



ON STAGE

"OH GOD, WHO MADE THIS BEAUTIFUL EARTH, WHEN WILL IT BE READY
TO RECEIVE THY SAINTS? HOW LONG, OH LORD, HOW LONG?"

FALL MAJOR



"THE ROYAL FAMILY" VISITS THE CAMPUS

And shout, storm, race over a roomy stage with clever settings. The whole cast was as crazy as some of us would like to be and get away with it — no matter how often we hear Kaufman-Ferber dialogue we like it. Dashing Tom Campbell combined John Barrymore and Doug, Sr. in their hey-day in a series of leaps, bounds and a merry ha-ha. Ruth Christiani, stepping out of her usual character roles, rapidly talked herself into a fine performance, but left her listeners breathless . . .



AUDIENCE FALLS FAR BEHIND THE CAST

In trying to keep up to the rapid-fire dialogue but gave laughs to prize-fighting Mac (Monk Stanton) with his grotesque make-up, bowery drawl and prize-fight swagger . . . to brother Herbert played by slithering, blustering Don Hopkins . . . to peppery grande dame Fanny

who ruled the family, and before the end had the audience under her thumb . . .



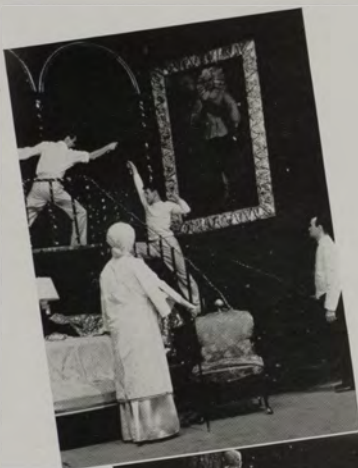
THE CAMERA SEES CAVENDISHES

All over the stage in the throes of their daily explosions . . . Daughter Gwen will not act and if Julie were not so "damn tired" she could do something about it. . . . Tornado Anthony returns from Hollywood with mountains of luggage, a black eye and a broken arm, a breach of promise suit and a slough of reporters not far behind. . . . Fanny tells Herbert and his actress wife of the great Cavendishes in the good old days . . .

ROYAL FAMILY

MAD ANTHONY CAVORTS WITH McDERMOTT

On the shakey prop stairway, never ceasing his Cavendish flurry of acting . . . while Fanny stands by admiringly giving the youngsters his chance in the limelight, but offering advice here and there . . . and the first Cavendish stands stiffly aloof, framed in gold and hanging on the wall . . . One of the hallboys stands agape trying to tell somebody something about something . . .



FANNY MAKES AN ENTRANCE

As the family comes to attention to listen with due respect. . . The Cavendishes will fight each other to the last bite, but do admire each other's acting ability . . . not an immediate member of the family, sulky sue Kitty, wife of brother Herbert, dreams of her lost laurels or else of scathing remarks to let fall when and if there comes a break in the Cavendish dialogue . . .



THE CURTAIN FALLS ON THIS SCENE

Of the return of Gwen and husband Percy, with their infant son . . . whom the family is toasting. . . . A Cavendish despite the fact that Gwen married that imbecile, Stewart. . . . Fanny has her back to the audience, but holds the center of the stage, grand old actress that she is . . . says farewell to a life grandly lived . . . and has the curtain fall to herself.



ST. JOAN



HERE IS A KING FOR YOU —

"Look your fill of the poor devil," said Jack Wright, as the Dauphin, to Virginia Cook, **Saint Joan**. Director Harrington took a long shot in presenting Shaw's classic winter quarter and won—gave the lead to a freshman, came out ahead of skeptic critics. She gave an admirable performance and wore the imported costumes well. Few in the audience missed Shaw's irony. Few captured his admiration for Joan. Too few appreciated the sage lines from the long-nosed Dauphin—powerful with scorn of mankind.



HER FAITH LED JOAN TO THE GODDAMS

And was told by the Bastard Prince, veteran actor Mike Skones, presented with his customary finesse, the wind was wrong. Joan only said, standing in the moonlight, "We'll take those forts." She in her innocence could not believe his warnings against war diplomacy. She had no idea of the plot concocted by the Earl of Warwick, that handsome villain, played by Tom Campbell with a mustache.



