The 1912 Sentinel

The Powers that be
Weekly Kaimin

First Semester

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ANNUAL PLAY

"Un Curioso Accidente"
(A Curious Mishap)

An Eighteenth Century Comedy by Goldoni.

The Setting: The Hague.

Presented under the auspices of the Associated Students on Friday Evening, April 28th, in Assembly Hall.

The Cast.

Filiberto, a rich Dutch merchant ......................................DUDLEY D. RICHARDS
Giuannina, his daughter ..................................................ETHEL G. HUGHES
Riccardo, a broker ..........................................................EARL L. SPEER
Constanza, his daughter ..................................................CORNELIA G. MCFARLANE
De la Cotterie, a French Lieutenant ..................................ROSCOE W. WELLS
Mariana, Mademoiselle, Giuannina's maid .........................FARRAR KENNEDY
Gascoigne, De la Cotterie's servant ..................................NAT S. LITTLE
"The Shorty Club"
(American Translation)

Her Royal Shortness.......................................................... GRACE CORBIN
Next Royal Shortness....................................................... CONSTANCE DARROW
Royal Scribbler............................................................... HELEN WEAR
Keeper of the Short Domain.............................................. HELEN WEAR
Mascot .................................................................................
(When there are funds).......................................................... GOVERNOR JOS. W. FOLK

ROLL OF MEMBERS
GRACE CORBIN
CONSTANCE DARROW
Winnifred Feighner
Josephine Hunt

MAUDE JOHNSON
FARRAR KENNETT
HELEN WEAR

Motto: Small, but oh my!
By the Class of 1912
June 2nd, 1911

General Chairman, Fred Thiemke

Music
Leo Baker
Fay Kent
Shirley Shunk

Reception
Dan Conner
D. Richards

Decorations
Grace Rankin
Arthur O'Rourke
Florence Leech
Holmes Maclay
Helen Wear
Florence De Ryke

Patrons
Maude McCullough
Cornelia McFarlane
Carrie Wharton
Gertrude Whipple

Invitations and Programs
Ernest Hubert
Dan Conner

Lighting
Milton Mason
Ernest Fredell
Warren McKay
OFFICERS.

Professor Gustav Fischer ........................................... Director
Robert H. Cary ....................................................... Leader
Massey S. McCullough ............................................... Manager

First Tenors .......................................................... Robert H. Cary
Leo W. Baker
Ernest E. Hubert
Dudley D. Richards

Second Tenors ......................................................... Massey S. McCullough
F. Harold Sloane
Edward A. Winstanley
Donovan Worden

First Basses ......................................................... Herman Allison
Cecil F. Dobson
Walter C. Marshall
John B. Taylor

Second Basses ...................................................... Paul L. Dornblaser
James C. Haines
Joseph E. Folsom
Harry F. Sewell
TUG OF WAR

Held March 17, 1911

JOINT COMMITTEE IN CHARGE

Seniors.

William A. Bennett
O. Raymond Densmore
Hugh T. Forbis

Juniors.

Leo W. Baker
Arthur W. O'Rourke
Edward A. Winstanley

Referee—Ernest E. Hubert

Sophomores.

Walter Marshall, Capt.
Cecil Dorson
LeBloxen Beard
Carl Cameron
Richard Johnson
Kenneth McDonald
Royal Sloane
Owen Speer
John Taylor
Warren Thume
Peter Hansen

Freshmen.

Paul Dornblase, Capt.
Clifford O. Day
James Haines
Robert Kitt
George Klebe
Joseph McDougal
Peter Ronan
John Sheedy
Edward Simpkins
William Vealey

Won by Sophomores.
THE VARSITY ANNUAL ROAST

An Illustrated Annual Magazine
Founded A.D. 1492 by Geo.F. Polleye

FEB. 31, 1912

$2.50 THE COPY

"You And Your Loving Ways."
By Mr. Smythe
Complete in this Issue.

MORE OR LESS THAN A MILLION AND A HALF CIRCULATION ANNUALLY
NEW ISSUE
FOR THE YEAR 1912
OF

The Varsity Annual Roast
NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

The Only periodical in the Varsity that tells the whole truth and nothing but the Truth, also the only magazine that throws open to the glaring light of publicity the events which have occurred and others that might have, in self offence only.

CORKING CONTENTS
CLEVER CARTOONS COLORS
Contains Contemporaneous Convivialities,
Caroms Continuously, Completely
Contenting Carping Critics,
CURES CARE
Clear, Compact, Cultured, Companionable,
Consumingly Comical, Classic, Comprehensive,
Caps Climax!

Compiled without reason or sense. To miss a copy is a calamity. To avoid it, obey the impulse, open up, come through and get a "Roast."

Some get them gratis but get a copy to be sure you’re included.
YOU & YOUR LOVING WAYS

Campus Becomes Confidential

CAMPUS had had a rather strenuous day of it. Precisely at five o’clock, long before she had sent her peremptory message to her Sentinels, Trees, Sun burst in upon her without even knocking, and at his first dazzling glance, she awoke with a start, and opened her eyes wide, laughing happily.

In a moment she was up and alive, and all her little world seemed suddenly electrified with an undercurrent of tingling fire and life. She soon had her whole household flitting here and there, with a bustle and hurry, quick to respond to her brisk yet kindly commands.

"My people, I fear this is going to be a hard day for us, particularly you and your family, Grass," and Campus, smiled sympathetically at Grass, who had assumed a most ludicrously doleful expression.

