Book 5
Review
The Year

HE year, which the Hatchet editors are bound to chronicle, has been a very pleasant one. In all things which the University students have taken part there has been success. But this success has only come as a result of earnest endeavor.

Never has there been greater cooperation between faculty, students and alumni than there has been this year. The Washington Union has grown from a struggling, embryonic organization into an established power in all affairs pertaining to the University. Through it, University people are enabled to know each other's true natures, an opportunity not given to them in the class-room.

The University staged a great Elizabethan pageant to do Washington's part in celebrating the Shakespearean Tercentenary in the spring. The magnitude of this pageant was unsurpassed by anything attempted in the Middle West. Later the Dramatic Club gave its most successful annual play and Pralma staged a Surkuss which has never been equaled at Washington.

This has been a good year in athletics. While the teams have not won any championships nor rolled up any tremendous scores, there has existed a clean fighting spirit in all branches of sport. The rooters have been Washington's pride. The number of students who traveled all the way to Ann Arbor with the football team showed that Washington has now as good a supporting student body as any university.

Throughout the year, clubs which merely existed before at Washington have awakened from their long sleep and accomplished much, through the efforts of two or three active leaders. In fact, it might be said that every campus activity and organization had reached its highest point of efficiency, March, 1917.

But as we go to press the students' interest in their own welfare and the welfare of the school has lessened. All interest is now bent upon the welfare of the nation. And in event the worst should happen and the whole country be plunged into a great war, it may be expected that the Washington men will do as much for their country as they have always done for their school.
The Elizabethan Pageant

Very college year has its biggest event. Washington’s “biggest event” last year was the Shakespearian Tercentenary Celebration or Elizabethan Pageant. On Thursday, April 27, and on Saturday, April 29, “The Old Wives’ Tale,” “The Hue and Cry After Cupid,” and the Revesby Sword Play, which comprised the pageant, were artistically and, above all, successfully produced by the university.

“The Old Wives’ Tale,” the most elaborate of the three productions, took place on the main quadrangle, where a huge wooden stage had been erected, adjoining Busch Hall. The stage rose some ten feet in the air with a gallery and wings towering above. Here, while the court ladies in the gallery above smiled and whispered, and the peasants below scoffed and prattled, Peele’s play was presented.

Not far away in McMillan courtyard scenes were different. There, in the “Hue and Cry After Cupid,” the grace and beauty of the university danced about on the greensward, their beauty enhanced by picturesque costumes and surroundings. Then followed the Revesby Sword Play, particularly pleasing to the public for it was really funny with its Fool, Dragon, Pickled Herring, Maid Cecily, and the rest.

These performances at McMillan were given simultaneously with that of the “Old Wives’ Tale.” Then followed a brief intermission while the two great audiences interchanged. After this the three plays were repeated and the pageant closed with the day.

From the start to the finish the pageant created an Elizabethan atmosphere which was well appreciated by most of the spectators. It was a rich display of color, a manipulation of talent and training, and above all it was purely Washingtonian. But since it is the spectator’s opinion that holds, an article from the Drama League Monthly criticising the Pageant might well be printed here:

Perhaps the most important among the many diversions offered the delegates at the convention by the St. Louis Center was the performance of picturesque plays presented under the auspices of the Washington University and the Washington University Association; namely, Peele’s Old Wives’ Tale, the Revesby Swords Play and Ben Jonson’s Hue and Cry After Cupid.”
The Univee Surkuss

ROM the questionable recesses of Bill McSorley's Hinges of Hell; from the long surface of the slippery slide; from the tent which held the Seven Anomalies of the World; in fact from every booth and stand on the grounds came near profanity as gamblers lost their money, merry shrieks as co-eds and co-ops came down the slide arm in arm, and the steady monotonous drone of the barkers. These and a myriad of other sounds and calls, mingling with the stale odor of hot dogs and soda pop, ascended into the air in a voluptuous cadence creating the intangible atmosphere which was the Surkuss of 1918.

Threatened at first by the wind and by potential rain clouds Pralma's frolic turned out to be what was and what will be for a long time generally conceded the best Surkuss ever held on the campus. To enumerate all the shows would require too great space. The Surkuss must be recounted, as it will be remembered, only as a whole.

