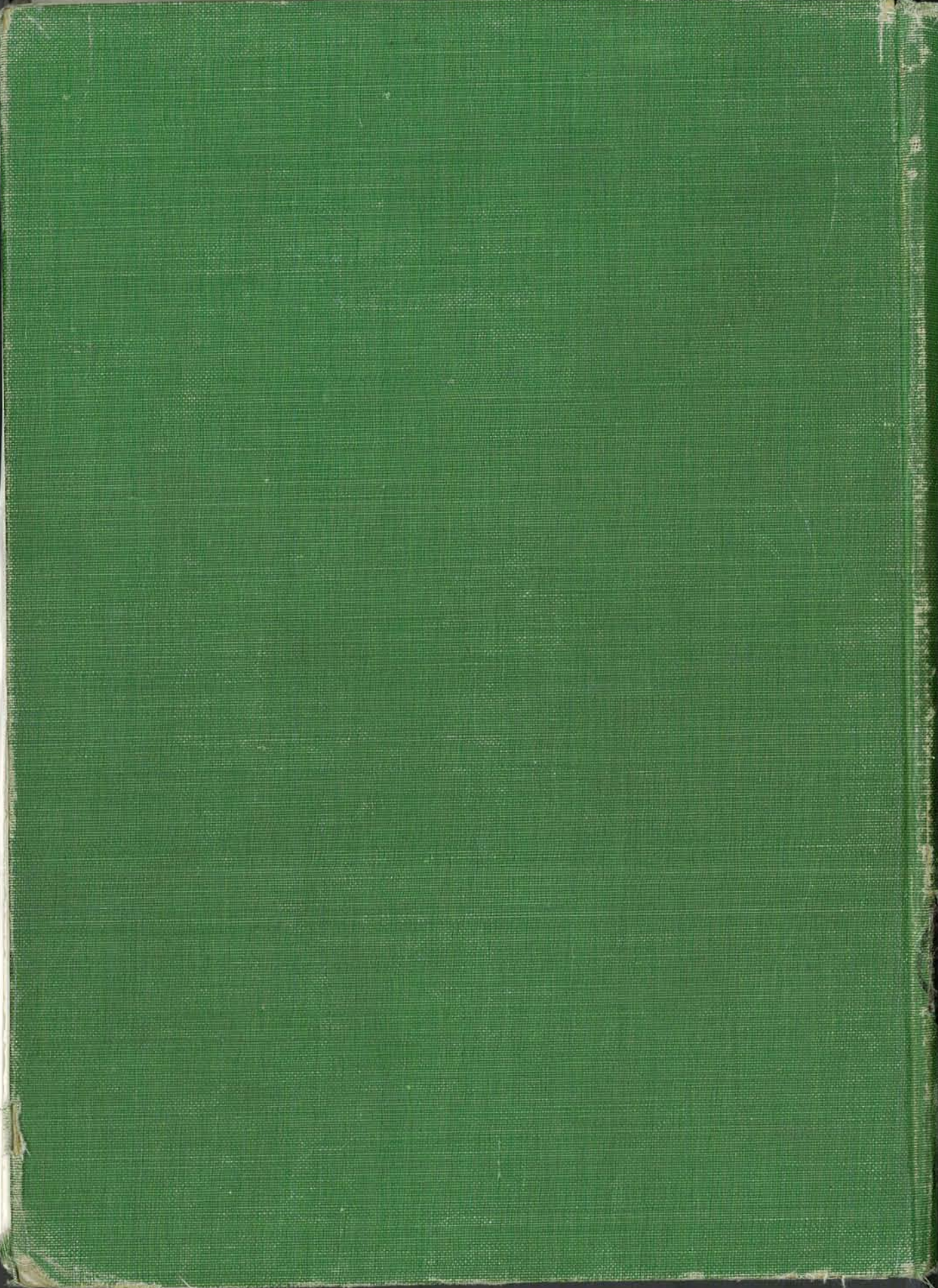


OREGANA
1910





THE 1910 OREGANA

Published Annually by the
JUNIOR CLASS
in the interests of the
University of Oregon



EUGENE, OREGON
MAY 14, 1909



ALUMNI

CAMPAIGN



COMMITTEE



HOMER I. KEENEY
LEWIS R. ALDERMAN

CLIFTON N. MCARTHUR

ALLEN H. EATON
HOMER D. ANGELL

DEDICATION



THE University but lately emerged from a very dangerous crisis. The biennial appropriation of \$250,000 which was granted by the Legislature of 1907 by a large majority and was then vetoed by the late Governor Chamberlain, who pretended to be such a friend of the University, was held up by a referendum movement brought by certain individuals who seemingly had no use for higher education.

Then was a time of trial for the University. Members of the Faculty served without pay, lights were not available for the new library building, the girl's dormitory stood unfinished, and the campus had to be neglected. Class rooms were crowded, yet everyone made the best of the unavoidable conditions. The outlook for "Old Oregon" was indeed gloomy, and apprehension filled every heart.

And then the tide turned. From that time on, when the Alumni Campaign Committee came forward and took the helm in the approaching storm, everything was changed. Before where there had been chaos and confusion, were now to be found order and discipline. Definite plans for a strenuous campaign were formed. Speeches were made in centers of population, debates were held with the leaders of the opposition, and students sent appeals to their home counties for aid in the coming struggle.

Soon the climax was at hand. Nervously we waited for the returns from the polls and then when the result was known and victory perched upon our banners, ensued the greatest celebration ever indulged in by the University. Higher education had won a glorious battle and Oregon was not to be a center of mossbackism.

Again let us state that the forces mostly responsible for the successful fight were the members of the Alumni Campaign Committee. They labored unceasingly day and night, often neglecting their business and endangering their healths, but ever toiling for the institution they loved. In them was the devotion of the graduate for his Alma Mater truly typified. And it is with a deep feeling of satisfaction that the Class of 1910 takes this opportunity of recognizing their effective efforts and dedicates this book to the Alumni Campaign Committee.

OREGANA STAFF



WILSON C. NICHOLS
FARENIGS '3



RUTH DINNWAY
PUBLICATIONS



CLARENCE A. STEEL
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION



CARY V. LOOSELY
BUSINESS MAN



WOODROW R. CHAPMAN
ASST. BUS. MAN



OLIVER B. HURDLE
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



BEN WILLIAMS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR ATHLETICS



ROY C. TERRY
LAWYER AND MEDICAL SCHOOLS



HARPER JAHNSRUD
JUNIOR-TELETYPE



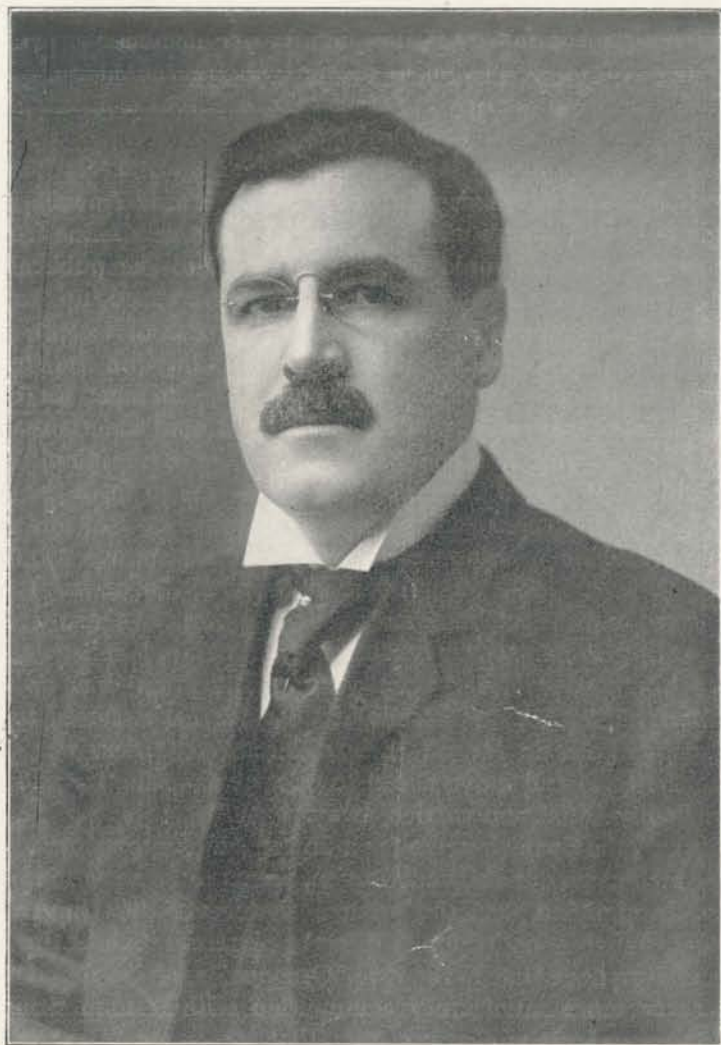
HAROLD DALZELL
ALUMNI

OREGANA



SOON after being chosen to put out the Junior Annual for the year of 1909 the editorial staff found that a new name from any previously used would have to be given to the publication of the Class of 1910. The old name of Webfoot used up to three years ago had come into disrepute owing to the rise of violent opposition in different quarters to its use in any connection with the state, the claim being advanced that such was a poor advertisement for Oregon because it inferred that we have a much larger rainfall than is really the case. We object to the name "Bulletin" because we think that a College Annual should not be a mere catalogue setting forth the advantages of the University, (the college authorities take care of this department) but should be a chronicle of the year's happenings around the campus; a review of the triumphs (and defeats if necessary) of our representatives in different lines, and just recognition of those who have labored to bring honor to the walls of their beloved college mother. The name "Beaver" given to last year's publication was an especially good one, but since our friends at Corvallis have chosen to adopt the sobriquet wholesale for all their different activities, we will let them have the term and move ahead to one we think better and which cannot be bodily lifted and carried away.

