For some unknown reason, Mr. and Mrs. Krause and Thelma Layton never arrived on the scene, while Winifred and Marjorie were unable to go out on such a jaunt. Although the crowd, Ida Smith, Elsie Owens, Kathleen Burgham, Joanna O'Regan, Mr. Irish, Mr. McCreary and Lucille Tantlinger, was small in number, all will agree that the time, place and occasion were perfect. The steak fried by Mr. Irish was as tender as a young fowl, and the other delicacies, consisting of fruit salad, sandwiches, coffee and cookies, came up to the standard of "real good food."

In form of entertainment "Mac," after several attempts, rendered a vocal solo, which has never been equalled. Joanna and Ida led an old-fashioned "sing" to which we added our lusty voices, and there was music (?) in the air.

By vote of those present the meeting was adjourned after the unanimous decision to repeat such excursions as often as possible.

DELTA THETA

On Tuesday, Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday was fittingly celebrated with a picnic given by the pledges of the Delta Theta Society in honor of the old members. Everyone departed from the fountain at 5:30, and hiked across the river to the desert. After much climbing around, and after many experiments with desert cacti, supper was cooked over a roaring camp fire. As soon as everyone had eaten their capacity of hot dogs, buns, pickles, cookies and fruit, the members gathered around the camp fire where a short business meeting was held. When this was completed stories were told and stunts were given. A hike home by the light of the moon completed a very enjoyable evening.

We are very pleased to announce the pledging of three new members. They are Alberta Bealey, Grace Chilton and Galen Sappe.

At the meeting held Tuesday, Feb. 15, after the regular business meeting was held a new play was taken play. This play, "Daggers and Diamonds," is quite different from the average run of one-act plays, and therefore proved very interesting.

The cast was as follows:
Sophia Marie Burum
Rosita Audrey Pierce
The Prince Kathryn Stidham
Oliver Louise Goodwin

LOS HIDALGOS DEL DESIERTO

The last two meetings of Los Hidalgos del Desierto lacked nothing of their old pep and co-operation. Election of officers held the biggest place on the program of January 26. Macrina Haddad was re-elected to her old position as president; Teresa Palacio was elected vice president; Evelyn Smith, secretary; Carmen Lela Roach, publicity manager. Afterwards an impromptu program was given, making us realize more clearly what we already knew, that we have one of the cleverest and most talented groups of members we have ever had.

During the meeting of February 2 much old business was settled and interesting plans were made for more activities. The Geographics were sent an invitation to meet with Los Hidalgos on the next Wednesday, when Miss Wilson will give another of her interesting and individual illustrated lectures; this time on Mexico.

LAMBDA KAPPA

The meeting was called to order February 8 in East Hall parlor. Maxine Phelps presented the opera "Madame Butterfly," by Puccini. Several beautiful selections from the opera were played on the Victrola.

February 15 we met in Miss Norton's room, where we practiced for our program for assembly, after holding a short business meeting.

We are proud of our two new members, Nona Russell and Gladys Jorgenson.

KALAKAGATHIA SOCIETY

We are proud to announce the pledging of Alice Ryan, Margaret O'Conner and Lillian O'Conner.

Last week our meeting was postponed in order that we might go to the basketball game in Phoenix. We will soon make up for last time, and have planned a number of very interesting meetings and enjoyable social events for the future.

Lillian Jones, Mary Glenn Carlos, and Gertrude Jones, former K. K. A. members, visited us last week, and we were indeed glad to see them.

LAMBDA PHI SIGMA

The men students of the college were given the opportunity of hearing a very worth-while lecture when Dr. Stroud addressed them Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Lambda Phi Sigma fraternity. This talk was long, it was interesting to the very end. It was something of which more would not come amiss during our school career. Everyone present carried away something which, though he may not have sensed it's full value at the moment, (Continued on Page Four)

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DORMITORY NEWS

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monopoly on her guest, we all enjoyed having her with us.

Among those who dared to swim to their home towns last week-end were Dorothy Harris, Anita Burnett and Julia Rais. They all report a dampened exterior but a mighty happy feeling otherwise.

