April

April 1—All Fools’ day. Freshmen show their prep school tendencies by putting a pin in their professor’s chair.

April 7—Long-looked-for co-ed edition of Student Life does NOT appear. Senior-Soph basket ball game in the gymnie. Much shrieking, but still the sophs lose the championship.

April 14—Co-ed edition makes its appearance. Proclaimed the best ever. Thrysus try out for new members. Oh, see the would-be Thespians thesp!

April 16—Lock and Chain Dance on at the gym.

April 18—Question of the hour: Is Dean Curtis really married?

April 28—Thrysus presents “The Girl From L-Triangle Ranch.” Julie Griswold overcomes the audience with her acting. Gladdie Gruner proves to W. U. that she has the looks.


May

May 1—The Chancellor has appendicitis. No chapel for perfect weeks. What an ungodly hole this is!

May 2—Fannie and Sussel entertain the McMillanites in the British gardens. The fountain also played.

May 4—Washington-Drury debate. Stung!

May 10—Younivee Surkuss exceedingly advertised.

May 12—Younivee Surkuss. The varsity didn’t get to see the parade. The afternoon performance was a veritable co-ed matinee; the three men present looked decidedly de trop. (Good, isn’t it?) “Gretchen the Graceful” and “Saved by Two” enthusiastically received. It did not rain.
The first thing that attracted our attention after depositing the small fee with Yap at the gate was Buss’s curveful form, luring trade to the “Gretchen the Graceful” performance, at the right, after entering. We watched the free show until the coppers began to nab the crowd around us, and then “she” concluded it was safer inside. We slipped in.
Never did Havlins stage a more thrilling melodrama. At the bloody conflict between Dr. Usher and Tiedy, held at midnight on the Tower (large tomato can box), my heart leaped into my throat. How beautifully did Dr. U. recline to rest upon the fatal shot, after carefully brushing off his clothes and stretching a handkerchief as a winding sheet!
With our hearts soothed and purged by the powerful tragedy, heavy with the accents of disappointed passion, we passed out, and were immediately attracted by a large sign labeled "The Hungry Buzzards." Bill Henger was in his element in a striped suit, and Bryant Winston was acting a big bluff as a cowboy. At repeated assurances that the show was about to begin, we went in with the mob, to hear Harry Thomson in tragic voice crying, "Deficit, deficit, deficit, when will it cease?" (Frantic howls from the underfed buzzards in the wings.) Here was unfolded a touching domestic drama, which held us absorbed until the stirring close, when Taylorino (Tom Furlong in a ravishing blond wig) was deposed, and the new chief installed, with orders for "fried mush and hash every day."

But the real sizzler was undoubtedly the Architects' show, "Loved by Two." Our Hugh finally looked his temperament in an Elbert Hubbard necktie, and Hank Hall, in a pink sheath gown, was the ideal of feminine loveliness. The close of this drama of artists' life was undoubtedly the most thrilling scene on the Pike. "I love my Stanny!" exclaimed the fair creature, falling on the hero's neck in ecstasy, "but oh, you kid!"
What should we do as we emerged but run right into the arms of one of the Obelisk policemen. There was no help for it, and up we were hailed before Judge Johnston. Prof. Snow happened to be before the bar, and as we came up I heard the sentence, "Fined twenty-five cents for having no visible means of support!" Talk about your grafts! This was the graftiest. Prof. Winston got his for contempt of court—fifty cents' worth. But he turned the tables on them by producing expert evidence. "I am Professor of Economics at this institution," he said, "and am an authority on money and banking. This nickel is equal to half a dollar." And all they could do was to watch him as he strode away, and whistle.

The big show had a number of original features. Prof. Creatore appeared in the life in Proetz, with the chief article of costume—hair—in much abundance. The novel instruments used by his band were very effective. But the most wonderful feature of his act was his exhibition of hitherto unsuspected hypnotic power—the weird magnetic influence which he exercised at will on Musician Buss.

Teddy’s bearhunt was great. He certainly kept the photographer and correspondent busy. And when the vicious beast was at last slaughtered he very obligingly posed for his picture. Later, as the great marksman, Nipher hit 'em every time, even on difficult cushion shots by way of the grandstand.