"Oregana", the Spanish name for a flower which grows on our coast and from which came our beloved Oregon, seems to be very appropriate. By its use is signified that the volume represents the University of Oregon, and that this institution is directly representative of the people of the state. We hope that in the title "Oregana" we have found a name that will carry more satisfactory connotation with it than would any of the old ones. It is our urgent plea that the name "Oregana" will become a permanent fixture in the University of Oregon.



PRESIDENT P. L. CAMPBELL

THE UNIVERSITY



THE University opens wide its doors with a hearty welcome to those who are this spring graduating from the high schools and academies of the state. The transition from the high school to the University should be as simple and natural as the transition from the grammar grades to the high school. It is all one public educational system, and the interest of the state, as well as of the individual, lies in having the most complete use made of all the opportunities offered by the entire system. It may almost be said that the years increase geometrically in value as the student climbs upward. His horizons broaden through narrow local limits and extend to the entire world.

The University admits without examination students who have completed the four year course in an accredited high school. The work of the twenty-three departments is then open to him from which to select his major subject. About a third of his work will be done in this major and the balance will be almost wholly elective. Information and advice in the selection of subjects will be freely at his command from his major professor, but the ultimate responsibility for selection is entirely his own. He must make one hundred and twenty-eight semester hours for graduation, of which eight semester hours are required work in the gymnasium. Each semester he takes fifteen hours of class work, of which he must pass at least nine successfully in order to remain in the University during the next semester.

It is the policy of the University to throw responsibility early on the student, in order that the development of his individuality may be stimulated and strengthened from the first. But he is not left without abundant friendly counsel and assistance to help him find his way in times of doubt.

The students of the University are serious and earnest in their work. Many of them are largely or wholly making their own way, and they have no time to waste. There is no extravagance in living, and the whole student spirit is extremely democratic. Honors are won wholly on character and ability. No one cares to ask more than of what kind of stuff you are made and what you can do.

The work of the University has developed rapidly within the past few years. The gain in student enrollment the present year has been about thirty-five per cent, bringing the number in the strictly collegiate departments up to 550. The new continuing appropriation of \$125,000 per year, which was sustained by popular vote at the polls last June, is broadening the range of the University's activities and adding largely to the efficiency of the work already undertaken. The budget now contains a fixed appropriation of \$10,000 per year for the purchase of books for the Library, and a like sum this year set aside of additional departmental equipment. A new recitation building was completed this fall, and plans are now being drawn for a new dormitory for women and for a new gymnasium. Additions have also been made to the Faculty to meet the needs created by expanding departments and increased enrollment.

The state is supporting the University for the benefit of the young men and women who are anxious to prepare themselves to accomplish the most in life. No ambitious son or daughter of Oregon, blessed with good health and the right determination, need despair of securing the benefits of a university training when so much in the way of opportunity is freely offered.

P. L. CAMPBELL.





FEDERAL JUDGE ROBERT S. BEAN
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS
FOR SIXTEEN YEARS

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HON. SAMSON H. FRIENDLY

SCHOOL OF LAW



THE School of Law which is situated in Portland offers a three year's course of nine months each. The course has been changed from a two year course so as to place the school on a more equal basis with the Eastern Law Schools. The location of the school in Portland enables its students to attend the courts, some of which are always in session, and to secure a position in one of the city's numerous law offices and thus become familiar with the office routine of a lawyer.

The lectures are delivered in the Multnomah County Court House in the evenings, so as to allow the students to attend the courts, or work during the day. The faculty is composed of sixteen lecturers among whom are numbered several of the leading lawyers and most of the leading jurists of Oregon, including Hon. Wm. B. Gilbert and Hon. Chas. E. Wolverton of the federal courts and the four judges of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the Fourth Judicial District. The attendance of the Law School is undergoing a healthy growth, as is shown by the fact that there are twenty per cent more students registered this year than last.

Upon those students who finish the course and pass the required written examinations, the degree of Bachelor of Laws is conferred.

MEDICAL SCHOOL



THE School of Medicine of the University of Oregon was established in 1887 and is a graded school, requiring from its students as a condition of graduation, attendance upon four years of lectures of at least seven and one-half months in a recognized medical school. Its own regular session is of seven and one-half months, divided equally into two semesters. The first commencing September 15 and ending January 12, the second commencing January 13 and ending May 1.

The location of the college in Portland enables the regents to secure the services of the best professional talent in the state as instructors. The college building, situated on the corner of Twenty-third and Lovejoy Streets, is furnished with the latest appliances, especial attention being paid to laboratory equipment. Its close proximity to the hospitals, being across the street from the Good Samaritan Hospital and only a short distance from the St. Vincent's Hospital, makes the didactic and clinical instruction very convenient. The faculty consists of sixteen professors, fourteen lecturers, eight laboratory assistants, and five clinical assistants. The attendance this year is seventy-six, divided as follows among the different classes: Freshmen, twenty-one; Sophomores, twenty; Juniors, nineteen; Seniors, fifteen; and Special, one.

The four year's pre-medical course given at Eugene is intended for those anticipating a course in medicine and enables the student to graduate with the degree of M. D. after three years at Portland, provided he holds a Bachelor's Degree, and provided he can satisfy the professors of the chairs in question in the medical school as to his proficiency in the first year medical studies. One full scholarship and two half scholarships are open to graduates of the University of Oregon, having a Bachelor's Degree of not more than two year's standing.

The college has in its gift eight hospital appointments each year, of house surgeons; five to the Good Samaritan and three to St. Vincent's hospitals. An excellent opportunity is thus afforded to the graduate to acquire, without expense, practical knowledge by clinical experience and actual practice.

CLASSES





FRESHMAN OFFICERS

WENDALL BARBOUR, PRESIDENT
ERMA CLIFFORD, SECRETARY

LUCIA CAMPBELL, VICE-PRESIDENT
REX TURNER, TREASURER

ARTHUR MEANS, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS



SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

ARTHUR M. GEARY, PRESIDENT
JULIET CROSS, SECRETARY

FERDINAND HENKLE, VICE-PRESIDENT
CHARLES W. ROBINSON, TREASURER
FERDINAND STRUCK, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS



RALPH M. DODSON, PRESIDENT
RUTH DUNIWAY, SECRETARY

JUNIOR OFFICERS

PEARL HAWTHORNE, VICE-PRESIDENT
CHAUNCEY CUNNING, TREASURER
ARTHUR VAN DUSEN, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

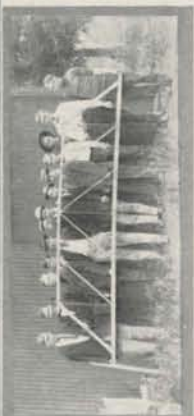
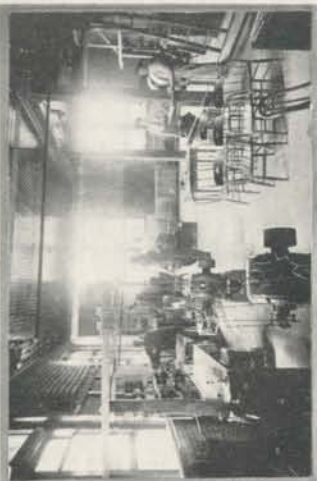


JESSE H. BOND, PRESIDENT
OLIVIA RISLEY, SECRETARY

SENIOR OFFICERS

CORNELIUS BEEBE, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

BESS GALLOGLY, VICE-PRESIDENT
HAROLD MERRYMAN, TREASURER



STUDENT
ENTERPRISES



Student-Body Officers



THOMAS R. TOWNSEND PRESIDENT



J. LLOYD WOOD VICE-PRES.



MERNA HARDING SECRETARY



HOWARD C. BROWN COMMITTEEMAN-AT-LARGE



ORMOND R. BEAM COMMITTEEMAN-AT-LARGE

C

The Executive Committee



CONTROL of all student affairs with the exception of athletics, is vested in an Executive Committee. Comprising this committee are the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of the Student-Body and two members at large elected from the Associated Students. Regular monthly meetings are held throughout the year. Student-Body officers are elected annually in May.