"Don’t feel so bad about it tho, Grass, for I heard the junior member of the firm, Farrar & Company, making a noble plea for you to-day. He even threatened to wreak vengeance upon the offender with the venom of his pen. There, now, is a promising young man. I have always been partial to him on account of his hair. Such a romantic color! But we always were good friends anyway, and I have done him a good turn more than once. He is grateful tho, and never forgets me, and he has entertained me during the evening more than once. Did I ever tell you of that particular night? Well, perhaps it would be taking an unfair advantage to do so. But just watch him now that he has got his new car. Isn’t it a dandy?"

"No, the senior partner doesn’t give him many opportunities, but my sympathies are entirely with the junior member and I believe that you can’t down a good man.

"Oh, I knew this was to be a bad day. I felt it the minute I awakened. The rest of the Campus’ speech was muffled by the regular tramp of feet, and the sound of a chorus of girlish voices.

"Isn’t this the grandest day? Let’s sit right here on Spookey." Campus looked at Spookey knowingly, for she felt sure the latter would be called upon to do her share of the work that day.

"Spookey, look quick," and Campus tapped Spookey smartly on the shoulder. "There he is, Spookey, but there’s no chance for any one so you needn’t try.

"Yes, Spookey, that one with his hands in his pockets, in the awful hurry. He’s always in a hurry, Spookey. It’s a blow to one’s vanity to meet a man like that. Spookey, listen, listen, did you ever hear such a laugh? You simply can’t tell whether it is going or coming. I love that laugh."

"But, Fraulein, dear——"

"Did you hear that, Spookey?"

"Oh, no, he doesn’t mean a thing by it, as I heard one of the girls say. He is very indiscriminate and partial with it.

"Yes, I know those two pretty well, but they have given the canyon and the gym steps preference over me, so I am naturally a little jealous. But I feel that I started on the right path, even tho they have gone on too fast for me to follow, and scornfully look on me now, as the adviser of the young."

"Yes, Grass, he has a very deep voice, but I can distinctly remember occasions upon which that sonorous voice was very soft—oh, no, I won’t tell on them. I haven’t seen much of them lately, tho I heard that they had leased the south-east room on the first floor of the dormitory, indefinitely."

"Click! what was that," and Campus looked inquiringly at Grass, as something bright and shining rapped on the pavement, and rolled right over under her feet. Campus chuckled to herself, as a very excited girl ran over to Grass and began to fumble around in the folds of her green dress.

"If I have lost that ring? What shall I do, girls," and there was a suspicion of tears in her voice.

"Don’t worry. You can never lose it with that red string you have coiled about it. Take my advice,
THE FALL CLIP
WHEN SOPHS SIZZLED AND FRESH FRIZZLED.
BY SYLVESTER SNODULES.

William Goes to College

(Envelope Note.—This is the third of a series of six selections of letters written by William W. Jones, of the Bitterroot, to his parents detailing his experiences.)


Dear Ma:

I arrived here safe and sound yesterday noon, the train being on time, and when I et dinner I asked a street car engineer to take me over to the university which he did, as I wanted to see the president to tell him what Pa wanted me to take. Where the university is a fine place, all nice and green. Their was all kinds of fellows and girls their, and they all seemed awful nice to me. They need a little fellow in the office what took my money and he said he was glad I come. I told him I knew he would be. He was nice looking and me and him saw the president in another room. He’s and he looks fine.

He’s got such nice brown eyes, and he asked me specially to come to his reception Friday night at Womans Hall, they call it. Ill go with him so I guess it will be all right. A couple of big fellows helped me to find a room and its a dandy. Tell Pa that the president and another teacher wants me to take English and Ive decided that I can take it, its easy as pie you know; and tell Pa to send me just a little more money, the books cost so much.

Your loving son,

WILLIE.

M issoula, Montana, Sept. 21, 1910.

Dear Ma:

Tell Pa I got the money all right and thanks. I am going along fine now with my studies. I like them fine. That English professor wants me to go another course in English right now to. Gee, he wants me to go along faster than the rest, so me and some of the other better ones are going to have another class. It is called correct English, different from the ordinary class. He likes my writing fine and wants me to do some every day for him to read. Some Freshmen came to me one day and wanted me for president of the class. I told them I had to study hard but maybe I could do it. Well we had a meeting in a fine hall and they had lots of other fellows that wanted it so I let another little fellow have it. Then some big fellows grabbed me when we was going out and I wanted to know what for. But he just told me to walk along but I just hit him one hard and ran. I wasn’t going to be run over by them football fellows. Another big freshman, they call him Bill, says I done right. Gee, he’s a fine big fellow to and knows lots of the other fellows. He made a fine speech one day in class. Well, this is all I know this time. How are the new calves getting along and tell Jim to feed old Bucky up good cause Im comin home mighty soon for a visit.

Your loving son,

WILLIAM.

Missoula, Montana, Sept. 28, 1910.

Dear Ma:

I got your fine letter and now I’m going to answer it. An awful lot has happened but I will try to tell you all about it. You don’t remember me telling you about Bill? Me and Bill are fine friends now. Well, some fellows, they call Sophomores so they can tell them from us Freshmen came up in a ooughtomobil and grabbed Bill and took him away off to a river and they clipped his hair on one side. “He’s spotted,” they say. Well, Bill and me and some other fellows went after them fellows after supper and by their hair to, and then last night some fellows came up to see me. I was studying mathematics, its like arithmetic but only different, and they asked me to come down and talk with them. It looked so nice and you know how nice mathematics are here. Gee, they fellows are nice to me. I of at one place: one day and I’m going to a party Wednes­day, it’s a smoker but I wont smoke. And then when I came down they clipped my hair and the others too. But it’s an honor to have your hair clipped here at school. The other fellows call this the fall clip of wood, I don’t know how it is but it happens like this every year one fellow told me. Some of my studies are pretty hard. I dont study them much because I have got to keep writing for that English professor. Ill send all I write home to you pretty soon to read to Pa.

Your loving son,

WILLIAM JONES.

