The Summer School

The SUMMER SCHOOL of 1912 was an unqualified success, both from an educational and a pleasurable point of view. It was the first held by the University for a number of years; advertising was delayed by a variety of causes for which the University was not responsible. The standards of admission were set high and consistently maintained; yet the plans formulated by President Dunway and carried out by his director, Prof. G. F. Reynolds, and by the faculty, were so well laid and the Summer School so clearly desirable a part of the University calendar, that the attendance even at this first session, considerably exceeded one hundred.

The work done both in quality and thoroughness fully equalled that of the regular semesters. The Summer School was in no sense simply a cramming school for teachers' examinations nor for college students making up conditions. Indeed almost every department found demands for graduate courses by students qualified to take them. These courses were especially successful, as were also those in methods of teaching. But in all the courses the students were interested and the faculty unanimous in commending their eagerness and industry.
And everybody had a good time. It was remarkable how soon a healthy college spirit—a consciousness of unity and comradeship—showed itself. The numerous excursions—to Stevensville in motors kindly furnished by residents of Missoula, to the falls of the Rattlesnake, to the Indian dances—brought general goodfellowship. Notable, too, were the addresses to the Summer School, especially those by Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard and Dr. E. B. Craighead, the president-elect of the University.

Thus the Summer School of 1912 was a success; that of 1913 is certain to be better still. It will no longer be an experiment for one thing, and for another the more than doubled appropriation makes possible an even more attractive program. Already the plans announced by Director Kemp makes this evident. The Summer School of 1913 will be better—it will also be bigger if Montanans recognize how fine an opportunity is offered them. That they will, nobody doubts.
We Thank You

AND NOW the 1914 Sentinel is finished. Whatever degree of success it may attain is due in great part to the kindness of our friends, without whose help a presentable book would have been impossible. Miss Eloise Knowles of the Art Department and Dr. G. F. Reynolds have aided with many valuable suggestions and criticisms. For many of the drawings in the book we are indebted to John Schopper, Bernice Selfridge, Diana Uline, Frances Birdsall and Mary Shull. Snapshots have been furnished by Gladys Huffman, W. O. Cain, Walter Conway and Fred Whisler. Miss Mary Stewart, George Stone and Gertrude Zerr have given us some excellent poems and stories. All the members of the Junior class, whether on the staff or not, have cheerfully done whatever was asked to further the success of the book. Finally, special mention must be made of "our printers," the Missoulian Publishing Company, and in particular of Mr. Lebkicher and Mr. Abbott. Only their careful and willing co-operation has made it possible to get the Sentinel out by the time set for its appearance.

For the editors, the book has been a lot of work and worry and yet the finished product is not the "Perfect Annual" we planned it to be. And, moreover, what mistakes are made, are made. We can make no correctionsnor explain away any misunderstandings in the next issue. Our work is put down to stay. Everything is over but the final verdict—your verdict. And that, after all, is what we have been working for. If in your judgment we shall have written up our records faithfully, if we shall have told you something of the men and women, students and faculty, who make the University, in short if we shall have brought to you even a faint breath of the spirit that pervades the campus of the University of Montana, we hope you will see fit to mention it to some one of the editors. And then we will feel repaid.

THE EDITORS.
THE

Sent'--el

(Fill in the two missing letters any way you please. We merely remind you what the milkman said about "to the pure, etc. — .")
Dedication

Dedicated respectfully and with deepest sympathy and tenderest regard to those whose feelings are about to be wounded.
(The most awful expose in recent years. Done without fear or favor.)

EDWIN BOONE CRAIGHEAD—"Our Prexy." Concerning whom we could not, would not, dare not say anything funny. He might consolidate us. Was raised on mint juleps, smokes the finest brand of Havana cigars, but lost his happy home when the lobby of the Florence was destroyed by fire.

WILLIAM ABER—Otherwise known as "Woolly." The toughest man on the faculty. Educated in the east, came west and turned cowboy, was converted. Now spends his time in giving warmth to Greek roots and building sunshades for the trees on the campus. Cannot tolerate a serious-minded student. Motto is "Eat, drink and be merry."

