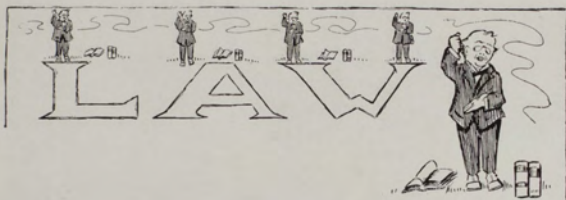


## NINETEEN FIFTEEN



A. NEWLON WHITLOCK, LL. B.  
Dean of the College of Law.



## THE SENTINEL



AYER

LEAPHEART

LANGMAID

### SENIORS IN LAW

D. C. WARREN, A. B., Montana, LL.B.

RAYMOND WIEDMAN, LL. B.

ELLSWORTH SMITH, LL. B.

WM. J. STRIVER, LL. B.

LA RUE SMITH, LL. B.

E. P. KELLEY, A. B., Dartmouth,  
LL. B.

E. B. CRAIGHEAD, JR., LL. B.

IVAN MERRICK, LL. B.

PAUL LOGAN DORNBLASER, LL. B.

### Law School of the University of Montana

The extent of territory with its almost unlimited resources, and the rapid development in all lines of industry, made the need of a Law School in the State of Montana imperative. The great Northwest with its wondrous expanse of territory, with its rapidly changing and increasing population, with its great and peculiar problems in irrigation, mining, and real property law, impressed the founders of the Law School with the opportunities and possibilities before them. Appreciating their responsibilities, with a view to making the Law School of the University of Montana, the greatest Law School in the Northwest, three main considerations entered into its foundation—a high standard in its course of study, a high standard in the choice of its faculty, and a high standard in the requirements of its student body.

## NINETEEN FIFTEEN

The course of study embraces those subjects outlined in the leading standard university law schools of the United States, and a standard course is offered which is the equal of any Law School in this country. The courses are based entirely on the Case System, recognizing the need not only of a general knowledge of the law, but of a legally trained mind, capable of grasping facts and principles, presented in the class room in actual cases and problems, and later in life in the cases and problems of actual practice. Obviously a training of such a nature must develop a mind capable of legal analysis, logical and original reasoning, and a real capacity for quick and complete grasp of new problems and situations. In connection with and in addition to the standard course, particular and special attention is given to the subjects of Irrigation, Mining, and Real Property, the first two of which are peculiar to and chiefly a development of the Western Law. In the treatment of Real Property, emphasis is laid particularly upon the opening up of new territory and those conditions affecting Real Property which are more peculiar to the new states of the West and Northwest. And in general in any course, although the leading principles and decisions are considered on the various points, the position of the Montana courts is also discussed.

The faculty is composed of carefully selected men, consideration being given to their legal training both from the standpoint of education and practice. There are five professors of law, one from Columbia, three from Harvard, and one from Chicago, in addition to which there are three non-resident and resident lecturers, all being chosen both with reference to their high educational-qualifications as well as their experience in practice.

The close co-operation of the Governor and State Board of Education with the President of the University has given and promises to give the University a Law School second to none in the Northwest.

Seemingly in recognition of the results of the efforts of the founders of the Law School, the Law School has practically "jumped" into pre-eminence in the Northwest. From a few students in the first year it has an enrollment of over sixty in its third year, comprising students from practically all the Northwestern States, as well as some scattered states over the entire United States, a number of whom have entered from other leading law schools.

The present prospects point to an enrollment of over one hundred students in the Law School next year. In view of the opportunities in Montana, the co-operation that exists in the executive management, and the favorable attitude of our Supreme Court and the legal profession throughout the State, the future success of the Law School is assured.

## THE SENTINEL

When the call for the first law class of the University of Montana was issued in 1911, it was not the usual bunch of "rah-rah kids" that assembled to take up the study of torts and contracts but an aggregation of men from all parts of the United States. They came all the way from Kokomo to Kalamazoo; from Dartmouth to Stanford. They brought with them the traditions from older schools and the ambition to do things.

When other law school graduates face the world, it is usually with fear and trembling but not so with '14 Montana. The fellows in old '14, like Bernard Shaw, know that they have wonderful minds and that their success will be measured only by the number of clients that live in the vicinity in which they are to practice. Look at the following list:

Dornblaser came from Chicago. He has more nick-names than any other man on the campus. His smile is his fortune; it is like the rising sun. His father is a preacher, yet "Dornie" plays football.

