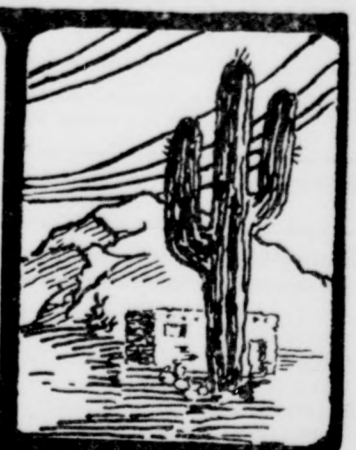




THE TEMPE COLLEGIAN



VOL. 2.

TEMPE, ARIZONA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1927.

No. 12

Track Stars Show Up Fine In Practice and Prospects for Successful Season Look Good

Tempe will have one of the strongest track teams in its history this year, from the looks of the advance dope.

For the sprints there is Goodrich Clements, Yeager, Smith and Mechea. Vihel, Anderson and Mercer are strong contenders for the 440 and 880-yard run.

The distances and weights will be represented by Sutter, Simkins, Goodrich, Simpson, Teeter and Hatch. The pole vaulting and high jump will be done by Foreman, Mechea, Wardlow, Terrell and Marshall.

With this material and Coach McCreeary spending all of his time with the track team, something should be expected.

With most of last year's team back and the addition of some new material, Tempe is out to win in baseball.

Pomeroy, Goddard, Prather, Riggs, Smith, Carr and Barney represent last year's team and new men are Terrell, Harbison, De Clercq, E. Riggs, Bryant, Kauzlarich and Hamilton. Mr. Fairbanks, who is coaching baseball, expects to put out a winning team.

THE CHARM OF NATURE

In that region of scenic southwestern Colorado where an arm of the Grand Canyon stretches northward, is the Canyon of the Yellowjacket.

Dividing into three deep, wide, and rugged cavities, the Yellowjacket winds away to the setting sun, lost to the human eye in a haze of blue and gold.

Situated on a knoll in the bottom of this division of Mother Nature, and at a point where the Yellowjacket divides into three, is an old Aztec Indian fort. Beaten by the thunderstorms of April and the sweeping snows of December, it stands humbled amid its crumbling stones. Once stately and enormous and echoing with the victorious war-whoops of its ancient builders, it is now only a silent reminder of a race which was once happy in the wilderness of this awed and lonely quiet.

Below the fort is a tranquil brook, whose gentle waters rush musically over the stones in its bed. Among the pebbles weeping willow trees drape their bending branches from the margin, their leaves at play in the current.

High up, and on every side, frowning cliffs protrude into space, their broken surfaces blue and brown in the last rays of the dipping evening sun.

The cries of two American eagles flying lazily over the crags, the ripple of the brook, and the rustling of the willows are the only sounds which break this magic stillness of Nature, inspired by God.—A. G. B.

Mr. Hoover—What are the chief products of the Salt River Valley?
Grace B.—Where is the Salt River Valley?

WOW!

Barry in Ed. Psychology Class—If they didn't get more than half that you taught them, they didn't get very much.

ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE

Scintillate, scintillate, louverous constellation.
Interrogatively I question your constituency,
Far in yon heavenly lumination.

Scintillate, scintillate, lustrous constellation;
Mysteriously in thy glorification
Dost thou assimilate all interrogation.

GOODNESS!

The Rev. John L. Davis, speaking before the Railway Business Association dinner, tells us that nevertheless there is one real distinction between ministers and the rest of us. Ministers are paid for being good; others are just good for nothing.—O. B.

KAPPAS PUT ON FINE PROGRAM

Monday, March 7, the Lambda Kappas gave their program before the assembly. The first part was a scene from a gypsy camp fire just before supper time. The numbers were:

Opening Chorus.....Society Members
Gypsy Dance.....Maude Standage
Pianologue—"The Gypsy Trail".....
.....Imogene Hoffman
Violin Selection.....Maxine Phelps
Vocal Solo.....Ethel Johnson
Closing Chorus.....Members of Society

The second part was entitled "Much To Do About Nothing," and was from Shakspeare. The cast were: The Princess.....Buray Heinrich
The Woodchopper.....Imogene Hoffman
The King.....Maxine Phelps
The Queen.....Johnnie Tyson
The Orchestra.....Ruth Johnson, Francis Billman, Marjorie Cox
The Scenery.....Clarissa Lambert, Maude Standage, Lavora Miller
The Footlights.....Francis Howell, Nona Russell, Gladys Jorgensen
Property Man.....Wanda Hill
Announcer.....Esther Scott

'LIFE PURPOSE' IS THEME OF TALK

"Youth is wonderful stuff. It is capable of transformation into other things," spoke Miss Helen Wallace of New York City when she addressed the College assembly Monday, February 21. Miss Wallace, a representative of the Northern Baptist convention, is on her vacation. She visited the Tempe Baptist Church and then gave a short talk in assembly before the Pierian Society presented its program.

"All great lives have been centered about one thought. For Napoleon, it was conquest; for Jane Adams, social service; for Judson, soul saving; and for Jesus, not to be ministered unto but to minister," she said. Miss Wallace urged that we decide what the central motivating purpose of our lives is to be. Many make money-making their first objective in life, others are pleasure seeking, and some work at building character. She suggested, with unusual emphasis, the thought of service.

"For you it is not the land of beginning again. You hold in your hands a life to spend. Life is before you, beyond the horizon. Youth does not have to look back regretfully at mistakes, or sigh for what might have been. It can go forth and do. It can accomplish whatever it will."
"Teaching may be regarded as a means to an end, or as just marking time. There is a great opportunity for service in molding young lives."
"Children spend more time in their teachers' hands than with their parents," she continued, emphasizing the importance of teacher influence in child life.

Miss Wallace spoke also of another type of service, appealing to the young men and women of Christian nature. "The world needs just, Christ-like service; lives lived in His likeness and spirit. Service is the purpose of such lives, and Christ-like



As You Like It Campus Queen

Programme For College Day

College Day! What a thrill it gives us! Not because there are no classes but because it brings back the memory of the signing of the bill which elevated the standing of our school from a normal school to a State teachers college. We are all proud of Tempe. We have worked hard to get what we could in the classroom and now we are exhibiting what we can do outside of the classroom. The following is the program as outlined by the committee:

- 8:00-9:00—General Assembly and Roll Call
- 9:00-10:00—Ceremony on the Butte
- 10:00-12:00—Sports and Games on the Athletic Field
- 12:00-2:00—Lunch and Visiting Time
- 2:00-4:00—Program in the Auditorium
- 4:00-5:00—Visiting Period
- 5:00-6:00—Dinner
- 6:00-7:00—Crowning of the Campus Queen
- 7:00-9:00—Play, "As You Like It"
- 9:00-11:00—Dance on the Tennis Courts east of East Hall.