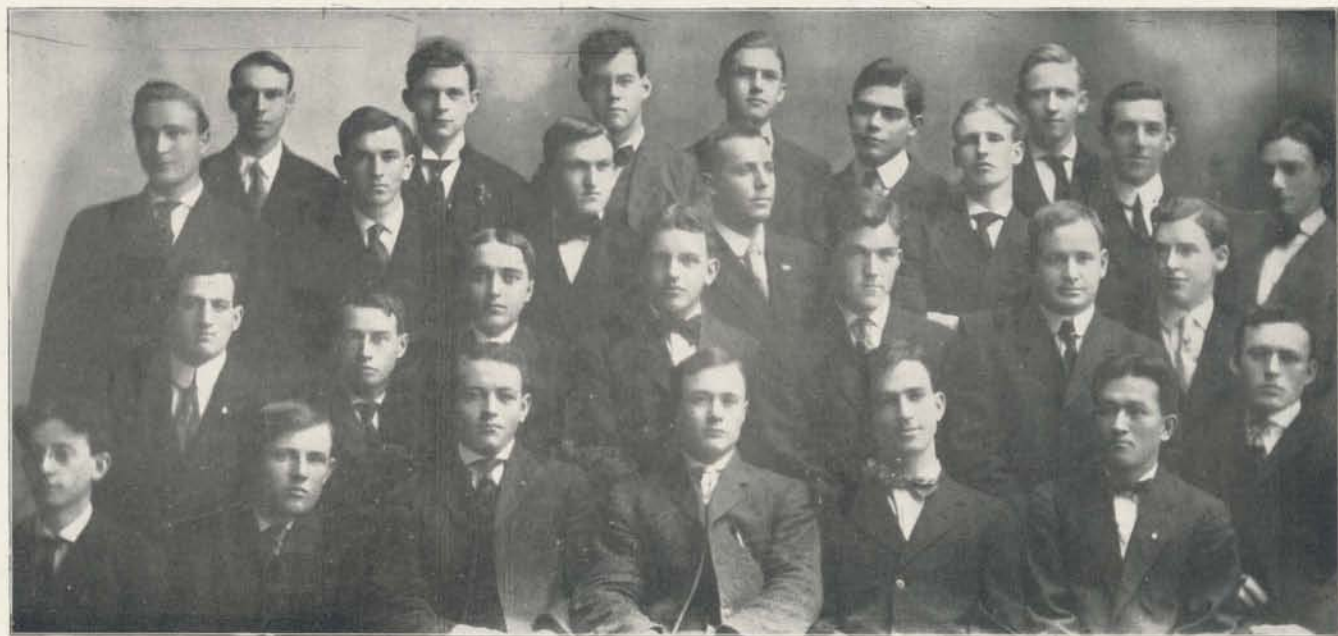
The members of the Committee for the year 1908-09 are:

Thomas R. Townsend, President.

J. LeRoy Wood, Vice-President.

Nieta Harding, Secretary.

Ormond R. Bean and Harvard C. Moore, Members-at-large.



President, Harold A. Dalzell
Secretary, Charles W. Koyl.

Vice-President, Harold J. Rounds
Treasurer, C. Adolph Osterholm

The Y. M. C. A.



JOHN R. MOTT visited the University of Oregon in February, 1892, and under the direction of this man of international fame the Young Men's Christian Association came into life. The purpose of the organization was to carry out the object which is the goal of similar organizations in nearly every university and college in our land, namely of encouraging and promoting Christian work, Christian living, and Christian ideals in the student life.

Prof. F. S. Dunn, then a student in the University, was the choice of the nineteen charter members for their first president. Under his leadership an effort was made to fill the gap which exists in the curricula of all state universities for spiritual development. Bible classes were organized and a devotional meeting was arranged for each week. Since that time the work has been extended to cover various other functions. Systematic Bible study still remains as a foundation for the other work and this year nearly half of the men in the University have been enrolled in these study courses. The devotional meetings which are now held on Friday evenings in Deady Hall give the men a chance to hear many prominent speakers on live topics. Classes are conducted in the study of Missions for those interested in this line. A free book exchange is placed at the disposal of the students in the office of the Association in the Men's Dormitory. The General Secretary, who gives his entire time to the work of the Association, conducts a free employment bureau for the students who wish to get remunerative work. A Committee on Extension has charge of the Boys' Clubs of the city and directs the younger minds in the proper channels.

It is the policy of the Y. M. C. A. to meet at the trains, as far as possible, every man who comes to the University in the Fall; to supply him with the Association hand-book and assist him in getting settled; to help him in registering, and to be of any other personal assistance which opportunity offers. On the first Friday of the Fall semester the Stag Social gives the men a chance to get acquainted with each other before the joint Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Reception to all new students. Various other social occasions are held during the year.

The Association greeting is: "Come and be one of us."



The Y. W. C. A.



THE Young Women's Christian Association, organized at the University in 1894, stands for all that is highest and noblest in a woman's life; it stands for the all round development of Christian women in the University in attaining the highest standard of usefulness in life. It believes in good scholarship and yet it does not believe in it to the extent of excluding all pleasure and all culture for body and soul.

The Association holds regular meetings every Tuesday afternoon. Very frequently members of the Faculty or outside speakers give interesting talks, and at other times topics of vital importance to the college student are discussed by the members. Social events are held at intervals throughout the year giving the girls more opportunity to become acquainted, and to share the pleasures of college life.

At the opening of the first semester, Association members meet the trains and pilot new students to their boarding places and also help them when they are registering. There are Bible study and Mission study classes, which are taught by strong leaders and which are open to all girls.

Every year there is a Northwest Conference attended by delegates from the colleges of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana, which affords a delightful as well as helpful ten days to dozens of college women. Last year there were nine delegates from the U. of O. In order to keep up with the corresponding growth of the University there should be a much larger delegation this year.

The members are hopefully looking forward to the time when they can have a resident secretary who will devote part or all of her time to the needs of the work. To this end a strong campaign will be made this Spring.