Ray Wiedman is renowned chiefly for the fact that he had the courage to stand up before the Supreme Court and confess that he came from Pony. He was a student at Stanford, et al. Sometimes he fights in football games and once he kicked a man (?). He is a brilliant chap and one of the best samples of clear "grit" in the state of Montana.

Edward Patrick Kelly, otherwise known as "Pat," is a blue-blooded Irish-man from Massachusetts. He attended Dartmouth but was not affected. Dublin Gulch will be the arena of his political operations.

LaRue Smith and Strever have left. After allowing 50 per cent shrinkage, they still report wonderful success. Warren came from Illinois. He has been here ever since Prof. Aber played football. Once active in debate, he now devotes all of his time to the study of law. He will practice at Deer Lodge.

Carl Cameron is the idol of the dorm. He is the hardest working man since Hoblitt left. He is also a native son of Montana, which makes him a sort of novelty in the bunch of "hoboes" with which he has to associate.

Ellsworth Smith is anxious to be a malefactor of great wealth. He is now a full-fledged lawyer and does and care about examinations.

Merriek; well Merriek is a hard-working sort of a "cuss" whose worst fault is the fact that he is a socialist. He is a fusser of the most pronounced type, but he does not "scatter his fire."

### 1915

"How could a man," thundered Sorrenson. We do not remember the rest of it, but we got the meaning just the same. Following the same line of argument, how could a class? That is how could a class that is composed of such illustrious personages as those of the class of 1915, fail to carry away all the honor, glory, and learning that is to be found in any college of law. Answer: It could not and has not.

## NINETEEN FIFTEEN

Take Chester Boddy, for instance. He won a scholarship and a lady. In the short time that he has been with us, he has taught two different kinds of schools and has run a "gospel mill." He has gone down into the mines at Wallace as a mucker; and he has sorted dirty linen for the Pullman company. He has sold city lots in Seattle and has conducted a collection agency in Missoula. He has stoked the fires at Johnson Flats and has commercialized the Flathead Lake.

Friday is the Secretary of the Bull Moose in Missoula and he is going to run for the presidency (sometime).

We have the word of Prof. Trexler that Sorrenson is a viking, a Sir Edward Coke, a Jupiter, et al. The professor also tells us that Jack Jones is a Blackstone, that Sewell is a "fusser" and that Bill Anderson is longlegged. Punk Owsley is captain of everything, Rosenberg owns a bank, and Craighead is so many things, good and bad, that we hesitate to write them down.

Miss Selfridge has twice proved herself the most brilliant student in the University, etc., *ad infinitum*.

Someone described the Freshman class as a bunch of *gentlemen* as distinguished, of course, from the Junior and Senior classes.

For the edification of the world at large, the class doesn't mind having it known that with its advent to the University, new life immediately began to feel its way through the veins of the latter. As a result, Bozeman bit the dust twice in succession, and is still wondering how it happened.

Sam Crawford came with a gallon of medals. Specialty, basketball.

Never since the days of R. Justin Miller has one student possessed such wisdom and learning as John McGough. He is the All American End from Colgate and he is an all-around man at Missoula.

Walton is a B. R. Cole, the second; while Hanley, the "tall-red," is imitating Tommy Thompson.

Lewis Brown is a champion track man. The rumor that he is lazy is a base untruth.

The class is young. Its members have not yet had an opportunity to hang many trophies to Montana's Hall of Fame. But watch it grow.

If you want to get acquainted with some of the world's future legal lights, now is the time to get in before their brilliancy gets so dazzling that it will hurt the eyes. This isn't meant for co-eds, for some of the class are married. But as someone has said, "Get on; don't wait to be pushed." The boat is about to start, and before we go, here's three cheers for the University, for the Law School, and for the Class of 1916.



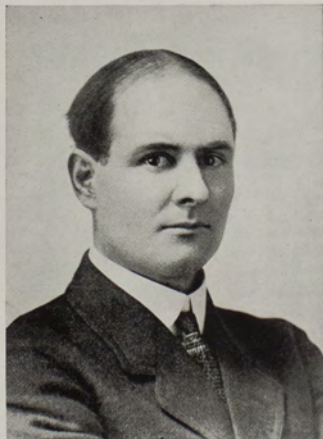
TEENAGE BELL



NINETEEN FIFTEEN



PROF. CHAS. E. T. MOLLET,  
PH. C.  
Dean of the College of  
Pharmacy



## THE DAILY PLAY

Act No. 12, Scene No. 47. (Pharmacy lecture room).

