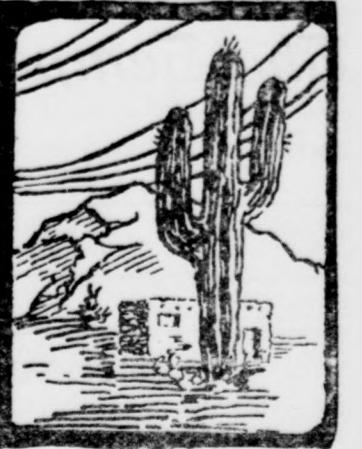




# THE TEMPE COLLEGIAN



VOL. 2. TEMPE, ARIZONA, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1927. No. 16

## Where Some Students Will Be Next Year

Although many students who have positions next year have not signed up in the office, the following list shows that a goodly number of this year's graduates have secured positions, notwithstanding the placing of teachers is always more or less unsettled at this time of year.

The request has been made that all students who have positions sign up in the office, thus eliminating the waste of time entailed in locating students who have positions. The Collegian would like to have a complete list of students who have positions in the next issue, which will be published June 2. The co-operation of the students will be greatly appreciated.

Name	School
Alexander, Mrs. Bertie	Roosevelt
Avery, Sarah R.	Phoenix
Becker, Anna	Morenci
Brown, Harriet	Phoenix
Byerly, Bess	Bisbee
Carter, Clay Dean	Walnut Grove
Chamberlain, Jean	Tucson
Clements, Leonard	Gilbert
Connelly, Barbara	Pendergast
Eisenhart, James	Madison
Farnsworth, Estella	Kirkland
Freeman, Marian	Phoenix
Garrison, Dora	Palo Verde
Gieszl, Rose	Holbrook
Goddard, Delbert	Pendergast
Hall, Mildred	Palo Verde
Hardesty, Inez Dessie	Buckeye
Howell, Francis	San Simon
Hughes, Marian E.	Benson
Jones, Jessie	Douglas
Kershaw, Virginia	Phoenix
Kinsman, Myrtle	Globe
Kloster, Viola	Pendergast
Koch, Leona	Bisbee
Lambert, Clarissa	Miami
Layton, Thelma	Thatcher
Marshall, Verling Jr.	Gilbert
Marshall, Winifred	Bisbee
Mason, Mabel	Jerome
Miles, Gladys	Laveen
Morgan, Dorothy	Road
Patton, Dorothy	Globe
Peterson, Clara	Superior
Pomeroy, Jessie	Globe
Regan, Johanna	Phoenix
Robinson, McFraddie	Mesa
Roby, Kate	Phoenix
Rollins, Dell J.	Lehi
Rosenblatt, Dora V.	Miller Valley
Ruehle, Gladys	Liberty
Smith, Ida	Clifton
Smith, Jean	Phoenix
Squire, Ada	Douglas
Stevens, Katherine	Clifton
Stevens, Olga	Morenci
Teeter, Carl	Buckeye
Tyson, Johnnie B.	Miami
Wade, Irene	Miller Valley
Walters, Lucille	Phoenix
Williams, Ethel	Globe
Williams, Josephine	Globe
Windram, Cleah	Phoenix
Woodhams, Gladys	Phoenix

## Tempe Represented at Tucson Geologic Dinner

Last Thursday evening Mr. Hoover of the Geography department was the guest of Dr. William Morris Davis, Harvard geographer, at a dinner given at the Old Pueblo Club in Tucson. The dinner was in honor of Dr. Albert Penck, noted geographer from the University of Berlin. Places were laid for twelve guests, including the chief geologists of the University of Arizona, the Bureau of Mines, and the United Verde Copper Company.

On Thursday Dr. Davis acted as host to an excursion having as its objective the Santa Catalina Mountains and the San Pedro Valley. The party included Dr. Davis, Dr. Penck and his assistant, Dr. Haushofer, Mr. Lawson, special field geologist for the United Verde Company, and Mr. Hoover.

## FACULTY MEMBERS TAKE TRIPS

Mr. F. M. Irish, registrar and head of the Science department, met his classes as usual Monday. Last week Mr. Irish visited Miami and Globe in the interests of the college.

Mr. J. L. Felton left Sunday night May 15 on a trip for Dr. Matthews of a nature similar to Mr. Irish's trip and will be gone until Friday, May 20.

## Just a Little Geography

How much did Philadelphia Pa.?  
How much does Columbus O.?  
How many eggs did New Orleans La.?  
What grass did Joplin Mo.?  
We call Minneapolis Minn.;  
Why not Annapolis, Ann?  
If you can't tell the reason, why,  
I'll bet Topeka Kan.  
—Coyote Journal.

## English Class Holds Picnic

Hot dogs! Hamburgs! Pickles! Yessir, everything that goes to make a real honest-to-goodness picnic was there, when Miss Blair's English classes met at the Beach Wednesday afternoon, May 11.

To fulfill her promise, that "if every one of her students pass the English examination we should have a picnic," Miss Blair met with her pupils and enjoyed a swimming party in the cool waters of Tempe Beach. At 5:30 the swimming party adjourned and the cats were cooked. Mercer & Mercer were head cooks. Merrill Hatch was fireman and the rest of the bunch did the "table work."

Mr. and Mrs. Felton were guests of honor and as entertainment for them, each class put on a skit. Mr. Felton gave an interesting story for his selection and Miss Blair sang and accompanied herself on the uke. The morning class gave an interesting band concert, an instrumental duet and clever skit. Miss Sadie Goodwin was program chairman for the morning class. The afternoon class gave a skit portraying the manners of the various members of the English department faculty.

The picnic ended at 8 o'clock and all went home decided that English was not such a bad subject after all.

## Delta Thetas Send Two Delegates to Drama Convention

The Delta Theta Society sent Miss Kathryn Stidham and Miss Winona Bryan to a State dramatic convention at Tucson Friday and Saturday, May 5 and 6.

These two girls left Tempe Thursday night and returned Sunday night. While in Tucson they attended the meetings of the convention, which included lectures on play presentation, play direction, illustrations of make-up for different characters, lighting effects, and a demonstration of the arrangement of lights on a model stage. Friday night our representatives were given complimentary tickets to a presentation of Shakspeare's "Much Ado About Nothing."

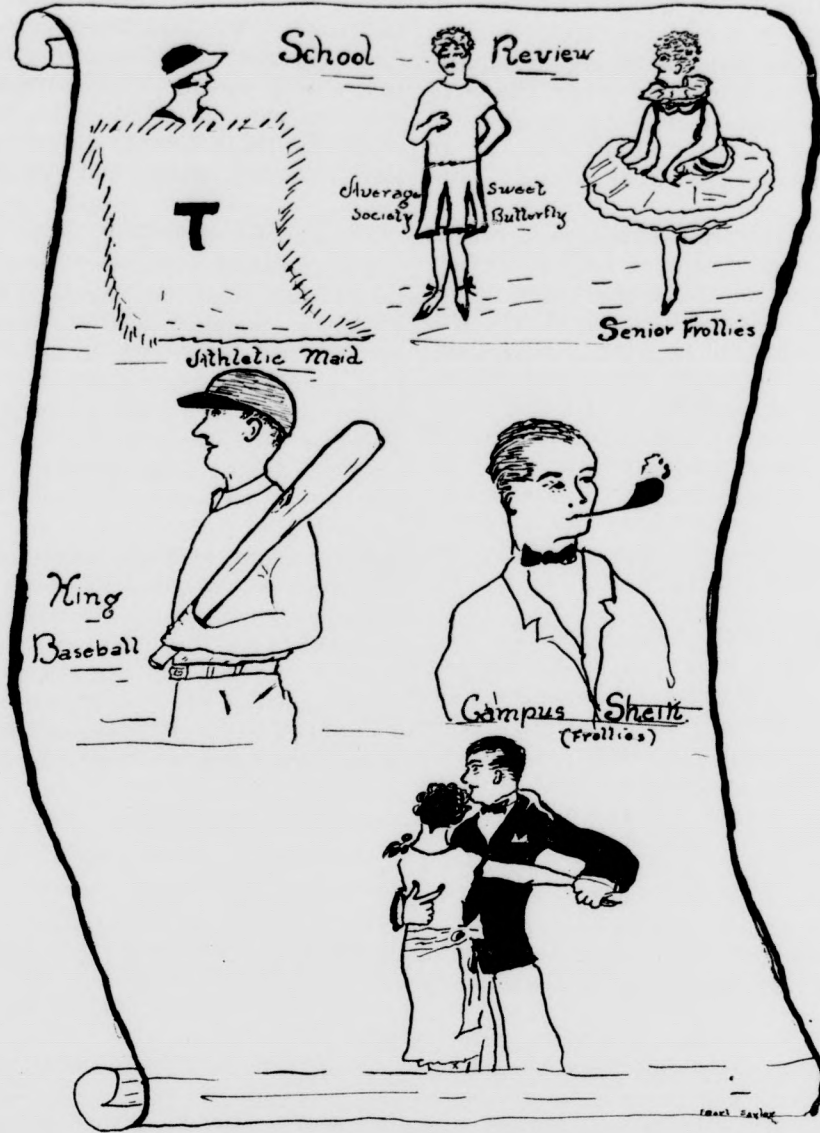
Miss Bryan stayed at the home of her aunt, who lives in Tucson, and Miss Stidham was entertained at a sorority house.