Miss Margaretha Roth was elected Queen at the voting booth, which has customarily been a part of the Lock and Chain contribution. Beside the voting booth, the Sophomore society gave a dance after the Surkuss and operated a sort of a ducking pond, and "one-nigger-baby-down-one-rigar" game in which, if the ball were pitched accurately, a member of the Lock and Chain was precipitated into a tank of water underneath.

The Architects, as usual, presented a burlesque show. However, it proved a disappointment to many of the masculine visitors. The suggestiveness of the name caused not a few men to eschew the company of their ladies for a few minutes at the Persian Burlesque; but it was not that kind of an exhibit. The Seven Anomalies of the World consisting of the shortest and tallest men in the world, a Hula-Hula dancing girl, a three-legged woman, an iron-jawed woman, an eater of safety razor blades and the missing link, enjoyed tremendous popularity. Similarly the Engineers' Vaudeville and the Pre-Medics' futuristic surgery corralled not a few of the furtive shekels. There were even games of chance where you might lose your money—if such expedients were necessary.

But the lure of the movies inherent to the Twentieth Century caused crowds to fill the concession of Thyrsus in every one of its seven or eight shows. The members of Thyrsus showed convincingly that their abilities were not confined to the legitimate drama but extended also to the movie field. "The Maid of McMillan" was Thyrsus' first venture into the realm of cinemetography; and, indeed, one of the first films that any college dramatic club has produced. As characterized by a gushing Freshman girl, the movie show was "perfectly darling." And so it was.

So was the whole Surkuss—with some modifications.
Bonfire

ITH the aid and financial support of the Union, the Bonfire this year was a great deal of a success. Bonfires for years at Washington have been desultory affairs. A few students have each time fought their way near to the fire through several hundred yards of very wet mud, listened to a few speeches which were not astonishingly clever, eaten a few half-cooked hot dogs, and then gone home with the feeling that they might have spent a much more enjoyable evening at a moving picture show.

This year the Union staged a trick athletic meet in the Gymnasium before the fire was lighted. There were all kinds of events, from a boxing match to a pie-eating contest. After this, the mud outside didn't seem so bad, the speeches didn't seem so poor or the food so underdone. The whole affair was well managed and quite typical of Washington spirit.

St. Fatima's Day

According to their custom the Architects, on January 24, prayed long and earnestly to Allah for aid in the coming mid-year examinations. Their prayers and rites marked the annual celebration of St. Fatima's Day. There was the usual train of Oriental servants, dancers, and dignitaries. St. Fatima awoke to her annual kiss, prayed to Allah, and departed to her Oriental seclusion for another year. The dancing of the five royal dancers was declared to be the best seen out of the Imperial Russian Ballet. Members of the faculty were present by proxy and offered explanations and apologies for their evil deeds.
McMillan Vaudeville

The program for the annual McMillan Vaudeville consisted of six acts. There was everything in the theatrical line, from a direful tragedy to a sentimental dance by the ailments of Spring. These were staged by the girls of McMillan Hall, Y.W.C.A., and members of the four sororities. Three hundred people were jammed into the narrow confines of the Thysos Theater to witness the clever productions.

A one-act comedy entitled "A Victrola Shop," put on by the girls of McMillan.

This was followed by real musical talent displayed on the wonderful symphony zarcheteer of the Thetas. In deep contrast to these two "stunts" was a clever "take-off" entitled, "The Tremendous Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage," written and staged by members of Tau Upsilon.

Spring fever, coughs, grippe, measles, mumps and influenza featured the Deta Gamma contribution, "Around the World with Spring."

Pi Beta Phi came next with "Wanted—a Wife." Applicants were shown who answered a young man's advertisement in the morning paper for a wife.

The last act of the day by Y.W.C.A. was "Twelfth Hour," by Shakespeare. The scene of the outrage was laid in the campus of the University of Padua, during a chapel hour in mediaeval days.

Dandelion Day

Much excitement occurred Dandelion Day, May 13, 1916, when a few live spirits of the Freshmen Class insisted on polling their votes for Mr. Willys Bliss as Freshmen Queen. These Freshmen worked with such ardor that for a long time Mr. Bliss easily outdistanced the field of blush- ing candidates at the polls.