GERALD EVANS TALKS IN A TENT

Beneath an orange light. He delivered one of his unbelievable long monologues, which monologues brought more comment and commendations from the audience than almost any other part of the play. He was the Bishop of Beauvais, who presided over the ecclesiastical court where Joan was tried—that memorable time when a saint was burned at the stake—while the Dauphin stamped his feet ineffectually at the men in his court.

WINTER MAJOR

THE COURT SCENE DRAGGED ON

For what seem hours. It was here that Gerald Evans outdid his previous performances by delivering the longest speech most of us had ever heard on the stage. He did not break — but the patience of the audience did. One staunch supporter of Joan, the tragic-faced brother Martin, proclaimed the trial to be heresy — Boyd Cochrell was heard.



THE STUPIDITY OF TODAY

Was reflected in the ecclesiastical court, but it is doubtful if those who listened caught it by then. They had been there for two hours. Enter Joan, who could not realize why she was being tried. Dunois, the Bastard Prince, who knew these men, had attempted to tell her. She could see nothing but defeat. The black suit Joan wore contrasted with the pale blue and white settings and lighting.



JOAN DID NOT WANT TO DIE

And even when she was shown the black-hooded executioner she did not realize God had forsaken her. The final touch of bitter Shawrony came with the announcement of the canonization of Joan of Arc, and the Dauphin once again left many thoughts with those out front. A big play. Credit must go to the Masquers for giving us Saint Joan — which is surely a star on their horizon.



WINTER QUARTER ONE-ACTS



DUAL PERSONALITIES MEET IN CONFLICT

When two women find themselves in an awkward situation. "Overtones," a serious one-act furnished difficult roles to Joyce Hovland and Ruth McCullough, the real Margaret and Harriet, and to Lela Hoffstot and Peg Hayes, the superficial characters. Going one better than O'Neill's asides, this play had the audience guessing . . . Best lines rendered by Hovland and McCullough . . .



SUFFRAGISM RETURNS

With Howells' anti-feminism play, "The Mouse Trap" . . . a suffragette and an unconvinced male battling over physical courage of man and woman. . . . Not a comedy in the 90's when feminists were making war, it was received as a farce by the audience, forgetful of the Ballot struggle . . . A mouse proved Mr. Campbell's point, humorously played by Jack Wright . . . Helen

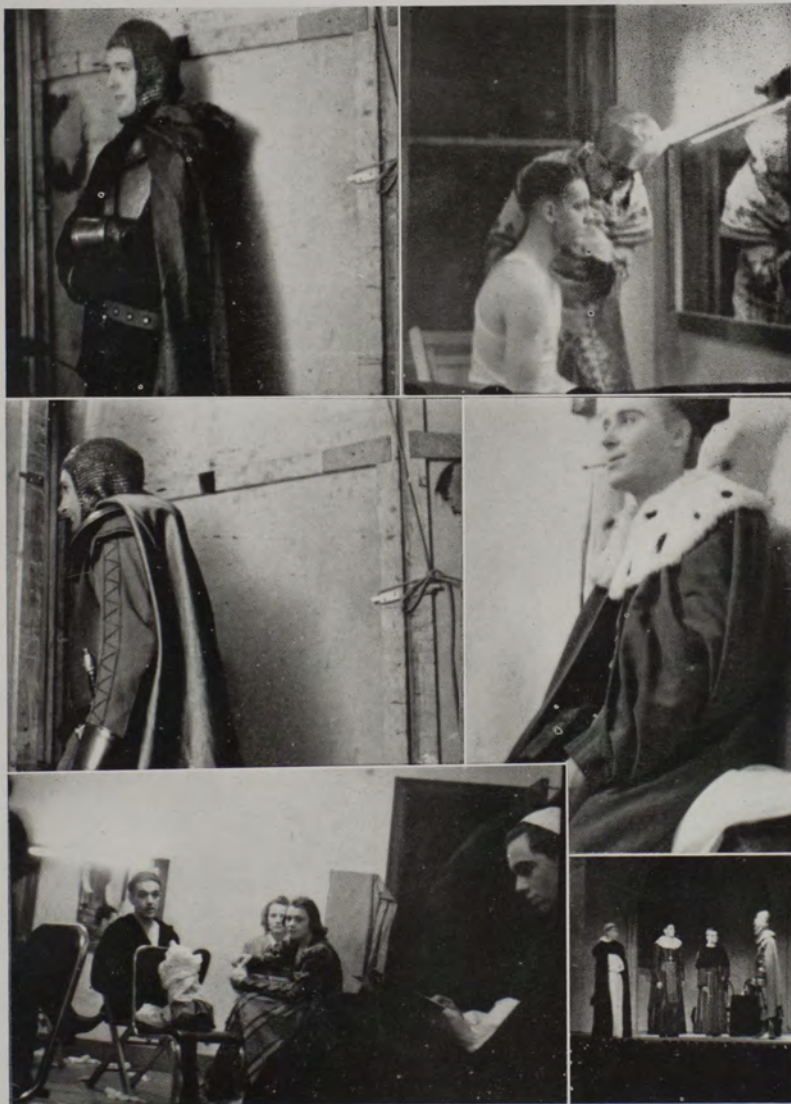
Lane, as Mrs. Sommers, was heard across footlights admitting her defeat . . .