### CHARACTERS

Mr. Louis James Fischl—A haughty Senior.

“Chris” Sheedy—An “obstreperous” Frosh.

Florence Ingham—The Farmer Sister.

Soldiers, servants, bouncers, etc.

*Mr. Fischl*—“The class in beginning pharmacy will now, with due modesty and humility, come to order. Miss Ingham, you may now tell the class all that you know about the use of the Pharmaceutical Arithmetic in determining the difference between general Pharmacognosy and Therapeutical and Toxicological analysis of the alligation scale.”

*Miss Ingham*—“I-I-I—Really—Well, I don’t know.”

*Mr. Fischl*—“That was a very simple question and I can not understand how anyone could remain in the class as long as you and not be able to answer at once. Mr. Sheedy, will you explain to the class and when you have finished that you may go on and tell the class how you would proceed to find the Galenical formula of acids and alkalies by means of Pharmaceutical Jurisprudence and Greek, and Microtechnology; and what branches of these subjects you would use.”

*Mr. Sheedy*—“What is all that to you?”

(Dear Reader, the scene rapidly changes to the laboratory. Many soldiers, servants, bouncers, etc., rush in and firmly grasping Chris by the back of the neck, hurry him into the nearest laboratory. Here many others rush up to offer help in bringing the patient out of his precarious condition. His head is placed in the centrifugal tincture press and the blast lamp is turned on his feet. Carbon Disulphide is placed at the base of the neck. Hoods, water baths, tables of chemicals, fly into the air through action resulting from the excess of his agony. While the Farmer Sister looks in Merke’s Report under the head of fixed and volatile oils, the servants pour something less than fifty buckets of water down the unfortunate sufferer’s back, thereby succeeding in bringing normal heart action and respiration to poor Chris. The Farmer Sister wrings her hands in sorrow and then hunts for the mirror. The scene shifts again to the lecture room).

*Mr. Fischl*—“Mr. Sheedy, will you now kindly answer the question?”

*Mr. Sheedy*—“I do not know.”



# NINETEEN FIFTEEN



INGHAM  
SIMPKINS  
PARKHURST  
ANGEVINE  
COOK  
ERB

FISKE  
DISBROW  
SHEEDY  
COLLINS  
FISCHL  
MOLLET

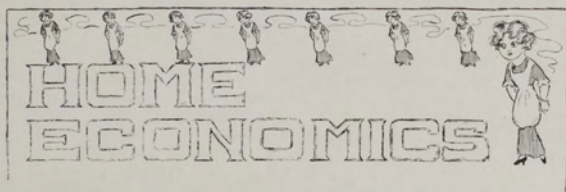
## THE SENTINEL

Mr. Fischl—"Very well answered; neither do I; the class is dismissed for the day."

These little plays are repeated semi-occasionally, whenever the instructor thinks it best for the general educational tone of the department. You see the department wishes to give every advantage to the pharmacy students—wait; we should have said to the "pharmacy student." There is one student in the department—one, count him. Several others have aspirations along that line, but there is only one real student. That is Pankhurst, we beg your pardon, Parkhurst. He and McCoy made their presence felt to the Sophs one day in March. Fiske comes pretty near being a student—by stretching a point a very little bit we might call him a shark—but his attention is generally directed elsewhere. The pharmacy students are liberal—they believe in equal suffer-age; they have a farmer sister. Needless to say she is the most popular girl in the department. She is modest, is this young pharmacist—the Butte Stub says she left the lab irradiating blushes and tears when the fellows put Sheedy in the tank. Sheedy is rather obstreperous for a Freshman but he is getting over it—or washed out of it. That is one of the duties of the day over in the pharmacy department—throwing Chris in the drink. There is a Hen in the department, too. Erb doesn't increase the cost of living, particularly, but he does cackle, continuously, and with variations. His motto is "A pleasant grin, like a soft tomato, turneth away wrath."