Finally Clifford Tussig, President of the Student Council and master of the voting, raised his hand aloft and shouted, "No more votes will be counted for Mr. Bliss." His zealous supporters grumbled a bit, muttered something about "a big crook," then transferred their affections to another lady.

Miss Margaret Woods and Miss Mildred Wass fought it out count by count then until twelve o'clock. The vote then showed that Miss Wass had won by a small margin and she was accordingly crowned queen.

It is worth the trouble to be President of the Student Council when it comes to crowning Dandelion Day Queens.
Junior Prom Reflections

EN o'clock Saturday morning, February 17, the little fellow with the close-cropped hair sat up in bed, yawned once or twice, and then grinned. He knew the 1918 Junior Prom had been a huge success. None of his wires supporting the ceiling had broken. He was happy. At various other places, other members of the Prom Committee were waking up and sighing with relief because their fuses had not blown out, or their lattice work had not fallen down, or their refreshments had not given out. For this reason they knew that the Prom was a success. But these little items must not be given room in the writing about the Prom. The names of the fellows who crawled out on those narrow beams will not long be remembered; but the dance itself—that's a different thing.

In the first place, kind Providence allowed the Prom to occur this year on a night when the weather conditions could not have been bettered. For the first time there was no blizzard or rainstorm. This was a pleasing novelty. As a result, the largest Prom crowd in the history of the University assembled at the Gymnasium.

Then the decorations were altogether pleasing. A great elaboration was not attempted. A simple, well-worked-out color scheme made the Prom the more beautiful by its absolute simplicity. Snow was everywhere. It covered the lattice work, the pine boughs, the great dead branches and, later on the dress clothes. Over all, the pale blue sky canopied the floor with its twinkling stars and wide blue expanses. It was indeed beautiful. Too much credit cannot be accorded to those who worked out this effect.

At eleven-thirty, refreshments were served. Then came the big surprise of the evening. The lights did not start to flicker and go out at twelve o'clock. Through permission of Dean McCaulley and Chancellor Hall, the dance was allowed to continue until one-thirty. This probably was the greatest hit of the evening.

When the orchestra had finally played the last few bars of "Home, Sweet Home" and the last stag had cut in on the fellows who had imported a queen all the way from Granite City, the 1918 Junior Prom, which even the Seniors admitted was a rather successful one, was over.
McMillan May Day

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE GLEN," the May Day play, was artistically staged on the afternoon and evening of May 17. In spite of the time spent on the Elizabethan Pageant this year, the seventy girls who took part entered into the traditional event with such hearty enthusiasm that it resulted in the most successful as well as the most popular May Day fete that has ever been produced by the Co-eds of the University. It was a beautiful play laid in fairyland, portraying the struggle of a fairy's love against that of a mortal. The action is based on the conquest of an Eastern talisman which is supposed to bring the possessors wealth, power and happiness.

The prologue introduces Marieta, queen of the Eastern fairies, curled up in a crocus cup, fast asleep. On awakening she is seized by a huge cricket who holds her until Petie, an English soldier, rescues her. The play then opens with the entrance of Jacelyn and Madge, who tell of the arrival of the English fairies with the talisman, which they have stolen from a band of eastern fairies. It is to be brought to the glen that very night where the soldiers are to guard it. The soldiers enter and with them come the villagers who join in a sprightly dance and soon hurry away. Two soldiers, Petie and Will, are left to guard the stolen treasure, but Marieta enters and soon charms them into a deep sleep by her sleep-dance. Marieta again dances before the talisman, this time joined by her loyal subjects, the eastern fairies. As they are about to depart with this priceless charm, Marjorie and her band of English fairies appear and demand that a chance be given to show themselves worthy of keeping the talisman. Marieta tells them that such a thing is impossible until one of the eastern fairies falls in love with an English mortal. It is then that she realizes that she is in love with Petie, one of the sleeping soldiers who rescued her from the cricket. So the talisman is returned to the English fairies who have rightfully won it and the spirits of the East retire.
T about eight o'clock there is somewhat of shouting. Someone sticks his head out of the Kappa Sig windows and blows a goodly blast on the famous old trombone. The cornetist among the Sig Nus begins to play his instrument violently. Then of a sudden the crowd realizes that there is a football mass meeting that night. They rush wildly to the Gym.

