

## Singing on the Steps

No tradition expresses the true Montana spirit or engenders a feeling of closer intimacy among the students than singing on the steps. Then it is that, while prominent students and faculty members give brief talks on vital subjects, there comes a deeper realization of what Montana means to each one, and each comes away with a stronger feeling of responsibility toward Montana. Singing on the steps always begins promptly at 7:30. At the first stroke of eight, every head is bowed in silence until the old clock in the tower has finished, when the students join in singing "College Chums."



## Aber Day

No finer tradition exists at the University than this one dedicated to the memory of Daddy Aber.

Every spring as soon as the campus is in condition a day is set aside for the purpose of cleaning the campus. It is one day when the whole student body and faculty turn out in a common cause. And just so often does Daddy Aber, who used to spend

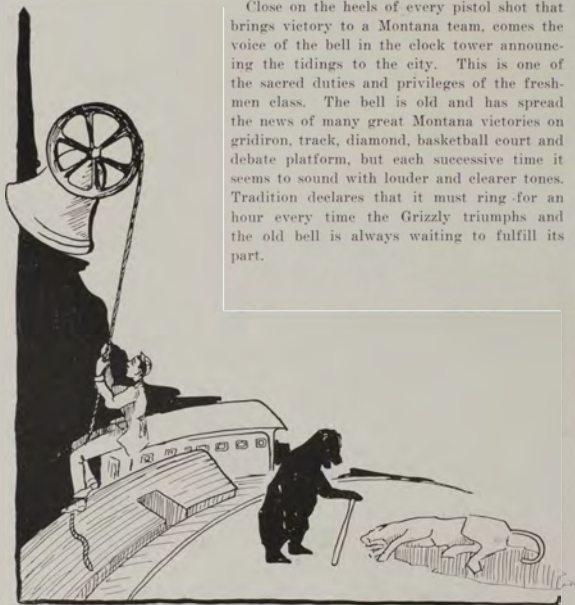
his spare time in beautifying the campus, live again in the memory of those who succeed him. Daddy Aber was truly one of the students and will always be one of them. He was with the University from its beginning until his death.



# SENTINEL

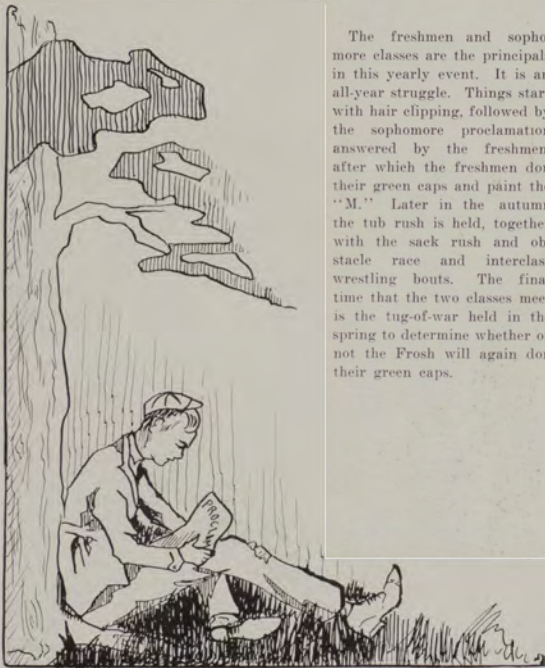
## Ring the Bell

Close on the heels of every pistol shot that brings victory to a Montana team, comes the voice of the bell in the clock tower announcing the tidings to the city. This is one of the sacred duties and privileges of the freshmen class. The bell is old and has spread the news of many great Montana victories on gridiron, track, diamond, basketball court and debate platform, but each successive time it seems to sound with louder and clearer tones. Tradition declares that it must ring for an hour every time the Grizzly triumphs and the old bell is always waiting to fulfill its part.



## Class Fights

The freshmen and sophomore classes are the principals in this yearly event. It is an all-year struggle. Things start with hair clipping, followed by the sophomore proclamation answered by the freshmen, after which the freshmen don their green caps and paint the "M." Later in the autumn the tub rush is held, together with the sack rush and obstacle race and interclass wrestling bouts. The final time that the two classes meet is the tug-of-war held in the spring to determine whether or not the Frosh will again don their green caps.