The two girls returned to Tempe with tales of a wonderful time and royal treatment and many new ideas for our study of dramas during the coming year.

"WE WILL SING ONE SONG"  
"I'm Just a Dreamer of Dreams"  
and I'm "Drifting and Dreaming" in the "Moonlight on the Ganges."

I'll admit "Nobody Knows What a Red-Headed Mama Can Do" "But Don't Bring Lulu." She was seen with "Charlie My Boy" "On the Road to Mandalay" "In My Gondola." She's a "Hard-Hearted Hannah," even made "Valencia" get those "Wabash Blues." Now she is "Lonesome and Sorry" because she sits "Alone." After all, she's "Just the Kind of Girl That Men Forget" so "Why Worry?" We could have been "Happy and Go Lucky in My Old Kentucky Home" but "Who" cares? "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" so "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag" and we'll have "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."—C. V.

Where are you going, my pretty maid?  
I'm going milking, sir, she said.  
In that dress, my pretty maid?  
No, you dumbbell, in this bucket.



## Noted German Geographer Is Guest of Tempe College

The Geography department and the Geographic Society of Tempe State Teachers College have been honored and favored by a series of visits by eminent authorities in geography. The last of these to visit us is Dr. Albert Penck, who has been for many years head of the department of geography in the University of Berlin. With him is his assistant, Dr. Albert Haushofer. Dr. Penck and Dr. Haushofer were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hoover over the weekend and on Thursday evening will be guests of the Geographic Society. On Saturday afternoon Mr. Hoover conducted them on a trip over the Salt River Valley, Saturday to the Roosevelt Dam, and Monday afternoon to the Sacaton Mountains.

Southern Arizona was one of the chief objectives of Dr. Penck's tour, and while in Arizona he is the guest of Dr. William R. Davis, who was responsible for his visit to Tempe. Dr. Penck occupies a position in Germany similar to that of Dr. Davis in this country, each being in a class quite alone as geographers. Both are essentially physiographers and both have exerted far reaching influence upon this science. They have sometimes disagreed but have at the same time remained firm friends. They made three important tours together as guests of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the first through Canada, the second to South Africa, and the third to Australia. While in Australia, the war broke out, and Dr. Penck was not allowed to return to Germany.

## MR. COOKSON IS LUNCHEON GUEST OF LIBRARY OFFICIAL

Mr. Cookson was numbered among the guests at a luncheon given by Miss Estelle Lutrelle, secretary of the State Library Association, at her home in Tucson last Friday. The party honored a number of librarians in the State, including Mrs. Josephine Saxon, Nogales; Mrs. Cecil DeVaney, Flagstaff; Mrs. C. S. Mayflower, Flagstaff; and Miss Julia W. Merrill of Chicago.

The occasion for the meeting was a discussion of a method of establishing county libraries in Arizona. Miss Julia Wright Merrill, speaker of the day and representing the extension service of the American Library Association, advocated a publicity campaign to give the people an insight into library conditions of the State and to enact favorable legislation for libraries.

## THOSE CAMPING TRIPS

Going on the camping trip? That question was asked an answered many times last week on the campus as the various societies made preparations for their annual camping trips.

Twenty-two members of the Zeta Sigma Society spent the week-end on the "Zetic" island up on the Verde River. In spite of rain, sunburn and all annoyances that usually accompany such excursions, the girls all say they had a wonderful time.

The Phi Beta Epsilon Society joined hands with the Lambda Kappas and tripped off together on their respective trip. Their encampment was several miles past the Zeticities up on the Verde.

The Philomathians and Delta Thetas journeyed to Cave Creek and camped there.

## Tempe Bulldogs Win State Title

### Everyday English

A professor coming upon a youthful angler sitting on the bank of a stream, thus addressed him:  
"Adolescence, art thou not endeavoring to entice the finny tribe to engulf in their denticulated mouths a barbed hook, upon whose point is affixed a dainty allurements?"  
"No," said the boy; "I'm a-fishin'."  
—The Rustler.

### Spanish Club Gives Program in Assembly

"Los Hidalgo del Desierto," the Spanish club of T. S. T. C., gave an interesting and varied program in assembly Monday, May 9. The entertainment consisted of Spanish songs and dances. A chorus dressed in typical Spanish costumes opened the performance by singing the club song. Carmen Larrison and Emma Lou Meischer sang a duet and later gave a clever little Spanish skit. "Varsoviene," a dance, was especially well liked. Wallace DeWitt with Esther Scott and Archie Thompson with Evelyn Smith did solo dances and a chorus formed the background. Those in the chorus were Nellie Graham, Genevieve d'Arcy, Alice Knowles, Lela Roach, Mary Hickox, Mary Benson and Ethel Dawson. Marie Urquides sang a solo in Spanish and was encored. Lawrence Terrell won new laurels for himself by appearing in a tango dance with Ruth Johnson. Nellie Martinez charmed her audience by a pert little dance and was encored. Macrina Haddad acted as director of the program.

Spanish Club officers are Macrina Haddad, president; Teresa Palicio, vice president; Evelyn Smith, secretary; Carmen Larrison, treasurer, and Lela Roach, publicity chairman. Miss Wilson is faculty adviser to the club.

### Fellowship Fund Drive Now Open

The Y. W. C. A. of the college is now carrying out its annual campaign to raise the gift fund that is contributed each year to the International Student Friendship Fund for the purpose of furthering student friendship among all the countries in the world. Rachel Bogart and Marie Burum told the student body in assembly Monday morning about what the fund has accomplished so far and what it hopes to be able to do. Dr. Matthews and Mr. Murdoch also joined in the appeal and asked the students on the Tempe campus to remember that in other lands young people are going through the same struggle as are going through the same struggle for the higher things of life. Many of them, however, lack even means of living properly, besides not having books or equipment. It is the object of this movement to supply educational advantages to a limited number of worthy students who who could go to college in no other way. Make your contribution in the hall of the main building at once. A few cents mean nothing to you, but they are everything in furthering this undertaking.

### NEW MEN'S DORM

Work has already begun on the men's dormitory. Alpha Hall, across from Dr. Matthews' house, is now being torn apart preparatory to making repairs that will convert it into a new, modern dormitory. The "Alpha Hall Refugees," as the old inmates term themselves, are scattered about and have taken new rooms in the other halls.

### I'M GLAD

I'm glad I'm not cross-eyed because the tears would run down my back and give me bacteria.