However, why stop for all the great acts? For the thrilling safe robbery, the mar-vel-lous gymnastic team, the spectacular flashlight? The big show was certainly a corker, worth double the money on any system of counting.
We stopped by to ring a duck, and then made our way for the gym, where the Lock-and-Chainers were holding forth at West End Heights prices—five cents per, and the floor cleared after every dance. We traipsed a few light fantasties, and then trod the bricks, with our vote for the 1909 Surkuss as the cleverest and biggest yet.
May

McMILLAN DAY—THE MAY POLE DANCERS.

May 14—University holiday.
May 26—McMillan day.

"Come, fair lassies, to the green,
Where your beauty may be seen."

Many men learn of McMillan's existence for the first time.
The exercises opened on McMillan Quad, with a reception in the archway by Mrs. London and Mrs. Houston, assisted by the McMillanites. Then the co-eds and visitors assembled near the entrance to the Gimmy. Here, with appropriate speeches from Miss Hurst, Miss Nipher and Miss Hoerr, the first "ivy planting" took place. To mark the ivy, a stone block with "1909" inscribed upon it was set about a foot from the wall. The spade with which the planting was done was turned over by Miss Nipher to Miss Hoerr, the Junior Vice-President, who, after a similar ceremony next spring, will hand it to the succeeding vice-president, thus perpetuating the event.

The Alma Mater was then sung, followed by the May Song, after which the twenty participants in the May pole dance glided through the beautiful figures to piano accompaniment. The dance was repeated three times during the afternoon and once during the evening.

May 27—The morning after.
May 29—1910 Hatchet out. A month late. Just wait till next year! Profs. Starbird and McCourt entertain the faculty children and grandchildren.
May 31—Mabel of the Windsor ties, fusses the librarian for an hour and a half. I wonder if he'll get canned?

June
June 2—First meeting of the 1911 Hatchet Board. "All is not empty honor."
June 3—Anne Cushing usurps Harry's role of errand boy.
June 4—The big rain. Prof. Cory and E. P. Jackson race across the quad. Owing to Nature's partiality Jackson comes in a good first. The latest report tells of a sad mishap to Mabel's marcel wave. It is no more.
June 5—Washington subdued by the gloom of exam week. The library isunduly filled with students making the best of their second study period of the year.
The Senior-Faculty Baseball Game

The Line Up

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Faculty</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Seniors</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CORY</td>
<td>Pitcher</td>
<td>WEHRLE-HENGER</td>
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<td>SWEETSER</td>
<td>Catcher</td>
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<tr>
<td>LANGSDORF</td>
<td>First Base</td>
<td>ADKINS</td>
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<td>BLACK-CAYOU</td>
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<td>GOLDESMITH</td>
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<td>AILWORTH-CAYOU</td>
<td>Shortstop</td>
<td>SKAER</td>
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<td>BERGER</td>
<td>Third Base</td>
<td>RODENBERG-CRECIELIUS</td>
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<td>LINDSAY</td>
<td>Left Field</td>
<td>WINN-HOWARD</td>
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<td>WATERS</td>
<td>Center Field</td>
<td>GRACE</td>
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<td>THROOP</td>
<td>Right Field</td>
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Pinch Hitters—Throop, Cayou, Cory; whole Senior team.

Ailworth, Varsity short-stop, lost the game for the Faculty. His wierd bobbles made all those Senior runs possible, for Cory allowed only six scattered hits. When the Coach finally appeared and relieved Bobby, the game was gone beyond recovery, though the Faculty rallied in the ninth and loaded the sacks with two down and Cayou at bat. But the best he could do was a little infield fly, and the Seniors had their long-looked-for revenge. However, the Faculty clearly outplayed their opponents in several of the important positions. Sweetser easily had it on Frazier behind the bat, and Berger outshone Rody and Cree at third. In fact the only misfit in the infield was the afore mentioned Ailworth, who only made the team because there was nobody else to play the position. If Bobby had depended on that game to make the Varsity, he would not have made the water-boy position.