FREDERICK SCHEUCH—Educated at the Sigma Chi house at the Purdue U., and has never forgotten what he learned there. Became a college professor—that being the easiest way possible of earning a living. The Chesterfield of the faculty. Besides having a love of the beautiful, he is gifted with a drawing room figure. Spends his spare time in listening to Stell reminisce.

LEWIS CLARK PLANT—Has a style of hairdressing all his own. Has been mistaken several times for an escaped criminal. Loves to direct—should have been superintendent of a section-gang. Considers his subject of mathematics beyond the grasp of ordinary mortals. He means well.

GEORGE F. REYNOLDS—Our chief target. Studied for the stage under Anna Held and Eva Tanguay—but finding the Elizabethan drama much worse became an authority in it. A gracious matinee idol. Meets every Friday afternoon with the ladies of the "Culture Club."

HENRY W. BALLANTINE—Hard to say what he was before coming to the U. of M.—because we can’t decide what he is now. "Verbose" is one of his favorite words. His legal manuscripts are being continually lost in the fire. That’s mild. He leads a double life.
ALBERT NEWLON WHITLOCK—"My God! What a figure of a man!" Has never been disappointed in love. That's why! Knows what he knows, knowing what he knows. The rest is all legs. A fond, affectionate nature. When he isn't directing the affairs of the Law Department he is busy washing dishes. He, too, means well.

MARY STEWART—Conducted a matrimonial agency. Has had several narrow escapes. Educated in the west, but acquired an eastern accent. Reads the doubtful books that she may be able to stamp them with her disapproval. Her specialty is heart-to-heart talks.

J. D. DUNLAP—It is difficult to expose this man. He minds his own business too well. Regular clam. An agent for tooth-powder. Chews tobacco.

G. M. PALMER—"Pammer"—should he hammer. Educated in Illinois, so he says. When he's not talking, he's eating. His ideal is to combine both!

CAROLINE PATTON—Assistant canner in the library cannery. Her fond looks at the men are mistaken for warnings. Has a hard time maintaining the dignity of her position. Has an expressive glance.

ARTHUR W. RICHTER—Having devoted the greater part of his life to studying the child phenomena, Prof. Richter has decided to publish a book called "The Focus of the Age" or "Frederick."

JOSEPH H. UNDERWOOD—"Togo" has been mistaken several times for "Dago" (Ronan). This has caused much ill-feeling on both sides. We have not yet decided which is the injured party.

ELOISE KNOWLES—Art Department. The artistry in the "newer" dances. Special emphasis given to the interpretation of the "Rag."

WILLIAM GEORGE BATEMAN—Came from China. Has an antiseptic baby. Sings antiseptic lullabys.


THADDEUS LUCIFER BOLTON—One of the Kewpie Kutouts. Serves tea in his office. Has managed to preserve a remaining wisp of hair.

JESSE P. ROWE—"Baldy" is a living advertisement for hair tonics of all kinds. Chief renown lies in the fact of his being the father of Tommy Rowe.
MORTON J. ELROD—The only man that ever talked down Alice Mathewson on the arsenic question. Since this memorable event has fallen into obscurity.

RICHARD HENRY JESSE, P. D. Q.—Dicky is both broad-shouldered and handsome and has been engaged by Miss Stewart in her matrimonial campaign. Champion chalk-slinger. Smokes Tuxedo. Since he came to Montana his belt measure has increased.

FRANCES CORBIN—Runs a culture course. Statistics taken during one hour of her classes shows the following esthetic appreciation by the students.

Word “beautiful” used eighty-one (81) times, of which Carl Glick was guilty of twenty (20). If that isn’t proof, what is? “Intoxicating” used twice, “sublime” four times.

GERTIE BUCKHOUSE—Runs canning factory and palm garden in connection. At present is organizing a legislature. Preparing a book called “How to look young.”

The rest of the faculty we were either afraid to say anything about or we didn’t think they were worth it. Take your choice.
Things we marvel at but can't explain.
Juniors

The Juniors we must not exalt,
Though deserving, we modestly halt,
And whate'er they may say
Take it any old way!
But—remember that small grain of salt!