I sit me down in class to sleep,  
I hope my chum my notes will keep;  
If I am called on ere I wake,  
Please poke my ribs, for heaven's sake!

On May 6 and 7 our baseball team played two games with Flagstaff on their own grounds. The first game, Friday afternoon, was played in a hard wind, making it difficult for the teams to field efficiently, but they surely did show the boys from Flagstaff how to bat, making 16 runs to the Lumberjacks 9, two of which were home runs, one by Pomeroy and the other by Joe Smith.

### Snow Breaks Up Second Game

The second game was called off in the third inning on account of a heavy snowstorm which made it impossible for the outfielders to see the infield, much less seeing the ball.

The boys were so cold standing out in the snow, even after putting on all of their Salt River Valley clothes, that they could scarcely pick up the ball and throw it.

Although they were unable to play the last game, they are the undisputed baseball champions of the informal conference of Arizona.

### BULLDOG BASEBALL TEAM ENDS SEASON UNDEFEATED

Baseball is over. The boys have turned in their suits. The game with Flagstaff a week ago concluded a very successful season in which the boys were undefeated by any team in their class. Friday's game with Flagstaff ended with a score of 15-9 in Tempe's favor, with Smith and Pomeroy starring for the Tempe Teachers. However, on Saturday morning the boys awoke to find it snowing. That did not bother them, though, and the game began as scheduled, but the snowing became so emphatic that the game was called off at the end of the third inning. The team returned from Flagstaff Sunday.

### Monitors Chosen For 1928 Staff

At a meeting held Wednesday, May 4, 1927, the 1928 Sahuaro staff chose Miss Blair and Mr. Fairbanks as monitors for the coming year.

Miss Blair, a member of the English department, has proven to be the favorite of the class in many functions this year. Having been chosen as class adviser and adviser of the Freshman class play. She is well accomplished in art and literary work and her presence on the staff will greatly lend toward a bigger and better annual in 1928.

Mr. Fairbanks is a jolly, business-like adviser and it will be his help in mechanics, art and business that will aid us in a great year book.

It was also decided at the meeting that the new staff would meet every Wednesday at 4:10 to discuss any business that might come up.

The staff for next year will also meet with this year's staff so that they will be more acquainted with the work that they must do next year.

### PHILOMATHIANS PRESENT 'THREE PILLS IN A BOTTLE'

"Three Pills in a Bottle" was put on in assembly Monday, May 16, by members of the Philomathian Society. Emma Warren, star of Pollyanna, appeared as Tony Sims, a child ill with the fever. Georgia Kay played the part of Widow Sims, Tony's mother. Patricia Wood was the middle-aged gentleman and Irene Joyce was his soul. Anna Leonard made her entrance an exit as a scissors grinder. Mary Cerny was the soul of the scissors grinder. Annabelle Jones made a typical scrubwoman. Genevieve d'Arcy, in gay green, appeared as the beautiful soul of the scrubwoman.

The play, written by Rachel L. Field, centers about the three pills which the sick child, Tony, gives to the three souls to cure their various ailments. The time was now or then. The place was anywhere or nowhere. The scene was a room in Widow Sims' house. Miss E. Blanche Picher, monitor of the Philomathians, directed the play.



# The Tempe Collegian

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### BULLDOGS AND CHAMPIONS: SYNONYMS

It may be out of the ordinary to pat oneself on the back, but Tempe's athletic record is one which seems to be growing brighter every year. During the 1923-24 season we had some good teams but they failed to quite make the grade in the championship race. The next year (1924-25) the Bulldogs came out strong and took the State championship in basketball and football. In the school year 1925-26 Tempe gained another event by winning the championship in football and basketball, and was as much a winner in baseball as any other contender. This year the Bulldogs have taken another stride forward toward a perfect championship year. They won the football, baseball and tennis championships, and missed winning the basketball and track championships by a very small margin of points. The glory is slowly mounting each year. Next year shall be a banner year for Tempe. With the improved training quarters and a boys' dormitory, we shall have things "coming our way" and can look forward to the best year in athletics we ever had.

### IF WE PRACTICED WHAT WE PREACH

We all have our grievances. It's only human nature; but did you ever think of the other fellow's?

For instance, we bowl everyone out for not coming to see the baseball games, or to watch the track men. We say the professors haven't any interest in our activities, no campus spirit. Did you ever stop to think that there are contests and races just as thrilling and exciting to certain professors as a baseball game is to us? And they work much harder for the results they get than we do. For example, a certain professor starts in at the beginning of the school term to raise a group of prize crops to set a State record. He does it by himself, too. Did you ever notice that? The boys start in to train in September and are through with their hardest games by November. All the time there are fans and boosters helping them along while the just as enthusiastic, just as earnest profs plod along till the next school term before he gets any results.

Just remember, in your daily boosting, that YOUR activities are not the only ones on the campus, and that others need your enthusiasm. Be generous; give the other fellow a boost, too!

-C. E. J.

### BASEBALL CHAMPIONS

The Bulldogs have won another State championship! Under the efficient coaching of Mr. Fairbanks and the captaincy of Deb Goddard, the Bulldog baseball men have completed another successful baseball season. Mr. Fairbanks worked some new material into first-class shape and deserves a great deal of credit for perfecting his baseball club.

The team went through the season without losing a single game to opponents in the Junior College class. The students proud of you, baseball men.

### WHAT INDUSTRY WANTS IN THE GRADUATE

[Although many of us are not preparing to go into the industrial world, I believe that this article is worth reading and very good in its entire meaning.—F. R. V.]

At recent meetings of the mining and metallurgical engineers and the steel treaters there have been gatherings of men interested in metallurgical education. A large majority of those who attended the sessions devoted to this subject are actively engaged in teaching and doubtless this visible interest by college faculties is in part due to the investigation of engineering now in progress under the direction of Mr. Wickenden. From the discussions one would gather that the uppermost question in educators' minds is, "What does industry want us to teach engineering students?"

A clue to the answer might be found in the audience which listens to these discussions. If the metallurgical industries were suffering from a lack of educated men, no doubt there would be a greater representation of industrialists at these conferences. No evident interest in the matter is equivalent to saying: "We have no constructive suggestions to offer; the average college graduate is good raw material."

As a matter of fact, are not the college authorities placing the wrong emphasis upon their industrial contacts? They should have learned by this time that a school of learning cannot produce specialists for industry. Each position is unique; only broad fundamentals are common to all. Hence this call upon the graduates and employers to consider details of the curriculum is only of passing significance. The colleges eventually will view the task primarily as the production of cultured citizens, and only secondarily the production of high-salaried executives.

Some time back a committee was appointed by the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers to canvass the situation and arrive at an answer to the question, "What does our industry look for in the college graduate?" Numerous prominent managers replied to the question-

naire. Their requirements of the technical subordinate were something like this: He must have integrity and loyalty; he must be clean and a good citizen; he must be energetic; he must be well grounded in the fundamentals of science. Not a word about special courses in mine timbering, flotation, steel refining, heat treatment. The answers are undoubtedly typical of those which would be given to any large employer in any line; the junior members must be men of character and ability.

College faculties will find, therefore, that the requirements of the industries are not different from the requirements of the professions, of the arts or of the State. All want men of character and ability. Whenever a college is so managed that it builds these two attributes, it is fulfilling its mission admirably.

The live questions are not specialization in the courses of study so much as wide discretion in electives and numbers of "snap courses"; not so much what the X Y Z Manufacturing Company thinks of the testing laboratory as what the attitude on the campus is toward cribbing in quizzes; not so much the success of the football team as an atmosphere which encourages work, study and clean living.

This does not mean that we advocate a return to the excessive Greek and Latin of half a century ago. Science, of course, is the foundation of all engineering curricula. Agricultural students will undoubtedly spend much time on plant and animal life, the architect will be more interested in external form, and the civil engineer will learn about the strength of materials. Such specialization is obvious. But a good undergraduate spirit, and an inspired faculty and a president with vision are far more to be desired by industry than special courses leading to this, that or the other degree. —"The Iron Age," Oct. 14, 1926.

