«Hey, Rube!»

BY WINIFRED JOHNSTON, '24

THE responsibility for the fierce battle royals accompanying the progress of old-time circuses through the provinces did not always rest with the circus followers.

Liveliest of all the “Hey Rube” scrambles of those long gone days were the encounters of the circus with college students. Here the students usually initiated the rough-and-tumble.

Old-time circus men now farming in the interior of Missouri still cherish the legend of a great victory over the students of the university of that state when the show passed through Columbia. Pawnee Bill likes to tell the story of a similar victory over the students at Princeton, when Cossacks and cowboys of the “Buffalo Bill’s Wild West and Pawnee Bill’s Great Far East” used lance and lasso to repel attempts of the Princetonians to “break up the show.”

Best of all such stories is the one told by Alton Hutchins of Coldwater, Michigan. The story is one of thirty years ago. Imagine “Hutch” telling it at a law students’ “keg party” in Ann Arbor that day, “Let’s go down early and see the parade,” suggested Zeke. So they jogged by as if the boys were not there. The calliope played its brazen tune. The clowns waved their handkerchiefs, threw their kerchiefs, made a general uproar. The wild animals looked from their cages on the crowd of men, women, and children. The empties rattled gaily down the street.

The lawyers tried their own aptitude at handsprings. They waved their handkerchiefs. They threw their hats in the air. They yoo-hooed and cat-called. The parade went on.

One of the boys, however, on his way to the new position had seen a sports store, its windows already dressed in Fourth of July fireworks. He had stopped to make a purchase. Now he arrived on the scene with some enormous giant cannons. When the elephants turned handsprings and twiddled their noses in the students’ faces. With sad boredom the wild animals looked from their cages on the crowd of men, women, and children. The empty cans out among them.

When the show played at Coldwater two days later, Hutch says he saw these

Here too the management had prepared for trouble. All except the lead and the last three were chained in pairs. The last three elephants carried women seated in howdahs. Hutch, who saw the parade two days later in Coldwater, said that there only the first of these elephants carried a man on his head. But in Ann Arbor each of the three carried a man. The women in the howdahs smiled, the boys waved and yoo-hooed, the elephants proceeded quietly on their way. It looked as if the law celebration was going to end in a complete wash-out.

But, outwitted as they had been so far, the boys had not yet despaired of seeing some excitement before the parade was over. Right here the procession had to double back on a street parallel to that on which it had come out. The boys rushed through intersecting streets to repeat their performance.

Hutch and the friends who had come to see him to the train had placed themselves on this street just in front of an alley which they had planned to use to get to the railroad station. On one side was a brick store building; on the other was a high board fence enclosing some residences. They saw the law students line up opposite them to repeat their program.

But the lawyers got no better results this time than before.

Along came the band. Along came the equestrians, a man paired with every woman. Along came the canvassmen leading the twenty-four horse team two by two. Along came the brawny-armed woman in her chariot, her head in the air, her eyes laughing at the disconcerted youngsters. Again the camels jogged by as if the boys were not there. The calliope played its brazen tune. The clowns turned handsprings and twiddled their noses in the students’ faces. With sad boredom the wild animals looked from their cages on the crowd of men, women, and children. The empties rattled gaily down the street.

The lawyers tried their own aptitude at handsprings. They waved their handkerchiefs. They threw their hats in the air. They yoo-hooed and cat-called. The parade went on.

One of the boys, however, on his way to the new position had seen a sports store, its windows already dressed in Fourth of July fireworks. He had stopped to make a purchase. Now he arrived on the scene with some enormous giant cannons. When the elephants rounded the corner—padding along softly on their cushioned feet, their little eyes shifting from side to side—the enterprising lawyer slid the lighted cannons out among them.

When the show played at Coldwater two days later, Hutch says he saw these

(TURN TO PAGE 31, PLEASE)
zoology has been given leave for the first semester.

Rupel J. Jones, new director of the university playhouse and the school of dramatic art, comes to Oklahoma this year from Millikin university, Decatur, Illinois, with the enthusiastic and wholehearted endorsement of Professor D. McCulin, professor of rhetoric at that school. In recommending the new director, he says, "Mr. Jones is a high grade man in dramatic work for colleges. With the best training our country affords, he goes into college dramatics with a high educational and artistic ideal. He does nothing shoddy. I should like to see him have a place in the best dramatic department in America. He is capable of a real contribution in this field."