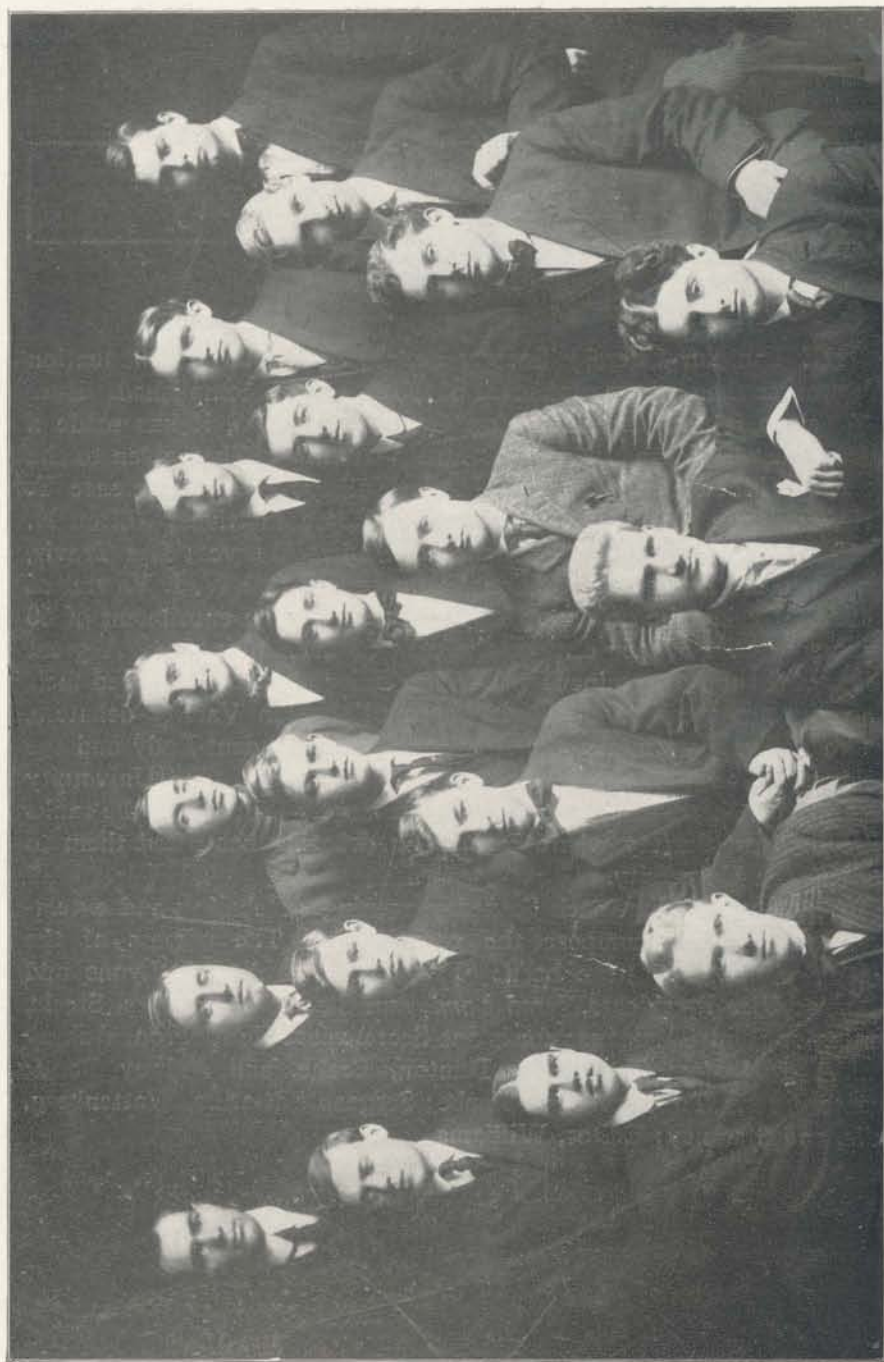


The Laurean Society



THE Laurean Literary Society desires no words of extenuation other than a bare statement of what it has accomplished. Ever since it was established on October 27, 1876, it has made a glorious record. Some of the prominent men which it has given to the state are; United States Senator B. F. Mulkey; Judge Lawrence T. Harris, one time Speaker of the House of Representatives; Clifton N. McArthur, Speaker of the late House of Representatives; Lee Travis, Delegate to the Democratic National Convention; and W. I. Vawter of Medford. During the present year the society has an enrollment of 60 members or over 17 per cent of the men of the University. A great number of the more prominent men in the University have received their training in the Laurean Society. Seven of the ten Varsity debaters, the two University orators, the President of the Student-Body and the Presidents of each of the four classes are Laureans. The University orators and debaters of the past have been largely taken from the ranks of the Laurean Society where practice in debating has fitted them to represent the University.

The Laureans meet each Saturday evening. Debating and extemporaneous speaking compose the programme. The officers of the society for this year have been: Presidents, Townsend, Lyons and Williams; Vice-Presidents, Jesse Bond, and Steele; Secretaries, Steele, Huntington, and Gammans; Assistant Secretaries, Huntington, Aubrey Bond, and Heider; Treasurers, Dunton, Beebe, and Aubrey Bond; Censors, Lyons, Townsend, and Beebe; Sergeants-at-arms, Wattenberg, Walls, and Stastney; Editor, Williams.



The Philologist Society



THE Philologist Literary Society, organized in 1893, has as its object the discussion of questions of general interest. It is the aim of the members to secure proficiency in debate and a knowledge of parliamentary usage. The membership list in the past includes many of the most brilliant orators and debaters in the University. Earl F. Strong and Ellsworth Morgan have been the presidents for the year 1908-09.

MEMBERS

GLEN BRIEDWELL	HAROLD DALZELL	C. F. DEAN
H. F. CLARK	HENRY A. DAVIES	WILLIAM DUNLAP
N. R. CLEM	PAUL CORRELL	WAYNE ELLIOT
J. ALPHEUS COLE	D. L. DOBIE	WALTER FISHER
L. B. HOISINGTON	EARL A. MARSHALL	W. C. NICHOLAS
EDWARD HIMES	HAROLD MERRYMAN	WINN NICHOLAS
EARL F. KILPATRICK	ELLSWORTH MORGAN	HAROLD O'NEILL
RAPHAEL GEISLER	CARL B. NEAL	ALFRED POWERS
CHAS. RANDALL	JOEL RICHARDSON	HAROLD ROUNDS
CHAS. REYNOLDS	CHAS. ROBINSON	I. WILLARD SHAVER
C. MCC. SNOW	FERDINAND STRUCK	PERCY TRAFZER
C. L. STODDARD	C. P. SHANGLE	L. VAN METER
EARL F. STRONG	ARTHUR STILLMAN	CLAVIN L. WELCH
FRANK H. WINDSOR	FRANCIS WALSH	RAYMOND THOMAS
	GEORGE SHATTUCK	JOHN SHANTIN



The Eutaxian Society

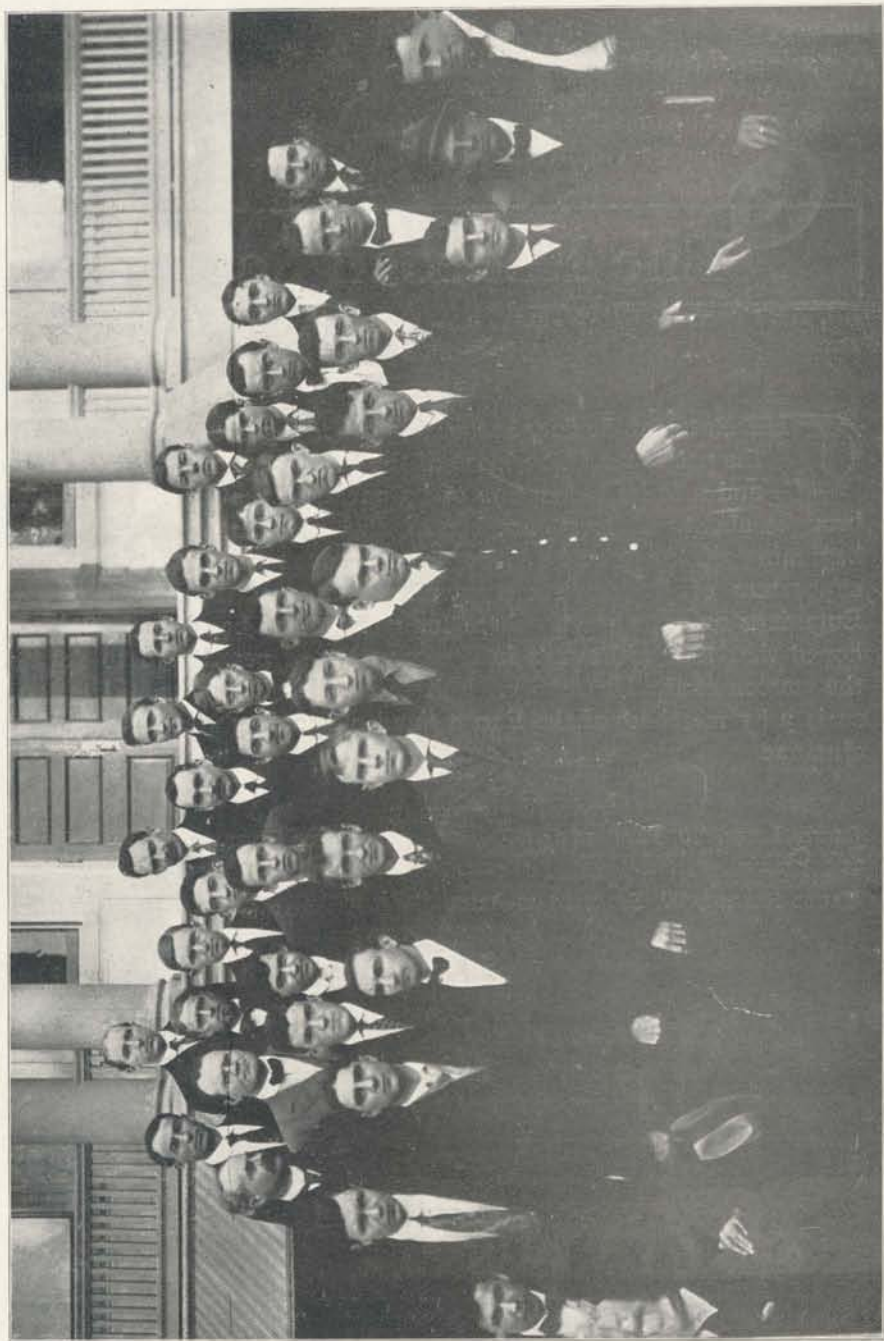


THE Eutaxian Society has accomplished a great deal of good during the past year. The ideas of the society seem to have broadened and a fuller realization of its power in the University has been brought about. A large number of new members were added at the beginning of the year and they have proven themselves enthusiastic supporters of literary society work. Through the influence of the Eutaxians an interest in debate for women has been awakened. It is hoped that this will result in the granting of permission to debate to the women of the University. Much valuable aid has been given to the society by members of the Faculty and old society members among the alumnae.