# SENTINEL

## Homecoming

Homecoming is all that the word implies. It is the biennial gathering of a majority of the University alumni and former students on the Montana campus. It is held November 11 and the day is made conspicuous by the Aggie game each alternate year. The celebration is started by S. O. S. the evening before the game then a big snake dance through town, terminating in a pep rally and bonfire. The remainder of the program consists of social gatherings of different campus organizations. The final event of the week has in the past been a big all-university dance in the gymnasium. This year the dance was held in the new gymnasium.



# 1923



# SENTINEL

## Painting the "M"

Twice a year the big M on the slope of Mount Sentinel receives a coat of whitewash—once in the fall and again in the spring—before the first athletic contest of each season. The keeping of this tradition falls upon the freshmen. The task of keeping the letter in trim is no small one. The lime and often the water must be carried from

the bottom of the mountain. The M itself is 100 x 60 feet, and the weeds and grass around the edges must be cut away.

An entire afternoon is devoted to the work. The men paint the M while the freshmen women prepare a lunch.

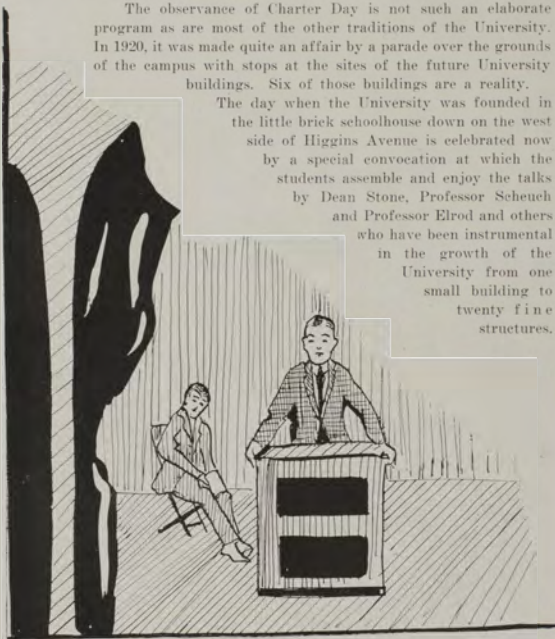


# 1923

## Charter Day

The observance of Charter Day is not such an elaborate program as are most of the other traditions of the University. In 1920, it was made quite an affair by a parade over the grounds of the campus with stops at the sites of the future University buildings. Six of those buildings are a reality.

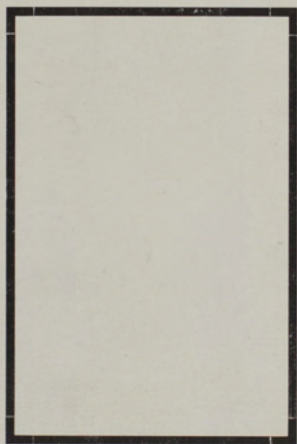
The day when the University was founded in the little brick schoolhouse down on the west side of Higgins Avenue is celebrated now by a special convocation at which the students assemble and enjoy the talks by Dean Stone, Professor Scheuch and Professor Elrod and others who have been instrumental in the growth of the University from one small building to twenty fine structures.





# SENTINEL

Sneak Day



1973

# THE BREWIN'



UNIVERSITY EDITION  
OF



Dainty Mabel Smith, whose toes have won her fame and fortune in Varsity Vodka and May Pete.

## Old Time Ring Battles Told by Old Battlers



Taken by Sir Oliver Lodge's Spirit Photographer.

"I remember the fight well. Yes, very well." So ruminated Speer of the University of Montana. "Molasses Clapp was at that time head of our institution. He had on a number of occasions offered to choose anyone who was jealous of his title as 'Champeen Yes Man' of the campus. Trouble over a woman started it, I think. An Irish lass and some times called the 'grade point queen' had the big boy crowded for ideas. He had a habit of asking her advice on executive matters. The trouble started

when Molasses tried to bounce Tom MacGowan for academic indifference. Over in another camp Hardblow Schreiber declared war on two frontiers. After boycotting the men under Dope Mollet he challenged the big boy for taking on too much weight.