Missoula, Montana, October 1st, 1910.

Dear Ma and Pa:

I must write you today to tell you something. Last night I joined a fraternity. They have ten kinds here, honor fraternities and the kind what lives in houses. Well, I’ve joined the Freshman honor fraternity, what is only the best Freshman belong to. The old fellows and the professors gave us a smoker. Say, you dont have to smoke at them things at all if you dont want to, and we had a fine time. It was in the top of a bank building called the Missoula Club. Well, I just knew some fellows wanted to talk to me at night and, sure enough they did. We went in a dark corner and one told me about it and another pinned on the pledge pin, they call it. Its the thing what pins you to it. They pinned it onto me and told me not to tell anybody else about it but I figure I can tell you about it. Its the Black Friers, an old society and the Sophomores, not Sophomores any more, dont belong, and you pay fifty cents to join and maybe more later. Some faculty man is president, and its a fine thing to belong to. You ought to be proud of me today. Its nice to know your the leading Freshman. And then Thursday morning the Sophomores got so sore at me for clining their hair that they waited into us on the campus, that’s the green place you know what goes around the buildings at the varsity, but just when we had them licked the president came up and told us to quit, so I went off quick before he could see me. Some of the fellows want me to play football, and Pa maybe I can a little every night cause another fellow told me to write my papers for the English professor on Sundays. When you write why just tell me that I can play just a little and please send me a little check because you dont want your son to live like the Sophomores do, so Bill says. Your loving son,

W. W. JONES.

Me and Bill hates the Sophomores.

W. W. J.
THE VARSITY ANNUAL ROAST

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS

Editor's Note—The above group of pictures are printed only because of the insistent demands of our readers for sensational material. The pictures were collected with great difficulty and we take pleasure in presenting them to our readers. We will disclose no names. We wish to present "A Story Without Words." Just as interesting a plate as this will be published in the next issue.
**Singing on the Steps**

Hark! what gay notes hither wing
Across the circles dewy ring.
As Eve sits throne in the west
In her royal garments dressed.
College songs of sprightly mirth
Seem to wake the drowsy earth:
Yells and jokes and laughter free
Float thru evening shades to me.
Now the clock in silver tone
Says, "Eight o'clock and day has flown."
Silence settles far and near
On tree and hill and campus dear.
Homeward now goes every one—
The Singing on the Steps is done.

**Hi Jinx**

There were some bad boys at the U
Who thought it a cute stunt to do,
They called it Hi Jinx
And with laughter and winks
They entertained folks not a few.

They dressed like the girls in the Prom,
And manfully sought to be calm,
But their feet were so big
They got mixed with their rig,
And often upset poor Madam.

They met as a suffragette club
To give the poor coeds a rub,
But a silly, gray mouse,
Quite brot down the house,
And spoiled the effect of the dub.

They mocked their professors, Oh My!
Who looked on with faces awry,
And shot if they could
That they certainly would
A dozen young switches apply.

They sang and they capered around
To music so dreadful in sound,
Some the back door did seek
And for more than a week
The boys dared scarcely be found.

But after the show, I have read,
They found half the audience dead;
Whether killed by the show
Or from laughing laid low
The coroner has not yet said.

**The Annual Tug of War**

Then up spake doughty Dornblaser,
"Ye Faith, we'll pull them thru,
Ye day ye Faithful wear ye green,
We'll make ye wear ye blue.

Ye day did come all bright and fair,
And at ye river's side,
Ye rope lay stretched across ye stream,
Which ice cold was and wide.
THE CARNIVAL

CANTO I.
ARGUMENT.

The Stranger Entereth the Gym

Among the campus trees I wandered lone,
When lo, I saw the glimmer of a light.
And heard wild shrieks more terrible by far
Than ever Freshman gave in terror dire
When Bold Soph scissors thru his hair did slip.
I passed me to a doorway gleaming bright
Whence crimson light did splash the hideous dark
And horrid din did issue forth, and walls
And shock with terror sounds my listening ear.
They sounded like the hungry cruel waves
That dash their billows on some cliffy coast.
A keeper clothed in black stood sternly by
With many blood red tags of divers size
That like the flames of Hades crimson shone.
Or burnished hair of witty Irishman.
I drew my garment close about my form
And fearsome I approached the keeper dire.
Then with a sudden courage forward plunged
Resolved to solve the mystery of the Gym.

CANTO II.
ARGUMENT.

The Stranger Seeth the Beautiful Maidens

But 'ere I passed into the gleaming lights
I saw a sight that fixed me to the spot.
"What goddess here holds revel gay tonight,
Hath Juno from Olympus sauntered down?"
So quoth I and beheld the joyous sight.
There danced about a pole with ribbons gay
A crowd of nymphs like forms in misty white.
Redecked with garlands wrought of gayer flowers
Than ever topped a merry widow hat.
I feign would on the happy sight have gazed
Until the morning star had stained the sky
But from afar the sound of megaphones
Did smite mine ear with sound voluminous.

CANTO III.
ARGUMENT.

He Seeth the Shows

I hastened hither toward a shouting form
That told of wonders great within the door.

I crossed his hand with good denaria
And breathless walked into the darksome gloom.
Now toward the west a fearsome sight loomed high,
—A beast such as brave Jason saw me thinks
When first he sought the wondrous golden fleece—
His eyes glare fiery, great his shaggy head
His feet great clawed and large with blood
Of man bedied a brilliant red.
I fled in terror to another door
And ventured then again the show to try
I walked around a sheeted form alone,
But nothing saw nor heard within the room
Left then I that: "Alas, alas for me!
What lemon have I now for my good gold."