### WHY SOME PAPERS ARE GREAT

This editorial is frankly in praise of the Des Moines Register. For several years students from the School of Journalism have gone to Des Moines during the Easter vacation to issue one day's editions of the Register. Last year the editions numbered five. This year there were six.

Everyone is willing to admit that the Des Moines Register and the Des Moines Tribune-News are great newspapers. We believe we know the reasons why they are great.

First, they are managed by men of ability and experience. Perhaps that, of itself, is a sufficient reason. But there is—

Second, the atmosphere that pervades all departments of both newspapers. We have been there several times. We have yet to hear a loud—no, that isn't it, because Harvey talks and laughs with all the energy of a good pair of lungs. We have yet to hear one man criticizing either the management or one of his fellow employees. They are an aggregation of what may be called "good sports." To put it in academic terms, they are all scholars and gentlemen. They know the "game," they are swift and sure in their work, they are all working with a genial, enthusiastic spirit. The big stockholders are workers like the rest. All of them are diligent, all of them are friendly. It makes no difference whether one talks with the editor, the managing editor, the desk editors, the reporters, the cameramen, the engravers, the men and women of the circulation department, the linotypers, stereotypers, pressmen, or the copy boy. They are all "sold" on their paper and their job. They are all cordial, friendly, helpful. Their criticism is always constructive, never unkind. To them their work is their meat and drink. No wonder their papers are great; no wonder they grow.—Iowa Journalist.

### Sports and Sportsmanship

By MERRILL C. WINDSOR  
CHAMPIONSHIPS

A championship in any sport is an attractive and by no means unworthy goal. To attain it requires special qualities of physique, and even more unusual qualities of mind and spirit. Besides a strong and agile body the coming champion must have the nicest co-ordination between brain and muscle and the will power that can hold him to rigid training, sustain him in temporary defeat and spur him to that last supreme effort on which success so often depends.

Because of those requirements the long upward climb toward a championship is wholesome training for character. But how beneficial the experience shall be is a matter of how clearly you perceive the purpose of it. If you seek the championship only as a prize, you will miss the true significance of it. In itself it is worth nothing, but as a certificate of achievement, a testimonial not only of physical power but of patience, persistence, intelligence, and a sportsmanlike spirit, it is worth much. The games the thing; not the winning.

In that respect what we call co-operative sports, such as baseball, football, basketball, etc., may do more to foster character than sports that pit one player against another; for they substitute a group aim for a personal, individual objective and call for something of self-effacement in the general interest.

But a championship is also a rod of chastening. Having been attained, it must be defended. In the end there is one thing certain: No champion can hold his title forever. In the end, his must be a losing fight; he must sometime yield to that opponent who eventually takes away every championship—that old fellow with the long beard and the scythe and the hour-glass. But to him, if we have been good sportsmen, we can bow smilingly and without chagrin. A title of good sportsmanship is more to be desired than a championship.

### Patronize

### Collegian Advertising

## JUNIOR HIGH NEWS

### Reading and Research Club

The 11 o'clock division of the eighth grade English class has organized a reading and research club which meets every Monday during that hour. We have a chairman and a secretary. They are Nancy Thatcher, chairman, and Mary Eleanor Baird, secretary. The time is spent in studying poems and books, and we are also learning how to use the Reader's Guide. We are now reading "Vanity Fair" by Thackeray, in which we often run across excruciatingly difficult words such as inebriated, Bacchanalian, curacao (pronounced, if you please, koor'a-so) and others equally hard. We are enjoying our club and have very promising plans for the future.—By Mary Eleanor Baird and Virginia Pugh.

### Camping Trip

The Annahan Camp Fire Girls of the Junior High left Friday, May 6, for a camping trip at Wood's ranch. The camp was divided into two sections and Saturday the two camps played each other at baseball. The east camp won.

Friday night, when everyone was supposed to be asleep, our camp was invaded by a large white cow. We were thankful Saturday morning to find that the only damage done was that the cow had eaten our fruit and vegetables. We had planned to stay until Sunday, but the trip ended Saturday evening after a council fire, for old Jupiter Pluvius drove us home.—By Anita Wickman and Josephine Boldman.

### Our Annual

The Junior High would like as many of the College students as possible to buy a Junior High annual. It will be a valuable aid to the Juniors and Seniors in that it will help them when teaching English and literary work.

At first we thought 20 pages would be sufficient for our annual, but it has grown with our plans until it is 30 pages. These include pictures of the Junior High students, the supervisors and Mr. Payne, our principal. There are also poems, class histories, stories and other literary efforts.

### Special Art Class

The members of the eighth grade who are to enter the special art class are anxiously awaiting the completion of the plaques which the present art class are making. No wonder they are so anxious, for many beautiful as well as useful articles are made in our class. These plaques are made of plaster of Paris. First a clay plaque is made, then a plaster mold is poured. As many plaques can be poured as are desired. Finally we shellac them. If one wishes, one may paint them with oil paints. When finished these plaques make a very handsome ornament.—By Ruth Ruppenthal.

### Training School to Close June 2

On June 2 the Training School of Tempe State Teachers College will close for the year. At this time there will be a graduation exercise program to be given in the College Auditorium. All the friends and visitors of the school are invited to come. Parents are especially invited to attend the program.

### Grades to Give Operetta

The intermediate grades are planning a program of music and other entertainments to be staged in the College auditorium on Tuesday, May 24, and Wednesday, May 25, at 10 o'clock.

### Junior High Annual

The Junior High annual, which the students are preparing, has gone to press and will soon be out for circulation among the students of the Training School and other interested parties. This promises to be a great success and the pupils are looking forward to its release with interest and anticipation.

### C. T. S. Wins Track Meet

The campus training school won a victory the other day in a track meet with the grammar school at Tenth street and the Eighth Street School. When the meet was over the points were far in favor of the campus Training School. The scores were as follows: Campus Training School, 116½; Tenth Street School, 80½, and Eighth Street School 18. The meet was under the direction of Mr. Edwin Riggs of the College and several other men who are students of Tempe. Mr. Lawrence Miller also helped in the management of the meet.

The feature of the meet was the unusual performance of Edward Borjorquez and Marcelo Urbano. Each of these boys, one in Class B and the other in Class C, won first places in every event they were in, thus giving

## Dormitory News.

### MATTHEWS HALL

Our new working force has been elected and seems "ready to go." We are glad to announce them, 'cause we are proud of them:

President.....Verna Martin  
Vice President.....Virginia Hatch  
Secretary-Treasurer.....Ida Hayes

Of course, we are going to stand back of them and do our share in making our hall a real home.

We wish to express our appreciation to this year's officers for the work they have done, and we pledge ourselves to carry on.

Idele Beasley has as her guest for the week-end, Kathleen McNelly. Margaret and Lillian O'Connor were also Casa Grande visitors, being the guests of relatives. From the looks of things a "large time" was had by all.

Verna Martin spent the week-end in Phoenix with friends.

Mr. Toke Helms of El Paso and Mr. Murphree of Dragoon, Arizona, visited their niece, Rachel Bogart. Home folks sho' look good, they do. College girls know.

Esther Jones was the guest of friends in Phoenix last Sunday.

Miss Ruth Wolfe of Tempe had as her guest on Sunday, Grace Chilton. We think Grace had a chicken dinner.

"Tan" and Irene motored to Casa Grande last Sunday.

Marie Urquides and Genevieve Romo spent the week-end at Wildermuth's Ranch.

### MEREDITH HALL

I thought, when last this learned column appeared in print, that never more would I be privileged to un—I mean address—you through such a venerable atmosphere. However, it being the case that no one could be found who could approach my high degree of literary inability, I find myself elected to do some more gripping. It grieves me that Meredith Hall needs must bid you its adieu.