"He said that he could prove that Tom was a good scholar. And if the gent doubted it he could show him some new tricks in facial decoration. Clapp took the matter up with Miss Burke who recommended Tom taking

an examination. Tom, it is said, balked, because outside of passing the buck and Mrs. Sedman without speaking, he never took anything in his life but his time. In order to save the lad, Hardblow challenged Molasses to a decision fight. The accompanying picture was snapped at the handshake. Both men are deeply interested in the camera, neither one wishing to take more than three quarters of the plate.

"The fight went as follows until the fifth round, when—well, listen.

"At the tap of the gong Schreiber jumped from his corner and his seconds got the morris chair out of the corner for fear he might need the room, and rushed at Molasses. On catching up with him he planted a vicious left to the solar-plexus. Molasses swung wildly with rights and lefts but because of his front porch could not get closer than three inches. Hardblow was too clever for him and by getting on side and jumping he landed a wallop that put the chin up near the nose. Molasses went down for the count of nine and was endeavoring to get up when the gong sounded. However, it was a mistake on the part of Burley Miller who was keeping time. He had dropped the gong plate when he saw Mrs. Miller talking to Mr. Cox. He was handing her a large book.

Molasses staggered back for more punishment. He tried to clinch but he missed his man and ran his head into a ring post. He went down for the count of nine a second time. This time Burley was so mad that he hit the old bell so hard that Kessler in the heating plant heard it and thought the clock had struck out of turn.

"Round two. Both men fought cautiously, neither landing many blows. Both fighters were puffing and the only way that the Doctor managed to score on the big fellow was to clinch and then kick. Molasses is reported to have murmured once, 'I'll have Lawton look up the boxing rules and present any irregularities at the next Dean's meeting.'

"Round three. Both men leaped from their corners and stood stomach to

stomach. The impact is said to have been so great that it knocked the waving locks from the educational expert's brow and temporarily blinded him. Hardblow took advantage of the incident by running over to the ropes to ask Miss Baxter what to do. This looked bad for the boy with the sticky monniker but Miss Burke came to the rescue by yelling 'hit him.' The voice was like magic. Both Doctor Jesse and Clapp swung. Clapp hit Hardblow in the back of the neck and Jesse knocked the gong out of Miller's hand. Referee Smith called the round.

"Round four. The round should have been Schreiber's had it not been for the fact that Referee Smith forgot that the fight was still on and looking into the audience said, 'Now, class, I will not make any assignment for tomorrow but—' he never finished the sentence because the Hardblow boy swung high wide and beautiful, landing a perfect Aggie laymaker aft Physc's face. He fell like a flapper for Wilfie Paul, striking Molasses near the equator. Both went down for some time. The seconds cleared the ring and as the two men faced each other again the gong sounded.

"Round five. The seconds in both corners were for giving up and as the gong sounded two sponges were tossed into the ring. During the argument that ensued the two contestants jumped to their feet and charged. Schreiber faintly heard Adams and Miss Baxter counting, 'one, two, three, four, right, left,' as they do in regular classes. Schreiber soon caught the cadence and was murdering Molasses over in one corner when he slipped on a sponge and crashed to the floor. Consternation reigned. During the hush Referee Smith was heard to murmur, 'But Monday we will take lesson TEN.' Leaping into the ring as though from experience Miss Burke went to raise the right glove of the dean of Montana educators and geologists. However, Physc Smith rushed over and grasping her by the wrist held her hand high up in the air. Newspapers read, 'The referee awarded the decision to Miss Burke.'