The Junior class is at present the only important class in school. Next year, however, there will be a change. The Senior Class will then be the leading class of the University.

Lawyers

The Lawyers began way up high*
But that time has long since passed by,
Now they're below**
Where all lawyers go,
Be generous—for them heave a sigh.

*Top floor Main Hall.
**Basement of Library.
Name 'em and
you can have 'em
Litiachure

(With a Capital L.)

"Works" by eminent hands.
(Some gems brought to light in the recent short-story course.)

Pomes

The year's at the spring
The day's at the morn
Morn's at eleven
On Tuesday so fair,
Elrod's at his desk
I'm in my chair
God's in His heaven
—I wish I were there.

Marion Sherrard—after Browning.

She Worked

There was a young girl (quite a dresser)
Who went off to College (God bless her!)
And worked her way through
But between me and you
All that she worked was professors.

OME OMY—'23.
Editorial

We students as a whole are very thoughtless creatures. We think only once, if we think at all. We have good intentions, but alas, they might as well be shipped at once for pavement. For instance, deduce a little. Every day we come up the library steps. Those steps can't last forever; stone will fade away into dust, and the dust will be blown away by the wind, thereby making more work for the street sprinkler. This is logic. Well, what are we going to do about it?

C. Dickey.

The Schoolteacher

Faster and faster her faltering steps beat it out over the dead leaves. She did not dare glance backwards. She was a western schoolteacher and she thought that one of her pupils was after her. She could almost feel his hot breath on the back of her neck. Faster and faster she chewed her gum. Her hair came undone. "I must look like a fright," she thought. And still she ran. In fact, she almost flew. She felt him gaining. At last he reached out a hand, caught her, and she stopped and turned. It was only a cowboy. He tied her hands behind her back.

"Come and cook our Christmas dinner for us," he said. "I was too bashful to ask you, so I thought I'd kidnap you."

Then with a long rope he tied her to his saddle horn and galloped off.

— Marion Sherrard.

The Tough Cowboy

Bill, the toughest cowboy in all the west, jumped off his horse and swung into the Double-X Bar.

"Give me a drink," he cried and then he shot the bartender dead.

The bartender hastened to do what Bill ordered, for he was afraid of Bill. When Bill had drunk the liquor—it was a sloe gin fizz—he shot the bartender dead.

"Give me another," he cried. Then he shot the bartender dead.

He drank this, and left the saloon, stopping at the door to put a shot in the bartender. The bartender died.

"Goodness, Agnes, I'm tired," said Bill when he got home. "I've had a hard day today." Then he shot himself dead. He was a tough cowboy.

— George Armitage.
The Triumph of Fate

"Ha! Ha!" and a clear mocking laugh rang out on the midnight stillness.
"Why do you laugh?" asked the man bending nearer.
"Why do I laugh?"
"Yes."
"Because—because I wish to."
"How dare you."
"John Morton, how dare I." She leaned closer, and her full, voluptuous eyes goggled him full in the face.
"Pardon me, of course, you have a right." His voice dripped sarcasm.
"But at what do you laugh."
"See," she cried, her strident tones striking about his eyes. "Do you object? 'Tis one of my own funny stories."
"Hump," he said, sad-like.

—MARIE LEBKICHER.

The Haunting Eyes

He stood in the center of the room and looked slowly about him. In every direction he turned he saw eyes—eyes that wept and eyes that laughed, staring eyes, closed eyes, eyes that sparkled and dead eyes. The candle flickered out. He felt haunted. "My eye," he cried, "what lot's of potatoes we'll have next year."

—G. ZERR.

Thoughts

Sometimes I think that I am a convict just freed from behind the gray bars—at least, I think they are gray. Then I roll in the grass for pleasure. The grass is green, I think. Sometimes I imagine I am a man deserted by his wife, and then I hear her sing. It comes on the evening breeze to me, trembles a little and then stops. I mean her voice comes to me. I did love that voice once. Oh, yes, I did. But now, now all is different. I can never love that voice again. Sometimes I don't know what to think. Why think at all?

—NAT LITTLE.
The Purl Ring

The evening bells rang out over the peaceful city. Little flakelets of snow, winter's downy covering, fell softly upon the quiet earth. In fact, everything was perfectly lovely.

