Cross-Country Race Handicaps Turkey Winners

Monopoly of Prize Birds To Be Prevented; Even Chance for All

Still gorged from their five-turkey debauch resulting from taking all four places in the donut cross-country races last Saturday, the Terrible Turks will have another chance to clean up on the prize birds.

It won't be so easy today, however, because the race will be run as a handicap and the best men will start last to give the slow brothers a more even chance.

Four fat turkeys, 14-pounders, will go on the chopping block after the run. To the first four men finishing will belong the spoils, and with the new method in use, a big turnout is expected.

Clarence Hill, John Niedemeyer, Ed Jensen and Fern Kelly, who finished in the order named last Saturday, will probably try to corral another flock of the winged creatures. Bill Winter, fifth place winner, and Courtney Kelson, sixth, will have a good chance to figure in the running, or rather the finishing. If so, Sigma Chi and Friendly hall may dine accordingly.

The time is 10:30, and the list of judges at the finish will be announced later. By the time the sport enthusiasts have taken in the turkey races in the morning, the Frosh-Rook game and the gridgraph this afternoon, they will be ready to quit and devote their time to parlor athletics in the form of the Sophomore Informal tonight.

Officials of the run are: superintendent of course, Don Parks; physician, Dr. Romig; timers, Frank Reinhart, R. Belshaw, Sylvester Wingard; starter, Del Oberteuffer; scorer, Peek; judges, G. Craig, Francis Cleaver; Cliff Kuhn and Glenn Howard. Physical education majors will be judges of the turns.

Plays

(Continued from page one)

ing elaborately but inaccurately through their lorgnettes at something or other out front. Lois Tuttle as Mrs. Lysander, the local arbiter elegantiarum of the play and as such got to prate the most, displayed a creditable understanding of her role. Her offensiveness was convincing. Sarah Bennethum as Mrs. Harrison, and Renee Grayce Nelson as Mrs. Murphy played the disciples of the local arbiter elegantiarum. And the countess—we liked the besieged, Iowa-born-and-bred countess, acted by Grace Gardner. She had verve, and it's our opinion that nothing adds more fillip than a good imposter or with a charlatan accent. Miss Gardner stirred some starch into a not very forceful play. In box three sat the Publicans, defending themselves from mediocrity and the snobbery of the Pharisees in box two. Frances Wardner played Mrs. Kennedy; Katie Buchanan, Mrs. Casper; Elizabeth White, Mrs. Gardiner; and Gwendolyne Foss, Mrs. Vail (Hurray for Mrs. Vail!). They all plied their rather savourless speeches efficiently. Friday Deininger and Althea Dwyer seemed to have little more to do than serve to explain to the audience that the matinee-goers were silly women. And we knew that already.

The second play, "Sabotage," by Helam W. Waleros and Pol d'Estoc, had inherent discrepancies. We wondered why Peter Jones, an electrician, should be living with Angie, his wife, and little Jim Jones, his son, in Paris. (The name Jones somehow just doesn't have about it the odour of Paris. We're qualified to express an opinion on that.) And we couldn't be induced to believe that the vernacular used by the characters ever had its parentage in France. In such cases it's always a comfort to be able to blame it on the translator of the play. "Sabotage" had all the grand guignol propensities, was of that little type of French horror play in which operations, knife-sharpening, and what not, take place on the stage. Perry Douglas as Peter Jones was the electrician, who dealt out to himself an unwitting irony when he made a playful use of his electrical talents and in the process became the murderer of his little garcon. Cecil Mattson took the part of the gruff Dr. Marks who was called in to attend the sick child. He treated the role with possibly more energy than subtlety. But we regarded his handling of the surgical scene as the best bit of acting in the play. The distressed and tremulous wife, Angie, was portrayed by Althea Dwyer. The play would have gathered more force had the stress been laid more on the horror of the situation and less on the sentimentality of it.

We objected to "Sabotage" as a play in itself, and wish to speak for the gibbetting of all plays dotted with such cliches as—"a little home all our own," "Breathe at any price," and "Don't you see I'm going crazy?" A pox on translations!