Letters to a Freshie

Dear Freshie:

I been a Wonderin'—
Did ya get that Letter
I wrote ya?
No answer
Located me yet
But
Oh yes, I remember Now.
You wasn't supposed To
Establish Communication,
As
It were,
"Till you got My address.
Say
Do you know That
I had a Serious accident?
A thought
Struck me in

The cerebrum.
Haven't been Good
For much since.
However,
We'll get Together on This
Freshmen "Collegian"
Proposition Next Monday
At the Class Meeting.
I hear they're A plannin'
To have the Freshmen
Mock Election Too,
Next Monday.
Won't
It be fun?
I know who I Want

For Manhater,
Inseparables,
And all that Rot
They spring At
Them there lectures.
Sometimes I think they're
Worse than Politics.
Well I hope Your mental
Apparatus aint Had no such
Jolt
As mine
And that you'll Bring them
Good Ideas
To the Meeting Monday.
And so
Adieu.
—"The Green Hat"

VIRTUE PAYS
The S is crooked, but look what a straight and narrow line does for it: \$.—Ex.

Mr. Holladay—What is personality?
Art Student—That's the way a girl ties her tie when everybody wears middies and skirts.

Christians are humble, tolerant, forgiving. If everyone would try in all sincerity to be such people what a wonderful world this would be. But that is a something to strive for. Decide on the central motivating purpose of your life and concentrate your energies about it.

Demonstration of Extreme Devotion
If I had a million dollars
Do you know what I'd do?
I'd put it in an envelope
And turn it over to you!

A Scot had been entertained one afternoon and evening by a friend from Australia without making any effort to pay the check. At last observing Andy in the act of putting his hand in his pocket, the Australian, slightly sarcastic, said: "Oh, don't you think of paying; just leave that to me."
"I never thought of paying," was the indignant reply. "I was only scratching my leg."

Bulldogs Lose Championship To Gila College Red Devils In Thrilling Cage Contest

CURSES!
"Aha!" screamed the villain, "where are you taking them papers to?"
"I am taking them to the black-mith's," retorted the hero.
"To have them forged, eh?"
"No! To have them filed."—O. B.

ZETETICS PRESENT 'THE LOST PLEIAD'

A delightful Greek fantasy by Jane Dransfield was presented by the Zetetic Society in the regular Monday morning assembly February 28.

The atmosphere was made perfect by opening with a musical setting, "Phantasia," by Schubert. Those playing were:
First Violin.....June Weber
Second Violin.....Rachel Murdock
Piano.....
.....Merle Kartchner, Ruth Wingfield

The stage scenery for "The Lost Pleiad" was in perfect harmony with the play itself. The lightning completed the pleasing effect, and each character played her part to a perfection.

Characters (as we met them):
Iris.....Marian Doyle
Hermes.....Verna Martin
The Fisherman.....Bena Perz
Sisyphus—the King.....Evelyn Kjellgren
Leontes.....Nettie Brooks
Herse.....Rachel Bogart
Bion.....Harriette Brown
Isidore.....Myrtle Barry
Dancing Nereids.....
Proto.....Elsie Heinlein
Thetis.....Mabel Mason
Galene.....Lyle Butler
Galatea.....Harriet Whitwell

Singing Nereids.....
.....Leolia Brooks, Beatrice Felton, Sara Frost, Gail Hand, Ester Jones, Myrtle Kinsman, Lucille Walters, Marguerite West
Merope, the Pleiad.....Carmen Larison
Dian.....Sunny McDearmon
Tolmid.....Lillian E. Berg
Pleione.....Miriam Stafford
Master Workman.....Jean Smith
First Workman.....Elizabeth McCreight

Officers of the Zetetic Society:
President.....Evelyn Kjellgren
Vice President.....Lucille Walters
Secretary-Treasurer.....Lillian E. Berg
Monitor.....J. L. Felton
Non-active members: Lydia Hopkins, Nina Murphy, Olga Kintsel, Lucy M. McNelly.

PIERIANS PRESENT 'THE REHEARSAL'

The Pierian Society gave their program in Assembly last Monday. The opening number was an instrumental trio, Vilate Allen, Naomi Pomeroy and Jessie Clark taking part. After this the society presented a one-act play, "The Rehearsal," by Christopher Marley. Those taking part in the play were Kathleen Burgham, Catherine McFadden, Edith Bartell, Isabelle Brogan and Mary Hickox.

WITH AND WITHOUT
Mr. B.—When I don't have my glasses with me I see two telephone poles.
M. Windsor—How many do you see at other times?

Customer—I want a pair of speck-rimmed hornacles—I mean sporn-rimmed spectacles—confound it—I mean heck-rimmed spornacles.
Shopwalker—I know what you mean, sir. Mr. Perkes, show this gentleman a pair of rim-sporned spectacles.—O. B.

Saturday evening, Feb. 26, the Bulldogs were defeated by the fast Gila College Red Devils. By losing this game we lost the State championship of the Informal Conference.

This was one of the best games of the tournament. The Red Devils scored first, but were soon followed by the Bulldogs. The teams were evenly matched and there was not much scoring in the first half. The score at the end of the half was 14-11 in favor of the Red Devils.

The last half the Red Devils showed their uncanny ability at shooting baskets and at the end of the game the score was 31-18 in favor of Gila and they had won the championship by 13 points.

The line-ups:

TEMPE—	GILA—
6 Smith	F. Goodman 2
6 Simkins	F. Bingham 11
1 Griffith	C. Mortenson 8
0 Vihel	G. Mickelson 0
2 Riggs	G. Kempton 0
0 Harbison	G. Lines 10
1 Goddard	F. —
2 Terrell	G. —
18	31

BULLDOGS DEFEAT INDIANS

In the afternoon the Bulldogs gave the Indians a drubbing to the tune of 49 to 24. In this game the Bulldogs showed real basketball form and shooting ability.

Tempe started the scoring and led all the way, never being in danger of losing the lead. The Indians played a good game but were unable to keep pace with the fast Bulldog five. At the end of the half the score was 24 to 49 for Tempe.

In the last half many substitutes were used so that no one would be tired for the evening game.

Line-ups:

TEMPE—	INDIANS—
8 Smith	F. Thomas 10
6 Simkins	F. Patricia 7
10 Griffith	C. Homer 3
2 Vihel	G. Thosell 0
0 Riggs	G. Dean 0
13 Goddard	F. Bread 4
2 Harbison	G. —
6 Terrell	F. —
49	24

GRAMMAR SCHOOL OFFER OPERETTA

Gypsy dolls, clown dolls, Scotch dolls, tin soldiers! These are a few of the characters that will come to life. When? How?

Tempe Grammar School will present an operetta, "A Toy Pageant," in the College auditorium March 25. It is under the direction of Miss Sara Frost, assisted by Miss Elsie Parkman and Miss Helen O'Connor.