But we'll remember our old Meredith Hall long after such geniuses as Sutter and Joe Smith have perished from this mortal earth. That old Rogues' Gallery on the wall—it's memories will last long after Figaro's pranks are forgotten. The old barn will survive even East Hall, or South Hall, or North Hall, or Matthews Hall, or all of them together, in our fond recollections. It is (what did Lincoln say?) altogether fitting and proper that it should be thus. Well, you get the idea, anyway. Simply that a man should remember a two years' roommate longer than a two weeks' sweetie.

All year long I have been so busy extolling the many virtues of the other inmates of this institution that I haven't had a chance to razz the perpetrator of these masterpieces. I hate to tell on myself, but they say that confession is good for the soul (maybe it's sole—I don't know). Ah, recognition, activities—where found, hold it! My mind is wandering again—see what Methods will do for you? I hope every Freshman may profit by our example and be up in open arms next year. It's not right; there is no justice!

To go on, I am really a very meek person. I have never been up before D. C.—yet. Guess I better knock on wood, though, because one of those venerable persons might read this article. I have the reputation of being the best S. A. (know what that means? Spanish Athlete, of course!) in school. And if you doubt my written word I might announce it, on request—say, in the Dining Hall. I'm proud of that record. Just think, to be conceded such an honor, and over such a field of competition! Peoria Thompson, John Barry, Wesley Jones, Harvey Tyson and Alton

40 points each to the campus school. Four first places are something to be proud of and the Training School is proud of the performance of these seventh graders.

Another feature of the meet was the broad jump of Edward Borjorquez, who jumped 15 feet 10 inches. Edward is in Class C.

### Camp Fire Trips

During the last two weeks the Junior High School and intermediate Camp Fire organizations have taken trips to the C. B. Wood ranch, which is located north of Mesa. The girls are very happy and enjoyed the trips. This is a yearly event and the work proves interesting and of much good to all of the girls.

### Scout Trip to Verde River

Last week-end the Boy Scouts of Tempe Troop No. 18 took a short trip to the Verde River. The boys are under the guidance of Mr. Fairbanks, one of the teachers in the College. During the trip many games and stunts were played and each of the boys proved himself a real Scout. Some of the college students went with the boys.

Riggs are all opponents to be reckoned with.

I, like Brute Sutter, am good looking. If you want to know how good, just gaze on Buzzard's handsome, Greek god features. Isn't he the sweetest thing? Well, I'm not so good looking nor so sweet either. At least the flies and the girls don't follow me as thick as they do Brute. But then, if I can even be second to Brute, I am satisfied to rest on my laurels.

If I could but be a P. O., then my joy would be complete; then could I enjoy life to the uttermost. Just to pass out once! What bliss! But such happiness is not to be. I haven't got the capacity to qualify for admission to the ranks of that illustrious body. My other accomplishments fade into nothingness when I realize I can never attain this honorable assemblage of thugs and second-story men. Now, before we go on, get the shovel gang out on this last paragraph and clean it up out of the way.

I repeat that Meredith Hall is about to become a thing of the past. "Gone, but not forgotten" is a fitting epitaph for its headstone. Born—beginning of school year 1925-1926; Died—June 8, 1927. Aged 2 years. It's a good thing nobody got many D's, or it might have lived on longer! Gentle reader, farewell.

### NORTH HALL NEWS

Misses Louise and Jean Taylor entertained with a delightful feed Sunday evening. Judging from the shouts of laughter which issued forth from the room and the reports of the guests on the delicious refreshments, there is no doubt that the feed was a big success. Those who enjoyed the occasion were Cleah Windram, Katherine Samuels, Leona Howell, Elizabeth Adams, Ruth Howell, Nona Russell, Opal Kain, Margery Alexander, Bertha Mae Richards, Maryann Ludy, Dorothy Morgan and the hostesses, Louise and Jean Taylor.

### HANSEN'S HANGOUT

Well, folks, perhaps you have not heard much about our hall, but nevertheless the trio are gay and happy. We are always gay and enjoy most everything that chances to come our way.

Two Get High Grades  
Our hall and Meredith had the highest averages this month. Not one member of the two halls made D's. Can you imagine Jack, Cliff, Brute, Barney and Joe getting A's and B's? Well, it's the truth.

Oh, yes, before I forget, I must mention that our hall went over 100 per cent in making letters in athletics. Brute the Iron Man made a letter in track, and Barney and Smith each made a letter in baseball.

We are having open house from now until the end of the year. You see, it's getting pretty hot and we must have plenty of fresh air, so we keep all the doors and windows open.

Just one more thing: We had a feed at our hall last week. After the feed we were entertained by an educational lecture on Educational Psychology by James Barney. The party was adjourned and once more the house was quiet.

### MISTAKE

When a plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake, it is just what he wanted because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake, it's just what he expected.

When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference.

When an electrician makes a mistake he blames it on induction; nobody knows what that means.

But when an editor makes a mistake—Good night ! ! !

### A GOOD BOY

My parents said I must not smoke; I don't.

Nor listen to a naughty joke; I don't.

They made it clear I must not wink at pretty girls, nor even think about intoxicating drink; I don't.

To dance or flirt is very wrong; I don't.

Wild youths chase women, wine and song; I don't.

I kiss no girls, not even one, I do not know how it is done, You wouldn't think I have much fun; I don't.





**GEOGRAPHICS INITIATE**

The meeting of the Geographic Society held May 5 was devoted to the initiation of new members and a reception for them. The new members admitted were Aileen Joyce, Marie Burum, Grace Chilton, Edith Bartell, Charles Gilmore and Francis Vihel.

Following the initiation ceremony, which was held in the Kindergarten rooms, a reception and social was given for the new members in the Y. W. C. A. rooms. Refreshments were served as the members seated themselves in groups. Five alumni members, who are also charter members of the new Arizona Geographic Society, were present. They were Miss Gladys Holcomb, who gave a brief talk as representative of the State organization; Margaret James, ex-president of the society; Marie Pace, S. F. Hawkins and Turner Hawes.

On Thursday evening the final meeting of the year will be held on the Hoover lawn. At that time the new officers will assume their responsibilities. The officers elected for next year are: President, Miriam Stafford; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Krause; vice president, Ida Hayes.

On this occasion the society will also have as honor guests Dr. Albrecht Penck, head of the geography department of the University of Berlin, and his assistant, Dr. Albrecht Haushofer.

**THE JOLLY REDHEADS**

The last business meeting of the year was held Monday evening in Matthews Hall.

This organization has been active in school affairs throughout the year consisting mostly of picnics and a bridge party once in a while to add spice to the round of events.

Those who are eligible for membership in this organization must first have the color of hair that is characteristic to the name, and likewise they must qualify as to scholarship, sunny disposition, jolly and pleasing personality.

The closing event of the season is to be a dinner party at the Grand. It will no doubt create a warm atmosphere—a dozen redheads assembled at one table.

The Jolly Redheads now on roll are as follows:

- Officers—
- President.....Lucile Tantlinger
- Vice President.....Ida Smith
- Sec'y-Treas.....Winifred Marshall
- Members—Thelma Layton, Kathleen Burgham, Elsie Owens, Johanna Regan, Elsie McCreary, Marjorie Barr, Mrs. Krause.
- Pledges—Lake Howell, Irene Carlyle.
- Honorary Members—Mrs. Waite, Mr. Krause, Mr. McCreary.
- Monitor—Mr. Irish.
- Kathleen Burgham was chosen president for next year, while Lake Howell will officiate as to keeping the records and financial matters straight.

**LAMBDA PHI SIGMA**

On Saturday evening, May 14, at El Nido—what? The Lambda Phi's held their annual banquet. Unlike previous affairs, this was a twosome; we all liked it fine. I don't know about the other parties to the agreement—ask them. But, as I was saying, we had the banquet anyway.