CANTO IV.
ARGUMENT

He Findeth his Eyes Full of Infernal Confetti and Rusheth Out Again in the Night

A whirlwind seemed to compass me about
Such as e'er Simian desert sweepeth hot,
And hurleth in the weary traveler's face
The burning sands from off the desert's waste.
I could not see, far came then alas
A thousand stinging blasts upon my cheek
Thrown by the meek Jerim that grouped about
Did call for more confetti from a shape
That sold it by the sackfull for good gold.
I hid my eyes and dashed into the night
The stars shone coldly on the sleeping earth
The dreary wind swept thru the campus trees.
The din still rushing into the smoky air
Like shouts from bleachers at a game of ball,
I drew my cloak then close about my form
And shuddering passed out thru the eastern gate.

—Florence DeRyke.
A rule there is only about one thing to mar the joy of college days and nights and early mornings. That is the coy-ed. Honestly I used to sit up until long after bed-time every little while trying to figure out some real reason for coy-ed. For at old Kibosh they would treat a fellow the way they should all year, make him think he was the only Speer on the campus and then when Track Meet would come, a stude might be a cipher message on an early Assyrian brick and stand a far better chance of being seen by a coy-ed at Track Meet. In May a coy-ed's fancy lightly runs to pink sox, turned up hats and High School Rah rah boys. This atrocity comes down every year before their own meet to take in the Triangular and the girls get busy at once. Even now Tubby is walking around the campus with that pink-soxed, turned-up-hat curiosity. We only wonder if the same outfit was worn last year!

Now don't understand me to say that there isn't anything like this among the fellows, bless you No! Their failing is the little "Declam" girls. Why just now I saw Milton Hasten fussing a sweet young thing in hair-ribbons and innocent smiles. Hasten with his reassuring face and his sophisticated manner casually remarked, "I'm a Sig Muckeye. Won't you wear my pin?" When Hasten smiles that way who could refuse him? Not Miss Declamatory surely. She murmured: "That's my brother's frat. I'd love to."

Just to show the fussability of men, not ten minutes later I saw the same "faire laydie" with Steven Raredone. He would look up at the femme from under the brim of his derby and then quickly and shyly let his eyes drop. But he wouldn't do the talking. It was up to the girl.

"What frat are you?" she asked.

"Ioughtoo Know", he answered blandly.

"If you don't who does," she replied. But anyway it was "her Brother's frat" and she got the pin.

Well it is this way every spring except at Triangular. There the girls have absolutely nothing to do except to sit on the bleachers and in a squeaky voice yell for Jimmy. Everything there is men. But this year we were all sitting up nights seething and we seethed all day. We had the men all right but we didn't have a man for the high jump. We had it figured out to win the meet if we could only get first in the high jump. Of course there was Miley Rulerstick, but he was the distance man, in more ways than one. However we were counting on him for the high jump. At least he could step over the thing and it was our last hope. But imagine our state when we found the two events were to occur about the same time and he couldn't do both at once, so there we were stranded, and old Kibosh's glory likely to go down in defeat.

That morning we had a meeting in the Yaphard office in the gym. Coach Skary was there with his head down between his knees and he said he didn't care—we could knock up no way to beat the Naggies and the Minors.

Still straining his mental powers Skary started across to the Van Buren bridge when he ran into Herman Smileyson. Now Herman is a nice lady-like boy, who carries his books in a sack, rides a bike, pounds the ivories, and runs to green suits and smiles, but never to track or in
track. He and Bob walked quietly along together for some time but mid-way down the walk they saw a mad bull come tearing across the field from Chesnuts. Skary crawled under the walk but Herman carefully laid his bike and his book sack down, dusted off his green peg tops and then started to run. And Lordy! how he ran with the bull a near second! The fence at the baseball park was in the way. Smileyson knew his one best bet was to jump; so up he soared as if shot from a sling shot and cleared the fence by a perfectly good neck leaving the bull behind feeling furious and Bob Skary glorious. If Smileyson could do that for a bull he could do the same for old Kibosh!

In the afternoon of the Triangular the whole college and a lot more were out to see Kibosh get the championship. Everything was at high pitch, even the yells. Smileyson was in a track suit, (had been tempted by Coach Skary by the prospects of getting in the picture with the regular team) and he looked as if the only thing he needed was a rose in his hair to complete the outfit. Everything depended now on the high jump and Bob was devoting his time to his man. The meet wore on during the afternoon, first old Kibosh a couple of points ahead, then the Naggies would nab a first and shoot ahead a trifle, but we were neck and neck. At last it reached the point where all depended on the result of the high jump. The Minors had only twenty points and were out of the running, but the Naggies had fifty-two and we had only fifty even! Bob coaxed Herman out and started him to try jumping. Just as he started his run, to make it more realistic, Skary shouted, "The Bull! Look out!"

At that same instant, some Glee Club Torturer (newly returned from a trip of some sort (?) ) began to sing, "Tie it outside." Then it was that Smileyson turned his back square on the high jump and made a run for the pole vault standards. Our hearts stopped and our spirits were downed. But Smiley ran as if the bull were there and up he went and over the standards with the same nick to spare.

The crowd went wild. They yelled for "Birdy" Smileyson. It was easy! It was ours!! We had put the proper "kibosh" on the Minors and the Naggies!! Just as we grabbed the long sought championship the Woesman band down in front, with much "tooting and much blowing of horns" started up a bully rag, and to the tune of "Who Let the Cows Out." Kibosh was hailed Champions of the Great Triangular.

MEDITATIONS

Years after I received my degree—
I came back here, the changes to see,
I walked around the campus green,
And thought of other sights I'd seen;
For, strange as it may seem to you,
Boys fuss just like they used to do.
In classes too, 'tis just the same,
It still is just a little game
That's played by pros and studes alike,
This game of bluff when you're not all right.
And at the Hall it is a fright,
The girls still "cut" most every night,
So after all the joke's on me
There isn't any change to see!