The third play, Alice Brown's "Joint Owners in Spain," won our own hearty approval from the first word spoken. The play has piquant lines, and the acting of them was enhanced by a gracious understanding of their piquancy by the actors. Edna Assenheimer and Katie Buchanan gave some inimitable little airs to the characterizations of Mrs. Dyer and Mrs. Blair, two assiduous old complainers in an Old Ladies' Home. We were overcome with the facility of virago diatribes thrown out at us from the stage by Katie Buchanan; and never did we doubt that she might not be Mrs. Blair but only Katie Buchanan dressed up in a ridiculous and lovable black-stringed hood. We were charmed by the droll, unending jeremiads of Mrs. Dyer and her "I-ain't-a-well-woman" tremolos. Edna Assenheimer should receive particular cheers for her discernment regarding the quaint toes-turned-out postures and laplessness of sedentary old ladies. Altogether we feel that Mrs. Assenheimer and Miss Buchanan were right as trivets in that appealing small play. May their shadows never be less! We liked what we were allowed to see of Ruth Peatey as Mrs. Fuller, another of the inmates. The slight role of Mrs. Mitchell, director of the Old Ladies' Home, was played decorously by Grace Gardner.

In ending we would compliment Miss Wilbur, director of the plays, for her discrimination, not only in the coaching of the Guild players, but also in the lighting and settings which seem to us to be no minor consideration in the persuasive presentation of amateur plays.

Classified Ads

LOST—Brown Topcoat in Campa Shoppe last Sunday. Trademark on inside of coat reading "Roos Bros., San Francisco." Call 565. Reward. n10-11-13

Theaters

Heilig: Last day—The sparkling comedy drama "Kosher Kitty Kelly." This picture, gay with the romances of a lovely Irish lass and a young Jewish girl.

Coming attractions—Starting a three-day run on November 15, "Laddie," Gene Stratton-Porter's monumental epic of the American family with John Bowers, Gene Stratton, Bess Flowers and David Torrence featured. "Bradleys the Magnificent," starring John Gilbert and Eleanor Boardman, is coming later.

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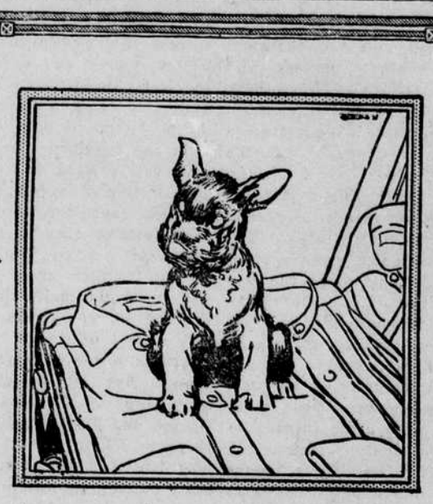

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OBAK WALLACE—Editor R. E. C. office dumbly
Volumn V Number 7

Hurrah For Hoboos

A study has been made of late in the school of Obak—why hobos leave home. One thesis for pastor's degree has already been written on this subject. After reading this over Obak has made the deduction that hobos are, this year, following the swallow (without handouts) to the south. Springfield, probably. But even at that, one can agree with the hobos there is no time like the summer time.

* * *

Ignorance

Some foolish and ignorant personage made the statement that 'ignorance is bliss'. A pious idea but isn't it better when you know just where to procure the best cup of coffee and the even better ham sandwich as cheer from the northerly winds which have been blowing about—nothing. Obak has them already for you.

* * *

Trained Men

The U. of O. team left on Armistice day for a big game with some farmer lads way up north. 'Twas said that they went in Pullman to Pullman—Can one believe that. Obak hardly thinks it logical but one can never tell and make final judgment—wait until their return.

Wise Smacks

Obak has been pondering upon a question which has brought much thought and with no result—why when a person or an imbecile makes an effort to wax clever and give a pun—the one to his right without fail, gives him a swattage in the arm. These swackages are more than even the best of pugilists could stand.

* * *

Men

What a subject to relate upon—A prof. was heard to say—not in Obak's school—that for psycology experimentation he would like some people as victims. He was quoted as saying that he wished sophomores and men. Why not put the second graders in this catagory?

* * *

Styles

The men's horrorary journalism tong got some new members—they appeared on the campus of the college on the hill—clad in soup and fishes which by afternoon looked well worn. One man was seen with frock coat and golf trousers—a word to the wise is sufficient. The Obak college will take up this far cry.