About 6:30 we embarked for the metropolis. Everybody had the old phaeton out for the evening, so one of the first difficulties usually encountered, that of transportation, was avoided. So far as I know everyone arrived safely. Judge for yourself whether or not they got away in the same condition.

My only kick was that, as I was supposed to be out in polite society, I had to wear a coat. Now May is apt to be warm anywhere, but in Arizona it's hot. Naturally I was being uncomfortable—can you blame me? In spite of the numerous tankards Jerome citizens misappropriated it

of ice water consumed I was still hot. I had a notion to lie down on the lawn and stick the hose in my mouth, but I imagined that wasn't done either.

We had good eats though, and that eased my feelings. I don't know what all the stuff on the—what do you call it?—menu was, but it tasted all right to me. It doesn't matter what you call it as long as it's good to eat. Well, everyone got up smiling anyway, so I guess they were satisfied.

Then we danced. Yea, sure; that's why we made it a twosome in the first place. Some of them played bridge—you know, that's what they always want to do. It's all right because the dance floor was crowded anyway; but we got through without any casualties except that Russell Henness dislocated one eyebrow while executing some of the latest steps. Also Pete Marshall kicked out one of the chandeliers while trying some Zulu Islanders' steps or something like that.

Well, everyone arrived safely at 11:30, the same meek and lamb-like little Lambdas that Mr. Felton reported in his excellent after-dinner speech. Oh yes, I almost forgot to thank the young ladies who helped make our banquet a success with their musical numbers. We liked it and we thank you. And that's all of a fine large evening for all.

**CLIONIAN NOTES**

At our last regular meeting in Matthews Hall parlor, May Evans gave the opera, "La Traviata." This concludes the program of operas which we had planned for the year.

Next Tuesday many desperate Rigolietos and gay Carmens, and we hope not too many bull fighters, will congregate at Mr. and Mrs. Payne's home. The great event will be an opera party. The program for the evening will be furnished by everyone. Each person will be required to give some sort of entertainment based upon the character they represent. Therefore we hope there are not too many bull fighters, as bull fighting is a strenuous sport and hard on any house.

**LOS HIDALGOS DEL DESIERTO**  
As we look back over the many Wednesday evenings spent together this year, we Hidalgos realize how much they have added to our school life and we feel that without them there would be a little gap that could hardly have been filled with anything else. The spirit of glad helping which has been shown so strongly will stay with us.

Toward the old members, who will soon leave, there will always be the best wishes and a secure little place in the memories of the new Hidalgos. Miss Wilson and Macrina, true knights of leadership, deserve and have our deepest appreciation for their efforts. May we new members set our ideals as high and strive as hard as they have to reach them.

**HOMESTEADERS**

The Homestead has been quite active during the last few weeks. Miss Wilson left us during the weekend to go to Prescott. She must have enjoyed the trip, for she was all smiles when she returned. (This does not mean that she is not all smiles most of the time, however.)

Last Tuesday the boys thought it too warm to study so they got out their bathing suits, brushed off the moth balls, sowed up the ragged edges, swapped yarns as to who was the best swimmer and went to the pool to prove their merits. After some time it was decided that Chick was the champion rock of the crowd. All other honors went to Hatch, as he wears a Life Saver's badge and did not have to get into the water. This was all that saved him from being outclassed by Kauzy. (Kauzy uncomfortable—can you blame me? In spite of the numerous tankards Jerome citizens misappropriated it

to better use.) No reflection on the fair name of the Northern mining camp meant here, though.

Clemo is learning the new stroke, called the overhead muzzy, and promises to give Kauzy a run for the laurels in the next life-saving exhibition to be staged here. Silent Dell just went to the pond and swam until his conscience told him that lessons were more important than mermaid-ing around at night without much clothes on.

**FROEBEL CLUB**

The Froebel Club met at the home of Miss Clara S. Brown, last Monday evening. This was a special meeting called as Miss Blair accepted our invitation to speak to us. A short business meeting was held before we enjoyed the program of the evening.

Miss Genevieve Romo rendered a piano solo, and then Miss Blair spoke to us on her various experiences connected with teaching the children in the primary grades. We all were very interested in her talk as some day we are going to have the same things confront us as she had confronted her, but, as Miss Blair said, we will be able to meet them with more skill, as we will be trained teachers. She showed us some pictures that are the very best for children, the pictures that portray child life; also read us some poetry that is good for children in the primary grades. These series of short verses were written by Miss Clark, a kindergarten, who has graduated from this department and who is now living on our campus.

An enlightening evening was spent, and I am sure all of the members of the Froebel Club will be glad to hear from Miss Blair again sometime in the near future.

**PHILOMATHIAN**

The Philos have been having so many glorious times lately that such a thing as a newspaper never entered anyone's mind.

About a month ago we had a short meeting and about 7:45 everyone was planning on returning to the dorm to study (?) but Mary kept insisting we wait until 8 o'clock. We know now, Mary.

About 8 we were surprised by about ten of our old members with their arms full of FOOD.

Then we had a grand banquet—sandwiches, olives, pickles, salad, cake, ice cream and coffee. Between the bites the "old and new" had a grand time talking about times that have been and times that are to come.

**Camping Trip**

Another dandy time was had by the Philos last week-end on our camping trip. Although it rained, the wind blew and the moss was green, a hilarious day was spent, but at night the fun began. Ask Elsie and Tant—they will tell you about it.

The night in the cabin will be recorded as a night of glee in the hearts of everyone present. Georgia, those unearthly cries, the white mouse, and oh, yes! last, but by no means least, "Moonbeam, Kiss Her for Me."

Sunday being a day of rest, we did so. In fact, it was necessary after the grand breakfast of eggs, bacon, hot cakes and coffee. In the afternoon Mr. Joyce, Mrs. Joyce and the little Joyces, with Miss Dobbs, brought ice cream and heavenly angel food cake and chocolate cake to go with the delicious meal.

Finally the dirty but happy Philos and Pierians climbed into the truck and "hit the trail" for home.

**PIERIAN CAMPING TRIP**

The good luck of the Pierian Society was shown by the fact that 13 on the trip and a broken mirror failed to bring us any bad luck. Even the shower Saturday night failed to dampen our spirits and we slept (?) right through it on our nice soft (?) beds. Ask the "quartet" for information concerning how to sleep on a camping trip. The swimming pool, although rather mossy, gave us a chance to show off our swimmers, and this, together with a couple of hikes, gave us a good appetite for our eats.

Those on the camping trip were: Irene Wade, Isabel Brogan, Camila Lunt, Hazel Williams, Jessie Jones, Kathleen Burgham, Mary Hickox, Barbara Connelly, Dorothy Walker, Catherine Walker, Opal Davis, Mrs. Beatrice Kiser and Miss Wilson.

**PHI BETA NEWS**

The Phi Beta Epsilon Society members returned Sunday evening from the most wonderful camping trip in its history—even if we did get rained on and part of our food mysteriously disappeared.

We left the Vale of Old Tempe Friday evening and never ceased our round of run and frolic until the following Sunday afternoon, when the weary but happy travelers returned. We were more than delighted to

have our three pledges—Louise Austin, Jane Bales and Beulah McCreary—with us; and I really think they enjoyed all their labor as much as we did.

Last Friday night we gave our society play, "Uncle Dick's Mistake," at the Roosevelt school. But the play was not the only good part. Follies, choruses and readings helped to make the evening a huge success—so they say.

**LAMBDA PHIS GIVE DINNER**

The men's society, the Lambda Phi Sigma, entertained their college friends and several of the faculty at a banquet Saturday night, May 14, at El Nido.

**Y. W. C. A. NOTES**

The members of the cabinet for this year will officially turn over their offices to the cabinet for next year on Thursday, May 19, at 6:30 p. m. in the Y. W. C. A. rooms. Everyone invited.

Word was received from headquarters that two more Stuck-ups were needed at Asilomar this summer and Tempe was given first choice. Dorothy Patton was chosen to go as our other Stuck-up.