LOVERS AND A GARDEN WALL

Furnished the plot and setting for "The Romancers" and revived Shakespeare's Montague-Capulet feud. It was a case of mistaken identity . . . cast was serious . . . author wrote a comedy . . . Before the end the audience recaptured a few laughs . . . Miggs Clark was a beautiful heroine, Francis Tonrey was a serious lover, Meril Carter caught the fun spirit. What was heard was good.

CANDID VIEWS



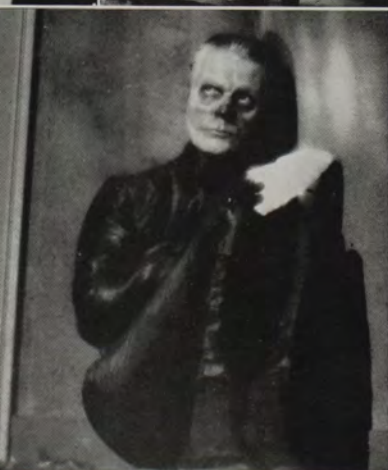
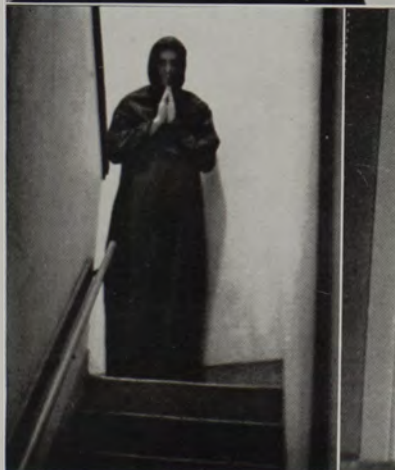
St. Joan and the Sentinel find Jimmy Reynolds waiting for his cue . . . while Jack Wright helps a colleague with make-up. . . . Many bit parts in plays, and many are the actors waiting their turn behind the lights. . . . Jerry Evans relaxes with a cigarette before going into one of his long, rapid speeches. . . . The make-up rooms suffer—for when the curtain rises there is left a mess of grease paint, powder, paper and confusion . . . after the show the dramactors gather backstage for the wake . . .

BACKSTAGE



Classes interfere with rehearsals, so actors study between cues. . . . Prop girls don't have to learn lines so why shouldn't she smile? . . . Nan Shoemaker, Masquer's Max Factor, finds a willing subject and slaps on the grease paint. . . . Dashing Tommy Campbell gladly poses for a shot, and impresses the cameraman with the mustache, a natural. . . . Kappa Baucus and another prominent Masquer spy on the cameraman . . . who spied back . . . we wind up on stage . . . the front for which the back was made.