An Observer.
THE VARSITY ANNUAL ROAST

FOUNDED A.D. 1912.
PUBLISHED ANNUALLY

THE CLASS OF "TWELVE"

SUBSCRIPTIONS $2.50 PER YEAR.

ON THE CAMPUS MAY 10, 1911.

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it."
—Jokesper.

Forword

THE ROAST appears for the first time today. It is like all other similar roasts in that it must start like them, in all other particulars it is different. It has endeavored to roast everything, also everybody, in every conceivable manner. If your name does not appear either see the editor or write him, preferably the latter, for others whose names do appear have probably already seen him. He will try to have consultations within a few weeks. If there is something you do not like in the Roast, get a pair of specs and read carefully the quotation above, it is taken from "Love's Labor Lost." If your name appears prominently within these pages, it is because your popularity has placed it there; if not, consider yourself fortunate. As you will notice we have not run a calendar; we do not expect to have need for it after this issue. With this foreword, we'll throw in the clutcher, and "let 'er slide."

Frapped Fussing

THERE ARE WAYS to fuss and there are other ways. There is the case where the girl does the fussing and then at times the boy does it. We employ every method here on the campus and most all of the methods have proved successful. The girls vie with each other for Sunday afternoon walks and week night sneaks—while the boys,—we are not sure what the boys do. One thing is certain, however, and that is that the indoor baseball games were very popular last winter. Did you notice how many boys took girls? Oh! the admission? That was a small matter!

But fussing in the dorm is always at its height with the doors all closed between the parlors. Sometimes "hermetically sealed!", as our dean calls it, and one morning it was found a girl had lost the pin out of the back of her Dutch collar, for the pin was found on the davenport!

Since Spring began quite the fashion it is to cut class and spend the time on the bleachers. The bleachers are also kept quite busy at night. Spookey Rock this spring has gone out of style, and library evenings is the latest. Does the Roast advocate fusing? Well, to answer, we say that fussing is an awful news-getter, and we are always glad to feature a movement so popular among our readers.

College Spirits

THERE are a great many kinds of spirits, and even right here on our campus there are spirits and spirit, but we shall mention only two kinds. The first is an old stale kind, which is all very well but there isn't enough, we need more. Of course when we get an appropriation, we cut classes and have a dance and yell a little bit. When we get a law school we have a bonfire and another little yell. And when the appropriation bill is cut we toll the bell and mourn, and smother a little yell. Then, too, at track meet the girls get up in the bleachers and when old Montana comes in ahead we have another high-pitched wobbly little yell. Once in a while we gather on the steps of old Main Hall, and sing a few songs that are—shall we say ancient, or simply antiquated? This is all very well, but we want more spirit!! We want the second kind that comes in big doses, that permeates the entire "student body" (excuse this expression, we realize it's old, but take consolation only in the fact that some things, like spirits, improve with age) that makes us tingle and feel great. That kind comes in an altogether, regular tug-of-war heave ho, pull that brings to us whatever we want. Hail to the heave ho refrain that never fails:

Where ever; what ever;
Who ever; when ever;
Let us yell; now or never;
Montana forever!!

Now we shall speak of a spiritual spirit that Montana should have. Where is that spirit that should haunt each building, each great doorway, each uncanny nook, that takes everything that disappears, and is responsible for everything that goes right or wrong? Some of our neighboring schools take pride in their spirit, their "ghost", for it is a most convenient thing to have lying about and yet always invisible. When something disappears or goes wrong, their ghost did it. When fusers got in early, the ghost scared them! We can easily see how beautifully such a ghost works. Of course you are right when you say it is merely a tradition, and you would hit it correctly. Traditions we need, and such a tradition we should have. Think of it spiritually—then dream about it—then adopt it.

Prohibition

SOME ONE asked us the other day if we were prohibitionists.

We replied that—anyway, we replied—our answer is not important. The fact remains that some things should be prohibited, if not by law at least by common offense. Among these we mention studes walking across the grass. Of course many do this to get the effect of the two shades of green, but we seriously treat them to walk on the walks, which shows them up much better by contrast. Then there are foolish studes who sing Casey Jones on all occasions, and coy-eds who watch the track boys practice (it fusses some of the Freshies), and also Sigma Xus who insist upon getting the meses. If you must be sick stick to the mumps or spring fever. It is hard to say which is the most deadly of these evils but we think a canvas would show the former some votes ahead of the politics used on the campus.
"Hello, Reddy?"

There are at present three shades of red hair,—red, redder and auburn. The last named is the only genuine shade, all others are imitations resulting from a switch from herpicide to peroxide. But there is a reason; the herpicide supply has been cornered for years by—but I'm afraid we're rambling. However, true, glossy, wavy, silky, shiny auburn hair is rare, and the congenial, enterprising and bustling editor of our flourishing editorial organ values his crop as a most serviceable asset. And he has the usual accompaniments too,—flashy eyes, the engaging manner, the "acquiring" habit, and an unsquelchable ambition to,—oh to enjoy college life.

When he started in at college he had the flashing eyes and the unsquelchable ambition, but during his Sophomore career he adopted the "acquiring" habit. This is how it started. He decided he ought to be class president. He got it, and in fact, liked it so well he kept it for three years. About a year ago he took a "snap course" in Advanced Comp and acquired a taste for journalism; he now hibernates in the Kamin office and expunges his journalistic inspirations in editorials.

He has his hobbies too,—yes, two—automobilizing and fussing; as pastimes, he tries to help the seniors realize their real importance, and endeavors to teach the freshmen their first duties, but we have doubtless forgotten about the upperclassmen's court, likewise the senior vigilante committee; indeed it is only when we hear some Freshman hum that half forgotten strain, "Oh, we are the Jolly Black Friars," that we pause to think of those "dear old days of long ago," when baby pins were still in demand,—at fifty cents a piece.