Well, since this Collegian does not allow current libraries in their publication, South Hall will now bring her chronicles to a denouement with the little phrase so frequently quoted, "A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence."

MATTHEWS HALL A First Rater

Weren't those frosties de-li-c-i-o-u-s? In fact, wasn't that a delicious house party? When it comes to managing parties Louise Gibbs is right there, and Marian Freeman ranks A1 when a play is given to her to manage. The name of the stunt was "Reveries." Verna Martin is now an old lady; while sitting with her knitting one day she falls to dreaming, and her mind wanders back to those old sweethearts of hers. She remembers the little tot in polka dot rompers, and Gertrude made an ideal young lover. Then there was her kindergarten lad, who kept her supplied with all-day suckers—Virginia Hatch. Nor can she forget sweet Archibald, who quite often gave her a "smack" and made his getaway pronto—Kathleen McNelly. And little Archibald sang "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" as no one else could sing it. With a start she recalls her romance with the "barefoot boy," who wrote on her slate, "I love you Nell," when they were a couple of kids. Little Joe is now president of the United States—isn't that just like a freckled face, red-haired boy to do something like that?—Ida Smith. But thrills of thrills, when her college hero told her—well, what else could he have done? Wasn't she the belle of the day? And wasn't he the handsomest man in college?—Annabelle Jones. Now she is thinking of her trip to beautiful Bagdad, and her sailor boy who almost won her heart—Eva Rhodes. But the lure of Bagdad was still upon her—and she went. Could you blame her for falling in love with a handsome sheik, who told her in glowing terms of his love for her?—Josephine Williamson. Then she heeded the call to sunny Spain, only to lose her heart to a Spanish cavalier—Maria Urquides. But her homeland beckoned too strongly for her, and she turned her eyes homeward, and here she found her true lover—Betty Bruce. Her reverie is past. Opening her eyes she sees standing in the door "that old sweetheart of mine."

A Real Sheik

Last Saturday afternoon Joe Williamson, Irene Wade, Annabelle Jones and Genevieve d'Arcy had a little picnic all their own. They were out for adventure—and found it, in the shape of a handsome young man—and this is no fish tale! Their proof is his picture, standing on his head on top of a train. Yes, they had a pretty good time.

Hall News

Kathleen McNelly spent the week-end in Globe with her parents. We are glad to see Ruth Hazen recovering from her week's illness and hope she will continue to improve.

Frances Wheeler and Isabel Dills have returned to school. Matthews Hall is "hoodooed," we think. Lilla Moore spent the week-end in Superior.

We are sorry to lose Juanita Paisley and Wilma Peterson. Both of the girls were forced to drop their school work due to illness.

Boxes from home are always welcome, and the one received by Lucille Tantlinger received a greeting similar to all such surprises. It also received the attention food usually gets, about 9 o'clock in the evening. Jane Bales, Louise Austin, Irene Wade, Annabelle Jones, Genevieve d'Arcy and Iola Harris were the guests of Anne Wiley and Lucille Tantlinger at the spread, which consisted of chicken, sandwiches, fruit salad, cake and fruit.

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Lumber and Hardware
Paints and Oils

ADDRESS OF HON. R. E. L. SANER
former President, American Bar Association,
at the final meeting of the 1925 National Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, Los Angeles, June 5, 1925.

The Nation-wide movement which reaches its climax here tonight is, I believe, one of the most significant and far-reaching of our time. The seven final contestants who are to address you come as the champions from the colleges and universities throughout the United States.

This contest has been financed and conducted by the Better America Federation, who have rendered not only conspicuous but as distinguished and constructive service to good citizenship as any group in America. Its tremendous success is due in no small measure to the enthusiasm of H. M. Haldeman and Jo. S. Joplin and their associates, and to the executive ability of its organizer and director, Randolph Leigh. It makes vocal a program on which the American Bar Association has long labored.