OFFICERS

JENNIE LILLY, '10, PRESIDENT
FAY CLARK, '12, SECRETARY
MARION STOWE, '11, TREASURER
MAUDE SERVICE, '09, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

ALICE STODDARD, '11, VICE-PRESIDENT
BERDIE WISE, '12, ASST. SECRETARY
HELENA HUGHES, '10, CENSOR
LAURA KENNON, '12, EDITOR



Engineering Club



THE Engineering Club of the University of Oregon was organized November 30, 1904, with a charter membership of thirty-one. The purpose of the organization is to encourage the study of Engineering problems and to bring into closer association the students in the Engineering departments. All Engineering students of Sophomore standing and above, are qualified for membership.

The club fills a distinct and very practical sphere in the training of young engineers. The addresses given by members of the faculty and of the club, develop many practical points and valuable hints which never find their way into text books. The older students tell of their Summer's work, so that all may profit by the experiences of these.

The club is growing rapidly, numbering at present over seventy-five members, and has this year definitely decided to put out a publication, to be known as the "Oregon Engineer," which will be devoted to the interests of the Engineering Department and the state at large. The editorship is in the hands of R. U. Steelquist, '09, and Earl A. Marshall, '10, is manager. With the aid of this publication, the club will expand and broaden its field until it will be considered the highest honor for Engineering students to be enrolled among its members.

OFFICERS

R. E. HICKSON, PRESIDENT

E. A. COLLIER, SECRETARY

WILFRED WATTENBURG, SERGT.-AT-ARMS

P. W. REID, VICE-PRESIDENT

GEO. J. POYSKY, TREASURER

R. U. STEELQUIST, CHR. PROGRAM COM.



Order of the "O"



THE Order of the "O" was founded in the University of Oregon on May 17, 1898. Similar organizations are the regular thing in most of the large Eastern Universities. Only those men are eligible who have won their college emblems in one of the lines of sports. The purpose and aim of the Order is to keep athletics on as high a standard as possible. Strict supervision is maintained against the promiscuous wearing of the official college letter. By thus having an organization composed exclusively of "O" men, an added incentive for students to make good in athletics is brought forward.

The Order gives two banquets each year; one each at the close of the Fall and Spring athletic seasons, respectively, at which the new members who have just earned their letters are welcomed and initiated.

The officers of the Order are:

C. A. McCLAIN, '06, PRESIDENT, (*Inactive*) PAUL W. REID, '09, VICE-PRESIDENT
OLIVER B. HUSTON, '10, SEC. AND TREAS.



BLANCHE HUSTON - PRES.



ANNA BERGMAN - VICE PRES.

EXECUTIVE STAFF



REUBEN STEELQUIST - TREAS.

OF THE



EARL KILPATRICK - SGT.-AT-ARMS

GERMAN



GRETA BRISTOW - SEC.

CLUB

Die Germania



EARLY in the school year, the instructors in the German department conceived the idea of organizing the more advanced students into a club for the study and better understanding of the German language, literature and customs. This organization was perfected on Oct. 29, 1908. Miss Blanche Huston was elected president and with a charter membership of twenty, the club began its work. This membership has since grown to sixty-five.

The club holds regular bi-weekly meetings at which German is spoken and German programs are given. At present the club is considering the giving of a little German play. A press bureau has been established and through this, the news of the University is sent to the German newspapers of the state. Die Germania is now considering affiliation with the Federated German Societies of Oregon and will probably also become one of the Inter-Collegiate German Clubs of the United States.

DRAMATIC CLUB

EXECUTIVE STAFF

E.H. MIX,
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

Jessie Hurley
PRESIDENT

Chris Robinson
VICE-PRESIDENT

JENNY LILLY
SECRETARY.

ESPY CECIL
MANAGER

Y.M. KILTZ
TREASURER



The Dramatic Club of the University of Oregon was organized on February 18, 1909, and has entered upon its career with nearly one hundred members. The new organization has aroused much enthusiasm among the students and is already heartily supported. It is the purpose to encourage and develop dramatic talent, and to present several sketches and one or more big plays each year. It fills a long felt want in the University and is an entirely new venture since nothing of a similar nature has ever before been tried. The membership includes both associate and active members, the latter being only those who have complied with certain specifications, which are sufficiently rigorous to make real ability a necessary requisite. It is not, however, the intention to allow active members only to take part in entertainments. Definite plans will be made during the Spring for next year in order that the greatest possible results may be accomplished. It is hoped that the Dramatic

Club will become one of the most conservative and influential organizations in the University.



**OREGON
WEEKLY
STAFF**

EARL KUPATZUK
EDITH CHIEF

DEAN GOODMAN
BUS. MGR.

HARRIET SAHE
ASST. ED.

ART CLARK
ASST. MGR.

W.C. NICHOLASS
ASSISTANT ED.

SM. WILLIAMS
ASST. ED.

ARTHUR GERRY
ASST. ED.

OLIVIA RISLER
REPORTER

CORNELIA FINNAN
REPORTER

FRITZ DEAN
ASST. MGR.

Oregon Weekly.



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

VARSIITY BEATS METHODISTS

Defeats Plucky Willamette Team in a Ragged Exhibition of Football—Final Score Was 15 to 0

Oregon inaugurated her collegiate football season of 1908 by a decisive victory over the Methodist team.

SOCIAL EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Receptions Given to Faculty and Washington Team, and Shower for Miss Kays

VARSIITY BAND IS ASSURED

Suggestion in Oregon Weekly Bears Fruit—Musicians will aid Rooters at Games.

OREGON IS TO HAVE A BAND AT LAST. THE DEBATE SUBJECTS SUBMITTED

Oregon Submits Commission Plan—Idaho Prefers Cuban Question—Washington's Is Income Tax

"The commission plan of city government" is the general subject submitted by Oregon for interstate debate this year. Washington has submitted the question of the income tax.

ALUMNI IN THE LEGISLATURE

Seven Graduates and Ex-Students of University are in the Oregon House and Senate

Salem, Feb. 1.—(Special to Oregon Weekly) Varsity Will Debate Utah

Oregon has accepted a challenge Goodman Heads Singers

Dean T. Goodwin '10 of Pendleton Cross-Country Starts

Teach more and more conservative Kelly Will Coach Baseball

W. C. Williams '10, well known coach, Williams Wins Out

W. C. Williams '10 won the recent Varsity Will Meet Grads.

Alumni and Varsity will meet in football October 17. There has been Lacrosse.

Lacrosse, the popular Canadian sport will be introduced at the University. Forbes has Returned

Coach Robert W. Forbes, who was recently returned to the East, arrived Light on Oregon Question

Prof. C. C. Moore has been in the Moore is Now a Voter

Harvard C. Moore '09, was the guest at a pleasant surprise party given by the seniors of the Dormitory at 12:45 this morning. The surprise party was given by the seniors of the Dormitory at 12:45 this morning.

When the individual who loves to SHOULD BE DEFEATED

The amendment dividing the salary of two men for one man to coach both

A GREATER OREGON

In the West is vigor and life and growth. The University of Oregon, as western institution, is but entering

A GENTLEMAN'S GAME

If every hostile critic of football in America had been in attendance at Saturday's game between Washington and Oregon, many would have gone away converted to the support of the

TWO CHAMPIONSHIPS.

There are two championships which Oregon must win this year. Both are

SOPHOMORE CLASS TAX

In another column appears a lengthy communication from Mr. Arthur Geary, president of the sophomore class, taking exceptions to an editor

CLASS DANCES

Anyone who has attended, during the past two years, those crowded affairs known as class "hops," will welcome the effort now being made at a

FRESHMAN DRESS

That was a fine tribute paid to the Oregon undergraduate spirit by Professor Glen in his talk at College Hour yesterday. He made no attempt at prescriptive, but the intangible yet very real, "SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOTTEN?"

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF OREGON UNDERGRADUATE SPIRIT

Unless kept in close and active touch with the life of the University, old student and alumni alike will become

YELLOW JOURNALISM

When the individual who loves to SHOULD BE DEFEATED

SHOULD BE DEFEATED

The amendment dividing the salary of two men for one man to coach both

SHOULD BE DEFEATED

The amendment dividing the salary of two men for one man to coach both

SHOULD BE DEFEATED

The amendment dividing the salary of two men for one man to coach both

OPENING CONCERT A SUCCESS

Capacity House Greets Glee and Mandolin Clubs at their Local Entertainment

Eugene Theatre was crowded to the doors by the local members of the University of Oregon Glee and Mandolin Clubs at their local entertainment.