Now is the time when the band assembles. The band is usually composed of about twenty-nine Dents and two or three College men. It has never been fully explained why the Dents are always the musicians, but it seems that they are. Why should a man who expects to spend the greater part of his later life with his fingers in some other person's mouth learn to play the flute? It beats us.

At 8:15, all the athletes who have never seen the inside of a gymnasium before, are busy throwing baskets, pulling chest weights and swinging on the rings. This is another strange thing that has never been explained to us. Why is that, when the gym is open nearly always for athletic purposes, these fellows take pleasure in showing their gymnastic prowess only when the gym is used for something else.

Well, pretty soon the Glee Club assembles and breaks forth into song. Remember, football meetings are held early in the fall, so the Glee Club isn't really so good as it will be later on. In fact, they say the inside of the gym is an awfully poor place to sing.

The President of the Student Council arises and says, "Fellows, I guess you know why I called you together out here. (Great applause. This is the cleverest speech the President has ever made.) I guess you know the team's going to beat St. Louis to-morrow. (Loud and continued applause. This is great. Someone must have written it for him.) But all you fellows have gotta come out and help 'em do it. (Say, boy, this is a speech. Where did he ever get it?) But I'm not going to talk any longer. (A great burst of applause.) I'm going to ask somebody you all know to speak to you. Coach Edmunds is here and is going to address you."

Cheers are given for the Coach. The crowd is all with the Coach. He is too big to be against. He comes forward and stands with his hands in his hip pockets.

"Fellows, you know I'm not much on talking. (Oh, you modest old thing.) But first I want to say that compulsory gym. work will
Review

begin next week for Sophomores and Freshmen. Credit will be given for this work. No one can graduate without these credits. (By this time the crowd is fairly bubbling over with enthusiasm.) I want all you fellows who are signed up for the swimming pool to hand in your pledges this week. (At this time the crowd’s enthusiasm knows no bounds.) Our team is pretty well shot to pieces this year and I don’t know what we’ll do to-morrow, but next year we’re going to have a fine team.” (The crowd all cheer because they are intensely interested in next year just at present.)

The Coach shuffles back into the crowd and the President arises again. “I see an old fellow back there in the crowd,” he says, “that I know you will all be glad to hear talk. Fellows, I’m going to call on old Snoozer Boob, ’0x.” (Big cheer.)

Snoozer speaks: “Fellows, I played back here in ’0x and I guess you know what we did to St. Louis. We trotted out on the field with half the team on crutches and the other half had their arms in a sling. Talk about equipment! We didn’t even have pants. But boys, we sure went after their hide. They only beat us 78 to 0, but that didn’t half show the relative merits of the teams—they should have beat us 156 to 0. I remember what a game little Parvus Puer played that day. He was our quarterback and only weighed 101 in his overcoat. When he caught a punt he used to have to throw out an anchor to keep it from carrying him back over the goal line. But I won’t talk any more. I’m going to be out there to-morrow and I don’t want to see any Washington man leave the field until he has six St. Louis scalps hanging to his belt.” (Great Cheers.)

The band begins to play. The students fall in line and march to Garavelli’s.

Such is a mass meeting. If you have not attended one you have much to live for.
The Class Scrap

Let This Photogravure
Ever Commemorate
The Class Scrap of the Year 1916.
Much Unfavorable Comment Antedated It.
Much Enthusiasm Accompanied It.
Much Recuperation was Needed After It.
But Nevertheless this Scrap Really Happened.
From Now Until the End of Time Those Who Participated in It
Can Tell Their Followers of the Grand Old Scrap of 1916.
INCE the time that a dozen or so fellows battled their way from St. Louis to Crawfordsville, the desire to follow the team has been growing among the students at Washington. This year that desire reached its maximum when it was necessary to procure a whole train to carry the bunch up to Ann Arbor, Michigan.

This was probably the most-talked-of event of the year. The fellow who took the leading part in the Thyrsus Annual was of little consequence in the eyes of the boys when compared to the man who took the porter's cap on the Michigan train. Fellows who slept side by each in an upper berth of a Tourist car felt more bound together than those bound by the mystical rites. And say, how the boys did learn to appreciate the girls who had brought food with them.