## Noted Talker Speaks of Nature



P. Logue Stotesbury and Boob, his pal that is very near to him.

None other than P. Logue Stotesbury at the chase. The gentleman is posed particularly for the Gazette. The vicious looking brute beneath P. Logue's ventral surface is rare. While hunting in the wilds of West Front street Mr. Stotesbury espied a jackrabbit on the island near the seat of his fourth estate. Crossing the river at the risk of meeting Billie Moore or Doctor Jesse, game wardens, he gave chase. After scouring the nocks of the garden spot he came upon a hunting lodge. Here the owner, who was busy with a large brass pot and an oil stove, offered to show him around and pointed to the dog shown in the picture.

P. Logue, who suddenly remembered an appointment with his tailor, left like Mosby on a joy ride. Strange to say, the dog followed. In fact he became greatly attached to the visitor within a short distance. Later, in recounting the tale, P. Logue spoke of this matter modestly and explained that rather than hurt the little fellow's feelings he carried him within a short distance of his home. Valuing his newest acquisition the worthy sportsman has kept the animal, who, owing to his remarkable design, is able to find collar buttons and lost golf balls under bureaus and glass doors. Last week he retrieved a pint flask from under the Kappa house.

The stove poker used by the gent is unusual. It is a favor gleaned at a colored fireside. The owner says it has stirred up a lot of things.

## When Commencement Comes Again

The following account was taken from the Missoulian for 1925.

The magnificent hall was filled, to overcrowded. President Clapp rose from his throne and surveyed the audience. Geology had taught him a lot about human nature and he knew that some of the material in front of him was Ivory and other Common Clay. He cleared his throat and proceeded to read the speech Mrs. Clapp wrote for him.

It was indeed a wonderful commencement. Five seniors sat on the first bench. Their tear-stained countenances spoke of dogged determination to graduate. They were old men; several of them had come to the school in the days of unfair Tug of War and had grown old in the service of the grade curve. One of them remembered in fact that a man in the class of '24 had graduated in four years. Since then it was all changed. Ten years was the most recent record, and that, it was claimed, was a fluke on the part of the business office, which allowed him a credit of \$20.00 on his Sentinel which he failed to receive, whereupon some bright girl in the office added it to his academic credits.

Three of them were bald. Swinging out had been long since given up as the last junior president had died of apoplexy from over-exertion.

Two of them gray. Their cake eating trousers had seen better days and the air about them reeked of Stay-comb. Their caps and gowns smelt of moth balls and the tassle of one cap was  
(Continued on Page 256.)



Ruth Winans, the sweet-voiced star of the Montana Masquers.



## A Brief History of the University of Montana

(By an Old Timer)

Back on a 4th of July, about 1866, when the present campus of the University of Montana wuz good grazin' land and dryer than Prexy's speech on the "Reward of Study," a rangy sort of a feller, kind of a deserter from the Doughboys what came over with "Louie the what is it" to Louisiana, stopped in his tracks or the ones what he would leave made, and surveyed the landscape just west of Hell Gate canyon. He grabbed his 1866 cake-eater Muskrat cap and turning to his commanding officer, Capt. Merriweather Lewis, sung out in some of that A. E. F. slang, "Hot Coyotes, if this ain't le porte de enter." The Capt. seemed a close friend of hizin and ordered a halt, 'cause the wind wuz blowin' like h——l from back of the gates somewhere, only the temperature being like such Mrs. Le Claire radiates when perscription artists ask after John B.'s health. Well, to be getting on. The outfit wuz long on nerve but short on education, or else they wouldn't a parked where they did—right at the mouth of the Battlemake river where Missoula, Montana, now lies

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Betty and Edna as the Valentinos—the flames of many a college tumble bug.

## How About a Disabled Open House Vets' Association

Here in this strongly patriotic picture we have General Pickles Carmichael pinning the endurance medal oft times mis-called the "Tough Luck Medal" on Sergeant Doggett of the R. O. T. C. Doggett was wounded at drill not long ago when he dropped his rifle on his foot. He stooped to recover the weapon and unfortunately was run over by Company B answering dismissal.

The medal is the gift of conscientious objectors who believe him to be a victim of the curse of militarism. At any rate they felt that there was more of him to suffer. Carmichael in presenting the chest protector stated nobly, "Doggett you have the only one kick coming." Doggett looked pleased and answered, "All right, I choose Major Smith."