Plans for the Big and Little Sister movement are under way. Every girl will be ready to do her part. The Mothers' Day program Thursday, May 5, was very interesting and delightful. The program opened with a song by everyone. Lyle Butler gave "A Mother's Will" and Verna Martin told us about the daughters' side of college life. "The Heart of a Rose" was sung by May Evans and Sunny McWearmon. Mrs. Ira Payne then gave us a very interesting story about the life of a girl and her mother. Louise Norcross, another of our talented girls, sang "Mother Machree."

The program touched the heart of everyone present and set our minds in new paths of thought.

**COMEDY—OR TRAGEDY?**

(A play in three acts)  
Scene—South Hall parlor.  
Time—Any Friday, Saturday or Sunday evening.

**ACT I.**

[Several GIRLS in the parlor. Enter SUTTER.]

SUTTER: By gosh, I'm sure a brute. [Pause, but no response.]

SUTTER: I'm the best looking guy in school. Dog-gone; I just have to stand in front of the mirror every night and admire myself. [Curtain, amid thunderous applause for the brute.]

**ACT II.**

[Same situation; after SUTTER has let his remarks soak in.]

SUTTER: Well, I feel like a Santa Claus tonight. What girl wants to go to the show with me? I'm not proud.

[No answer.] [Curtain.]

**ACT III.**

[Things getting desperate.]

SUTTER: Well, god dang it, if no body wants to go with me, I can go by myself.

(SUTTER: (its, while GIRLS heave sighs of relief.)  
(Copied right, 1927.) (All rights reserved by the Author.)

**"IF"**

If one cent's worth of service will—  
Toast 30 slices of bread;  
Brew 14 cups of tea;  
Make 14 cups of coffee;  
Warm 6 bottles of baby's milk;  
Light a 40-watt lamp 5 hours;  
Operate a flatiron for 25 minutes;  
Operate a vacuum cleaner 1 1/2 hours;

Sew 60,000 stitches on a machine;  
Operate a warming pad 2 hours—  
**HOW MANY CENTS' WORTH OF SERVICE WILL IT TAKE TO—**  
Operate a curling iron once a day for two weeks?  
Operate a foot warmer for 1/2 hour?  
Operate 6-pound flatiron 15 minutes?

Operate an electric washer, having a capacity of 12 sheets per washer, long enough to wash 20 sheets?  
Operate an electric percolator long enough to produce 3 cups of coffee?  
Operate an electric vacuum cleaner long enough to clean 450 square feet of carpet?

Operate a water heater and bring to boil 1 quart of water?  
Operate a 16-candlepower Mazda lamp for 5 hours?  
Operate a chafing dish 12 minutes?

The Girl's Father—"Ho hum! Well, I think I'll smoke a cigar and then go to bed."

The Suitor—"Here! Have a cigarette."

Biology Prof. to lazy student—  
Name a parasite."  
Bill Globber—"Me?"  
Prof.—"Yes, but name a different one."

Prof. (in lunch room)—Do you serve cheese with apple pie?"  
Waiter—"Yes, sir; we serve any one here."

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### International Student Service Of World Student Federation

I. S. S. was once the European Student Relief. Many will know something of what it did in those ghastly days of 1920 and onward. It was in February, 1920, that two secretaries of the World Student Christian Federation passed through Vienna and were struck by the absolutely destitute conditions in which the students lived. Despair, suicide, one meal a day or less, no underclothing, no overcoats, broken shoes in the winter slush, sleeping in restaurants or lavatories, all these things were the commonplace life of 15,000 men and women in the universities and colleges of Vienna. The two secretaries sent out an SOS to the forty national movements in touch with the World Student Christian Federation. Within the next month 175,000 Swiss francs, partly in money and partly in apparel and other commodities, reached Vienna. Breakfast kitchens and clothing departments were established. Thousands of students received their cocoa and a slice of bread every morning. Thousands got the necessary clothing which they could not afford themselves.

Like a stone dropped in the ocean, the Student World, the thought of comradeship and love, carried ripples to the farthest shores and set in motion tides of healing which gave health and renewal to the world's academic life. Students of forty countries joined their efforts to help their comrades in other countries; students in nineteen countries were helped to overcome their difficulties and to finish their studies. During the first years of its existence students of all parts of the world

through European Student Relief raised 480,000 pounds and distributed it among their needy fellow students in Europe.

To guard against the dangers of student pauperization, the relief workers soon tried to promote self-help activities. These grew to be a major part of the I. S. S. program. Refectories, employment bureaus, co-operative shops, laundries, printing presses, loan banks, clubs and hotels—there is no end to student ingenuity and enterprise. Germany has now a student self-help organization with an annual turnover of more than 200,000 pounds.

**The Genuinely Inevitable Conference**

The spirit of fellowship on which the work has been based found its next expression in the annual conferences in which the student of the giving and of the receiving countries met to discuss their problems—the problems of relief, which soon became the problems of co-operation in the intellectual as well as in the material spheres. Six annual conferences have been held to date.

At the third annual conference, in 1924, the question was raised for the first time whether the work should be continued. Most urgent needs seemed to be overcome, and emergency relief seemed hardly necessary. Unanimously, however, it was decided to carry on the work, in order to preserve what had been accomplished during the preceding years and to achieve in full the fellowship of students throughout the world, who had been brought so intimately together. Those students could not think of retreating again into their former isolation and ignorance of each other.

some smelling salts which revived him to the extent of unprecedented activity. Groping wildly in the darkness as it were, Little Cicero called loudly for vengeance. Father Windes, in his beneficent way, cogitated deeply on the relative aridity of the ensconcing humidity. Taking Little Cicero by the hand wended his meandering way across the vast open spaces to Pluto Hoover's Jr. Rendezvous. Little Cicero relaxed just in time to receive a desultory remark from the lips of Droopy. This was too much for Little Cicero so he packed up his troubles in his old kit bag and buried his sorrow in sweet dreams of History of Education for one hour.

### COLLEGIAN STAFF PICNIC

The present staff entertained and invited the new staff at a picnic last Friday in Papago Park.

The function of the staff is not to partake of many social functions, but to write them up so that the rest of the "600" may know about them. Nevertheless we have managed to get together a couple of times for a picnic and a lovely dinner party at the Hoover home.

On this particular occasion work is forgotten while food is "stowed away." Salad, potatoes, Oh, yes, and marshmallows.

I am sorry to say that some of our members forgot their manners and carried a few marshmallows home, instead of eating them around the campfire. Of course (this is to the majority of my readers) only the guilty parties will understand what I mean by "forgetting their manners."

The picnic was a success and ended in the howling uproar—almost like the "Homestead picnics," therefore the following resolution was made: "Resolved, That all the members of the Collegian Staff do hereby announce that they will attend the staff picnic next year."

P. S.—This is providing the new staff invites us.

### THIS DAY

To me this day is beautiful  
As the birth of a lovely thought.  
Depressing were the other days,  
But I think this day was wrought  
All filled with beauty  
Ere it touched our earth  
Turning sadness into mirth  
And adding love to duty.  
The days that passed were dreary  
Days.  
It seemed that life was sorrow.  
I thought that every day was dull  
And duller still tomorrow.  
Days and days of listless hours—  
And so until the end!  
But God saw fit to send  
This day with sun-filled bowers.  
And so I know more days will come  
When the shadows fall away,  
And bright-topped flowers will dance  
again  
As they do this perfect day.  
The sun will vanish down the slope;  
The day will turn to night,  
But I shall know by sunset light  
It is not the end—but hope.

EMILY ALICE PARKER.