For the Seniors, Bock covered himself with glory by cracking out a total of 0 hits in three times at bat. Here is how it looks on paper:

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Harriet dear—I know you are just aching to hear about Commencement Week, but it serves you right if you are. If you hadn’t been in such a hurry to take your Mrs. degree, you would have received your A. B. two days ago, and then you would not be almost dying of curiosity now. I am sure there is no man in the world (no, not even Ralph) who is worth such a sacrifice. Never mind, dear, I’ll stop preaching and tell you what a glorious time we had from June 10th to 17th.

The first stunt of Senior Week was held the Thursday before Commencement at Professor and Mrs. Woodward’s home on Hawthorne Boulevard. At 5 o’clock that afternoon our dignified class was seated in the most undignified fashion on the sofa pillows, Indian blankets, and hay which completely covered the lawn of the Woodward home. We gossiped about Mildred’s new dress, “The Official Chaperone,” Shirley’s new coat, and everything else that we could think of. All of a sudden, we saw Dr. Woodward light the fire under the same old tripod which makes its appearance once a year at the Senior party.

Soon our gossip was brought to a halt by the appearance of a dandy lunch. But the treat of the afternoon was yet to come and this was it: Dean Woodward himself presented each girl with a cup of coffee of his own make. I am sure even you, Harriet, after your two years of married life, could not have cooked such a cup of coffee.

After Dr. Woodward had told us his best stories, we decided to do our part of the entertaining. So we sang all the songs that we
knew, and, after rendering the Alma Mater (with much discord, I am sorry to say), we bade our host and hostess good night.

Friday was the day of the banquet. By seven o’clock every one had arrived at the Century Boat Club and we took our places at the tables which were laid on the veranda. Oh! Harriet, I never ate such soft-shelled crabs. But we did something besides eat. Professors Waldo and Nipher, Coach Cayou, and Miss Babcock spoke to us. Frank Fisse entertained his end of the table with a learned discussion on “The High Finance of the Legal Profession.” If you promise to tell no one but Ralph, I’ll whisper a secret to you—Crecelius was seated between two girls, and talked so much that neither of them got a chance to say a word. I think it was mighty selfish of him, don’t you? Fred Bock’s father must have given him a funny powder before he sent him to the banquet, and once he did succeed in telling a joke that was only three years old.

The boys gave nine rahs for ’09 and we adjourned to the boat house on the river. Here we rendered one of the best musical programs that the river has ever heard. In fact our concert was so fine that we stopped an excursion boat. When twelve o’clock came, our chaperons were so affected by our music that one of them fell asleep. Taking this as a signal to disband, we went back to the boat house and prepared for home.

The photographer and his tripod appeared on the scene to take our class picture at 9 o’clock Monday morning. Just as we were all fixed and were watching for the little bird to come out, someone saw Elmer Adkins in the distance, running and waving his suitcase. (You know he had been to Chicago, winning the Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament.) As soon as he had arranged his locks, our picture was taken. No, we didn’t break the camera. We were a very good-looking class.

We then followed Dr. Woodward and assisted him in planting our class tree. After we had each contributed a shovel full of earth (I wish you could have seen the dignity which Fannie assumed for the occasion), and Dr. Woodward had recited the first two stanzas of his immortal poem, we adjourned for lunch.
At 5 o'clock Chancellor and Mrs. Houston gave us a delightful tea in the British Gardens. You know how pretty these gardens always are, and with such splendid hosts you may be sure we had a great time.

That night, although we were as tired as could be, we had to rehearse for two hours for our play. I do not doubt that we needed the rehearsal, but it was little short of a miracle that there was anything left of us to appear at the luncheon on Tuesday given us by the girls of the Undergraduate Department at the Glen Echo Club. After the lunch, to which we all did justice, we saw ourselves as others see us. Here's where you were lucky and escaped having your little idiosyncrasies exposed before the world in a most exaggerated fashion. The girls gave a play in which they took us off. They even wore some of our clothing (procured secretly from members of our family) and I grant you, that, if it hadn't been for the telltale dresses and hats, some of us would have refused to own our doubles.