The trip was not luxuriously comfortable. In fact, when there are two yelling, roughhousing people to every lower and two growling, fighting people to every upper berth, the chances are that there will be some little discomfort. Of course, there was no diner on the train, which made it rather uncomfortable on the return trip when the train did not get in until three in the afternoon. But it was these same discomforts which made the trip a huge success.

If it had been a sober, luxurious, fat old gentleman's trip, we would have had no tales to hand down to posterity. Now we may always be able to sit down at any time and narrate at length concerning "them grand old days" when the whole campus emigrated to Michigan in the wake of the team.
An Illustrated Life of Ben Schulze

ULL many a year ago there was born in a small frame house on the very northernmost extremity of St. Louis (then but a small river town without even a Lock and Chain) a small, chubby-faced youngster, who from the very first minute of his existence began to exhibit an amazing amount of intelligence and precocity. His doting parents almost immediately named him Ben, adding, of course, the family name Schulze as a matter of form.

Little Ben, for that is what everyone called him, soon learned to put forth all that was in him in whatever he undertook. Glance for a moment at the upper picture on the opposite page. Notice how the little man holds his mouth, nose and eyes well open, his arms pressed firmly to his sides and his feet at an angle of one hundred and eighty degrees to each other. The signs of active greatness were even then cropping out.

We next see little Ben when he has grown from babyhood into young striplinghood. He has gone in for manly sports, for he seems to always carry a hoople with him. Indeed, it is said that at this time Ben was so often with his hoops that he contracted a slight ulceration of the lungs which later developed into a disease which is known as the “hoopin” cough, a very rare disease almost unknown in these times. It was at this time that Ben began to show the first signs of a keen insight into the affairs of men. Once Ben picked up a small rock and hit the iceman in the head with it. When the uproar had subsided, friends asked of little Ben why he had done it. “I wanted to see if it would hurt him,” answered the little fellow. All marveled at the child’s sagacity.

But as Ben grew older he was not content with the pleasures of his childhood. He thirsted for greater worlds to conquer. He desired to become a civil engineer. (At this time he had never heard of Applied Mechanics or Qualitative Analysis.) He had a vision in which he saw himself conquering Washington University as he had conquered the Alley Rats. So packing his little nightie and toothbrush in a red kerchief and putting on his only suit of neatly patched brown homespun, he set out for the great University.

Four years elapse and we see in the last picture, Ben the Scholar, Ben the Leader—Ben the Man. He stands at ease in front of University Hall in his neat blue outing suit. No more is he known as Little Ben. The youth who once rolled hooples and had pictures taken while barefoot, now stands before us in an easy but firm pose, the nostrils dilated, the hands along the pant seams and the legs crossed diagonally in front to hide the hole in the stocking. Conquered worlds are placed at his feet. Nothing is above his shoulders.
Unknown Clubs At Washington

**THE OWL CAR CLUB**
Founded in 1904
Frater in Facultate
Philip S. Berenst
Fratres in Universitate
1917
L. M. Bare
1918
E. Benway
Norman W. Pemberton
1919
George Williams
Pledged
C. Stapleton

**THE ROLLING CUBES**
Founded in 1912 by L. B. Brown
Frater in Facultate
No, of Course Not.
Fratres in Universitate
1917
Adolf Drey
1918
H. C. Venable
1919
T. T. Burke
Pledged
Thomas H. Wagner, Jr.

**THE LIT'RY LITES**
Founded 1912
Frater in Facultate.
C. J. Massieck
Fratres in Universitate
1917
Ed. Nix
1918
J. J. Sharon
1919
Geo. Nober
1920
Geo. Nagle
Ray Peters
T. Phamadis
Richard Jones
V. Parkinson
H. Poole

Page Three Hundred Sixteen
Is this a riot?
Oh, No.
This is just the Engineers at Work.
They are getting data.
At the end of the afternoon they will know something.
So would we all if we went out windy afternoons with
big telescopes.
The Prof. passing by wonders why the Students do not
work with such ardor in his Descriptive Geometry Class.
It has been a long time since he was young and red-
blooded.
Good ol’ Washington pep.
Chapel Hour at Washington

Graham Memorial Chapel

Washington Pharmacy
Dear Ma:

I am enjoying my first few days here at the Dromedaries very much. So far I have been very fortunate in securing necessaries very cheaply. You remember that beautiful yellow radiator which was in my room. Well last night I rented it so that I can have it all this year. Last night Mr. Busiek and Mr. Schwartztenbach, the fellows who had this room last year, came in and started to take it out. I offered them ten dollars if they would let it stay. They thought about it a while then said they'd let me have it for five if I would promise not to turn on the heat on cold nights.