Mr. Jones succeeds Prof Ray E. Holcombe who is doing advance research work at the University of Wisconsin. He attended Ohio university, Athens, Ohio, where he received the A. B. degree in 1919; Harvard university, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Ohio State university, Columbus, Ohio, where he received the M. A. degree in 1923; and Yale university, New Haven, Connecticut. In addition to formal graduate work he spent a year and half in the Whitney Studio of Dramatic Art in Boston where he devoted full time to the study of acting.

At Yale Mr Jones studied under the directorship of George P. Baker, known as the greatest influence in American dramatic life, having taught Josephine Preston Peabody, Philip Bary, Eugene O'Neill, Percy Mackaye and many others of world renown.

His work there included playwriting, scene designing and stage lighting. While at Yale he built a miniature lighting system which aroused considerable interest among the instructors and students.

Mr. Jones says of his work, "In spite of the fact that I design my scenery and help build it, plan the lighting and such things, my main interest is in the acting. Those other arts, of course, are very essential to a well-balanced play."

Mr. Jones' experience as a teacher has been varied. He was employed as a student assistant while working on his Master's degree at Ohio State university; began his first full time teaching in the high school of Hamilton, Ohio, where he was instructor of English, dramatics and public speaking; taught English at Ohio State university in 1922; directed dramatics and taught English and public speaking in Alabama Polytechnic institute, Auburn, Alabama, from 1923 to 1925; directed the dramatic department at James Millikin university, Decatur, Illinois, for four years before coming to the University of Oklahoma.

At Millikin university five unusual plays directed by Mr. Jones received outstanding recognition. They were Hatch-er Hughes' Hell Bent for Heaven, Shaw's Arms and the Man, Percy MacKaye's A Thousand Years Ago, Flavin's tragedy Children of the Moon and Capek's R. U. R. Mr Jones has chosen Children of the Moon by Martin Flavin for the enjoyment of the University Playhouse patrons this year. He plans to direct it himself. B. Atlax in the Decatur Review, March, 1931, says of the production at Millikin university, "Children of the Moon strikes us as one of the best ama-teur dramatic productions Decatur has ever witnessed. Certainly in their cli-max scene together in the second act Lucille Ryman and Lela Johnson achieved an artistry in dramatic expression seldom seen outside of the legitimate the-ater. And by legitimate theater we don't mean stock or second companies, but the theater of Broadway and Randolph street."

The University Playhouse season will open during November with the produc-tion of Number Seventeen, the English play by J. Jefferson Farjeon, under the direction of Professor John Dunn. Pro-fessor Dunn was stage manager for this mystery-comedy while studying at the University of Iowa a few years ago.

If it is at all possible the University Playhouse plans to produce Berkeley Square but if permission is not available it is planned to substitute with Death Takes A Holiday. Other plays under consideration for the season are Mice and Men, O'Neal's Anna Christie, Molnar's Lilion, Shaw's Arms and the Man, Ca-pek's R. U. R., Collock's The Fool and The Enemy.

GREAT PROSPECTS
A TOUGH SCHEDULE

(continued from page 19)

and Ellstrom can placckick while Dunlap is a fair drop-kicker. Warren and Pansze are neat safeties while Massad, Maloney, Ellstrom and Hoyle are line-backers who may be relied upon to pro-ect their territory with fine tackling fury.

So Oklahoma has the material this year although unfortunately the best part of it is sophomore material, another reason the Sooners will probably lose some games this season.

But give Coaches Lindsey and Luster another year and watch them go. The Sooners of 1931 look like the school's best squad of the past decade but barring some unlooked-for calamity the Sooners of 1932 should be even better.

elephants stage a sham battle, shoot can-nons, carry wounded men out of the ring, and otherwise appear perfectly in-different to all that noisy confusion. But this was something different. They never had had giant cannons exploded under their feet during a parade, and when those cannons started popping among them on that paved street, those twenty-six elephants broke loose and looked for the nearest exit.

Those chained together turned and went down the street, sweeping trees and gateposts and destroying lawns and gar-dens. Before them the crowd scattered wildly.

The girls in the howdahs on the last three elephants lost no time getting out and sliding down the tails of their mounts to safety.

The old she-elephant who acted as lead was just in front of Hutch and his gang when the first cannon exploded. Her little eyes saw the opening of the alley and she let out a blat and headed toward it.

Ole Oleson and Zeke Shoecraft saw her coming and tried to beat her to it. Ole was a big Swede. When he got to the high board fence he reached up to the top of it and went over. That was too hard for little fat Zeke. He kept going down the alley until he looked around and saw the elephant gaining on him. Then he too found wings and someway scrambled over.