At 4 o'clock we went back to the University, ate our supper, and got ready for the play which we gave that evening. It was a comic
opera called "The Official Chaperone," and was written by Fannie Hurst. The big Commencement Tent, in which we held it, was simply jammed and the play was a splendid success. I am sending you a program of the play:

THE CAST.

"The Official Chaperone"
A Comic Operetta in Two Acts.
Book and lyrics by Fannie Hurst, '09.
Arthur Proetz, '10, musical director.
Choruses trained by Miss M. Babcock.

ACT I.
Scene—College Quadrangle.
The Hours We Loaf in the Quad .................Chorus
I'm a Man of Temperament ..................Luney and Dimple
"Song of Waiting" .........................Jack
Behold in Me the New Chaperone ............Spike, Chaperone and Chorus
It's Up to You ...............................Harriet and Dick
We've Just Arrived From Snagville ............Sf and Tll
Advice ..................................Harriet and Dick
Behold in Her the New Chaperone .............Chorus
ACT II.

Scene—Same, Five Weeks Later.

Washington, Dear Washington Chorus
You Must Ride His Little Hobby Chaperone and Chorus
Big Four Quartette.
Little Co-ed Toodles and Spike
I Don't See Why the Boys Like Me Toodles, Harriet, Celeste and Dolly
"Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl" Jack
McMillan Night Owls Flossy, Janey, Dimple, Harriet, Celeste and Angelique
Serenata McMilliana—Millerainociciato Signor Paulo Hendersonattono Bluff! Chaperone
Memories Luney and Chaperone
I Just Can't Make These Youths Behave Chaperone
College Cut-Ups Double Sextette
In the Spirit of Love Dick and Harriet
"Trust Me"—By Miss Altheimer Jack and Toodles
Behold in Her the New Chaperone Chorus
TOODLES YUNGINGTHING Miss Spargo
HARRIET MAKEM Miss Dawson
"It's Up to You."
MARY GAYWON Miss Hurst
"Behold in Me the New Chaperone."
DIMPLE Miss Hudler
"I've My Doubts Concerning Art."
TIL Miss Seltfelt
"We've Just Arrived From Snagville."
JACK WATSON Mr. Jacobs
"Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl."
DICK STARR Mr. Stoecker
"If I Never Had a Flunk."
LUNIEY Mr. Furlong
"I Have the Real Artistic Bent."
SPIKE Mr. Toensfeldt
"Down With the New Chaperone."
SI Mr. Frazier
"Ain't It Jes' Grand?"

On Class Day, which was Wednesday, we had our pilgrimage at 9 o’clock. After all our farewells had been said, we went to lunch at McMillan, where some of the professors joined us. In the afternoon we marched into the tent in cap and gown to hold our Class Day exercises. We followed the usual program—president’s address, class poem, class history, class prophesy, and lastly the distribution of gifts. I won’t tell you what each one of us received, for Clara wants to write you about them.

Commencement was glorious. The weather was ideal, although at times we were rather hot. Dr. Mills, of Pilgrim Church, delivered the Commencement address and Washington U. has never heard a better one. After each of us had bestowed his sheepskin upon some good-natured member of the family, we betook ourselves to the Alumni luncheon. There, around the tables, we met those who had gone before and were duly initiated into the world of alumni.
Then came the climax, as well as the close of our University career—the Senior Prom. The grounds were decorated with lanterns and bunting. Such an orchestra! How we did hate to hear the clock strike twelve, for it meant the end of our college life.

If I keep on writing I'm afraid I will never come to the end of my letter, so I will stop right here.

Fondly yours,

GRACE.
Tuesday, August 31, 1909: Registered and assigned quarters (also roommates) at the Sampson House. Excelsior, Minnesota, temporarily adds us thirty embryo civil engineers to its populace. It was noon; we were hungry; and dived into our first northern meal ravenously. Dinner over, our labors commenced. The seniors located a lumber yard, a dry goods store, and themselves, using red and white rags for the latter purpose. Meanwhile the juniors unpacked and adjusted instruments. Three letters awaited Wiederholt at the post office. There was no work after supper, but roller skating at the Casino. Mengers and Harting make a fussing debut. Visions of Maxime's loom up at the Sampson House.