There are about 75 children taking part. The scene is laid in an old toy shop in which the dolls are brought to life through the power of the fairy queen. They sing and dance for the little girl whom the queen has brought there.

The tickets will be on sale soon. They will be 35c for adults and 25c for children. It will be well worth your while to go.

Mr. Jacobson—Now, son, you get up on the table and when I say jump you jump off in papa's arms.
(Ikey jumps off, but papa steps aside, letting Ikey fall on the floor, face down.)
Mr. J.—Now let that be a lesson. Never trust anyone!
Henry Ford has his millions, but—well, gosh, he has his health too.—Ex.

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WELCOME HOME ALUMNI!

Today we have many alumni members on our campus. We are exceedingly glad you are here and appreciate the interest you have shown in your Alma Mater by returning.

We want you to enjoy yourselves. If there is anything you want to know, ask a student. We are anxious to tell you all about our school.

WE WELCOME SUGGESTIONS

If there is any doubt on the part of students or faculty members about the desire for suggestions by the COLLEGIAN Staff, let that doubt be made clear now. The COLLEGIAN is a COLLEGE publication. Ideas from anyone in the College, any graduate, or anyone interested in the campus life, are welcomed by the staff. We want suggestions and ideas from our readers. If you have a contribution or know of something that would be of interest to the students, write it up and put it in the news box in the library or give it to one of the staff members.

WARM WEATHER AND CUTS

"In the Spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love," etc., etc. With warm days ahead of us it is well to bear in mind the value of an hour in the classroom. Also the penalty for not attending classes. There is a rule in Tempe Teachers College allowing any instructor to dismiss a student from his course if that student has three unexcused absences from his class. "The flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la- have nothing to do with the case." This alternative is very seldom taken, and it really should not be necessary. We should feel that it is necessary to attend every class to get the most out of them, not because we will be expelled from class if we don't attend.

"It is the set of the sail and not the gale, that determines the way we go!"

OUR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

It has been said by several people on the campus that some of our students are "dead from the neck both ways." If there are any such students here, they are to be pitied to be sure.

There are a few who, however, seem to lose sight of the fact that they are attending Tempe Teachers College and not the high school that graduated them. When we have a contest with another school it is expected that the students who attend these contests root for TEMPE. If this is asking too much, these same students might at least remain quiet rather than stand up amid their own classmates and root for the opposing team.

High school spirit and a love for the "old home town" is all right in its place but a college game is not the best place to show that apparent limitation of the ability of the mind to broaden out.

THE HONOR SYSTEM

There seems to be a widely spread interest and application among universities and colleges of the Honor System. It is something that cannot be established over night. The colleges which have developed this great idea are those which have worked hard during a long period of time to create a "no-cheating" attitude among its students.

The students of Tempe Teachers College are pushing this idea to the front and it is hoped that, before long, it will be an established tradition of the campus that each student does his own work; that he neither gives nor receives.

A great philosopher has said that "we learn to do by doing." This is especially true in this respect. We cannot do this great thing without practice. We are all human and it is human to err but it is an accomplishment to put the Honor System into effect in a school. Is Tempe big enough to do this? The COLLEGIAN thinks it is. Students, "What do YOU think?"

YOUR PROMISE—HOW WELL WAS IT KEPT?

Do you remember, years ago, when you were a little fellow, of the promise you made yourself and the things that were to be when you reached man's estate? Have you forgotten your ambitions and the great deeds you were to perform? Do you not recall all the things that were to have been accomplished when you became a man? Now that the years have brought about the time, can you look yourself in the mirror and say, "I am a Man; I have kept faith with the Boy; I am that which I promised the Boy I would be?" Or have the years simply passed on and you are just a Boy grown up, still promising yourself that some day the time will arrive when you will bring about the things you know need to be done and do the things; be the Man you promised the Boy you would be?

LOVE OF ART

The program given by the Zetetic Society in Assembly two weeks ago was a splendid example of what a student organization may do purely for the love of art. The finished ensemble work of the group suggested an amount of work hardly surpassed by our regular play casts. The Society undertook something difficult, unusual, and distinctly above the level of the usual assembly performance, and succeeded in presenting it in finished style. Yet to a portion of the audience it was apparently

less acceptable than some of the lighter programs gotten up and thrown together on the short order plan. Some wanted to see in the performance that which it did not represent and to laugh when there was nothing to laugh at. As an audience our student body compares very favorably with the usual high school or university student body, but we all need training in artistic appreciation. This should be the goal of the programs presented by our literary societies. They, like individual artists, must face the alternative of high standards versus popular applause. But after all the higher standards in the end win the greatest approval, because we may all grow toward them leaving the more vulgar behind as ephemeral.

THE MEANING OF HONOR.

We are continually being told that to be successful teachers we must be honorable; that we must always keep before us a high ideal of honor; that we may sacrifice every thing else if necessary but never our honor. In fact, this abstract and elusive thing called honor seems so very important that we would like to know just what is meant by it.

"Probity is true honor," the old Latins said. And Webster defines probity as being virtue and integrity tested and confirmed. Customs have changed, fashions have changed, and the meaning of many words have also changed but "virtue and integrity" mean practically the same thing to us that they did to the people when Latin was the universal language. The ability to do right when those about us are doing wrong, the courage to withstand temptations when they seem to be thrust in our way, and that foresight which enables us to see farther than the immediate results, all of these things combined make up honor, or, as Jeremy Collier says, "What can be more honorable than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reason and conscience—to maintain the dignity of our nature and the station assigned to us?"

That there are many misconceptions of honor is evident from the following extract, "To those whose god is honor, disgrace alone is sin." To have such an idea of honor—one that lifts us on a plane a little above all others—is really to have no honor at all for "our own heart, and not other men's opinions, form our true honor." It is what we do, and not what we are thought to be; whether we do stoop to dishonesty, and not whether we are detected in it that forms a true ideal of honor.

"When about to commit a base deed, respect thyself, though there is no witness."

—A. M. B.

Sports and Sportsmanship

Merrill C. Windsor THE AMERICAN GAME

"Spring has come," the robin has put in his appearance, the flowers have begun to lend color to the drab of the desert, sure signs of Spring.

But regardless of these, we have a surer sign. It comes to us through the fragrant air, from back yard, from vacant lot, from anywhere that a group of American boys can get together. It is the snap of the baseball in the mitt, the crack of bat against the horseshoe cover of the ball, mingled with the lingo of the diamond.

Baseball is America's own game. You have to go to college to become a football star. Basketball heroes may develop in high school, but everywhere—anywhere our future baseball material is developing.

Baseball is not a game for boys alone. Many a man of business has found it necessary to be "out" the afternoon of the game and hence could not question his office boy too closely regarding the frequent recurrence of his grandmother's funeral.

Find an American man who does not get a thrill from watching the game and you have found a man who has missed the greatest heritage to which every American is heir.

