

Reveille

Robert Eddy

Chem. E. '40



The sleeping-porch in a fraternity house, 6:45 a. m. All windows thrown wide-open. Double-deck beds line the walls.

(Curtain)

Freshman: (Opens door to dormitory and tiptoes softly in. Glances around and mumbles to himself.) Well, it's a quarter of seven, time to start calling them; that's what they said. I wonder who I ought to call first? Gosh, I wish one of the other fellows had to be the first call-boy of the year. (Looks around hesitatingly, then approaches one bed, where a meek-looking active is sleeping peacefully.) Good morning, John! Good morning, sir! (Active moves slightly.) I said, good morning to you, sir.

First Active: Hmmm!

Freshman: (Looks around for another subject, hesitates, and at last crosses the room to look into an upper bunk.) I say, sir, don't you think it's time to get up?

Second Active: (Sleepily.) What?

Freshman: I said, don't you think it's time to get up?

Second Active: (Very decisively.) No!

Freshman: (Bewildered, looks down in the lower bed. Shakes occupant rather timidly.) Good morning, sir. It is now fifteen minutes before seven. You had better get up . . . don't you think?

Third Active: (Groaning and sitting up in bed.) Freshman, don't ever touch me when you call me. Do you think I'm that hard to waken? We'll let it ride this time, but don't let it happen again.

Freshman: I beg your pardon, sir; it won't happen again, sir, I promise you. (Goes over to another bed, looks at a rather large man occupying it.) Time to get up. It is time to get up, sir. (No response, so the freshman attempts to waken the man

in the upper part of the same bed. This time he meets with fair success, and the active sits up.)

Fourth Active: Good morning, my little man. What is on the menu for breakfast this morning?

Freshman: I don't know, sir.

Fourth Active: Don't know! Well, don't ever bother to call me in the morning without first finding out what we have for breakfast. Did you call Joe? He's down below me here.

Freshman: Yes, sir, I tried to call him, but he didn't seem to notice me.

Fourth Active: Well, use your head . . . shake him a little bit. He has an eight o'clock class; it would be just too bad for you if he slept through it.

Freshman: (Shakes man in lower part of bed. Timidly at first, but growing bolder as his efforts apparently have no effect.) Come on, Joe, it's time to get up. Look at that old sun pouring in the window. (No response from active except a grunt or two. After trying in vain for a minute or two more, the freshman disgustedly strides out into the middle of the room, and bellows.) Come on, you lazy bunch of hicks. What do you think I am, a slave? Get out of those beds!

All Actives: (Sitting up in beds with one harmonious motion, and glaring at freshman, who looks bewildered and starts to leave the room.) Freshman, fetch a board!

(Curtain)

Fourteen

Jean Austin

I. S. '39

BREATHING in short, quick jerks to keep out the smell of medicine, Sarah backed slowly toward the door, her eyes fixed intently on Mom's sallow face. When the hinges squeaked, the taller of the two doctors looked around as if to say, "Aren't you gone yet, Fourteen?" Then Sarah turned and fled blindly to the kitchen.

The dishes had dried too much during the hour since break-