Wednesday, September 1, 1909: Seniors re-locate. Juniors readjust instruments. Working hours fixed: 8 to 12, 1 to 5, and 7 till 9. Our first plunge in Lake Minnetonka leaves icy impressions. Nothing doing at Casino. Amby predicts Excelsior a good place to die in. Wiede gets two letters.


Monday, September 6, 1909: Blue Monday. Too much rubbernecking and a new cook make twelve late for roll. General and private bawling out by Mr. Sweetser. Promises of night field work for future lack of absolute promptness. Cory returns. "Anchor" gets empty box of candy. Railway mail clerk enjoys contents. Poor Anchor, or poor mail clerk! we don't know which. Wiede gets two letters.


Saturday, September 11, 1909: Parties No. 3 and No. 4 work on hydrography. Feinberg demonstrates his former rowing on the Danube. Later he falls into lake. Withrow rescues party No. 4 from a watery grave. Bunch go to see State Fair in St. Paul. Long distance talk to Poiquoi.

Sunday, September 12, 1909: Excelsior stirs finally when fire-bell rings. False alarm! Keen disappointment among us. Brooks abandons canoeing project. She’s still friendly. Amby, Wallace, Patton, Anschuetz and Wiede row to Tonka Bay,— pretty place, though dead in September. No mail. Dinner over, we’re off for Minneapolis to liven up. Hager goes to St. Paul; returns to Minneapolis later and misses last car for Lake Minnetonka. Financially embarrassed, he spends night sleeping in a chair in the lobby of the West Hotel. About 4:30 A.M. Hager enjoys an illustrated night-mare.

Monday, September 13, 1909: Sunny Monday for all save Brooks,—his friend is to leave. Another late breakfast. On the job absolutely on time. A warm day’s work is ended by a plunge. Tobogganing into the lake is great! Brooks tells
Tuesday, September 14, 1909:
Lost—One Review of Reviews. One Literary Digest. Kindly return to Mr. Sweetser.

Found—Three rival sports to checkers: Baseball, football, and horseshoes.

Wednesday, September 15, 1909: Absolutely on time. A bad day for party No. 3. A woman suffragist outlines the rights of an individual as a property owner to Menges, who has trespassed on her property. Hub-line is located after using matches and a reading glass. Dissension arises within party. Dinner finally puts an end to mishaps. Afternoon spent peaceably and pleasurably on board the steamer Victor. Mrs. Sweetser and Cory go fishing. Wiede gets two letters. Checkers still holds sway. Hager, Withrow, and the village barber engage in a championship checker match; the barber wins.


Saturday, September 18, 1909: Sampson reaps harvest at $13.00 per capita. A final trip to the post office and we are off for Minneapolis at 8:30 A.M. A visit by all to the Twin City Power Plant and the Pillsbury Flour Mill occupied the morning. Eight o'clock that night found us in a Pullman headed for St. Louis.
September

September 23—Hordes of freshmen appear and are duly shown their places.

September 25—Soph elections.

September 27—Initial long chapel of the year. We are introduced to a "specimen of legal timidity."

September 28—W. A. G. reception to the new girls. Senior elections.

September 29—Junior elections. Anesthetic dancing class starts out at the gymnie.

October

October 2—Prof. Riley invites company to sociology I, and lulls him to sleep; likewise the class.

October 3-10—Centennial week.

October 8—Educational parade. "Washington to the front"—not!


October 12—McMillan Hall elections.

October 13—Big Thyrsus try-out.

October 15—Frosh lie in wait for sophs and tie their legs. Frosh get their procs posted before the sophs. When will 1912 wake up?

October 16—Lock and Chain initiation at the Milliken game.

October 21—Kleo presents "The Trouble at Satterlee's" to the girls of the University.

October 22—First Lock and Chain dance of the season. Phi Delta initiation at McMillan.

October 23—Team goes to Kansas and gets beat, 23-0. But we'll beat Missouri yet. Soph procs make their appearance.