It is your game, it is my game; so let us play it while we can and when we are no longer young enough to play, let us encourage others to play, while we watch, and are thrilled by watching. It is truly The American Game.

WIND-TOSSED THOUGHTS

The leaves are faltering in the wind,
And boughs are bending low;
They know that Autumn's rushing by;
They hate to see it go.
They tremble as they look ahead
To long, cold winter days;
They shudder, and they toss about
In fretful, angry ways.

They are a symbol of my thoughts
On days of windclad hours,
For I grow lonely as the trees,
That miss the birds and flowers.
Then I am shut within myself—
With memories alone;
And the wind blows terrors in my eyes,
And they mingle with your own.

For somewhere wind is blowing hard,
And you are lonesome, too;
And you are shut within your self
And wondering what to do.
Yes, somewhere you are by yourself
With memories alone;
And in your eyes are more tear-drops,
That mingle with my own.

—EMILY ALICE PARKER.

Let's Make the HONOR SYSTEM an Established Fact in T. S. T. C.

College Seniors in the Limelight

JOHN M. BARRY

John M. Barry, president of the College Senior class, was born on a farm near Glendale, Arizona, in February, 1896, and attended grammar school at Pendergast. He graduated from Tempe High and spent two years at the Normal school. Barry played two years on the Normal football team and was a member of the interschool debating team against Flagstaff in 1917. He also took a prominent part in the Junior class play given the same year.

When the World War broke out, Barry spent two years, 1917-19, in the U. S. Army Air Service. Of these, sixteen months were spent in France and England as a member of the Nineteenth Aero Squadron.

On returning, Barry resumed his studies at Tempe and was elected vice president of the 1920 Normal Senior class. At this time he was Captain and Regimental Adjutant of the First Arizona Cadet Corps, and a member of the Athenian Debating Club. Barry also belonged to the C. W. C. Society and took part in the 1920 Junior class play. He worked on the staff of the Normal Student.

Following graduation, Barry taught military training and manual training in Prescott High School. In June, 1921, he married Myrtle Houston, old classmate and member of the class of '20. He then became principal and teacher of Winslow Junior High School, which position he filled for three years, 1921-1924. Barry then taught mathematics and science at Pendergast High School for two years.

Barry came back to Tempe to get his degree. He was elected president of the student council, an office which he has filled to the best of his ability and in a most commendable manner.

Barry is a busy man, yet he has none of the careworn marks of the weary business man. No matter how troublesome or distasteful the task, he executes it quickly and judiciously, confronting his difficulties with a smile. As general manager of the College Day program, Barry has worked early and late planning and getting ready for the celebration. Not only has he attended to finances, and taken an active part in publicity, but he has religiously attended the "As You Like It" practices, being cast as "Duke Senior." The Collegian staff, in behalf of the student body of T. S. T. C., wishes to thank J. M. Barry and express appreciation for the labor he devoted to make Tempe's second annual College Day a success.

AGNES WILLIAMS

Agnes Williams, secretary of the fourth year class, claims Colorado as her native State, although she spent much of her early life in Oregon, graduating from Gold Hill High School in 1915. Mrs. Williams taught in Oregon in 1916-1917, after doing summer work and passing a teachers' examination.

The summer of 1917, ten years ago, Mrs. Williams came to Arizona and enrolled at the Normal School, her name being Agnes Dietrich at that time. She graduated in the midyear class, January, 1919. The semester before graduation Mrs. Williams was editor of the Tempe Normal Student, as the school paper was then called. Pondering on that, Mrs. Williams sometimes wonders how it happened that she did not go on with journalistic work; she enjoyed it so. She was president of student government in East Hall and president of the Kalakagathia Society in 1918.

Directly after graduation, Mrs. Williams secured a teaching position in Douglas. She taught there until 1921, when she went to Canonua, Sonora, Mexico, to take charge of the English schools down there. Mrs. Williams liked her work in Mexico very much, remaining there until she resigned to come back for her degree. She chose to come back to Tempe College because she liked the school and was acquainted with many of the instructors. If conditions were not so unsettled there, Mrs. Williams would enjoy returning to Mexico.

At present Mrs. Williams is serving T. S. T. C. as vice president of the student council and is head resident of Alpha Hall. Although she took a general course when she was at Tempe before, Mrs. Williams is now specializing in English.

"I'm crazy about driving an automobile," was her laughing response when asked her favorite pastime. From the Sonora license plate on Mrs. Williams' car, and her tales, she must have had some exciting times touring Mexico.

Mrs. Williams has a charming poise and quiet dignity that is much admired. Particularly is she liked by the girls of Alpha Hall, with whom she mingles closely every day. Her dark brown hair and sympathetic manner invite confidence and she is

a friend to many, in their moments of loneliness. The door to her room opened and a blonde head made its appearance. "Oh, Mrs. Williams, please tell me how to write a letter," begged the girl in such a frail voice that it would have done an invalid credit. "What kind of a letter?" asked Mrs. Williams. After explaining the particular type of letter she wished to compose, the blonde waited for suggestions and then rushed off, happy again. That's her work, the work Mrs. Williams loves to do—to be with people, learn their trouble and then help them discover a remedy. As such, she makes an excellent teacher, for she does not do teaching alone, but teaching plus. Tempe views her graduation with pride, confident that one with such a noble purpose will be a credit not only to herself but Tempe.

MERRILL C. WINDSOR

Merrill C. Windsor, College Senior and president of the Alumni Association, was born in Kansas and attended grade school in Missouri and Oklahoma. Windsor began his first year of high school at Artesia, New Mexico, and then moved to Wilcox, Arizona, where he studied two years, completing his course in three years. He graduated in 1915. Windsor was on the basketball and baseball teams and also went out for track, besides being student body president.

The fall of '15, Windsor entered Tempe Normal and during his first year won the silver cup in the competitive stock judging contest at the State Fair. In '16 he was president of the Y. M. C. A. and Normal Debating Society. During his senior year, Windsor played on the football team, was in the senior play, and worked on the Sahuaro staff.

Windsor started teaching that fall and taught until early in '18, when he was granted a leave of absence to enlist in the army. Windsor spent nine months in France and came back to Casa Grande in the fall of 1919.

He became principal of the grammar school and held that position until last spring, when he resigned to come back for his degree. At summer sessions at the University, Windsor did the equivalent of one year's college work and plans to get his Master's degree by doing more summer work.

The College book store has no other manager than Mr. Merrill C. Windsor. With the aid of Mr. Burkhardt, faculty adviser, Windsor has proven a capable and efficient manager, operating the book store with great success. He occupies a seat on the Student Council and is a member of the Lambda Phi Sigma Society.

Anyone that knows anything about Tempe College of course knows all about the Fighting Six Hundred. Windsor is president. Out at football games, at pep assemblies, or most anywhere opportunity presented itself, Windsor has boosted for the Fighting Six Hundred and pushed the organization over the top.