Today I got my Chapel tickets from Ralph Hill. He let me have them cheaper as he said he comes from Arkansas too and us Arkans must all stick together. With these tickets I can get in Chapel every Wednesday free and if the choir sings more than once I get ten cents back. The season ticket saves you about four dollars.

I made several purchases from a senior named Lee Harrison. He has a fine stock of college clothes which he sells to Freshmen every year. I bought a pair of high boots from him which he says everybody needs for the heavy snows and when passing the Law School. He says he will let me have a Ladies Embalmers sign for a double barreled shotgun. Please send me my gun right away.

Fat Hastings who is in his second year here lives right near me. He has invited me to a party which the Sophomores are giving to the Freshmen tonight. He says the Sophomores give a party to certain Freshmen in the fall of every year and he says I am the very kind of a Freshmen they like. He told me to wear plenty of old clothes. I think that I will wear my new suit. It's always well to look decent you know.

So far I have subscribed to a number of University publications; Student Life, The Hatchet, The Eliot Magazine and the University Catalog. I don't know when I will have time to read all these but I must show my school spirit and subscribe. Also Geo. Nagel, a business-like young fellow, is offering me a typewriter if I sell two subscriptions for the Eliot and collect the money.

Tell Mr. Woodruff at High School that I haven't done much debating yet as the fellows up here aren't so very enthusiastic over it. I shall organize a Ciceronian Society later.

Good-by
John.

P.S. I think I need a little more money very much.
How They Get Them

KAPPA ALPHA.—The cringing rushees are marched to the rooms in regular formation. Walter Bode sits at the piano stool and Cliff Taussig lays on the top of the piano with his guitar. They play madly. The rushees are ragged to the ragged edge of pledgment. If any further inducements are needed the rushees are taken out to look at Ed Thomas' house.

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON.—The parties are always held on Tuesday so as not to interfere with high school fraternity meetings. Charley Johann and Sam Foote appear at seven-thirty with fifteen picked from the best, the very best, of Soldan High School. A short but snappy minstrel show is then given by the Sig Alph freshmen. Freddy Schwarz and P. Meier are overcome and run shrieking from the room at ten o'clock. Tom Dawson and Pete Johnson lead the regular ones out into the night when things begin to drag.

BETA THETA PI.—The youths are slowly hauled to the rooms in Henry Duncker's machine until they all arrive about half past ten. From this time on they are shown Beta alumni from Dog Krause to David R. Francis until they reach a very receptive state of mind. The brothers then sing suggestive songs about "You'd Better Come and Pledge Now," until a late hour.

THETA XI.—Everyone appears in old clothes. The brothers who are members of the football and basket-ball teams stand at the doorway. The other brothers and the rushees form in line outside the door. The evening is spent in determining whether the athletes can keep the others out of the rooms. Meanwhile, Ben Roberts manipulates the player-piano in good style.
ALPHA KAPPA DELTA.—Here is where the high school boy gets his first taste of real college life. While the rushees sit around and gaze admiringly at Tom Horn's exquisite new lilac socks, Syl Horn, the Douglas brothers and Fred Jostes render good old college songs, in true harmony. Herb Bryant impersonates the rough college husky and Coeur de Lion Addington shows the latest dancing steps in his boy scout suit.

PHI DELTA THETA.—Each rushee is first initiated into all the mysteries of Lee Harrison's room. This takes up a lot of time. Then Poge Lewis is exhibited for at least an hour. Then if it isn't late enough for Frank Scott to begin the serious stuff, Shorty Hill gives the Arkansas laugh until things are set nicely. The party is then a success if Jim Preston doesn't put in his appearance.