At the meeting of that association in San Francisco in August, 1922, a committee on American Ideals submitted a report which was the result of painstaking investigations. As related to the purpose of this address, I quote from this report the following significant passages:

"There is but one remedy for our national ills—education. Knowledge and inspiration are essential to citizenship. The schools of America must save America!"

"But we must not be content with merely imparting patriotism, and patriotism is not of the intellect alone; it is very largely of the spirit and of the heart. It cannot be taught by merely imparting information. It cannot be taught by a mere discussion of principles. Religion is of the spirit; so is patriotism."

"In teaching citizenship, the real essential is atmosphere. An appeal must be made to the heart, to the spirit and to the emotions, as well as to the intellect."

"America should no more consider graduating a student who lacks faith in our Government than a school of theology should consider graduating a minister who lacks faith in God."

"Socialism is being taught in some of our schools and colleges. We are not afraid of the teaching of Socialism as one of the many theories of government, but we do object to its presentation as the only true theory. We do object to the teaching of the socialistic premise that our present form of government is unworthy of respect and should be swept away. Until the faith of Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton and Franklin and Madison and Lincoln has been rushed; until patriotism and loyalty and confidence have been driven out of the heart, there is no room in the American conscience for the gospel of the socialistic agitator."

In pursuance of the recommendation of this report, a committee on American citizenship was created, which has been actively functioning since that time. The shibboleth of

this committee is "To establish and maintain the Constitution of the United States and the ideals and principles of our Government in the minds and hearts of the people."

You recall how the Minute Men of the Revolution, summoned by Paul Revere in his famous midnight ride, met the British Redcoats on Lexington Green in the early morning of April 19, 1775. These were the patriots whose lives give the inspiration for this citizenship campaign. And what is a patriot? True, he is a man who loves his country well enough to die for it; but why not more living patriots who are eager and willing to live for their country? For just as the Minute Men of the Revolution were ready upon a moment's notice to rise to the defense of their country, so we need today, as never before in our history, minute men of liberty who are willing to defend their country in time of peace. This is a great lesson and the exemplification of the real significance of this contest. We should make every day a patriot's day, and every real American should be a minute man of the Constitution, ever ready to defend the cherished institutions of this blessed Republic against all attacks, in whatever form and from whatever source they may appear.

But, my friends, whether this government go on for 150 or for 1,050 years does not depend upon what the fathers did. It does not depend upon the Constitution, it does not depend upon the Supreme Court. It depends upon the citizenship of America today, tomorrow and the day after. It depends upon the men and women who are now in high places of responsibility; it depends upon the youth who are coming to womanhood and manhood. It depends upon the boys and the girls who are flocking to our schools and colleges from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

May these young men, worthy representatives of the colleges of America, go forth as evangelists of constitutional government, and let them show the radical agencies that American common sense and American patriotism exist today as truly as in former times. Let them assure the youth of our country that the poor have an equal chance with the rich. Let them by all means leave implanted in our institutions the incentive to individual effort, industry and thrift that is offered by the security of private property, and let them constantly endeavor to remove every obstacle that would handicap any citizen or class of citizens in the race of life.

Let them maintain in its integrity the outstanding American principle of individual equality before the law, offering the largest measure of fair play and the largest field of opportunities for every citizen without injury to his fellows, to work out his own destiny through his own character, his own ability and his own effort. Let them ever remember that this is the American way, and that national accomplishment is only the aggregate of individual attainment.

THEE AND ME

Oh, I got a box of candy, I did,
Yes, sir-ee!
You didn't get one either, kid,
No, sir-ee!
You all time thinkin' you're smart,
Smarter'n me!
But you're not as smart as you think,
Don't you see!
You can wear clothes, the prettiest clothes,
Prettier'n me.
You frisk around like a millionaire—
But not me.
But when Valentine's comes around
You will see
It's always me gets the candy, my dear,
And not thee! —A. M. B.

If You Want a
WALLFLOWER,
Buy Your Ticket,
NOW!

McCANN the Druggist, Says: College Day Must Go Over Big!! Where's Your Tag?

SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 3)

will probably have a much greater influence over his life than he now suspects.