Yes, "Mack," for that is short for McCullough, glories in his auburn locks, and they are striking, no matter where we see them,—in the librarian's reception parlor, in the museum, or in the Dorm parlors, particularly the last. They stand for McCullough. They also stand for more active college life and for farrar—I mean fairer—fussing. And that reminds me, did you ever hear the story about "Hello, Reddy?" No? Well, ask Massey.

"She is the Original Punster from Puncville"

Our Musical Punster

The casual and unenlightened observer might think that Fay Kent is a chorus girl, or a nature Fay Ker, but she isn't. She is,—well, she is Fay Kent. Everybody knows Fay. She is the tall blond girl,—no, the other one, not the slender one—who always wears the smile that won't come off. That's the way everybody does; they see her then they notice her smile.

Like all other residents of the Hall, Fay is extremely regular in her habits. She always retires early, whether it be in the evening or in the morning, and she either eats breakfast or she does not. When she does eat breakfast, she always eats the same thing,—also like other residents.
If anyone cracks a joke, Fay is the first to get the point and the last to let go of it. Usually, however, no one else gets a chance to crack jokes, for if there are any lying around loose, she pounces on them and cracks them before she has time to think—a circumstance which is often indicated by the joke. Like most other geniuses she has hobbies, but she has one, in particular before which the others pale into insignificance. That hobby is making puns, puns of all descriptions, good, bad and worse—in fact, she is the original punster from Punville. But let us go on and (s)leave this alone. (Remember the proper gesture.)

Her other hobbies? You ask, "Is she musical?"

Oh, yes, she plays on the violin and at the piano; that is, she plays on the violin when the spirit or sufficient inducement moves her, and at the piano when no one can prevent it. Her favorite song is "Daffydils," and her most characteristic instrumental selection is the "Fussy Ray."

The State of Montana is Fay's native state, the free spirit of Montana is her spirit, and work in the U. of M. is here present occupation. But she hasn't been here always, no indeed! Once she went to the University of Minnesota, but she came back. Her most important acquisition at Minnesota was a Swede version of "Miles Standish Bane Havin' a Courtship," with which she still favors selected audiences at irregular intervals.

Once in her early youth Fay ventured upon a stage career, and vented her dramatic talents upon an innocent and unsuspecting public. She was starred in the role of Santa Claus, a part in which she made a howling (?) and uproarious success. Satisfied with this demonstration of her genius, she has since reserved her talents for private performances.

Perhaps she is most noted for the facility with which she transfers her affections. If she were older, she might be of the "College Widow" type, but as it is, she—well, as we said before,—she is Fay Kent.

"What's in a Name"

What's in a name? Here at Montana we have a Whisler, a Baker, a Taylor, a Sawyer, and all kinds of Smiths; you'll find a Book, and a couple of Thiemes; we have a Stone, a Hill and Knowles, and once had Dusty Rhodes, that is, until an enterprising street commissioner—cleaned—but now, we've got Small, so—as I said, what's in a name?

But now, I should expand. Let me not introduce merely Small, but Spencer Walter Small, president of the Class of Nineteen Fourteen, who hails from Butte, Montana, that largest and most enterprising city in the state. Butte has the largest high school enrollment in the state also, but that was no impediment to Spencer Walter when he once started debating. He simply started; there was no ending, he kept on debating. He tossed aside his opponents with ease, took a couple of schoolmates, came down to the Varsity last spring, and took back with him to Butte, Montana, the State Championship in Debating, also some scholarships! He showed his gratitude, however, by coming to stay with us a few years.

When the Freshmen wanted a president there were several aspirants, then there was a little debating, and lo! there issued forth President Spencer Walter Small. As somebody once said, "There's a powerful lot of persuasiveness in debating" but that's off the subject. Others looked about and gasped, and some are still gasping occasionally.

Next some energetic Sophs though best to subject their youthful brethren to an earthly plane of existence, but gave external instead of internal treatment, using clippers instead of slippers (due no doubt to spelling, for the Correct English class had not as yet commenced its infantile toil). Side clips, (not side burns) became the fashion, and President Spencer Walter Small one evening obligingly left his Math four minutes and a half to acquire the latest fashion, then hurried back to his Math, for time is valuable and four and a half minutes is too much to waste on a paltry sophomore.

A president should set the example; the class should follow. For those who are skeptical, let me suggest that a few minutes debate alone should suffice to convince them of their error. President Small was and is president; he therefore wore the first white Freshman cap, which by the way, was a splendid fit. The members of the class hastened to follow his example. One in his eagerness bought as many as fifteen, probably due to debatative persuasiveness, and then in a fit of remorse,

"Stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clock was striking the hour,
And when no one was approaching,—
Lost fourteen—"

*Mr. Small with special courtesy, furnished the editors with a photograph clearly indicating the new style.

(Continued on Page 16)
THE VARSITY ANNUAL ROAST

THE HALL OF FAME

Hon. J. B. Mitchell, of the class of fourteen, has at last displayed his natural talents. As chief high mogul of the peanut stand during track meet, with his engaging smile and hat also, he created one of the sensations of the meet. The freshman class are reserving him for next carnival time.

It was Mr. Ryan, Senior President, who remarked last fall that the trees might just as well be cut down as they were going to leave in the spring anyhow. He neglected to mention that their trunks should have been held for board.

It is rumored that Dud Richards, who is majoring in geology, is contemplating entering a theatrical career, having received offers to play in "Misdemeanors of Nancy," and also in "East Lynne." Just when he will commence is not yet definitely known.