October 25—John Taussig run over by hearse and is given one year's livery service for compensation. Soph. procs make their appearance.

October 26—Fleas, attracted by the sweet maidens, invade McMillan Hall. It is rumored that one fair maiden bathes in gasoline.
October

October 27—Lock and Chain finish their initiation in McMillan quad.

October 29—Upper class girls give a dance to the freshmen and new girls. Many engagements and scores of duels reported. Hatchet meeting at McMillan. All (?) the class representatives present.

October 30—W. U.-Knox game, 11-2. We win!

November 1—Jackson appears in his last winter's green suit.

November 5—Abe Frey offers $5 reward for a stolen book.

FRESHMAN PROC.

November 5—Parade 600 strong through the streets of St. Louis. "We've got Missouri's goat." Who said we didn't have college spirit?

SOPHOMORE PROC.

LOCK AND CHAIN INITIATION, OCTOBER 16TH.
LOCK AND CHAIN INITIATION.

THE KNOX GAME.
November 6—Missouri-Washington game, 5-0. Victory in defeat.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MERTHER
AN EXCITING POINT IN THE MISSOURI GAME.

PARADE BETWEEN THE HALVES—MISSOURI GAME
November

November 10—Dedication of Graham Chapel at 10 a.m. All the faculty and notables and some students present. 2:30 p.m.—Soph "get acquainted" tea in Sig Chi rooms. 8 p.m.—Thyrsus present "The Importance of Being Earnest." Lovemaking hardly ardent. "Yes, you may"! ! !

November 11—Society night at "The Importance of Being Earnest." Kappa Alpha and Kappa Sig parties.

November 15—Y. W. C. A. question still agitating the fair co-ed. Shall she be religious or shall she not?

November 12—Warner does some card tricks in psychology, to Miss Corse's exceeding delight.

November 15—Big Barb meeting called. Pieksen squelches it.

November 16—Varrelman put through by George Pieksen and others.

November 17—Abe Frey's book returned by party who found it, who is then accused of absconding with same. Reward cancelled.

November 18—McMillan reception.

"WE'VE GOT MISSOURI'S GOAT."

November 19—Lock and Chain dance.

November 20—Vanderbilt-Washington game. 12-0.

November 25—Thanksgiving day. Team at Little Rock.

November 29—Mrs. London gives a get acquainted tea for the freshmen at McMillan Hall.

December

December 1—Freshman theater party at the Imperial. "The College Widow" appears in Washington colors.

December 3—Freshman Dance.

THE VANDERBILT GAME.
December 7—Miss Watkins gives a dinner party for the 1911 Hatchet staff.

December 11—“Ye Countrie Faire” in McMillan gymmie. Don't speak of the popular professor booth to the innocent victims.

December 14—Y. W. C. A. organized.

December 15—Thyrsus presents “The Elopement of Ellen.”

December 16—Second performance of “The Elopement of Ellen.”

December 17—Obelisk dance.

December 20—Annual play try-out. Exciting day for Thyrsians.

December 22—Frosh-soph fight. What a poor excuse for one it was!

Chance, the most fickle of all goddesses, defeated the Sophomore (1912) class in the annual flag contest. The affair, or whatever it may be called, was devoid of any noteworthy features. The Freshmen (1913) chased the wild goose till twenty minutes to nine, when they found her roosting peaceably on an uncompleted house in the 6100 block on McPherson Avenue; there they saw the 1912 banner perched on the roof, unfurled to the wind. Her sole custodian was a carpenter, who said, “Fifty cents gets the flag.” Up came the fifty beads, the goose flapped her wings, and down she went.
The Sophomores spent Wednesday at Valley Park, whither they hied themselves in order to foil the Freshmen's plans of following them home from the University.

Wednesday night the main body, led by President Henry Nelson, went to the home of L. Ackerman, a member of the class, who lives on Clayton Road near Busch's Grove. There they lodged and ate till 4 o'clock Thursday morning, when they boarded a special car, which switched to the track directly south of the University. With them they took a large wooden platform to be erected about the tree which Nelson and his lieutenants had chosen to defend. As luck would have it, it was impossible to raise the frame to the desired height, and it was left hanging in mid-air.