One of Tempe's most distinguished former students, Martha Bockoven, of the class of '18, is now Mrs. Windsor. She was awarded the Moeur medal for scholarship and the Moeur pin for teaching. At that time she was editor of the Normal Student and a member of the Zetetic Society. They were married the spring of '18 before he sailed for France.

Windsor has contributed to the college along many lines and is an outstanding character. His humor and good-natured manner have won him much regard on the campus. Windsor expended much energy to put over the Homecoming Day celebration and make the alumni welcome. He wrote a number of the athletic accounts that have appeared in The Collegian this year. Windsor is a worker. He sets a merry pace and keeps astride it in a right jolly fashion.

MAN

The incarnate of power and strength,
The all-wise super being;
God of his realm—Lord of the earth,
Infallible he reigns supreme!
Yet when Mother Eve fell for the Serpent's wile
And was attempted to follow his evil guile,
Did Adam renounce her with manly ire
And say her sweet presence he did not require?

Not he! He followed, though sorely perplexed,
And wondered what "spell" she might try on him next.
Henceforth Woman must shoulder the shame
Of the fall of man—and the curse of Cain—
But here and now I ask you plain:
Who in hell else could Adam blame?

—Exchange.

MY DIERY

(By Junior.)

February 26.—In spite of all my yelling, Gila College poured it on us tonight. But we're not downhearted. Tempe will drown her sorrows at the Rendezvous tonight; and why not? I don't believe in crying over spilt milk; maybe I would if I had bet anything.

Lots of Seniors are worrying over agriculture and gardens, groping in darkness, as it were. Let them plant, and as they plant so shall they reap. (Don't get discouraged; this isn't going to be a Sunday school lesson.) I planted a garden last semester—planted lettuce and reaped weeds (not wild oats).

February 27.—You know, I have a rule never to do any more studying on Sunday than on any other day, and I haven't broken it so far. I haven't studied a minute. What's the use? The professors all say we don't come to school for a grade. But I notice that they don't let us stay long unless we have a grade, and a better one than E, at that.

February 28.—We had another round with Miss Roll this morning. Every time she hits us with a request for a summary we get a little groggier. Some of these teachers are old hands at the game; you can't even score on them.

March 1.—Well, all the Babe Ruths and Alexanders are out doing their stuff with the old horsehide. And the speedsters are just eating up the track—burning it up with speed. I hope the girls all get out and root like they have so far this year. Sometimes it helps to have twenty or thirty fair co-eds out there.

March 2.—Another of these swell Wednesday night affairs. Just ask some of the Freshmen if they didn't have a good time, rather a late one, too. Some fellows sure are conscientious workers, going out at night to do their road work for track. Maybe they're trying to follow in Sutter's footsteps.

March 3.—Fair and warmer. Windy. March 4.—Holy old, bald-headed, fish-faced Mike! Wallflower! Waltz me around again, Willie. Everyone enjoyed themselves immensely, but not too immensely. Just right, in fact.

March 5.—The morning after the night before. Not a hangover, just sort of sleepy and groggy. You know. Maybe it's the spring. Maybe not.

March 6.—Sunday again and all's well. Methods is my downfall at last. I had to break a long-established precedent and study two hours today. My heart is split wide open over it. Perhaps I'll survive. One thing sure—I don't want to contract the measles until after College Day. Then—well, let them come! There won't be any holidays for a while.

March 17.—Well, I've turned electrician now. But it's all in a good cause, anyway. (You've got to keep up on your S. A.-ing, you know.)

March 8.—Tomorrow is the big pop-off. We'll all have a h—eck of a time. Wine, women and song—if we had the wine. So long—see you at the baile tonight!

LOVE'S FAILURE

(With apologies to the original author)

I.
He was a handsome boy,
A veritable Apollo,
Virtile and mighty,
Brow smooth and serene
As a summer sea.
His hair was like
A glossy cap of ebony
And he was not afraid
Of Love.

II.
Still our love has failed,
When I danced with him
His tie was conspicuous
By its absence.
I don't like tielless boys,
His loud socks were not in harmony
With his shoes and suit.
They grated on my
Sense of euphony.
He talked of drinking
And how many bottles he'd killed
When he should have talked
Of other things.
He insulted my intelligence.
He said "He don't!"
And not "He doesn't."
Execrable diction.
So the parting came.
Alas for me!
Alas for him!
Another dream vanished
Into thin air.

—X. Y. Z. K. B. S.

FOILED

I have a pimple
On my chin.
I thought it was a dimple
But—
Dimples turn in!

Dormitory News.

ALPHA HALL NEWS

There's heather bloom, there's robin song,
There's rainbow tint and gleam
Within my heart.

Now that the days are getting warmer, that the birds are singing preludes to a summer of song, and little green shoots are appearing on the trees, our campus will soon begin to look like a sweet pea garden or a host of butterflies, with all the girls in their new spring dresses and the boys' flaunting new ties. And who wants to think about spring fever and laziness? Why, this is the time of year to laugh and sing and be glad. The whole world is reawakening and why shouldn't we reawaken with it? With some extra hard digs into our books, an extra smile or two for the poor creatures who don't know that it's spring, and an extra thrill or two with the mere joy of living, let's remember—

"Let not our hearts forget to sing,
Lest Spring forget to flower."

Miss Nellie Dietrich, a Tempe graduate of last year, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Agnes Williams, our house mother. She says that she finds Tempe still the same old Tempe. The Alpha Hall girls are enjoying Miss Dietrich's visit almost as much as Mrs. Williams.

Miss Nellie Martinez has had two severe attacks of appendicitis in the last three weeks. This doesn't look so good, Nellie. We hope that you've seen the last of your "Appendicitis Blues."

Speaking of "blues," Yvonne Lanning and Sophie Johannsen have been laid up a few days with several scratches annexed in speedball. Nothing serious, y'understand, but enough to keep them off their legs and feet over the week-end.

Mrs. Leo Stack was a guest of Yvonne Lanning Monday, the day of the Zetic program. Mrs. Stack was formerly Miss Osee Stuckey and a special art student of Tempe.

Miss Johanna Regan broke the routine of school by being the dinner guest of Miss Ida Hansen of Phoenix on Sunday.

A group from Alpha Hall, including Mrs. Agnes Williams; her sister, Miss Dietrich; Miss Johanna Regan, Yvonne Lanning and Lillian Berg went to Phoenix Saturday afternoon to see the matinee presentation of Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." They said, "It certainly took us out of the humdrum"

Miss Olive Goodikoontz visited her folks over the last week-end. She reports a jolly good time and adds the kind wish that those of us who live so far away could see our folks oftener. But remember, there's a spring vacation coming!

Yvonne Lanning was surprised a short time ago with a visit from her sister, Mrs. Roy Meacham, of Los Angeles. Mrs. Meacham, formerly Miss Dorothy Morrison and known to Tempe campus and Mr. Irish as "Brick," is a Tempe graduate, class of '24. While here Mrs. Meacham was the house guest of Mrs. McCreary.