Robert De Camps, the most popular rector in Bonner, sat in his study quietly fingerin his last year's sermons.

"They'll do again," he said, sadly. "I won't need to buy any more and I can save up for a 'purl ring.' Of course, they'll do again." And the four walls echoed, "Again, again."  

Gladys Heyward.

Egoism, or---

How to Be Clevah, Original, Tempermental and Different—Absolutely Odd.

It’s a secret. I don’t know myself. The best way to run the bluff, however, is to cultivate a hypnotic stare.

C. C. Glick, Contributor to ------

Extra Feature

CONVERSATION AS SHE IS CONVERSED.

By Stella.

(Owing to the length, it was impossible to print anything but the title of this weighty work.)
"The sky was clear and cloudy," began the Dago. "A few of us more serious-minded students were reclining in the shade back of the Main Hall, discussing the advisability of the Order of the F. F. applying for membership in the Mexican Athletic Association. We had just decided that any one of the F. F.'s had it on any Mexican athlete alive, when suddenly a great cackling noise arose from behind the Gym; for all the world," went on Pete, "like a sewing circle. As this sort of thing is especially attractive to me, ever since the first time I went to Paris, I, accompanied by some few companions, walked over to the bleachers. Imagine our astonishment when we saw about thirty track girls, mainly Freshmen, on the cinder path limbering up preparatory to tearing off a quarter. All appeared to be in the pink of condition. After the usual dispute over the pole, Starter Hardenburgh, who was in pretty good condition herself, said: 'Now, girls, do try and finish within a half an hour or Musty will think I haven't made you keep strict training.' Then she made a graceful sign of dismissal and the girls started. After a wild scurry McJilton took the pole. For awhile she succeeded in fighting off the rest of the girls, but after a few minutes she was forced to give way, although her failure was not due to any lack of movement on her part, because she kept going all the time. When she wasn't running she was talking to herself, which is just as hard and requires just as much effort. My own opinion is that she was overweight. She ought to train down before the next race. About this time Coach Hardenburgh discovered our presence. Overjoyed that the girls would have some encouragement, she came over to ask us to stay and cheer. After some minutes of anxious waiting the girls reached the 220-yard post. Here an unfortunate accident occurred. Buse, who had been showing great form up to this point was spiked on the turn by some envious rival. Johnson went stale and walked the rest of the way in, finishing first. However, her record was disqualified because she hadn't finished
running. Merrifield and Steve as usual ran a pretty race. I always did like Steve, anyway. The only thing that kept her from winning the race was the fact that she was handicapped by shin splints. Merrifield, too, was loping along at an easy pace and would have been a point winner if her hair hadn't come down. From here on the race was very exciting. ‘Hip, Hip, Hurrah!’ we on the bleachers chanted in unison. This put fresh courage into the racers and they began to show more pep. But a hurdle stood on the cinder path. With breathless interest we watched to see what would happen. Katty was the only sport in the bunch. She took it with perfect form, stopping in mid-air to brush a string of hair from her eyes. Now the race became wild and frenzied. There was hair pulling and kicking in abundance. My companions, unused to such scenes, turned away their eyes in dread, but I felt it my duty to watch them, even though my feelings were harrowed. Richter, on account of her superior build, finally overpowered the rest and forged over the tape line at a terrific pace. McCarthy finished second. In the wild hubbub that followed it was impossible to distinguish who was third, but I think it was Katty, because she was going at such a furious speed that she couldn't stop for three laps. A most pleasant feature of the race was that there was no ragging. Coach Hardenburgh told me afterward that just before the race Kelley had addressed them with a few words of fatherly advice. A medal is forthcoming from the Mexican Athletic Association for Kel, in recognition of this great work.’

After listening to Ronan’s recital, the editor was so overcome with emotion that he was unable to finish the Sen-t’el. Besides, there isn’t any more space.
A unique and unparalleled feature of the 1914 Sentinel is the fact that it is Out on Time.

As for the rest, we only echo the words of the immortal Shakespeare when we say: "We did our damnedest." — The Editors.