Carmichael returned in a surprised tone, "I mean you should be kicked for not trying the honor system and getting out of this comedy stuff. Your company couldn't pass the Ellis Island tests for Hungarian pheasants. The only thing that will ever keep the outfit together is handcuffs. Your captain thinks Warsaw, Russia, is a disabled vets association. Honest, the Humane society should call out the reserves and interfere. Just think of the 'dogs' that get stepped on out there. Let me say in parting—beet not, neither laugh, for they know not how they look nor what they do."



## "Poor Leo's" Book of Edicett

It is not good form to ask a Craig Hall girl to more than one function in succession. Either give her your pin and show good intentions or smile and grin when the brothers inquire as to her possibilities for the next "party." No good man would let the lady go home without trying it. The public will accuse you anyhow.

If she knows that you know, that she knows, that you nose around too much, and that you know that her hose stops below her—clothes and she still lets you press the waist of her dress and caress her just so far, why, you know, that she knows, that you know, not to believe her don'ts and her won'ts and her can'ts.

Many a young man has been called a cake-eater because he wore collegiate clothes; if so why not call the flappers just "devil's cake"?

When inebriated during track meet it is not good form to shake hands with Billie Moore and ask "Oh hello you down for track meet?" The gentleman is liable to take offense and send you home in a taxi by the expedient method of looking up your pin. This method is reckoned as sure fire. Ask Mike.

One way of being very delicate in calling a young lady's attention to the fact that she is rapidly emerging from her



Our Candidate for "Nero" in Costume.  
Note familiar pose.

evening gown is to murmur gently but firmly in her ear "R. S. V. P." If she, out of curiosity or ignorance, asks you what you mean, why explain by saying "Ribbon Shows Very Plainly." This should produce splendid results in imitating a chameleon on her part. First pink, then red, then purple and last a dark look.

## William Philup Soused Cogswell

The accompanying shot demonstrates the astuteness of the Gazette cameraman. Cogswell is well known on the campus for his editorships and good-fellowships. Of late there has been a sad depression in his life. After failing to get the lily white hand of his amorata he has taken to everything but the faculty. His trainings in the annual tank contests at homecoming and track meet made it impossible for him to drown his sorrows without drowning himself. His latest work, "If men are dumbbells, women are matches and light headed," received favorable comment in the recent "Horse-collar" contest held by the "FRONTIER."

The last picture shows him blasting the last notes of "I Was a For-get-me-not but Someone Untied Me."



## This Is Lady Alicia Eggleston



Sweet Alice posed for this picture in order to demonstrate the possibility of a modern girl dressing according to the latest styles. The "Typical Flapper" was to have been the title of the picture but the title "Why Men Go to College" sounded better. It has been said that long skirts were the children of invention which makes invention the grandmother of imagination. Well, the radio boots she has on are claimed by the best men observers to be great bread-casters and the best "Broad" advertisers on the market.

The lady has bobbed hair, which since its innovation has saved several thousands of torn hair nets and decreased the Woolworth store dividends considerable.

Address may be had upon writing the feature editor of this magazine or calling at the Kappa house.

## Famous Ring General Slipping?

This excellent shot of Loyd Madsen, boxing instructor of the institution, is printed to show to the future students of the institution that they may realize how he once fought. Madsen came to the Montana camp an uncooth slugger, his army training left him a bit unnerved from fighting flu streptococci and shovels. The fact that football and a place on the coaching staff brought out the fact that he could lick his weight in wildcats made him very popular. From there on it reads like the sad, sad story of a fallen man. But recently he was caught on a moonlight hike and later showed his complete degradation into a "cake-eater" by blushing when lady visitors arrived to watch the taking of the accompanying picture.