SOUTH HALL NEWS

Life has been rather uneventful at our house these last two weeks with everyone busy on those "pestiferous" lessons and tests. Then, too, we're storing our energies for that glorious College Day. Of course we were much more interested since the royalty of the campus lives at our house.

Hazel Williams left our abode last week-end to visit her sister, Mrs. Kiser, in Glendale.

We've been very fortunate when it comes to visitors, one of the first being little Miss Ann Nordstrom, who visited her sister, Marie, during the week-end.

No wonder Nellie Ray was heard to giggle, laugh and wear such a satisfied look. Her sister, Marguerite, spent Sunday and Monday with her.

Dora Fritz has been looking as though she and the world were on the best of terms since her mother, Mrs. Fritz, spent several days with her.

Speaking of luck, Nellie Ray and

Iva were sure to draw it all when they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Peterson at a desert dinner. Course they ate 'n' ate and had more fun, but like other dutiful dormitory Doras, they had to end the pleasant event and return to their studies.

Fern Parker and Dorothy Aubrey were the week-end guests of Mrs. Entz of Mesa. From all reports Mrs. Entz makes an admirable hostess and from the broad grins of the two lucky persons they must have had a royal time.

NORTH HALL NEWS

Visitors

Bertha Mae Richards received a visit Sunday from her sister, Verna Jo Richards, who is teaching in Tucson.

Carol Smith of Miami visited her sister, Evelyn, during the week-end. Louise Norcross, who received a sprained knee last week, is much improved.

Hiking Trip

The afternoon of Feb. 22 marked a most enjoyable and unique hiking party. The destination was the Butte, and the event was a picnic supper. The entertainment featured was in the form of bridge and killing centipedes. The crowd consisted of Ruth Howell, Leona Howell, Nona Russell, Opal Kain, Bertha Mae Richards, Maryanne Ludy, Cleo Windram, Elizabeth Adams, Dorothy Morgan, Louise Taylor, Marge Alexander and Margaret Williams.

Treasure Hunt

Sunday evening at 6:45 began the treasure hunt which was planned by Macrina Haddad and Myrtle Kinsman. The hunt started upstairs and continued until, by a series of journeys, the search ended in the storeroom. An upward sojourn was participated in, and the clan was led to the room of Clarissa Lambert. Upon opening the door a successful (?) imitation of the honoree was viewed. Gifts were strewn over the floor in great profusion for the much surprised Clarissa, who that day added another year to her age. Bridge supplied the rest of the good time. Teresa Palicio made high score, while Macrina Haddad had the pleasure of totaling low score. The refreshment part of the program was most exciting; not alone for delicious eats, but for a most talented portion of story-telling, reading and singing.

MATTHEWS HALL

Speedball Victims

We haven't much to say this week, which is rather fortunate. You see, it is this way—we are victims of speedball.

Several of our girls are taking part in the division tournaments, and you can easily spot them on the campus. We entertain everything from a sprained toe to a sprained thumb, but for all that we are a live and happy bunch.

Visitors and Visits

Mr. Bruce of Ray was the guest of his daughter, Betty.

Jo Williamson spent the week-end with her roomie, Marian Freeman, in Phoenix. It would be hard to say what they did for entertainment—perhaps a little bit of everything.

Among the girls who were away the last week-end were Irene Wade and Annabelle Jones, who spent the time at their homes in Clarkdale; Edith Bartell, who was home in Ray; Lilla Moore, who was at her home in Prescott, and Maria Urquides, at her home in Tucson.

Misses Gladys Jones and Alma Howe were guests of Gladys' sister, Margaret, on Sunday. This is Gladys' second visit, and we hope that she will make many more.

A First-Class Picnic

How would you like to see Marian Freeman promenading down the streets of ye old Tempe carrying a frying pan on her shoulder and a bottle of milk in her hand? You must admit that Marian has quite a debonair swing when it comes to handling milk bottles and frying pans. Jo is a mighty fine girl and a very trustworthy and responsible one, but she is no hand at carrying the box

(Continued on Page Four)



TIMAKAEENA

What's the matter with the new members? They're all right! At least the initiation proved them so. Some seemed to "get" it harder than others, but none succumbed to the ordeals. Scenes of interest which occupied them were dark closets (Oh, Doras!) upper floors of buildings, with snakes, etc., and especially the pig pen. (Oh, Alice, where wert thou?) The new members entertained the old ones and Mr. Ostrander with an imitation of a meeting conducted by the old members. We did not know we had so many pet expressions and habits. Well, anyway, it was good to see ourselves as others see us, wasn't it, Mildred?

After we had recovered from this, refreshments were served, consisting of salad, sandwiches, jello, cake and cocoa. We didn't know whether our lives were in danger, but everything tasted wonderful. We will have to hand it to the new members, Alla Wilkins, Alice Brown, Mamie Winery, Hazel Farrow, Margaret Knudson, and Dora Cardon.

PHI BETA NEWS

Washington's birthday found us assembled at Evelyn Redden's home ready to discuss plans for the popcorn ball sale which we held Saturday night at the basketball tournament in Phoenix.

After making all our last minute preparations and attending to smaller details, we read the first act of our play, "Beggars on Horseback."

As 9 o'clock was swiftly approaching we left our "Beggars" and partook of most delicious salad and wafers. But even the best of friends must part, and 9:15 found each one at home.

When March 1 rolled around we again met to discuss popcorn balls—this time at the home of our monitors, Mr. and Mrs. Holladay.

We finished our play and chose Shakspeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona" to be read and discussed at our next meeting.

We put an end to popcorn balls by making each member of the society buy one.

All of us are looking forward to an interesting Shaksperian meeting next week.

LOS HIDALGOS DEL DESIERTO

On the ninth the Geographics met with Los Hidalgos del Desierto and Miss Wilson gave one of her clever and individual illustrated lectures on Mexico. Interesting souvenirs of carved nuts, little sculptured faces made by a prehistoric civilization in Mexico, and other unique curios were examined. Miss Wilson's lectures are always enjoyed and appreciated.

On Wednesday, the 23rd, an important business meeting was held. Old business was settled and interesting plans for further activities were discussed. Los Hidalgos plan to put their program in assembly over big.

Afterwards an enjoyable impromptu program was given until time to go home.

K. K. A.

The grass is lush and green between the two buttes, the river lends a merry accompaniment to a cheery, crackling camp fire. Such is the scene the K. K. A.'s chose for a picnic.

Crisp bacon and generous hamburgers made an appetizing repast, while Mary's and Kappy's potato salad was the crowning glory. Sparkling coffee and fruit galore finished the ambrosial feast.

Everyone then drew close to the fire and an entirely original dance was rendered for our entertainment by our new pledges. Wild and grotesque it seemed by the flickering firelight. We then sang to our hearts' content and watched the lazy sparks drift dreamily heavenward. The dying embers warned us that time was fleeting so our footsteps were turned toward the campus.