The Pharmacists have a scientific society but they do not yet know enough to draw the crowd by serving "eats." The only thing they ever do serve is good intentions. We don't suppose we should be so hard on them—one good thing at least they have done. *They almost decided to give a dance*, but luckily they stopped in time. The Chief queered the thing—he refused to bring a girl. But in excusing himself he forgot to state whether it was lack of funds, or an inability to choose, and run the risk of hurting the other dear ones' feelings. Collins is the bluffer of the class—he bluffs the class, he bluffs the faculty, and he bluffs himself occasionally. Whenever he succeeds in bluffing himself he wears a pleased, well-satisfied air—you will recognize it when you see it. He also tries to flirt with the farmer sister; Simpkins generally queers his game there, though. There are only two things wrong with Claude—he can not let well enough alone, and he is a Soph. He is not as far gone as Fischl however he is young yet. The Pharmacists love Fischl. They can not get along without him—fact is, he won't let them. Nuf sed! However, the School of Pharmacy is rapidly becoming one of the best, in quality, of the schools in the University. We love them all and want to see them do well.

NINETEEN FIFTEEN



MISS EDMOND, B. S.  
Head of the Department of  
Home Economics.



## HOME ECONOMICS

Yes, and he is—Oh! you should have seen her new—Then we went—Say! how do you make that dressing we had—Yes, I think that—And Doc said—Oh! Stell, we all know—And then, what do you—But as I was saying—just think, she lead the ace of—No, this is not a case of printer's pi, it is merely a representation of the Home Economics laboratory when the class is at work!

Of all cases of metamorphosis (Look that up, I had to) about the University, the one at Science Hall is perhaps the greatest. Last year, the drawing rooms and office of the College of Engineering, the lecture rooms and laboratories for Electrical and Civil Engineering; this year the laboratory of the Home Economics department and the—but why go farther? Nothing else on earth counts in comparison. This part of the campus has become in less than a year, the most popular place to go; the girls go to work and the men go for something to eat. (They get it, too).

The most dainty delicacies tempt one to enter; once there you are gone. Each thing you taste is better than the tid-bit you had before, and the first thing you know, you have to stop eating for lack of ability. If *you* ever get in this unfortunate condition, escape at once, for then everyone delights to press you with more and you will perish for the very abundance of food. However, rumor says that no one leaves cup custards, cups of junket, jelly or anything of that sort, out on the window ledge any more. They are considerate folk in that laboratory and do not believe in tempting the frailty of human nature.

No little part in the success of the department of Home Economics is due to Miss Edmonds. Coming here from Ohio state for the Summer School, she showed such ability and was so well liked by her pupils, that with the establishment of the department in the University, she was put in charge. Under her guidance, the department of Home Economics bids fair to become one of the strongest departments in the whole University.

"THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA, IT MUST PROSPER."

NINETEEN FIFTEEN

## Forestry



SHORT COURSE FORESTRY

Up to the present time, the short course in Forestry has been the only one given at the University. With the appointment of Dorr Skeels as dean of the new College of Forestry, this branch of the University work will assume a new importance. The College of Forestry is destined to become one of the largest and strongest of the colleges in Montana.

## THE SENTINEL



PROF. CARL HOLLIDAY,  
Head of the Department of  
Journalism.



## NINETEEN FIFTEEN

The Department of Journalism has seen its cradle year in the University curricula and has the promise of the title "School of Journalism" next year. The embryo reporters, enrolled as journalists, have spent a profitable year under Professor Holliday, and those who do not graduate, look forward to still more active work when they shall be members of the full-fledged college; the School of Journalism.

Every phase of newspaper work has been studied, worked out, and later put into practice. In order to make the courses practical, the cubs were given real live assignments on local occurrences. One of the first assignments was the fire at Johnson Flats. Heart-rending would not be stirring enough to describe some of the "write ups" of the terrible fire in the men's dormitory. Some of the aspirants showed a strong tendency to "yellow" journalism and had the fire start in the dead of night with the fire engines broken down. Most of the inmates were burned, some of them fatally. All this under a gaudy headline and in a single column. Amazing stories, featuring local heroes, were handed in as copy from time to time; even Governor Stewart was not immune to the frenzied pens of the energetic reporters. Since the course began, Governor Stewart has died three times; once from heart failure, once from repeated attacks of endowments, and once from a bad case of indigestion contracted while attending a banquet at Craig Hall. President Craighead could find several obituaries of personal interest in the morgue of the journalistic department, while every faculty member has his or her pedigree recorded in the lost and found section. Thus far but one individual has been placed on the "black list"—Professor Carl Holliday—reasons are withheld.