DECIDE MOOTED QUESTIONS

Disputed Points Settled by Conference at Seattle—Hug and Hayward Represent Oregon

FAILING-BEEKMAN CONTEST

Ten Seniors Will try for Places in Preliminary to be Held on the First of May

OFFICIAL RULES ANNOUNCED

The Dean of Women has Established Rules to Govern the Conduct of Women of the University

Printed copies of a set of rules to govern the conduct of the women of the University of Oregon have been distributed by Professor T. G. Clark

CLASS TELLS FUNNY STORIES

Samuel Eliot Institutes Novel Method of Teaching Public Speaking to Beginners

Huston is Editor

Oliver B. Huston was elected editor of the Oregon Weekly for 1908 and will begin his duties at the first meeting of the year.

Beebe Talks on Love

The first meeting of the recently organized German Club of the University was held at the home of Mrs. Beebe on Monday evening.

No More "Bubbling"

Cornelius Beebe amused the Laurean Club with a talk on "No More Bubbling" at the meeting of the club on Monday evening.

Engineers Will Have Magazine

The ancient practice of bathtubting has been discontinued at the University. Engineers Will Have Magazine

Indian Massacre at Chemawa.

A massacre of some 100 Indians at Chemawa, Oregon, is reported to have taken place on Monday evening.

Back From Michigan

The red-skins took the scalps of the Oregon football team at Chemawa on Monday evening.

Down Elects Porysky

John Porysky, '09, who has been elected to the position of editor of the Oregon Weekly, will have Third Coach

The Athletic Council decided at its last meeting that Oregon should have another assistant coach next fall. It is thought that the salary of the coach will be \$1,000 much for one man to coach both

STAFF
OF THE
OREGON MONTHLY



WM. GAKE
BUSINESS MANAGER



RUTH HANSEN
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



CECIL JESPY
PAST BUSINESS MANAGER



ASSOCIATE EDITOR



ASSOCIATE EDITOR



ASSOCIATE EDITOR



ASSOCIATE EDITOR



ASSOCIATE EDITOR



ASSOCIATE EDITOR

The Oregon Monthly



THE Oregon Monthly is the representative of all sides of the University life. It aims to promote literary activity in the University and to offer a medium for the publication of all articles of worth. Contributions are sought not merely from the staff or from those students whose major work lies in the field of literature, but from all in order to draw together and unite the various colleges of Science, Literature, the Arts, and Engineering.

The Monthly has made great strides this year toward the attainment of its ideal. Each issue has surpassed those previous and a steady gain has resulted. The Editor-in-Chief and the staff are to be congratulated upon their splendid achievements.

THE GLEE



DRAN
CLUB

The Glee Club Trip



It was on December 13th that Professor Glen and his thirty-one handsome, well-groomed chorus girls boarded the northbound train to begin the twelfth annual tour of the Varsity Glee Club. Charley McSnow, remembering how he had left all the music in Albany the year before, vowed to live up to his reputation and so forgot that a mandolinist had to have a mandolin in order to musicate. The instrument came on by express the following day.

Salem was the first stop on the victorious pilgrimage. The boys hiked from the train to the High School where they opened up a few choice ones for the benefit of the preps. "Ichy" Ogden in an awe-inspiring burst of melody, melancholy, and chords, gave a personal dissertation to the bewildered onlookers and made a great hit with an old ma'd teacher who said she just adored young "Beet-ovens." The first concert away from home and mother (don't worry, "Papa" was along) lasted that evening. Everything went well except that Harvard "Doc" Moore nearly fell off the platform geo-gooing at a gay Willamette coded. The house was fair, yet everybody in the audience had lots of room.

The next attempt to educate the public in symphony was in Portland at the Heilig. The crowd was good and the concert went off fine, though the Oregonian, through Arthur A. Greene, couldn't see it that way. The whole cause of his being disgruntled was the bringing in by the 'olly Jail Bird's Quartette of Oregon's football victory over Multnomah. After reading the gentleman's scathing article, the bunch sneaked out of town along the ties of the O. R. & N. and camped at Hood River. Here was met the largest and most enthusiastic crowd of the trip and the Hood River people certainly made a hit with the Oregon boys. Geisler and Tucker went wandering around during the stay looking for apples and strawberries. They were nearly captured by two old squaws who insisted on having "those two white papooses."

Pendleton was the next lucky town. The stay here was short. "Vic" Voigt, a cattleman from Smilakimeen, B. C., who was funny man



TOLLMAN-SE
EUGEN II

in the bunch, found a Plaster-of-Paris cow in a restaurant, which he borrowed until the club should come back through the home of the Pendleton Woolen Mills, Stephen A. Lowell, and Ex-Gov. Geer. The High School students gave the Oregon boys a dance which was a very enjoyable function.

Baker was the next point of attack and this siege was the longest of the campaign. The club got in Saturday night and stayed until Monday morning. During their visit, members of the crew met all the girls in the city but two; one of these was out of town and the other one was sick; however, "Bob" Nelson sent the latter a box of carnations. The habit of serenading was developed to a great degree and the vocalists did not surpass the instrumentalists along this line. Report has it that the whole bunch gave a sacred concert in one of the churches on Sunday afternoon. Coovert lost his heart to a laundry girl and "Grants Pass" Rankin was a close second.

To avoid numerous breach-of-promise suits, the bunch hurried over to La Grande, where a significant victory was recorded. While the Jolly Jail Birds Quartette was rendering a plaintive selection about how Oregon put eight kinks in O. A. C.'s caudal appendage, a gang of O. A. C. alumni gave the Aggies' yell up in "nigger-heaven." For a minute the performers were almost nonplussed, but Tom Burke came to the rescue and picking up "Vic" Voigt's Pendleton cow he turned its head, causing it to emit a touchingly plaintive bawl in answer to the disturbers. This expression of animal feeling on the part of the kidnapped bovine made the Corvallisites so homesick that they were quiet for the rest of the performance. It was in La Grande that Moore and Steelquist decided to become Mormons and raise sugar beets for a livelihood, but on receipt of several postal cards from their fair damsels in Eugene they recovered their attack of Brighamania.

The last engagement was at The Dalles, the county-seat of Wasco County and the home of the Stublings. (That ought to be enough for any town.) The boys were most too tired to move around much so that the people were not as well aware of their presence as they were the year previous. There were so many empty seats at this stand that the Glee and Mandolin Clubs took turns appearing as performers and as audience. Mike Gross occupied a front seat while the warblers performed and caused them to laugh by some of his inimitable facial contortions. This ended the trip of 1908-09.

But mention was not made that the cow which had been such a help in time of need, was safely and sacredly returned to its home on



the return trip through Pendleton. This cow must occupy about the same position in Pendleton that the Golden Calf did in Biblical History for when the train pulled in bearing the prodigal cow on the return trip, a procession consisting of three policemen, one restaurant-keeper and his body-guard of a cook and three waiters, was found waiting for



her Royal Beef-lets. And she was "easy-money" for them and "much obliged for the loan." When the gang reached Portland Kerns was in better spirits than at any other time during the trip. Manager Chessman did well with the finances considering the conditions he had to contend with; a good impression was left by the club in all the places visited, and the boys all had a good time and were rewarded for their monotonous practicing. From all standpoints the tour was a success.

JUNIOR WEEK-END



WHY does Oregon not have a class rush or something of the sort? Up until a very few years ago, Oregon did have class rushes. On Junior Day, which came sometime in May, the Junior Class raised its banner on high from the roof of Old Deady. A frantic attempt on the part of the "Sophs" to obtain possession of the flag followed, and the struggle often lasted all day and all night. The class of 1905 was the last class to unfurl its banner over the Oregon campus. After capturing the above 1905 banner, the class of '06 conceived the idea of spending their Junior Day in a manner which would mean more to the University and also leave a lasting remembrance of them. Consequently when Spring rolled around with their Junior holiday, they, with the help of the other students, spent the day cleaning up and beautifying the campus. This precedent established by "naughty six" has become a lasting one and out of their Junior Day has grown our enjoyable Junior Week-End. Last year's Junior Class, now Seniors, innovated the present Junior Week-End, which has proved very popular. The few festivals which formerly lasted one day have been greatly enlarged upon and now the activities begin as formerly on Friday morning but they are not over until climaxed by the Junior Prom on Saturday night.