The meeting in South Hall parlor on Tuesday last was spent in the accomplishment of some previously planned work and in the able dispatching of some few business matters.

We were glad to see the face of Nellie Dietrich, a last year's graduate and K. K. A., brightening the campus for a few days last week.

CLIONIAN NEWS

We have quite had a few blessings lately. Mrs. Sweet, a former Clionian, is back in the fold. Mr.

Sweet accepted our invitation to be an honorary member and we have another pledge, Elsie Gates.

The last meeting in February was held at the Paynes' home. Elsie McGraw, Ida Hayes and Nellie Graham took the formal oath of membership and then we had a short speech from Mr. Sweet. We certainly are glad that he is one of us.

The program for the evening was "Carmen," and was certainly presented in a very enjoyable manner by Thelma Layton.

Following the meeting we had a contribution from Mrs. Payne, not a speech but Clonian kisses and tea, and we had a regular mad tea party. Last Tuesday we had our regular meeting in Matthews Hall. We seem to always find occasion for a speech. At any rate Elsie Gates might know something about that.

Mamie Stevens gave a very creditable performance in her presentation of "Faust."

Last week-end the Clonians gave a program at Tolleson to raise money for the camping trip. May Evans had all of us out to her house to spend the night. May should get a gold star for being so brave. She certainly showed us a good time.

This Saturday has been set aside for our annual trip up Superstition. If the weather permits we will go and you will hear more of that later.

PHILOMATHIAN

The call of the open road was heard quite distinctly Tuesday evening. The Philomathians could not resist it. A picnic lunch was packed in a box, and we started off. Jerry Carroll and Miss Dobbs helped to make our brief evening a very enjoyable one.

If you could have heard the noise and laughter that rang out on the evening air, you wouldn't wonder at Annabelle Jones' Roman nose, nor ask anyone to explain why all of us are saying "Let's go again soon." This picnic brought back memories of the camping trip in the spring of last year and many plans were made for the one this year. We can hardly wait.

JUST THE OLD, OLD STORY

"Oh, I don't want to get married; I'm having too much fun. I don't want to be tied down To any single one."

She sang it lightly as she ran
She was having the best time.
She thought she had the "bestest" man.
(But she just hadn't seen mine.)

She had been out the night before.
With a fellow with great, brown eyes;
Just those eyes and nothing more
Could keep her in paradise.

She flirted with every sheik on the campus
In a cheery, cock-sure way;
She laughed and talked and shouted
and sang—
She was so very young and gay.

She said he was Bulgarian—
That gave me quite a shock,
"But not at all barbarian,"
When I began to mock.

Then one day I saw her,
She was far from being gay;
Her lips, instead of smiling,
Were turned the other way.

And what she said made me wonder.
It took me by surprise:
"Oh, how I hate Bulgarians,
With their big Bulgarian eyes!"
—A. M. B.

GUESS WHO

Multilingual
Aesthetic
Romantic
Jolly
Optimistic
Red-headed
Intelligent
Eager

Honest
Interesting
Learned
Loved

Bashful
Attentive
Reliable
Reverent

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DAD'S PLACE

NEC SORTE NEC FACTO

SED SERVITUTE

DORMITORY NEWS

(Continued from Page 3)

of eggs for a picnic. She fared pretty well until she started down the hill and then it was all off, for it would have taken all the king's horses and all the king's men to put those eggs together again. I will say this for her: She made the remains taste like real eggs, so we didn't mind—much—and called our picnic an alarming success.

House Guests

Miss Anne Wiley motored to Ray last week-end, and spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents.

Miss Lucille Tantlinger spent last week-end at her home in the Casa Grande Valley.

Matthews Hall had many guests during the last few days. Those visiting their daughters were Mrs. d'Arcy, of Jerome; Mrs. Tantlinger, of Randolph; Mrs. H. K. Jones and her daughter, Mrs. E. L. Bradley, of El Paso, Texas.

Miss Pearl Blair, a former student of Tempe State Teachers College, was the guest of Anne Wiley.

Matthews Hall regrets very much to lose three of her girls, Grace Knowles, Clara Peterson and Marian Hughes, who are moving off of the campus.

A Little Feed

While most of the members of Matthews Hall were tripping the light fantastic at the Wallflower Friday night, several girls enjoyed themselves in another fashion.

Lucille Tantlinger, Anne Wiley, Annabelle Jones and Irene Wade dined sumptuously at a feed, the donor being Mrs. Tantlinger of Randolph. The menu, made up of food fit for a king, or queens, as the case may be, consisted of a fruit salad, chicken sandwiches, pickles, hot chocolate, cake and ice cream.

MEREDITH HALL

After being away on leave of absence during the last issue or so, Meredith Hall has found its way back to the fold of the chosen. None of us have the measles yet (can't afford a vacation until after College Day, you know).

It's a great job, this publicity agent stuff. I didn't know when I was well off, back in the old days. Now, if I don't write I get ridden for it, and if I do write, the people I write about think I get too personal, or something. And, unless I can get personal, I don't get any kick out of it; if I do get personal I get a kick, both literally and figuratively; so what's the score?

Well, genius is never appreciated until after it is dead; and a good kicking certainly is not appreciation. Mr. Burkhard says that people are not sufficiently socialized to appreciate us (pardon me!—them) and I'll agree with him that it isn't very sociable treatment.

I see myself waxing eloquent in my egotism. I must forego my melancholy meditations, for this is an epoch of ye olde Meredith Hall, and not an autobiography of another good man gone wrong in the publishing business.

My little playmates are, as I said before I was interrupted, all well and still immune from the measles. I must tell of a very touching incident which happened the other day, one full of dripping pathos. Melvin (that's one of our inmates here) came in crying as if his heart would break. For a long time he wouldn't tell what was the matter. But finally, between great, gulping sobs, he told me that those big naughty boys, Jack and Clifford, had won all his marbles and wouldn't give them back.

So, when they came in, I gave them a little lecture on morality and told them what a frightful thing they had done in keeping Melvin's marbles. They broke down and confessed and gave the marbles back, which so overjoyed Melvin that he gave each of them one of his all-day suckers.

I have a great time with this bunch of kids. They're all right at heart; it's just the college life breaking out on them. They'll get over it, maybe.

Jones—My wife explored my pockets last night.

Smith—What did she get?

Jones—The same as any other explorer—material for a lecture.

H. W. RYDER

Lumber and Hardware
Paints and Oils

Nothing Needed But Support Of Fighting 600 to Assure T. C. Winning Ball Team

When a girl's almost forgotten beau renews and invigorates his affections, she knows Spring has arrived. To a boy, Spring's calling card is in the form of a baseball glove. In many spots about town youngsters have started their little games, and at T. S. T. C. the call has been made for men to respond to the national game.