Alice Mathewson appears every morning with her arms full of books and triangles and rules. She is a math shark and is proud of it. Do those books contain all she knows or all she doesn't know? is a question often propounded.

Doc Underwood, who teaches over at the library, has three hobbies, taxation, woman's suffrage, and farming. Do you see the connection.

Prof. Efror was an enthusiast cyclist until he saw the flying machine at the fair last fall. He hasn't got his model completed yet but is making a special study of butterflies this summer in hopes of improving his ideas.

We know who made woman, but who made her hat? This is an interesting problem for Anthropology. We hesitate to name the proper department to solve this interesting problem.

Many of the students find a pleasant pastime in taking in the ten cent shows. Some say the pictures recall fond memories; others say that the man who sings the songs, does likewise.

"A Curious Mishap," the late university production, developed several theatrical stars. Much suffering has been experienced since by several members of the student body.

Herbert H. Kuphal, one of the prominent members of the Freshman Class, is quite a practical architect. He is engaged this spring in field work, and also has designs on the dormitory.

Wm. Bennett, as manager of the Varsity Track team, upheld Montana's social position at the Pullman reception. We were able to bring him back with us however.

The 1911 season in frat pins shows little changes. During the past week the demand shows a slight acceleration, several new pins appearing at the dormitory. No serious consequences have been reported.

Nobody thought anything about Earl Speer's first visit to the infirmary, but when he spent a second week there we remembered the close proximity of the hospital to the dormitory.

Mr. Sylvester Spencer's reputation as an orator rests chiefly on a lengthy and weighty speech made in Convocation on receiving the Interclass Trophy, the gist of which was "much obliged."

When very young Miss Carolina Wharton learned to play "Sweet Irene." In later years she learned "Cuddle Up a Little Closer." With her voice and talent for music, a great future is predicted for her.

Rose Leopold is contemplating taking up a long course in forestry, as her short course proved successful. Edith Steele has had such splendid success with her long course that all the girls are becoming interested.

Donovan Worden, the great apostle of peace, plays the violin, which doesn't make for any peace in his neighborhood—just ask the cats.

It is rumored that Dornblazer, who played a solo part in the football band, is to organize a brass band and is to manipulate his own trombone.

Inquiry has been made as to whether the pictures shown at the Junior Convocation were poses or snapshot.

Miss Hazel Murphy while in college was a victim of Wanderlust. She made several moves but finally landed on top.

Cornelia McFarlane was one of the stars in the annual play. She also enjoys playing neath the stars—but she has neglected to take astronomy.

Professor Rowe, or "Doc" as he is known to all the students, always wears a soft black fedora hat. It is said that this is recommended by the Herpicide people.

Charles Eggleston, the artist, fully intended to be a pirate, but a cruel fate landed him in a school of design and made him an illustrator.

Professor Reynolds hasn't refused to give a consultation this year—before that he never gave any.

Miss Stewart has three fads: Parlor talks, pink teas, and mountain walks.

J. B. Speer, Secretary to the President, not only looks but dresses the part.

Killing time is an easy way of becoming a dead one.
SENSE AND NONSENSE

On Main Hall Steps

I met her in the early fall,
Upon the steps of Old Main Hall,
I acted like a clown—
But she alas, came right on up,
She did not even deign to stop,
I was up and coming,
I was going down.

For two months have quickly passed us by,
Have quickly passed my love and I,
At last I’ve lost my frown—
Now when I meet her on the stairs,
She does not put on haughty airs,
Those stairs, come up and together we both we go
For now down.

Library Science

Why is it the dorm girls all dig so hard most every night?
The way they flock to the library Really gives me quite a fright.

Yes, Miss Stewart, I must study,
But I haven’t got the “books.”
So off the coy-ed flutters,
With a few shy backward looks.

She goes right to the library,
But to stop is not her plan,
She don’t want to seek for knowledge For she’s going to meet a man.

After this there is a joy-ride,
Or perhaps a picture show,
But as long as she’s in by half past nine,
The dean will never know.

When next day the coy-ed’s lessons Are poor, what can it mean?
For she studied at the Library, I’m sure for I asked the Dean.

Public Hi Jinks

(With apologies to the Public Hygiene Class.)

I.
The Doctors come from over town,
And try to talk to us—
They use such words, I’ve never heard,
They make an awful fuss.

II.
I sit up straight and look so wise,
It really is a joke,
But when they tell how sick I am,
I feel it’s time to croak.

III.
One tells me the most awful things, About ourselves and him,
And now if all those things are true, No wonder I’m so thin.

IV.
I really do, I try my best, To get all that is said,
But there’s a million “pains” and “germs,” Get mixed up in my head.

V.
Of all the little bugs and things, They tell us all about, I like the ones that live on plants, And pears and Sauerkraut.

VI.
They are so cute and small and cunning, But they are awful sly, Sometimes they make us dreadful sick, And sometimes make us die.

VII.
But I will cut and sluff along, And then smile on the Prof, For I just bet that test will beat The germs to kill us off.
**My Mind**

My mind is like the restless bird,—
So says a certain text,
That sits an instant on one tree,
Then flutters to the next.

I often wondered on exams,
Why my mind was so slow,
It has perplexed me many an hour,
But now the facts I know.

For since my mind is like a bird,
A flitting, moving thing,
Why at examination time
My well known thoughts take wing!

But oft this birdlike quality,
Proves not within the rule,
For on somethings—say German verbs,
My mind acts like a mule.

---

**The Midnight Oil**

The midnight oil is burning,
Just before Commencement Day,
A pallid female wearily
And slowly works away,
What? writing essays?
No, you'd better have another guess,
It is the woman finishing,
The sweet girl graduate's dress.

---

**Last Night I Dreamed**

Last night I dreamed, mine own sweet heart,
That you were at my side,
That not a thing had entered in,
Our spirits to divide.