WITH THE MASQUERS



Vi Thomson, Masquer Royal, instructs a co-ed in the art of using a fire hose. . . . Brilliant candle-light lends grace and dignity to Christmas program given by combined Glee Clubs. . . . Perhaps a character actor made up for the stage . . . perhaps the Idiot got into the grease-paint. . . . Gerald Evans, Masquer President, comes from the library . . . rumor has it that the books are a front. . . . With a prayer for inspiration, highlights and shadows. . . . The Eternal Mask, symbol to all Masquers—The Stage.

MASQUER ROYALS



Donal Harrington, Director



Donal Harrington's second year as director of Montana dramatics was marked with success. Most marked success was his production of G. B. Shaw's *St. Joan*, winter quarter major. Old timers on the campus who have seen many Masquer productions turned back 10 or 15 years to find something comparable. Harrington has shown no hesitation in experimenting with selection of plays, staging and lighting. This trend has given the audience a wide variety of entertainment experiences—the actors continual challenges to their talent. To those actors who work assiduously and prove their talent comes the honor of membership in Masquer Royal. Membership requirements this year were boosted to 100 points. Anyone who acquires the necessary points either before the footlights or backstage becomes eligible for membership. Leadership this year was in the hands of Mike Skones. Membership includes: Bill Bartley, Gerald Evans, Tom Hood, Lois King, Betty Jane Milburn, Richard Pope, Nan Shoemaker, Bill Stevens, Vi Thomson, Bob Warr, Lela Woodgerd.

MONTANA MASQUERS



Harrington, Milburn,
Evans, Thomson, Bartley



The Masquers are the mass force behind dramatic productions at Montana. From this large group come the rising young actors, technicians and assistants of all kinds. The annual program consists of one major production and a bill of one acts each quarter. Usually there are student directed and acted, invitational performances given in the old theatre each quarter. Masquers have expanded their activity to include radio plays given over the local Columbia station KGVO. These efforts have been well received by a wide audience in and around Missoula. Masquer's social functions are the annual spring picnic, Beaux Arts Ball, and an on-stage party after each major production. Pledging requires fifteen Masquer points and initiation thirty, five of which must be earned backstage. Masquers should remember from this year the very successful production, St. Joan — the problem child Beaux Arts Ball. Officers for this year were: Gerald Evans, President; Bill Bartley, Vice-President; Vi Thomson, Secretary; Betty Jane Milburn, Treasurer and Historian.

OUTSIDE ENTERTAINMENT

DALIES FRANZ, Pianist



On October 12, Dalies Franz, concert pianist, opened the Community Concert Series for the year. He displayed to a large and enthusiastic audience a perfected technique that gave a great range of expression from masculine power to effeminate delicacy. Asked about modern jazz, Franz replied with a smile, "It's all right in its place." And asked about symphonic jazz, he replied, "I can't take it seriously."

WILBUR EVANS, Baritone

On March 2, Wilbur Evans, distinguished American baritone, gave a concert on the campus. This Philadelphia-born artist's list of accomplishments includes winning the Atwater Kent contest in 1927, feature broadcasts over the Columbia network with Jeanette MacDonald, and leading baritone roles in many operas. What he lacked in power, the night of his concert at Montana, he made up in tone quality and control and an exceptional personality. Three trans-continental tours have made him familiar with the West. He said, "I like the freedom you people enjoy."



OUTSIDE ENTERTAINMENT

MILDRED DILLING, Harpist

Following Wilbur Evans on March 9, Mildred Dilling and Marcel Hubert gave a joint recital on the Community Concert Series. Miss Dilling said her two hour practice session in the afternoon before an eight o'clock concert was just a "warm-up." Asked if Harpo Marx could really play the harp and, if so, how well, she said, "Harpo Marx really does play the harp. I have studied with him. He is much better than his antics in the movies indicate."