Flagstaff is boasting of a wonder nine this year, and how about a little revenge for that basketball defeat? There are a number of real players on our field—players who know the game—and we are certainly going to have one first-class baseball machine.

But our team will have no more pep than a machine if the student body does not put forth some real, genuine support. Here's a chance for the Fighting Six Hundred to

fight to its heart's content. Nowadays, a school is not rated by scholarship alone. It is made good or bad by the attitude of the students toward it. If each of you would take just one minute to think of a school that gave its teams very little support, you could find one easily enough. Then ask yourself what is your honest opinion of the school.

We have given splendid support to our other teams, so let's make it a perfect year and put the baseball season over with a bang that will be heard clear to Tucson. We want a game with Flagstaff and we are going to avenge our defeat in basketball. That Fighting Six Hundred is going to be a snappy bunch with more steam than one of Walter Johnson's fast ones, and more drive and pep than one of Babe Ruth's home runs. Let's see that no member of the Fighting 600 fans out!

GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Mr. Robert Krause was the principal speaker for the Geographic Society on Thursday evening, Feb. 24. He took his audience on a journey with him from London, through the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, India, Malaya, Indo-China to the inner recesses of Australia. The whole was a succession of events both thrilling and humorous, told in a way thoroughly interesting and amusing. Few people have such a wealth of experience crowded into a few years. Mr. Krause has again proven himself worthy the honor of honorary membership in the Geographic Society.

Last Thursday evening, Harold Clark of Mesa related to the society some of his experiences while in New York State doing missionary work for the Church of Latter-Day Saints. Mr. Clark's talk was a splendid

example for the Geographics, first of how what is usually regarded as the commonplace may be glorified with interest for those whose eyes, hearts, and minds are open to receive, and second as an example of word pictures such as to vivify the simpler scenes as well as the more unusual.

Tomorrow afternoon the Geographics will visit the Arizona Temple (Mormon) according to special arrangement. Later they will retire to the desert for lunch. This will take the place of the regular Thursday evening meeting.

Next Thursday evening Mr. Elias Brimhall, member of the society, will give a talk on the mountains and peoples of Eastern Kentucky. This region has been a favorite theme of geographers, but scarcely any of us has had the opportunity of as long and intimate contact as Mr. Brimhall.

ROMANCE OF NORMAL DISTRIBUTION CURVE

The normal distribution curve is a cold, dry, statistical thing in itself, but looking deeply into the principles that lie back of its sweeping, graceful curve, we find life and vital interest. To the average college student it is a thing which determines whether his grade is A, B, C, D, or E. If one look beneath the surface a little way, one can see on the rhythmic sweep of the distribution curve the whole of humanity divided into groups of inexorable quality. Ranging from the lowest to the highest, with the greatest group coming in the center, we find the race distributed.

On one end we find the very dregs, the bitter, hopeless failures. Living in the darkness of ignorance, groping blindly along, taking the cuffs that Fate hands them, utter misery is their lot. Unable to adjust themselves to the conditions around them, they are at continual odds with the whole universe. They are the helpless victims of their heritage of ignorance and inertia. They are the "E's" on the curve of life.

In the middle of the curve we find the average, the hopelessly mediocre. It is they who do the world's hard work. Into their lives comes considerable happiness, much sorrow and many tears. They live on the humdrum plane of everyday existence, eating, sleeping, living, perhaps praying, and that is all. Being content with cheap books, cheaper moving pictures and gaudy paintings, they skim only the surface of life. They are found in the mansions of the rich and in the huts of the poor. The great average has no social distinctions. Poor, simple souls! They are satisfied if they can but live a life of fulfilled desire. They are the great average, the "C's" of life.

On the other end of the curve we find the section of the race that begins to live above the thralldom of mere existence. The great, noble and beautiful things are the work of this group. It is they who write the great poems, sing the great songs, act the great plays. It is they who build the magnificent bridges, dam the rivers and discover the truths of science. It is they who serve the race to the utmost, sacrificing everything for their fellows. They are the ideal of the race. In a world of ignorance they are the men who know. They are the "A's" of life.

SPRING

Spring is here.
I feel lazy and
Happy and carefree. I don't
Study and it doesn't hurt my
Feelings a bit.
I like the spring.

Spring is here.
The air is sweet and pure.
The campus is green
And pretty. The trees are bud-
ding.

The robins are singing.
Seniors are planting gardens but
I'm through with agriculture.
I like the spring.

Spring is here.
I see fellows and girls
Walking around arm-in-arm
Connected by hypphens, you see.
They linger around and linger
Around. Young men's fancies are
Turning, this way and that way.
I like the spring!

Spring is here.
But the wind is blowing
Forty miles an hour. It is cold.
It is raining. Trees are
Blown over, and the lights are out.
Is that spring? If it is
I don't like the spring any more.

So this is spring? Well,
School will be out—some day.
And it's not so cold to
Get up and go to the
Dining hall in the morning.
And the wind
Doesn't blow all the time.
And if I don't love any girl, like
Some fellows do
It's my own fault, I guess.
I like the spring.

"Anything for the Murphys?" inquired a freckle-faced girl, putting her head in at the postoffice door.
"No, nothing," replied the clerk.
"Anything for Jane Murphy?" pursued the girl.
"No!"
"Anything for Bob Murphy?"
"Nothing, I tell you!"
"Anything for Biddy Murphy?"
"No; nor for Pat Murphy, nor Dennis Murphy, nor Pete Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor for any of the Murphys, individually, jointly or severally!"
The girl regarded the clerk for a moment in open-mouthed astonishment. "Well," she said at last, "have you anything for Clarence Murphy?"
—London Tit-Bits.

DEAR K.

Dear K.—Can you imagine anything greater than writing the whole Constitution of the United States on a single stamp with a pen? Can you imagine such a thing?

Answer.—Certainly I can imagine such a thing. Why, I can imagine a person writing the Constitution on a stamp with a mop.

Dear K.—What is the latest dope on the "Big Arena"?

Answer.—Kid Goddard, Battling Windes and One-Blow Kauzy are in intense training for the big quarter semi-finals which are to be staged soon. There is a dark horse in the shadows which will be brought to the front in the next few days.

Dear K.—I noticed a group of boys walking around very late last week. Do you suppose they were looking for Freshmen?

Answer.—I have quit thinking. It doesn't seem to get me anywhere. From now on I shall assume or suppose things. Assuming that these boys were on a mission, it can readily be supposed that they got what they were after. At any rate, there were a few who came in town at a very late hour Wednesday night.

An engineer, while explaining the operation of a machine in a factory, got so annoyed at the interruptions of a certain man that he refused to continue, and walked away.

"Who is the fellow who pretends to know more than I do about that instrument?" he asked another man.
"Oh, he's the man who invented it!" was the answer.

She—Do you think I should send my new photograph to all my friends?
The Brute—I don't think I should. It's really very much like you.—Hamburger Nachrichten.

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