KAPPA SIGMA.—At a given signal, the bunch divides into two squads. Pete Pemberton, Hollocher, Venable and Leschen take the boys from McKinley and Yeatman into Stewart's room and tell them about the grand old days. Copies of Jack Powell's picture are passed out. Ed Nix, Hixon Kinsella, Kendall Harrison take the remainder into the quiet ante-room and discuss fluently the influence of Wordsworth on modern poetry. Copies of the "Eliot Magazine" are passed out. Stupp sits about with a far away look on his face.

SIGMA NU.—Someone plays "Oh, Johnny" on the piano for two hours and a half. The members laugh loudly and join in the chorus at the end of each verse. When this program is finished, it is repeated again. And so on.

SIGMA CHI.—The victrola is set going early in the afternoon so that it may have a running start at the rushees. Wyllys Bliss begins to follow it on the mandolin as soon as the first of the uninitiated put in their appearance. If this music does not subdue the bunch inside of an hour, a hurry call is sent for Harry Payne. Oyster patties and hot coffee are served. The Sig Chis are strong on food.
Military

The calling of the Washington members of the First Regiment to the colors on Monday, March 26, brought home vividly to the University the international situation and its effect on Washington. Before noon plans were made for a mass meeting on Francis Field. The news spread quickly over the campus and it was estimated that two hundred and twenty of the two hundred and eighty men on the "hill" reported. The men were quickly divided up into squads and assigned to some man who had had training. Francis Field was dotted with clumps of men marching and countermarching, practicing turns, standing at attention, in short, doing things that were strange and about which they had only a slight knowledge.

When it was learned that the faculty were to meet that evening, rumors as to what was to be done flew about the campus. Some said that the University was to be closed, others that military training would immediately be started. On the bulletin boards the next morning was posted the notice that all those enlisting would be given credit for the semester's work and Seniors, in good standing, would receive their degrees. Mystery, however, still remained. It became known that the faculty had made certain recommendations to the Corporation.

Drills were again held on Wednesday and Friday afternoons with the same enthusiastic response from the students. The faculty and Washington's foreign students were also represented.

While waiting for news of the Corporation's actions, nothing but war talk went the rounds of the University. Wherever a flag could be secured it was hung from a window. The walls of the dormitories were gay with colors. On Friday, the architects paraded on the Quad, with their T-squares on their shoulders. Standing at attention before Cupples I, a flag was slowly raised to the top of a staff which they had placed there.

Announcement was made on Saturday morning that an officers' training corps would be established and a military training course of two years would be elective.
Student Members of the National Guard Who Answered the call to the Colors

March 26, 1917

CAPTAIN MESTON HOLMES, '18
LIEUTENANT HUMPHREY PRICE, '17
LIEUTENANT VERNON PARKINSON, '18
LIEUTENANT H. CLARK VENABLE, '18
LIEUTENANT OTIS E. KROUCH, '19
WILLIAM ELIOT, '18
DAVID LEAVITT, '19
JOHN MOLL, '17
RICHARD STARK, '20
JOHN SINGER, '20.
FARLOW BURT, '18
PAUL MARSH, '18
REED BARRETT, '19
CHARLES NEWPORT, '18
RAY MACFARLAND, '17
LEE HARRISON, '17
HAROLD HOLLAND, '18
BEN SCHULZE, '17
RUSSELL HORSEFIELD, '20
RUSSELL JOLLEY, '17
JOHN SPARGO
L’Envoi

In the pages which have gone before, we have faithfully tried to gather together those things of interest and importance which have happened at Washington during the past year and shape them into an annual for those of us to whom they have meant so much. We have put forth every effort to avoid mistakes in names, cuts and records. If there be any such, we are sorry. There are many chances for improvement, each year, in a book of this sort, and in seeking to realize them, we have made many changes in form. We have, above all else, tried to make this volume interesting and it is our desire that we shall have pleased everyone.

John Jones Sharon
Editor-in-Chief

Walter A Kamp
Business Manager

This book is nearly finished
And we fully realize
That all your lives and images
Are set before your eyes.
So if some point you do not like
Comes under your detection.
Please realize this is no knock
But merely a reflection.

Prints of photographs appearing in the Photographic Section of this "Hatchet" may be secured from Dan Bartlett, Staff Photographer.