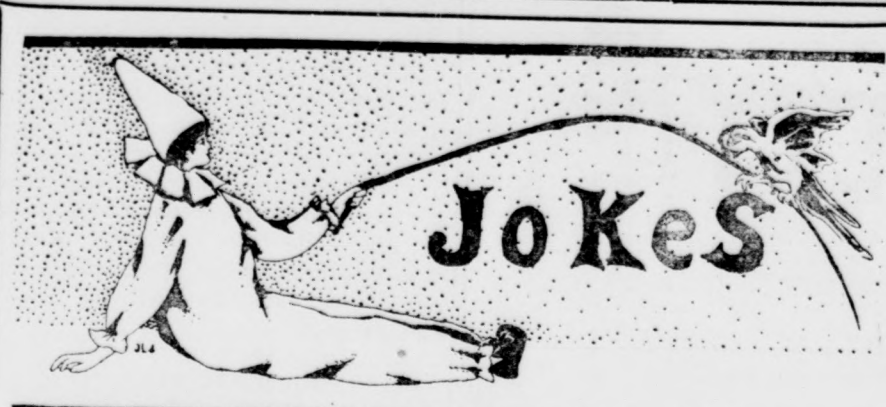
### NAME IT!

I know  
That methods is the bunk.  
It makes one  
Crazy. All you can think of is  
Bird Christmas trees and  
Batrachians.  
I don't quite know  
What those things are; all  
I know is that  
Methods is the bunk.

It is; because it's  
Too much work. "All I want  
You people to have is  
Something that will be of use  
To you  
Next year." Now anybody  
Knows that nobody wants  
To get what they  
Ought to have. So,  
Methods is the bunk.

You say you like methods?  
Well, maybe so,  
But maybe you're just an S. A.  
Recognition, activities, and  
Where to find them. Is that  
Inspiring?  
Before long, those will be the  
Only words I will be  
Able to write. I think that  
Methods is the bunk.

Freshmen, beware!  
If you are ever asked to  
Make a project,  
Don't wait  
Until tomorrow. Delay may  
Be your ruin.  
And if you have to write  
Recognition, activities, and  
Where to find them, you can say  
That methods is the bunk.



### TABLE MANNERS

When eating corn on the cob adjust it as you would a mouth organ, but do not run the scale too rapidly. Place the napkin in your lap. Never display it at half mast. If you are obliged to yawn, wait until there is a gap in the conversation. Syrup should be used for nourishment, not as a liniment.

Prof. Hall—"These three boys in the front row were the only ones who had a correct answer."

Gatlin—"At a ol' teamwork, fellows."

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

For the first time in his life Bobby saw a flounder.

"Look, Ma," he cried excitedly. "Look at that funny fish. He's got a flat tire."

Murdock—"What member of the class can mention one memorable date in Roman history?"

Longley—"Antony's with Cleopatra."

A little fellow left in charge of his tiny brother, called out.

"Mother, won't you please speak to baby?" He's sitting on the fly-paper, and there's a lot of flies waiting to get on."

"Where is your 'T' pin?"

"I can't find it. It went down my neck."

"Can't you shake it out?"

"It was in my mouth when it went down."

Constantine (to clerk in store): want a peck of apples.

Clerk: Do you want Baldwins?

Constantine: Did you think that I wanted some with hair on?

Jack W—"I'm sure glad I wasn't born in Italy."

Ora R—"Why?"

Jack—"Dumb, I couldn't have understood their language."

"Think!"

"What?"

"What a hard time two cross eyed people would have looking each other in the eye."

"I know a man married for 20 years who stays at home every night."

"Ah, that is true love."

"Nope, rheumatism."

"Did they complete the tennis match this afternoon?"

"No, one of the players lost her serve and they spent the rest of the afternoon looking for it."

Bill—"Say, do you know an easy way to find the horsepower of a car?"

Jones—"No. How?"

Bill—"Just raise the hood and count the plugs."

Teacher: "Joseph, what are you going to give your little sister for a birthday present?"

Joseph: "I dunno, last year I gave her the chicken pox."

"A man is never older than he feels," declared the ancient beau bravely. "Just now I feel like a two-year-old."

"Horse or egg?" asked the sweet young thing, innocently.

Collector: Your account has been running for a long time, Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones (student): Exactly, sir. It must be very tired. Let us let it rest for awhile.—Rustler.

Judge—"Prisoner, the jury finds you guilty."

Prisoner—"That's all right, Judge, I know you are too intelligent to be influenced by what they say."

Teacher—"For what was Lincoln noted?"

Pupil—"His great memory."

Teacher—"What makes you think his memory was so great?"

Pupil—"Because I saw a monument erected to his memory."

First Coon—"Boy, you is so thin you could close one eye and pass for a needle."

Second Ditto—"Don't talk, fella; dey could feed you grape juice and use you for a thuhmmometer."

During a fog a steamer stopped in the middle of a river. An old lady asked of the captain the cause of the delay.

"Can't see up the river," said the officer.

"But captain, I can see the stars overhead."

"Well," said the captain, "until the boilers burst we aren't going that way."

Nurse—(announcing the happy event)—"It's a boy, professor."

Professor (absorbed in study)—"Ask him what he wants."

Prof. Irish in Physics—"Miss Saylor, name the unit of power."

Saylor—(waking up)—"What" (Watt).

Prof. Irish—"Correct. Now we will work this problem: A man on a bicycle approaches a 47 per cent grade. How far has he gone, and when will he have to get off and walk?"

Indignant Autoist (to man driving next car)—"Hey, you clown; traffic's one way on this street. Don't you know that?"

The Clown—"Wel, I'm—hic—only drivin' one—hic—way, ain't I?"

Talkative Barber (about to lather)—"Do you mind shutting your mouth, sir?"

Tired Customer—"No, do you?"

Inquisitive Old Lady—"Now, tell of your first success."

Bored Young Author—"Well, you see, while crossing the Atlantic last summer, I contributed to the Atlantic."

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Terril—"What is the Faculty?"

Patterson—"A group of men and women hired to help the Seniors run the school."

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### Little Cicero

Little Cicero stepped gently to bat and with one mighty heave sent the ball sailing off into space. It went nearly to the pitcher's box, so mighty was the sapper. The pitcher, not being a bashful man, picked the ball up gracefully and heaved it into the bleachers, and Little Cicero, slow but speedy, crept cautiously to the second base. Our boy Deb then took up the stick and with a feeling of gratitude for all Little Cicero had done for him, sacrificed a bunt over the left field fence.

It was a terrible situation to put Cicero in but he rose courageously to the occasion and dashed madly in home just two feet ahead of the dashing gladiator. So intense was the silence that the noise made by the audience in the grand stands sounded like the fierce roar of the angry surges on a rocky beach.

Here a tragedy took place. The second baseman being blind in one eye, noticed that Little Cicero had forgot to check his gum at the catcher's box before he went to bat. The umpire, who was a traveling lad, then took up the question and it was decided to send Little Cicero out to buy some red soda pop for him or leave the playing field. The people in the audience were furious with rage that their ideal should be so harshly treated and Little Joe came to rescue just before the dawn of day and Little Cicero was sent off to the dining hall to have his breakfast.

Just as the chimes of the fair hall rang out, a well known conspicuous figure on the scene and perceiving the manly stumps on young Cicero's countenance, vociferously denounced his ungainly appearance among the presence of the fair damself also partaking of nourishment of cold and hot cereals and buns. With a look of chagrin on his face, young Cicero arises from the midst of odors of hot jam and sticky buns and with ungainly stride saunters forth to the realms of the kitchen where, after prolonged searching and patiently dodging of waitresses, finally succeeds in getting a morsel of bread and a bowl of milk.

Having finished this bountiful repast and leaving the dining hall he is handed an orange which he proceeds to heave over to East Hall and upset the dope by pitching a no-hit, no-run game of hide and seek with some of the other boys. Joe, noticing the missile go by picks it up, and with a terrific heave hurls it back in the direction from which it came, hitting Little Cicero behind the exterior auditory organ, thus lessening the peripheral vision of Little Cicero.

Cougar Windes, coming along about that time, returning from a week-end bat hide game, noticing Little Cicero's prostrate condition, gave him

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