This year the fraternity has tried to provide lectures and meetings which will be of value to all the boys of the school and to which all of them have been invited on several occasions. The true motto of any fraternity should be what we have tried to make our own; mutual help and fellowship for everyone.

WHAT IS LIFE TO YOU?

To the preacher, life's a sermon,
To the joker it's a jest.
To the miser life is money,
To the loafer life is rest,
To the lawyer life's a trial,
To the poet life's a song,
To the doctor life's a patient
That needs treatment right along.

To the soldier life's a battle,
To the teacher life's a school.
Life's a "good thing" to the grafter;
It's a failure to the fool.
To the man upon the engine
Life's a long and heavy grade.
It's a gamble to the gambler;
To the merchant life is trade.

Life's a picture to the artist;
To the rascal life's a fraud.
Life, perhaps, is but a burden
To the man beneath the hood.
Life is lovely to the lover,
To the player life's a play.
Life may be a load of trouble
To the man upon the dray.

Life is but a long vacation
To the man who loves his work;
Life's an everlasting effort
To shun duty, to the shirk.
To the earnest Christian worker
Life's a story ever new.
Life is what we try to make it.
Brother, what is life to you?
—Ernest Wallingford.

LOVE'S FAILURE

I.
She was a beautiful girl,
A modern Venus,
Slender and lithe,
Face sweet and fair
Like a wonderful flower.
Her hair was like
Silk of fairy spinning
And she was not afraid
Of Love.

II.
Yet our love has failed.
When I danced with her
She smelled of shampoo.
I don't enjoy
The odor of shampoo.
Her stockings didn't match
The color of her gown.
They offended my
Esthetic sensibilities.
She talked of dances
And dancing
When she should have talked
Of deeper things.
She insulted my intelligence.
She said "You was"
And not "You were".
Terrible English!

III.
So the parting came.
Alas for me!
Alas for her!
Another idol crashed
Into the dust.

WHY WE GET GRAY

Bally (teaching the fine art of golf)—Now, bring the club over your shoulder.
Marie N.—Yes; like this?
Bally—No; loosen up your arms and hold your feet down on the earth.

Marie—Am I standing right?
Bally—Spread your feet apart. Keep your eye on the ball.
Marie—Am I ready now?
Bally—That's fine! Now bring the club back over your head and keep your eye on the ball. Don't swing too hard. Keep both feet in place. Don't look up. That's fine!
Marie (relaxing)—Say, Wilma, you know that girl I was talking to you about? Well, she got married yesterday.

Miss Hayden (in Phys. Ed.)—Where is the Little Brown Jug?
Dora Fritz (alert)—I saw Mr. McGinnis carrying it over to the Arts Building.

Now that spring is here,
And you are lazy and
Drift around sort of subconsciously,
With a moonstruck gaze at
Some one (In the spring, etc.—you know);
And you want something good
To eat, because people in love
Can't eat—come to
RAY'S VARSITY INN
Real Home-Cooked Food

DEAR K.

Dear K.—What can a fellow do when some one calls up his girl and tells her that you aren't going to see her?
G. K.

Answer—That's all right, sonny. She knows her master's voice.

Dear K.—I'm quite interested in some of the special bouts on the campus. What are the latest returns?
STUDE.

Answer—Flyweight Goddard saved himself by running a desperate hand-to-hand battle. He was saved by the margin of two seconds.

Dear K.—Some one got away with my hat over in the "big arena" the other day. Who was it?
J. F.

Answer—I don't know of a better way than to go around and ask "What's the score?" When some one hits you with a brick, you will know that is who you are looking for.

Dear K.—What should I do with myself? I got two letters and a telegram over the week-end.
K. W.

Answer—Give him a tin medal with a wood string.

Dear K.—A group of we girls were on the bridge the other night and a train came rumbling down toward us and we couldn't run and the river was rushing madly below. What would you have done?
J. D., T. W., J. W., A. J.

Answer—Strike up that good old quartet, "Sweet Adeline," and melt off into space.

Stude—Who prepared the Terman group test?
Mr. Holladay—Terman.

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