Last year every man in college was assigned to some working boss, to whom he reported early Friday morning ready for work. The men worked in three divisions, one on the campus, one on the Varsity track, and one on Skinner's Butte. The crew on the campus put in fifty feet of cement walk on the west end of Deady, while the men on Kincaid field built 150 feet of bleachers on the North side of the Varsity oval, having them in readiness for the track meet in the afternoon. The men assigned to the Butte put in the big concrete "O" which is seen by everyone who either stops in Eugene or passes through on the Southern Pacific. At noon the men assembled in the reception hall of the "Dorm" and were served an excellent dinner by the co-eds. None was allowed

to doff his working garb under penalty of the ever flowing mill-race. The afternoon was devoted to the Oregon-O. A. C. track meet which came to Oregon by an excellent margin. Friday evening was taken up by the Annual Junior Oratoricals in Villard Hall.

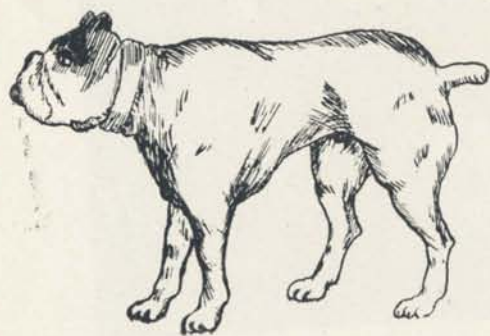
Saturday, the second and last day of the Week-End was far less crowded than Friday, the program consisting of two ball games with O. A. C., one in the morning and one in the afternoon. Both games went to the visitors by the close score of 4 to 3 and 5 to 4. Everyone rested somewhat during the day, was ready for the grand finale, the annual Junior Prom which indeed proved a great climax to the enjoyable festivities. Receptions and social gatherings were held at all the houses on the days preceding and following the holidays and an air of merriment and sociability pervaded all Eugene, making the many visitors feel as if they had been at Oregon for years.

The plans for this year's Junior Week-End, in charge of the class of 1910, are more extensive than those of last year and the week-end will be a much larger affair. A tennis tournament will be held on Thursday afternoon, while Thursday evening will be left open for receptions and social functions among the organizations. Friday morning, Junior Day, will be spent in work on and about the campus. More sidewalk will be put in on the west side of Deady Hall, the campus will be improved upon in many small particulars, more bleachers will be built on the Oregon Oval, "Oregon" will be painted in large black letters on the roof of the grand stand, and the concrete "O" on the Butte will be stained lemon yellow, the University color. The co-eds will serve dinner as usual on the campus at noon and after this everything will be turned over to the big Triangular Track meet, between the State Universities of Washington, Idaho and Oregon. This meet, an annual event, has always been held in Seattle, and this year Idaho and Washington athletes will run on the Oregon track for the first time in years. More will be made of the Junior Oratoricals than has previously, and they will occupy the program for Friday evening. Saturday morning is to be devoted to tennis while in the afternoon O. A. C. and Oregon will play a double header on the diamond on Kincaid Field. The Junior Prom, more elaborate than ever, will end the holidays. A great many visitors are planning to attend the Week-End and there will be numerous social functions not listed in the holiday program.



"NOTICE THE CHAPERONES"

FRATERNITIES



DEAD



1914

Dorm. Club

President
Geo. J. Poysky

Committeemen

J. H. Bond
F. Struck

J. K. Neill
J. V. Rast

Members

A. R. Patterson
Joel Richardson
C. A. Schafer
Aubrey Bond
H. J. Rounds
H. C. Leonard
C. W. Walls
H. H. Clark
C. Downs
F. Criteser
W. Elliott
W. Fisher
I. M. Grodin
G. Gabriel
R. Geisler
N. Gammans
W. Dunlap
D. Dobie
F. Dunton
C. Downing
E. Flynn
W. Huntington
E. E. Harpham
L. Marshall
E. A. Marshall

C. A. Osterholm
A. Roberts
G. F. Roche
G. X. Riddell
L. H. McCoy
R. B. Powell
E. Newton
C. Z. Randall
F. Risley
W. Smith
C. A. Steel
R. Thomas
R. Terry
H. Wetterborg
H. M. Slater
H. Takahashi
La Verne Van Marter
W. Wattenberg
S. Earhart
C. Erskine
L. Brown
M. N. Stastney
E. Tucker
M. Wittenberg
W. P. Stevens

R. Heider



The Sigma Nu



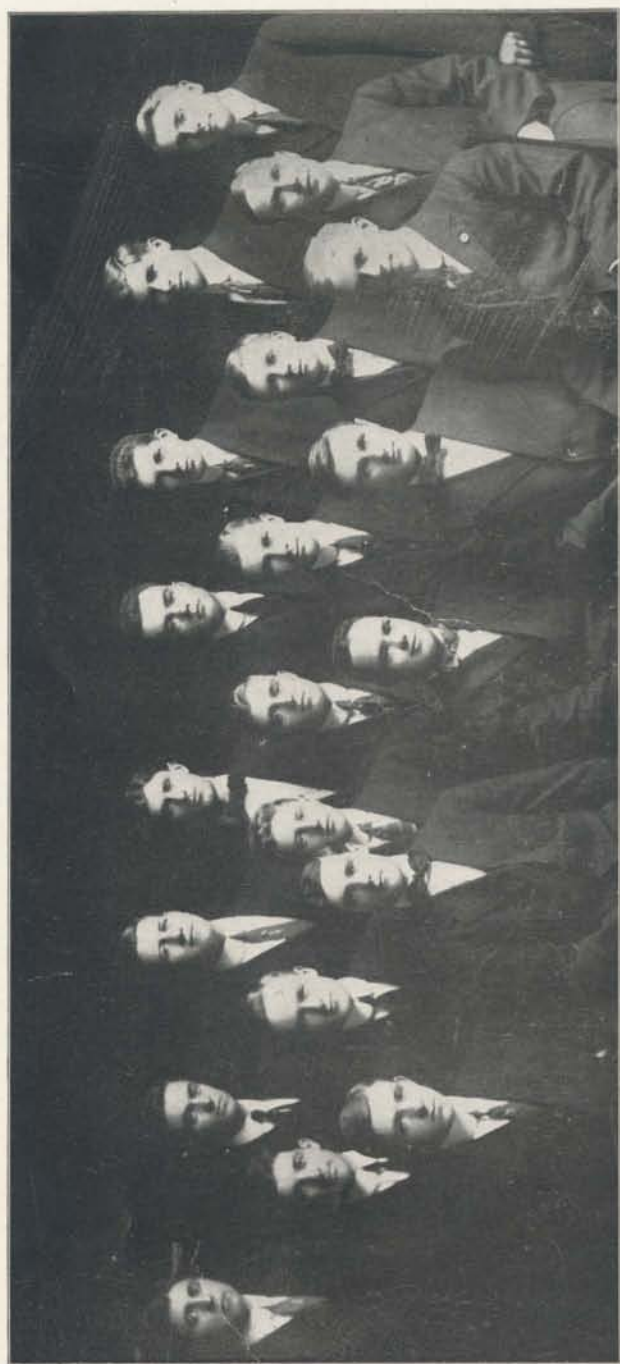
THE Sigma Nu fraternity was founded at the Virginia Military Institute, January 1, 1869. Since that time it has enjoyed a prosperous growth and is rated as one of the leaders in the fraternity world. Gamma Zeta chapter was organized December 1, 1900. The membership is as follows:

Alumni

Luke L. Goodrich, '01	Ernest G. Bean, ex-'06
Clifton N. McArthur, '01	Douglas W. Taylor, '06
Condon C. McCornack, '01	Frederick Steiwer, '06
Richard S. Smith, '01	Clifford W. Brown, '06
Edward N. Blythe, '02	Louis A. Henderson, '07
Ross Plummer, '02	William G. Chandler, '07
Clarence M. Bishop, '02	Claude C. Wright, ex-'07
Charles A. Redmond, '02 *	Henry M. McKinney, '07
Fred J. Ziegler, '02	Robert A. Cronin, ex-'07
Condon R. Bean, '03	Elwin A. McCornick, ex-'07
George W. Eyre, '03	Oscar P. Beck, '07
Clyde A. Payne, '04	Frank Templeton, ex-'08
Frank Hale, '04	Robert C. Rountree, ex-'08 *
Ray Goodrich, '04	Elmer D. Paine, '08
Joseph H. Templeton, '04	Harvey A. Houston, '08
Kirk M. Sheldon, ex-'04	Robert B. Hammond, ex-'08
Elmer C. Wright, '04	Paul R. Willoughby, ex-'09
Thomas Hawthorne, '05	Harold H. Clifford, ex-'09
Fred N. Stump, '05	Karl Steiwer, ex-'09
Seth M. Kerron, '06	Ray M. Walker, ex-'10
Arthur D. Leach, '06	Charles M. Taylor, ex-'11
Dafoe H. Sherk, ex-'06 *	Thomas C. Bailey, ex-'11
* Deceased	Earl K. Roberts, ex-'11