MARCEL HUBERT, Violincellist



Hubert made his debut in the music world at the age of fourteen. Since then he has acquired a list of impressive successes in this country and abroad. Following his debut a rare and romantic thing occurred. An anonymous admirer presented the young artist with a very valuable violincello made in 1703 by Grancino, the great Italian master. Age and use have given this instrument exceptional tone qualities — an anonymous admirer gave it mystery.

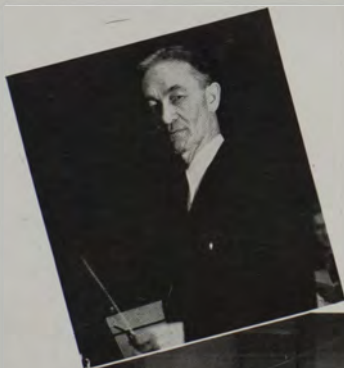
Glee Clubs

Under the excellent direction of Dean DeLoss Smith, this year's Glee Clubs, bigger than ever before, put on many creditable performances. Became good enough to renew the old tradition of taking the men's glee club on a statewide tour for the first time in seven years. One of the University's best forms of entertainment, the men's glee club, was called upon when Stephen's College visited. The Christmas cantata with its heightened lighting effects and excellent singing made that one of their best presentations of the year. The girl's glee club, not as active as in past years, gave several very excellent performances when they appeared.



Grizzly Band

Clarence Bell, Montana's new band maestro, did wonders with the band this year. Most recent innovation was the Pep band. Has a girl's drum corps and some slick marching routines. Plans for next year are even more extensive—he's aiming for a 150 piece band. Most comment caused by the halftime show at the Goldbug game.



Symphony Orchestra

The University's symphony orchestra was once again under the capable direction of Herman A. Weisberg, Professor of Violin, from the music school. Put on one big concert for campus music lovers during winter quarter. Come into their own during the spring quarter when University functions require more formal music. One of the most perfected activities on the campus.



DEBATE AND ORATORY



James N. Holm, replacing E. H. Henrikson as head of the Speech Department, took over the position of varsity debate coach. He took his B. S. at Kent State University, Ohio, 1931; his Ph. M. at the University of Wisconsin, 1937. He comes to Montana from Ohio State University.



Team of Coombs, Dugan, Scott and Pierce against Mines.

The debate team, under our new coach, has had success this year. High spot of the year's competition was the trip to Pi Kappa Delta regional tournament held at Linfield College where Montanamen competed against 22 teams from six states. Montana's team of Walter Coombs and Bill Scott placed third. Next most important was the state meet at Helena where the team competed against all other Montana Colleges and placed second. Throughout the year dual meets were held with various colleges. Most important were the two with Gonzaga—one here, one there. One set of arguments presented by Coombs and Scott against Gonzaga will be published in the Yearbook of Intercollegiate Debates. Individual honors in oratory go to Dick Wilkinson who won the Aber Day contest, the state Peace Oratorical contest, and the state oratorical contest in April.

FUNCTIONS



Truckin' on down we come to that after dark activity that deals with the terpsifunctions. Some are big and gaudy — some just another dance. This year the Sentinel, with new photo-flash equipment, enjoys attending dances. For instance, we caught the 1938 edition of the Charleston on the darkened steps of the Union — missing staff member Dion — and a freshman thief taking dance decorations. We even got a close up of dance transportation — the All-American flash with a flash — President and Mrs. ASMSU. At Forester's we turned up "Gowj" and Co. . . . more of the staff. According to our own evidence, the Sentinel not only covers, but attends every dance on the campus.

VARSITY BALL



Ruth Christiani, Spur advisor, took the lead in organizing the first big dance of the M.S.U. 1937-38 social season. It was the third annual Varsity Ball given in conjunction with Bear Paw way back in October. For those who take their music with energy and dancing seriously the Big Apple was the favored terpsiform



of complication. Rocking Roger Lundberg "applling up" at Varsity Ball, later went on to win a prize, a box of apples, at the Big Apple dance for being the most polished big appler or the best apple polisher. That last sounds like school work got into the copy. But it's all right because we wanted to see how many times we could say apple in one sentence.