Meanwhile other squads were diverting the attention of the Freshmen to the woods behind the gymnasium by unfurling two decoy flags in selected trees.

At 7:30 the Freshmen, after prolonged search, finally discovered the location of the Sophomore tree. The stately oak stood in a ravine, and it was not possible to see the Sophs until one was within a hundred yards of their hiding place. 1913, perforce of superior numbers, soon bound the hands and feet of 1912 and then continued the search, which was without avail, however, until 8:40, when the flag was found and the battle went to the Freshmen.
December

December 23—Christmas vacation begins.

January, 1910

January 1—Greasy spoon closed forever. Day of woe.
January 3—Back at college—to rest.
January 3—Secretary of sophomore class gets bill from hotel man at Valley Park for sheet used as sophomore flag.
January 4—Jackson delivers his famous lecture on “Habit.”
January 5—The freshmen, after a heart-to-heart confab with Prof. Starbird, learn that they are angleworms.
January 11—Prof. Lowes’ lecture on Chaucer. English 21 out in full force to make an impression.
January 12—Trieseler exposes the ring in St. Louis politics. His brother told him.
January 12-15—Basketball team at Missouri. Stung twice.
January 14—Lock and Chain dance.
January 18—Second lecture by Prof. Lowes. Impressionists still continue to attend.
January 25—Prof. Lowes’ third lecture.

February

February 1—Annual bonfire and McMillan serenade. This time the fellows get some really truly eats.
February 9—Second co-ed edition of Student Life. Even better than the first.
February 7—Dr. Usher’s engagement announced. Hurrah! Great sensation.
February 10—Dr. Usher gets his room all nicely decorated in honor of his engagement. Gets all hot under the collar about it, too.
February 12—W. A. G. valentine party.

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February 14—Valentine day. The spirit of the day affects even some grave and reverend faculties and they are found fussing the co-eds on the quad.

February 16-18—The blizzard.

February 21—The wonderful junior prom.

The Junior Prom

On the evening of February twenty-first the Juniors gave their Annual Prom, in accordance with the established custom. The class was assisted by the Freshmen, Sophomores, and Seniors. Francis Gymnasium was gayly decked for the occasion. The running track was artistically covered with red, white, and blue bunting and pen-
nants, and festoons were stretched from the sides to the center. The corners of the various classes were attractively arranged. The Senior corner was decked in flags with myrtle and maroon bunting; and rugs, pillows and carpets made the corner cozy and inviting. A large American flag draped over the entrance to the Junior corner added much to its beauty. Purple and white bunting adorned the Sophomore corner. The wine and red colors and the large 1913 pennant of the Freshman corner made it very pretty.

The orchestra occupied the center of the floor and was surrounded by a bank of palms. The music of the evening was novel, including the anvil and moon dances, which made up the special features. At nine o’clock began the Grand March, during which programs were distributed.

Never was a more pleasant prom than that of 1911.
February

February 22—Washington takes a holiday so it can go down on the South Side and see the Thetas all dressed up as Martha Washingtons.

February 18-19—Kansas-Washington basket ball games.

February 28—Suggestion to Tom Elliot: Since it is nearing Spring, it might be wise to press his winter overcoat.

February 28—Missouri-Washington basket ball.

March

March 1—Missouri-Washington basket ball.


March 3—"An American Citizen" again.

March 6—Helen Schultz gets to English 32 ON TIME.

March 11—The Scandal Club holds an important meeting. The relation of the arrangement of one's hair to the food he eats was profoundly discussed.

March 15—Try-out for McMillan day plays.

March 17—Y. W. C. A. concert in the chapel. Everybody went, of course.

March 18—Miss Gordon entertains the class in history of art with a luncheon. Some went there pleasant enough, but came away decidedly Cross.

March 19—Pi Phi tea at Sallie Lee Sparks'. Oh, you good eats!

March 26—First rehearsal of "Quadrangle Town," the senior play.

March 29—Thyrsus presents their annual play, "Captain Letterblair," at the Odeon. Everybody out.

March 30—The day of congratulations.