Almost every great personage in or around the University has been interviewed by the reporters and many great speakers have addressed the class in the interest of newspaper work. Ex-Senator Dixon told many of his experiences with the Press Gallery at Washington, to which all newsmen aspire. Editor Stone and Mr. Lebkieher of The Missoulian explained the inner workings of a newspaper office, while Professor Ayer and other legal lights, lectured on the Copyright Law and other phases of the law relative to newspaper work. Professor Holliday is concluding the year's work with lectures on the history of the American newspaper.

Whether or not, the present members of the class go on with journalism, they certainly will have gained a great deal from the year's work. The broad perspective gained by newspaper men attracts most of them to continue the fascinating work of which they have had a taste. More than likely, some of Professor Holliday's cubs, will become newspaper powers in our state. At present, they are looking for "scoops" and may jump into fame direct from the class room.

"The University of Montana. It Must Prosper."

# COMMERCE AND ACCOUNTING



PROF. C. E. STAHLING, B. S.  
Head of the Department of  
Commerce and Accounting.



## NINETEEN FIFTEEN

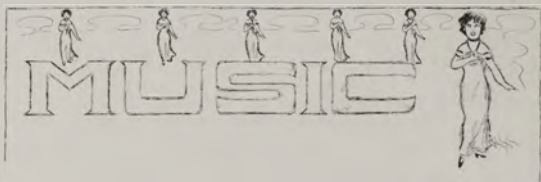
*Clickety, clickety, clickety, bang!*  
*A sound as from a boiler man.*  
*It fills the streets, it fills the air,*  
*And makes the natives tear their hair.*

Nothing else can so well describe sounds which emanate from the typewriting room of the Commercial Department. One need not walk stealthily up the stairs to keep from being heard, nothing short of the "Crack of Doom" could make an impression on the roar which fairly shakes the windows when the class is at work. Professor Staehling represents the highest type of development of the Spartan when he attempts to give dictation to the advanced class in Shorthand. Standing unshaken before his followers, he bravely faces that awful tempest and with the manner of an old sea captain in a bad storm, howls out words like commands into the rising fury of the noisy gusts. Such fortitude is but seldom seen on this earth. If the reader should care to make the attempt, let him borrow ear muffers from a boilermaker and, being careful not to go too close, peek in at the door. Inside are from twenty to forty people, hardened to their environment, each busily engaged in trying to smash a perfectly good typewriter. Like mad they pound and pound; the mere fact that they do not succeed in making a total wreck of the machines, should be a great advertisement for the typewriter company.

However, all the work is not confined to the typewriting rooms; the man who expects to get by in Mr. Staehling's department must be well grounded in other branches of work. Battered about from pillar to post, or in other words from Physics to Economics, from Political Science to German, from Mathematics to History, a person has a very full four years before he can secure the desired degree.

The courses are divided into groups, one group leading to General Business, another leading to Secretarial Work, yet another to the Public Service. In fact, here one is prepared to grapple with the greatest economic problems of the present day. To quote Professor Staehling: "The work of the department aims to give a broad well-rounded business training, combining as far as possible, theory with practice. Theoretical study is absolutely essential, for it is this element that produces the new improvements, discovers the potential possibilities, and brings them into reality. To understand the underlying theoretical principles of trade and industry is to appreciate and properly interpret the present tendencies and future possibilities. Our purpose, then, is to promote industrial advancement, and extend the sphere of activity of our University by preparing young men and women for efficient service and successful business careers."

## THE SENTINEL



PROF. DE LOSS SMITH  
Head of the Department of  
Music.

## NINETEEN FIFTEEN

Seated one day at my typewriter,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my head it itched most terribly  
As if filled with a million fleas.

I know not what I was writing,  
Nor what I was thinking then;  
But I heard one yelp of torture  
Like the shriek of an old wet hen.

It came through the doors and the windows,  
And even the walls themselves.  
It seemed like a modern Inferno  
Was casting out all of its elves.


I rushed from the building madly  
To escape from that sound of pain;  
But ever anon it pursued me,  
My labor was all but in vain.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
The peace that I lost again,  
But never while Smith remains teaching  
May I secure rest from my pain.