I dreamed of all those happy days,
That we together spent.
Of all that wonderous olden time,
Before my heart was rent.

And I forgot that other one
Who stole your love away,
That other younger fairer one,
Who stopped my joyful lay.

Last night from dreams, mine own sweet heart,
I woke in tears and knew,
Our souls apart, your fancy flown,
That I'd been stung by you!

---

**That College Yell**

Right here, good folk, in the padded cell.
Is the man who invented the college yell;
A pitiful sight, as you all can see
And a doleful wreck of a man is he,
He tears his hair with a Rah—Rah—Rah,
And rends the air with a Siss—Boom—Ah!
And he murmurs and jumbles and screams and cries,
See the swelling throat and the bloodshot eyes.
All day he yells and all night he howls,
And up from his throat come fearful growls,
As tho he remembered the campus where
The first of his college yells rent the air;
He grins at you with a vacant eye
And thinks you're a brother of Pi Cni Si,
He makes a sign that the brothers know
And waits to see if it's really so;
Then he thinks you are and his great lungs swell
With a rush of air for the old time yell,
And his cheeks puff out and his mouth swings wide
And a rush of sound from the face inside
Of his mighty chest strikes on the ear,
And your heart beats fast with a dreadful fear
But you need not run from the frightful noise,
For he's only one of our Rah Rah boys.
Who's Who

(Continued from page 12)

Mr. Small, I mean President Small, is most affable to meet
as an acquaintance, but most formidable as an opponent, particularly from
behind that bulwark of general debatative persuasiveness. And remember,
President Small is the president of the largest class in the varsity, and his
duties are onerous. He will shortly become an upper-classman, in
fact about War Dance time, but the dreadful overshadowing thought still
pursues me—next fall he will be but a mere sophomore! There is one way
out however; some more general debatative persuasiveness.

A Book Review

Practical Mineralogy, by
J. P. ROWE.

—This popular text book, which appeared recently has been prepared es-
specially for the use of the students of the University of Montana. It is not
intended primarily for a reference book; but the author feels that the excellent
elucidation of the subject matter and the clearness and simplicity of the lan-
guage used would materially aid in sharpening the wits of those people
whose duties are similar to that of the clerks in the dead letter office whose
function it is to determine in what part of the United States J. Smith
resides. It is certain that to anyone who has completely mastered this
whim the foregoing problem would be too simple for consideration.

The author has not found time to
thoroughly arrange the book, and the
student may still find places in which
the subjects follow each other naturally and undisturbed. However the
second edition will make it impossible for the student to study a lesson with-
out studying at least one more in ad-
vance. The novelty of this system in
getting twice as much work as ordi-
narily out of students marks it as one
of the most brilliant methods yet ad-
vanced for arranging a text book. In
case the student encounters any chap-
ters which he can not master readily,
the author has referred him to the
Encyclopedia Brittanica, in which
much of the book will be found in fac-
simile. The author has asserted that
he will answer no questions whatever.

—A Sufferer.

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‘Kiddo’, and wear it for a bracelet,” and the speaker laughed in wicked glee.

Campus looked at Grass and they both smothered a laugh. “That, Grass, is one of the most alarming cases, but it can’t last much longer. You know they had a quarrel oh, quite a while ago, and he had to give her picture back.”

“Oh, oh, Campus! What was that blinding flash right in my face! What! a diamond! No, no, but there it is. Oh, isn’t it a dear! I never thought it would so soon. You know I feel responsible too, for they started right here three years ago. But he’s a fine tall handsome fellow, and she was going to leave us soon. Well, here’s best wishes. That other girl isn’t wearing hers yet, that other girl that is going to leave us soon, but maybe she’ll wait until Commencement. He’s such a splendid fellow but I don’t see him often only when he comes now and then on a flying trip. He never even asked me to help him either.”

“Do I recognize that voice, Grass? Indeed I do! It’s rather dark and I can’t see very well, but I know her too well to mistake her. She’s the merry widow of the college. Long ago I gave up the fruitless task of trying to keep my eyes on her.

“No, she is too far advanced for me. She did not even take her preliminary work with me. In fact, I think she must have had a very skillful teacher before coming to us.

“Yes, even the football hero went down before the tackle. He tried hard for a touchdown but she simply wouldn’t let him make it.”

“Did you say sleepy, Grass? Well, you’re not accustomed to the hours I keep and the work I do. Why, I’m just waking up.”

“Stop, oh, don’t right under the light! !!” Campus smiled happily.

“Good night, Grass, I fear this is going to be an all night session, for me, but oh, how I love it!

(Continued in our next issue)
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No Cases
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Dorm Girl (while same one plays Casey Jones) "You know, we have
two factions here in the Dorm, Casey and Anti-Casey."
Miss Stewart—"I’m surprised! I didn’t think any Dorm girl was ever
Anti-Casey."

Mixed Psychology
Dr. Book (In Psychology Class), "You can find a good de-
scription of the eye in Miss Calkin’s Appendix."

Rather Warm
Junior Sleigh Ride: Many were
cold but few were frozen.

Monotonous
As it Seems in Art Class: “The
pictures come, the pictures go, but
we stay forever.”

Division of Labor
Doc Underwood: “Adam
chased away the animals while Eve
did the other domestic work.”
Wayne, I: “Adam didn’t do a
very good job with the snakes, did he?”

Which?
Louise Smith: (Appreciation of
Art) The trees in this picture look
rather—Dobby!

Oh! Mary!!
Prof. Stoutemeyer (In English
History) ”A book was produced in
B—against which all the preachers
talked from their pulpits, telling the
people not to read it. By evening
next day every copy in town was
sold and a new edition ordered.”
Mary Shult: “What was the
name of the book, please?”

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