BEAUX ARTS

The second annual Beaux Arts Ball, jointly organized by the Masquers and the art department, was once again the best costume party given during the year and once again the art department did a tremendous job of decorating which seemed a little wasted on the small crowd. Chrysanthububs to Yphantis and the art department who proved two years in a row the Gold room can be decorated. All the colorful regalia that could be mustered in Missoula was dragged along. "Was a brau licht moon licht nicht to luf, so let's goo oot und take a woolk aroond the blook"—and photograph a couple of Scots. On the way back, we lined the French Foreign Legion, Spain and Scotland against a wall and shot them too.



BARRISTER'S BALL



Cregg Coughlin done it again — two years in a row he has handled Barrister's Ball. They ought to pay him a retaining fee. The program was in good lawyer form — so was the dance, preceded as usual by the Phi Delta Phi banquet where the lawyers are the only ones who get a chance to fortify themselves against their own Gold Room arrangement.



For the punks who paid to go there was the traditional punchless punch — just the stuff for youngsters. Slinking around the bar we see a lot of them. The waving arm belongs to lawyer Young who was toasting — the girl he spilled it on was burned — a lot of the guests were fried. Of course, on the punch. The lower picture is as traditional as the dance — the riot act with stiffs in stuffed shirts. Well, Priess, why don't you tell her to get off your feet?

CO-ED BALL

Mortar Board's Grace Nelson planned this year's annual AWS dance where the women paid and the men were treated like one in a million and loved it. Timely theme for the dance was Snow White and her seven dwarfs, with Snow White paying the bill for all the little campus "Dopeys."



There are stories told of much spent gold and men who reached for their "mad-money," of loaded shaving kits and phoney corsages that night when women paid down to the last taxi and never forgot. At the dance the camera spied on Prince Consort Campbell and escortess Grizzly Queen Flanagan who were spying on the entertainment. At the other end of the hall, Peggy Holmes read her version of the old tale, Snow White and the seven dwarfs, while the girls stood thankful they didn't have seven of 'em. We'd like to use that crack about Dopey being in Washington, but the school might still want the Pharmacy building.

FORESTER'S BALL OR



Now it comes that time of the year when all the Bunyans get together to put on their bunion parade. They spend weeks dragging the outdoors indoors and then close all the doors the night they initiate the spring picnic season in February. Big Bush Wagner again announced the season of Forester's by pushing the old log holder-upper in front of Main Hall.



Everybody dresses in their rough stuff so that they can mill around in the bushes — then come out of the bushes — then go into the bushes — you get 'em out this time. Seen in prize winning costumes were a couple of real Americans, but they danced like the rest of us. The only dance that's allowed to use the gym was probably the biggest and best again last year. A bush to Bill Wagner.

BABES IN THE WOODS



Check and triple check—the picture speaks for itself. We wonder if the houses had to buy them back, like hats, after the dance. Probably the two most comfortably clad to attend the dance were the two nightshirts who seem to be about to retire. Gosh. “Old Swifty” the cameraman again. A little mild for Forester’s but here it is—holding hands. Sissies. Babes in the woods. These last two pictures were honeys as four very relieved people will testify if they can remember where they were when the flash went off. After much debate we censored those four, but don’t forget it may have been you. We’ll be seeing you next year so stay out of the woods.

INTERFRATERNITY BALL



S.A.E. Bob Mountain was responsible for Interfraternity, the annual dance when the brothers suspend throat cutting long enough to get on each others feet and nerves. This year's dance was held cabaret style — like Jocko's. At halftime there was entertainment, but the biggest entertainment was when the brothers would get together and swap cigarettes and lies about how things were going at "our house."



Someone remarked that the Sigma Nus, the boys with the rubber house, were still rushing. We'd still like to know how the Sentinel cameraman got in all the pictures. He must have been swift afoot. The Sigma Chis couldn't stomach the Store cokes and even some of the Phi Delt's made it up from the Montmartre in time to dance. They liked the chairs and tables to get the weight off their legs. Yes, the other fraternity men were there with their colors on. And they say everyone had fun even if the crowd did get together.