## Brennan Saves Store Cat and Nearly Wrecks Swimming Class

This gentleman is none other than William "Red" Brennan, swimmer de lux. Not long ago he was taking a shower in the gym when Harry Adams rushed in yelling "She's drowning and I can't swim." Brennan saw that Adams pointed to the girls' pool where the Fresh coach is a self-appointed life-saver and thinking fast as Irishmen can, he grabbed a towel, draped it Babylonian style and cast off into the waters. Grasping her by the hair he threw her to the bank amid applause. Coming up for air he saw his towel sink to the bottom.

In the meantime Miss Baxter was carefully drying the rescued STUDENT STORE CAT that some naughty girl had been bathing. Poor Red. The water was cold and the ladies young and pretty. Thinking fast as was his custom he yelled out loudly, "Why, if there isn't Richie Newman." All the ladies rushed to the window and Ted grabbed an old fashioned suit that was being used as a foot cloth on the spring board and Douglass Darebanks-like he got as much of himself in it as possible and leaping from the water dashed for the men's door.

Moral: You can lose everything but your head and still get by.



## What if His First Name Was Issacc or David?



Wolfie Paul. A prominent figure in dramatics and parlor gymnastics. His interpretation of De Levis the Jew in Loyalties was so realistic that Irvin Kohn asked him to help celebrate Yom Kippur. Wolfie, it is said, can travel in any of the ladies' company but frequently declines to be more than a brother or sweet papa to them.



## "Use Wrestling in the Home" Says Wrigley Kid "One Trial May Bring Other Trials"

No, this picture is not taken from Ringling Bros. circus but snapped in the bull pen of the new gymnasium. Stanley Griffiths is shown demonstrating method for taming wives to Montana students. Griffiths, who is the grappler of the institution, claims that the method is too rough for the "fiance" but may be resorted to if the party gets noisy. Ever since Ramsey hit Betty Egleston in the nose there has been a great hue and cry for safer and saner shrew taming. Griffiths at the time of the

picture was unable to find any worthy opponent for his new "He gets you" process so Madsen, who, it will be remembered, was floored by Doris Galley early last year, gladly consented in hope that he might learn something of the art.

Critics as yet are a little reluctant to give the inventor much encouragement as it really furnishes no protection against biting and scratching. However, as the papers put it, "Experience may be a great teacher but some girls never study."

## "Oh Play Again That Naughty Waltz"



The artist has caught in a pen picture two of our most notable of the gayer crowd. The winter season saw them together a number of times in quaint minuets and clever interpretations of the King Tut Strut. The lady is dean of women at the University of Montana and the gentleman is Prof. Adler, piano mover, ivory chaser and exponent of magnificent selections from the "Oh yes, it sounds good" operas. Prof. Adler

serves tea in his studio to the young lady students and many a young and unsophisticated flapper has been guided over the classic composers by the thought of another wild tea party.

The dean of women entertains daily and is the rage of the year. Instead of tea she serves 'em right. The artist requests that her name be kept from the possible wrath of the defendants.





Richard Grandall as the Major in Loyalties. Posed as he was saying in Warfield's best style, "My God, how good."

## One Hour with the Eight Wise Men or the Interfraternity Council at Work

"Gentlemen and members of interfraternity council I feel called upon to make some poignant remarks on the recent disgraceful attempt on the part of the faculty to be funny. I refer to the smoker held for the K. K. hooded victims. Never in my life have I heard such stories. Now the one about the bird, I—"

"Hold on, Matt, don't tell that one; everyone here knows it."

"I most assuredly was not going to; I was going to repeat the deplorable story. When I spoke at the Presbyterian church I told them about—"

"Sure, I know the one you mean—the preacher says to his congregation, the Lord will be with me at the Shelby fight."

"Yeh, the Dempsey fight or the other one?"

"That fight will look lika battle royal to most of the boys, anyhow."

"If you mean to imply, Mr. Chairman—"

"Wait a minute; I move, Mr. Chairman, that somebody tell some of the stories that were told at this er—er—affair so that I can judge."

Chorus—"Let Matt, he can remember them."

"I only remember one, and I don't understand that; it was about the Englishman and the slap in the face."

Chorus—"Wow" . . . . .

"Never mind, Matt, tell us the one that went this way:

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