The new Department of Music is rapidly becoming one of the most popular departments in the University. Professor Smith, the new dean, is a happy choice, a blend of rare ability with an extremely pleasing personality. Already he has become one of the enthusiasts working for Montana. The whole department is of a higher quality than ever before attained. It now has dreams of an entire building all to itself, with a great pipe organ at the end of a long Concert Hall. May it come soon.

"The University of Montana. It Must Prosper."

THE SENTINEL



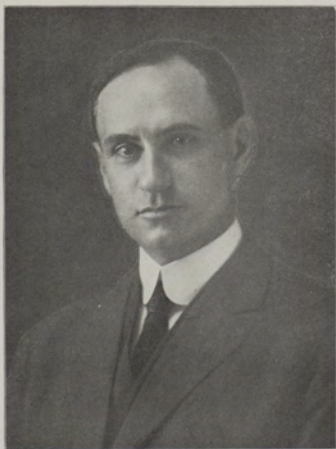
Clifford O. Day



NINETEEN FIFTEEN

Summer School

WILLIAM WEBB KEMP,  
PH. D.  
Director of the Summer  
School.



## THE SENTINEL

### SUMMER SCHOOL

Once upon a time in the days of long ago, the "Powers that be" met in room No. 4 of the University Hall and held solemn conclave. They decided to have a Summer School for every one who wished to attend. Now did every one bring out his or her attainments and display them before the admiring audience, desiring the appointment of Director. Among them all, no one displayed so many desired qualities as Professor William Webb Kemp. With loud acclaim was he welcomed as the leader.

Now Professor Kemp was an energetic sort of man and at once he began to lay plans for the largest gathering of young men and maidens ever seen on the campus. For months the office sent out his literature to the ends of the state and even into the states bordering on the Mississippi. Leaders of thought in the greatest universities in the land were invited to come and share in the work. They came from Washington to Pennsylvania; from Columbia to Tulane; even from old England herself.



About the first of June, the railroads leading to Missoula became sawmped with traffic (Yes, a few of the people were tourists going on to the coast) and the fountain of knowledge. Some of them returned in the fall to stay and attempt to quench that consuming thirst with which they were afire.

At this time, nature seemed to outdo herself. The hillsides were covered with sweet

smelling shrubs, the sun came out warm and smiling, beds of flowers hid in out-of-the-way corners both on the oval and out in the hills. Then one could say in answer to "What is so rare as a day in June?" "A day in June is too general, make that a day in June in Montana." Every day was a day for a picnic and everyone was a king or a queen of Mankind.

The campus was more beautiful than ever before because of the flower bed in the main entrance. Here the tulip bed, conceived by Professor Aber, and guarded by him with watchful love, gave beauty to any one for the asking and transported one in his thoughts to fairy land. Indeed, the University had become "A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

NINETEEN FIFTEEN



## THE SENTINEL

Never before had the campus held such a gathering of earnest people. Nearly all worked hard and long; the dormitory was seldom dark and yet time was found for play. Dr. J. Harding Underwood soon became the Moses for many a trip into the "wilderness." At the end of every week did this maker of joy organize a picnic into the hills.

Now these picnics found many a "Jacob"; especially on moonlight nights did the men of the community flock to the "House of the Thousand Queens." Everyone was released from all bondage and previous conditions of servitude.

Sad though it be, the married men were the most sought after of all those who followed Dr. Underwood into the mountains.

Many a morning, at the break of day, the tennis courts were filled, and many a contest of friendly rivalry was fought. The song of the meadow lark mingled with the shout of gay, care-free joy; the beauty of the dawn blended with and enhanced the beauty of youth. Many a party of young people started out, while the dew was yet on the grass, and went for delightful tramps before the work of the day should begin. At this time the glory and gladness of the springtime of life cried out from the very blades of grass. Even to the older men and women the world called out the worth of living.

All morning long did the maidens wrestle with the teachers in class, but the afternoons were given to study and to pranks. Sad though it may be, some of them would play tricks on the others. Even thus did

it happen. It happened that among the girls was an ardent suffragette. At various and sundry times did she expound the rights of women, and the injustice of not sharing in all of man's God-given privileges. After many days of this wisdom, many converts had espoused the cause, and ardently did they try to showe their unswerving loyalty. One of these converts became so enthusiastic that she even went to the city and bought of some cigarettes that she might demonstrate the equality of women with man. Together with her immediate chums she lit and burned some of these cigarettes. Then to prove her devotion to the cause, she placed the remains of all the burning brands under the door of the famous "leader."