The first rush had left Hutch stand-ing alone on the curb, holding his suitcase in his hand. He was laughing at the sight of Zeke making that high board fence when he heard another blat, looked up, and saw an elephant as big as two mountains headed toward him. The elephant's huge ears were spread wildly. His trunk was in the air, and it was moving fast.

Hutch moved too. Behind him was a barbed wire stretched across the yard to keep people off the lawn. With one leap he got on the other side of that fence, threw himself against the door and latch-ed it, while the Polish woman raised a can-non and aimed it at his face. Hutch was thrown in from the alley. Like a flash the freshman threw his suitcase through the hole, and then himself in after it. He landed in the shed just about the time a Polish woman with three children ran into it through the door opening from the street. Hutch threw himself against the door and latch-ed it, while the Polish woman raised a sudden cry that she had lost her son.

About that time the whole shed was lifted right off the ground and moved
over about two feet. The elephant had rushed through the yard between it and the house.

After the whirlwind had passed and things outside began to quiet down, Hutch collected his suitcase and the woman her three children and they all went out to look for her lost son. A young tree had been knocked down by the elephant’s rush and the yard looked as if a small cyclone had swept through it. But they found the boy under the doorstep of the house, safe but scared to speechlessness.

There were a lot of people who had enough parade that day to last them awhile. Elephants ran rampant through the streets of Ann Arbor for some half hour. Then a trainer got on the old she-elephant; she rounded the others up in a square, hit them a thump with her trunk that could be heard half a mile; and all of them went back to the lot meek as lambs. The show opened at two-thirty as usual.

Hutch took a late train home.

Two days later the show came to Coldwater, and he went down to see the parade. He had his girl with him and he was a little doubtful whether he should stay to see the elephants go by. When the twenty-six came along he turned away his head. But he wasn’t entirely comfortable. He had heard a lot about the elephant’s long memory. He was a little afraid that the one that chased him into the woodshed might recognize him from the back.

Belles lettres and bell ringers

Oil well completion


Oil Well Completion and Operation by H. C. George places under one cover a wealth of authoritative material of inestimable value to the practical oil operator and at the same time enlightening to the layman on many of the problems peculiar to the oil industry. Professor George has avoided as far as possible the use of technical terms in discussing the equipment and methods used in completing oil wells and producing or lifting oil to the surface. Introductory materials on types and characteristics of oil sands, coring tests and drilling methods are illustrated by means of photographs and drawings which are described in the text. The whole of the book is particularly well illustrated.

This is the first piece of work of its kind and it is destined to fill a great need. It holds an authoritative place in its field through the co-operative agreement between the United States bureau of mines and the state of Oklahoma.

Professor George places at the disposal of the reader some of the valuable things which he has observed and compiled as consulting engineer for the United States bureau of mines, as a widely experienced student of oil field operations and as director of the school of petroleum engineering of the University of Oklahoma. He is a successful author in the general field of petroleum engineering having written several books of a technical nature in that field.

Edward C. Petty

Oklahoma poets

Among university graduates whose work has been selected by Dr B. A. Botkin, assistant professor of English, for inclusion in Southwest Poets, an anthology for high schools (The Economy Co., Oklahoma City, $1) are John McClure, '15 arts-sc., Muna Lee, ex '12, a contributing editor of The Sooner Magazine, Kenneth C. Kaufman, '16 arts-sc., M. A. '19, Lynn Riggs, ex '22, Maurice W. Kelley, '27 arts-sc., William Cunningham, '25 arts-sc., and Paul Eldridge, '19 arts-sc.

Quoted

The first edition of Hawthorne Blossoms, a volume of poetry by Althea Bass, M. A. '21, has been exhausted and a new edition is being brought out by Bruce Humphries, the publisher. “Travelling Salesman,” a poem from the collection, was recently quoted in the Literary Digest.

This publication deals with the equipment and methods used in completing oil wells and with the equipment and methods used in producing or lifting oil to the surface. It includes a description of ordinary well equipment and production practice, and discusses the means of detecting various production troubles, their causes and effects, and methods of prevention and remedy. Mechanical difficulties encountered in producing oil and the troubles resulting from conditions within the sand and the formations penetrated in drilling also are discussed. This book represents work done under a co-operative agreement between the United States Bureau of Mines and the State of Oklahoma.

Quarto. 229 pages. $3.00 plus 15c postage.

Order from your bookstore or

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS
NORMAN