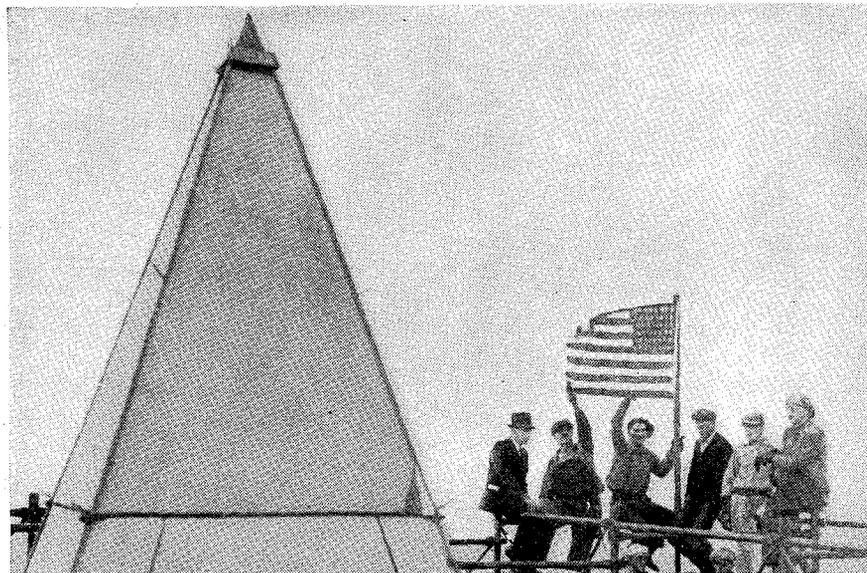


A Bath for the Washington Monument

For the First Time in Its History the Shaft Dedicated to the Father of His Country Is Undergoing a Real "Dressing Down"

By CHESTER T. CROWELL



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Old Glory atop the scaffolding built around the Washington Monument for the work of repairing and refurbishing the great shaft

Brave women and jittery men look at the Washington Monument nowadays and quickly turn away. It is a sight making the diaphragm taut. Nonchalance is almost impossible. The Washington Monument, in case you haven't heard the news, is having its first bath. The contracting company has erected a spider-web of steel tubes around the Monument, reaching all the way to the top.

Until you have seen this web, you can not imagine what it does to your nerves. After all, the Monument is only 555 feet, 5 inches high, but with that spider-web around it, you can imagine it interfering with the course of the moon.

There are several high spots in New York City which could scoff at 555 feet, 5 inches, but they don't sit, as the Washington Monument does, in the center of a park of forty-one acres. You can see the Washington Monument on any day, and from any direction.

Both the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia System sent staff men to the top of the Monument recently to make broadcasts. Neither was very exciting, because there was nothing more to be seen from there now than last year, but the Monument has been rediscovered. Going to the top of it suddenly seemed perilously adventuresome. Nearly 12,000,000 people already have been to the top of the Monument; more are going now than ever before.

The washing of the Monument is not the most important work now under way; new mortar is being placed where weather has worn the old mortar away. The whole job will cost a little short of \$100,000, the money having been supplied by the PWA. Experts state that the repair job now being done will last for a century, at least.

Incidentally, most people think the Washington Monument is much older than it is. The first Congress discussed erecting

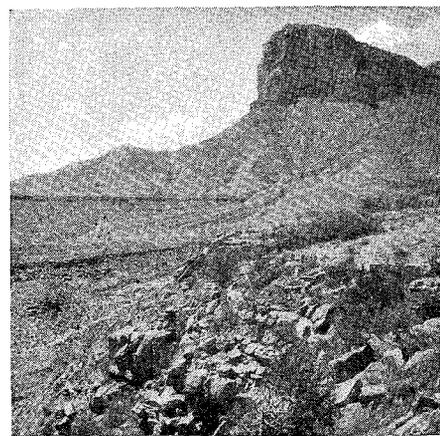
it, also having in mind that at its base should be a mausoleum for George Washington, but his heirs declined to give permission for the removal of the body of the First President from Mount Vernon.

The hazy idea of a great monument drifted around Washington until 1830 before it was reduced to blue-prints. Even after that, the corner-stone was not laid until July 4, 1848. The dedication did not take place until 1885. The centennial of the birth of George Washington seemed to provide the proper incentive for the building of the Monument, and John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, organized a national campaign to raise the requisite funds. His committee collected a total of \$85,000. There were other committees, and other campaigns, but the grand total was \$300,000. The total cost was \$1,187,710, and all above the \$300,000 raised by public subscription was appropriated by Congress.

There is a general impression that the Monument has been constructed of the finest stones from all of the States, but this is not true. One hundred and seventy-nine stones have been contributed by cities, counties, and States, and a few foreign countries, but the bulk of the Monument is constructed of New England granite surfaced with Maryland marble. The upper sixty feet of the Monument is marble.

The aluminum tip was not set on the capstone until December 6, 1884, and formal dedication did not take place until Washington's Birthday in 1885. Congress was troubled by the fact that as late as 1855 the Monument was only 155 feet high, but it did not authorize completion until 1876.

The Monument became a danger to aviators in 1930, and four red lanterns were hung out, one on each side. In November, 1931, it was flood-lighted, and has been ever since. Now it is a beacon visible for thirty to fifty miles.