## NINETEEN FIFTEEN

And now did a terrible gloom overspread the place, for the great "leader" misunderstood. Summoning the maidens to her she spake in this fashion: "Lo, am I now heart broken. Some of our beloved girls has been smoking of the deadly cigarette. The proof of it is even under my door. Now will I go to the President of the University, yea, even to Director Kemp himself. A pestilence is among us. Weep, for we are undone." Thus did she commune with the girls and when they had fled to quiet the laughter which rent their frames, she continued to address the heavens, even the starry firmament. Her nights were passed in sadness and her days in care. Let not your pranks be played upon a suffragette, for they are serious persons.

And then came the day for departure. The dread occasion was celebrated by a dance the night before, and many stayed up even all of the night, to prepare for the journey, back to their own land. Many were the tears which were shed, for all had been very happy that summer. On that sad morning many a one stopped, and looking back wiped a watery eye for the good times and for the man they would never have again. Then all went home, even to the places from which they came.

(Editor's Note—We do not wish to leave the idea that the young ladies mentioned above were actually smoking cigarettes. They did not. The joke happened just the same).



## THE SENTINEL

# Biological Station

MORTON J. ELROD, *Director*

Located midway on the eastern shore of Flathead Lake, on the best bay of the lake, is the Biological Station of the University of Montana. It is the quintessence of beauty in the most delightful spot in the state, which means the most delightful spot in the world. On the boundary between nature's most favored mirror and the stately pine-clad mountains, it can be excelled nowhere. The climate itself cannot be surpassed. Even in August the hot days were those when the thermometer registered but a little above 80 degrees. Entertainment is furnished in abundance by the two motor boats, the row boats, the bathing beach, the trout streams, the quiet paths in the primeval forest, and the gatherings about the open fire on cool nights.

The courses of study unfold the wonders of nature under the most congenial surroundings. The well-equipped laboratories are the pride of all the lake dwellers. The woods and the water present continually new trees, flowers, animals, birds and insects. Everywhere the marvels of nature cry out to the scientist to be investigated and understood. The photographer is presented with such a variety of beautiful and unique situations that choice is difficult.

The faculty almost equals the students in numbers, each member being one of the best specialists in his work in the United States, and each is met under such conditions that all the pleasant, ennobling traits of character are emphasized, in a way which can never be realized in the ordinary class room.

The students are gathered together for a serious purpose, most of them being graduates from other Universities, and all work with the attitude which would make even the most uninteresting subjects the greatest pleasures.

Frequent trips are made to other parts of the lake and vicinity, combining work and recreation. The dances of the Flathead Indians, the Pend o'Reille rapids, and the scientific work in the woods are attended with the same zest; every day is made a red letter day in the calendar of life. Many interesting and sometimes trying situations are presented, which call out unusual traits of character. At such times the one best fitted to command is recognized as the leader.



NINETEEN FIFTEEN



## THE SENTINEL

Such an incident occurred when one of the professors was injured in a runaway on the return from one of the trips. He was caught by the broken limb of a tree, and a large hole was torn in his side. The man of the hour was a mere undergraduate student; one of the shrinking and retiring kind. Who would have thought it? Edward Allen of the class of 1915 at once assumed the role of hero, succeeded in stopping the team, and cared for the wounded man. Orders flew thick and fast from his otherwise timorous lips. "Dr. Kirkwood, take that bed off the wagon, and spread it out. Dr. Adams, get some water. Somebody find some bandages." To "Hero" Allen's prompt action has been given the credit of saving this man's life.

Last, but by no means least, may we mention the name of the official organ of community gossip, the "Yellow Bay Skeeter." Conceived in a mere jest, this paper soon grew to be one of the dominating factors of the social life of the station. The last edition has run out, and the few remaining copies are treasured by the owners as being among the most precious trophies of the happy summer. Glancing over the well-worn leaves of *The Skeeter*, one becomes lost in the reveries of the past. One sees again the sun going down behind the Painted Rocks, filling the sky with colors which defy description, and kissing the lake with a parting warmth. The silver glow of the moon comes out of the tops of the pines and firs, casts a soft radiance over a picture of peace, and breathes a holy benediction of love and kindness to all mankind.