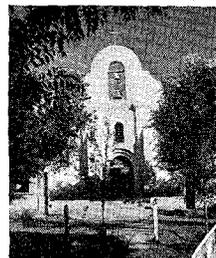
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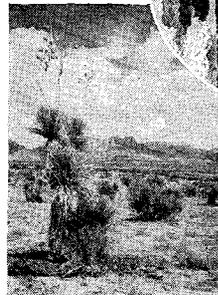
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Undergraduates Look at Their Game

Student Sports-Writers at Stanford and Yale Take Inventory on College Football—Stanford Reigns on the Pacific Coast, the Big Three Tradition Survives at New Haven

The tide of football's empire has swept westward to California gridirons. Princeton in the East has turned against the tide, struggling to revive the tradition that was the Big Three, that was football. Football's alumni play more important rôles than the game's undergraduates in the ebb and flow of football fortunes. But it is interesting to look at the game through the eyes and pens of undergraduates, to discover if there is discouragement, realization, disillusionment—or still the exhilaration that sweeps the campus that owns a winning team.

Stanford Races for the Rose Bowl

By MILLARD BROWNE

THE once invincible Trojan of the University of Southern California has finally been sent to the showers as far as mastery of the Pacific Coast football situation is concerned. But the Far Western Gridiron Empire was not destined to remain in a state of anarchy long before a new dynasty seized the throne. This new monarch of football on the Pacific slope, who has risen from a tottering, oft-challenged ruler in name only, to a position of complete dictatorship, is none other than the "Big Red Machine" of Stanford University.

Overwhelmingly favored to hold the throne against the single invasion that stands between them and the bid to play in the Rose Bowl game in Pasadena on New Year's Day, the Indians of Stanford radiate confidence for their annual Big Game with California this Saturday.

Stanford has completely taken over all the glory that was old Troy's—the Redskins were directly responsible for starting Southern California on her downward slide. On Armistice Day, 1933, eleven smooth, but unproved, Indians made their first claim to greatness by defeating the supposedly unbeatable Trojans, 13-7. From then on, U. S. C. raced toward the cellar in national standings.

It is a new Stanford that has taken over the supremacy of the Western gridiron. It is a Stanford with a new coach, a new spirit, a partially new system, and a new quality of material. Glenn S. (Pop) Warner's last season, 1932, was one that included four defeats and one tie. But when Claude E. (Tiny) Thornhill took over the coaching work, he found a winning spirit and a cooperative student body.

Thornhill's personality and attitude had much to do with the sudden success of Stanford. As line coach under Warner, Thornhill was always popular with the players and students. He is the type of teacher who is "just a pal" to his team; he will wrestle in a friendly manner with the players during the hardest week of practice, but they never fail to know when he is serious. "Tiny" gives the impression of being fully confident of his squad's abilities, but he never makes a play to the grandstand. He is pleased with this team.

"It has as good a line as any we've ever had, and a more versatile backfield than any I've seen," he commented.

Stanford has two men widely mentioned as probable all-American choices—Bobby Grayson, fullback, and Jim (Monk) Moscrip, end. Both of these players are "naturals." Grayson is consistently the best ground gainer among the Stanford backs, and he adds tackling and pass-defense prowess to his offensive powers.

Just as Stanford's scoring is largely due to Grayson, the opposition's touchdown famine has been due considerably to the vicious tackling, speed, and intelligent play of Moscrip. The spirited end has, as a side-line, developed an uncanny accuracy in place-kicking.

Because of the publicity given Grayson and Moscrip, Bob Hamilton and Frank Alustiza, two other Indian backfield men, have been highly underrated. Their blocking is largely what makes Grayson's running plays go, and either of them would be the ball-carrying star of a team that did not include the "Portland Boomer."

Altho Stanford possesses her stars, the clicking of the team as a whole is the main factor in the Cardinal success. Eight of the eleven first string men this fall have played as a unit since the start of their freshman season two years ago.

Thornhill uses essentially a Warner system, but he has modified it considerably to fit the abilities of a particularly adept backfield combination. His team employs more straight power and less of the intricate trickery that made the Warner game famous. Line play, both offensively and defensively, has been practically flawless, and the running attack, in the words of Jimmy Phelan, whose Washington team was routed by the Indians on November 10, "is the best I have ever seen."

Of the eleven men that started and lost in the Rose Bowl game last year, nine were back to begin practice this season, not as untried sophomores, but as veterans.

Stanford is still building. Ten members of the regular first team will be back for the 1935 campaign, and reserves will be at least two deep in every position. The Big Red Machine should go down as one of the truly great teams in the annals of the gridiron. January 1, 1936, is judgment day.

Tradition Survives in Yale Bowl

By SHACKELFORD BAUER

Two bands will play "Boola boola" and "Harvard, Fair Harvard" once again in the Yale Bowl this Saturday when Blue and Crimson teams meet—again the rolling waves of colors, throngs of spectators standing in line for last-minute tickets. But something will be missing—the Pomp and Circumstance of former years.

For many years Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, the Big Three, were synonymous with football supremacy. A game between two of these teams was bound to produce more than the usual amount of excitement. But this year's Yale-Harvard contest repre-



Wide World photographs

Stanford's No. 22, Bobby Grayson, in action—reminiscent of a certain "No. 77," of Illinois, ten years ago