Active Members

William Barker, '08 1-2	Calvin L. Sweek, '11
Ormond R. Bean, '09	Thomas A. Burke, '11
Ralph B. McEwen, '09	Harry R. Moore, '12
Everett H. Sherk, '10	Ralph Stewart, '12
Arthur Van Dusen, '10	Carl Huston, '12
Oliver B. Huston, '10	Harold C. Bean, '12
Ralph M. Dodson, '10	Benjamin R. Chandler, '12
Dean H. Hayes, '11	Robert M. Alton, '12
Arthur M. Geary, '11	Sidney E. Henderson, '12
William E. Lowell, '11	Robert N. Kellogg, '12
Harvey M. Stackpole, '11	Graham J. Michael, '12



Kappa Sigma



KAPPA Sigma fraternity was organized in 1867 at the University of Virginia. It now comprises seventy-seven chapters with a total membership of about 10,000. Gamma Alpha chapter was installed at the University of Oregon on April 16, 1904. The membership of the chapter is as follows:

Walter Lincoln Whittlesey, '01	Charles MacCormac Snow, '09
Charles Lois Campbell, '04	William Henry Woods, '09
David McCaughey Graham, '05	Harold Edwards Bates, '10
Vernor Wayne Tomlinson, '05	Norwood Ross Charman, '10
Vernon Wayne Tomlinson, '05	Dudley Randolph Clarke, '10
James F. Donnelly, '06	William Charles Kiltz, '10
Virgil D. Earl, '06	William Albert Noon, ex-'10
Horace Burnett Fenton, '06	Glenn Edmiston Scott, ex-'10
Ivan Edward Oakes, '06	Elmer Henry Storie, ex-'10
Cloan Norris Perkins, '06	Victor William Voigt, '10
Chester Harvard Starr, '06	Frederick James Whittlesey, '10
Francis Vernon Galloway, '07	Varnel Douglas Cole Beach, '11
Foster C. Gibson, ex-'07	Curtis Hancock Coleman, '11
Wm. Harley Glafke, '07	John Ross Dickson, Jr., '11
Roy Wentworth Kelly, '07	Gerald Eastham, '11
John Randolph Latourette, '07	Cecil Jefferson Espy, '11
Harry Logan Rafferty, '07	Ronald Seaforth Meckenzie, '11
John Currin Veatch, '07	Harry Amos Swart, ex-'11
Frank Albert Harris, ex-'08	Henry W. Blagen, '12
Richard Alden Hathaway, '08	John Hickson, '12
Gordon Chamberlain Moores, '08	Earle Cornelius Latourette, '12
Herbert Fanning Clarke, '09	Chester Alexander Moores, '12
Robyn Horner Nelson, '09	Ralph Dickinson Moores, '12
Edgar William Smith, ex-'09	Earl Forest McIntosh, '12



Delta Alpha



Organized June 4th, 1906.

Colors, turquoise blue, white and gold.

ROLL OF MEMBERS

Alumni

George W. Hug, '07
Guy Mount, '07
Omar N. Bittner, '07
Dell McCarty, '08
Eberle Kuykendall, '08

Grover Kestly, '08
Frank Mount, '08
Donald Stevenson, '08
George Sullivan, '08
F. Frank Sullivan, '08

Inactive

Dan J. Kelly, ex-'08
Arle C. Hampton, ex-'09
Robert Oberteuffer, ex-'09

G. Herbert Schumacher, ex-'10
Clarence L. Whealdon, ex-'10
Herbert Angell, ex-'11

Harry Hildeburn, ex-'11

Active

Olen Arnspiger, '09
Thomas R. Townsend, '09
Merle R. Chessman, '09
Virgil Cooper, '09
Louis Pinkham, '10
Dean Goodman, '10
John J. Kestly, '11
Ralph R. Cronise, '11
Melvin Ogden, '11

Lewellyn McKinley, '12
James Johns, '12
Wilbur Schumacher, '12
Edwin Fortmiller, '12
Harry Stine, '12
Lester Means, '12
Linus Bittner, '12
Carl Gabrielson, '12
Arthur Means, '12

Lloyd Harding, '12



Khoda Khan

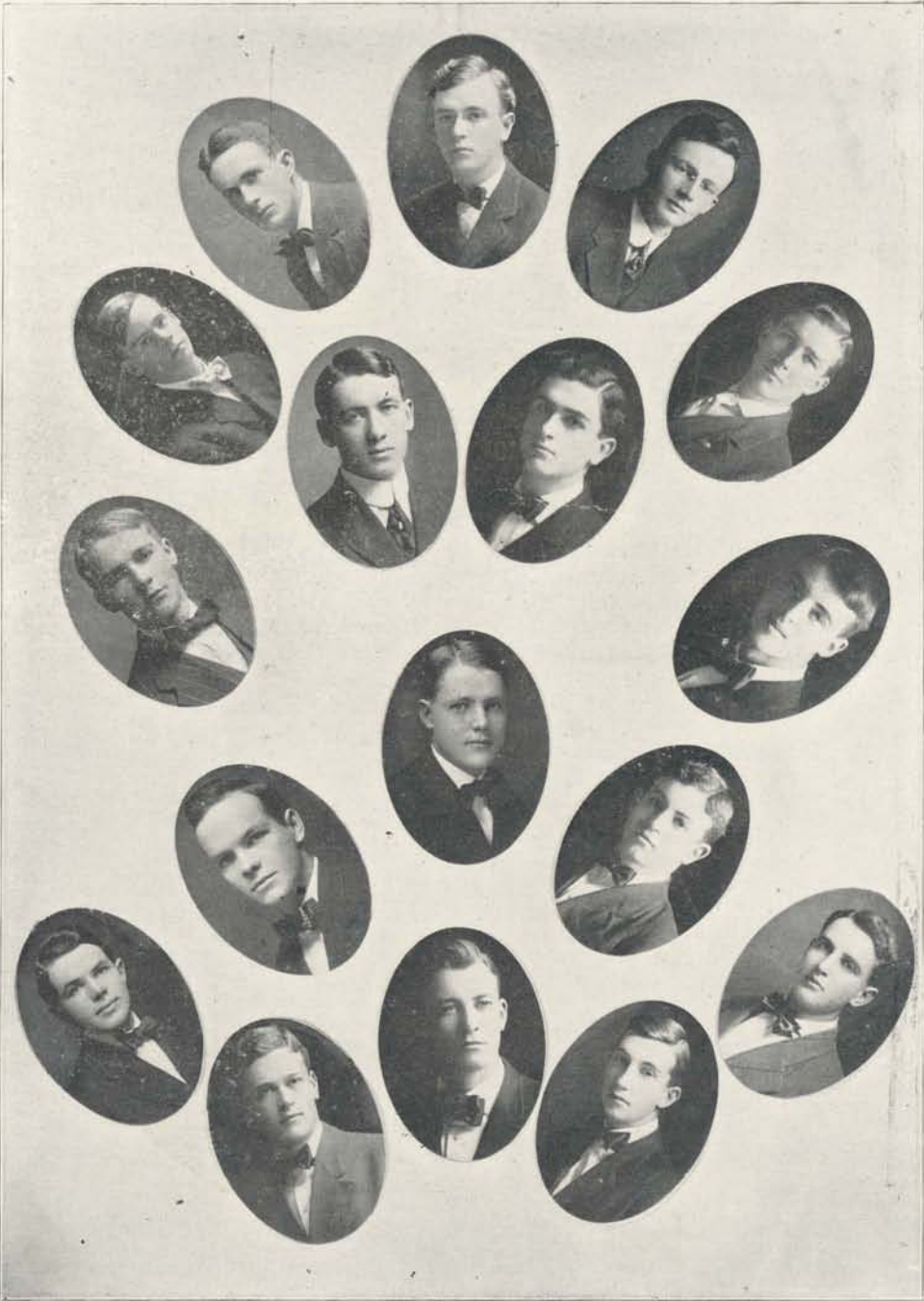


Inactive Members

E. Morgan Watson, ex-'10 Sam. J. Robinson, ex-'10
Austin C. Farrington, ex-'11

Active Members

W. Chester Campbell, '09	Samuel R. Davidson, '11
Robert B. McKenzie, '10	Homer B. Jamison, '12
Glenn L. Briedwell, '10	Martin W. Hawkins, '12
Harper N. Jamison, '10	John R. Moore, '12
William B. Mott, '11	Arthur H. Lewis, '12
Alonzo A. Perkins, '11	R. Gwyn Watson, '12
Leon C. Parks, '11	Frank C. Stern, '12
Ralph P. Newland, '12	



The Beavers



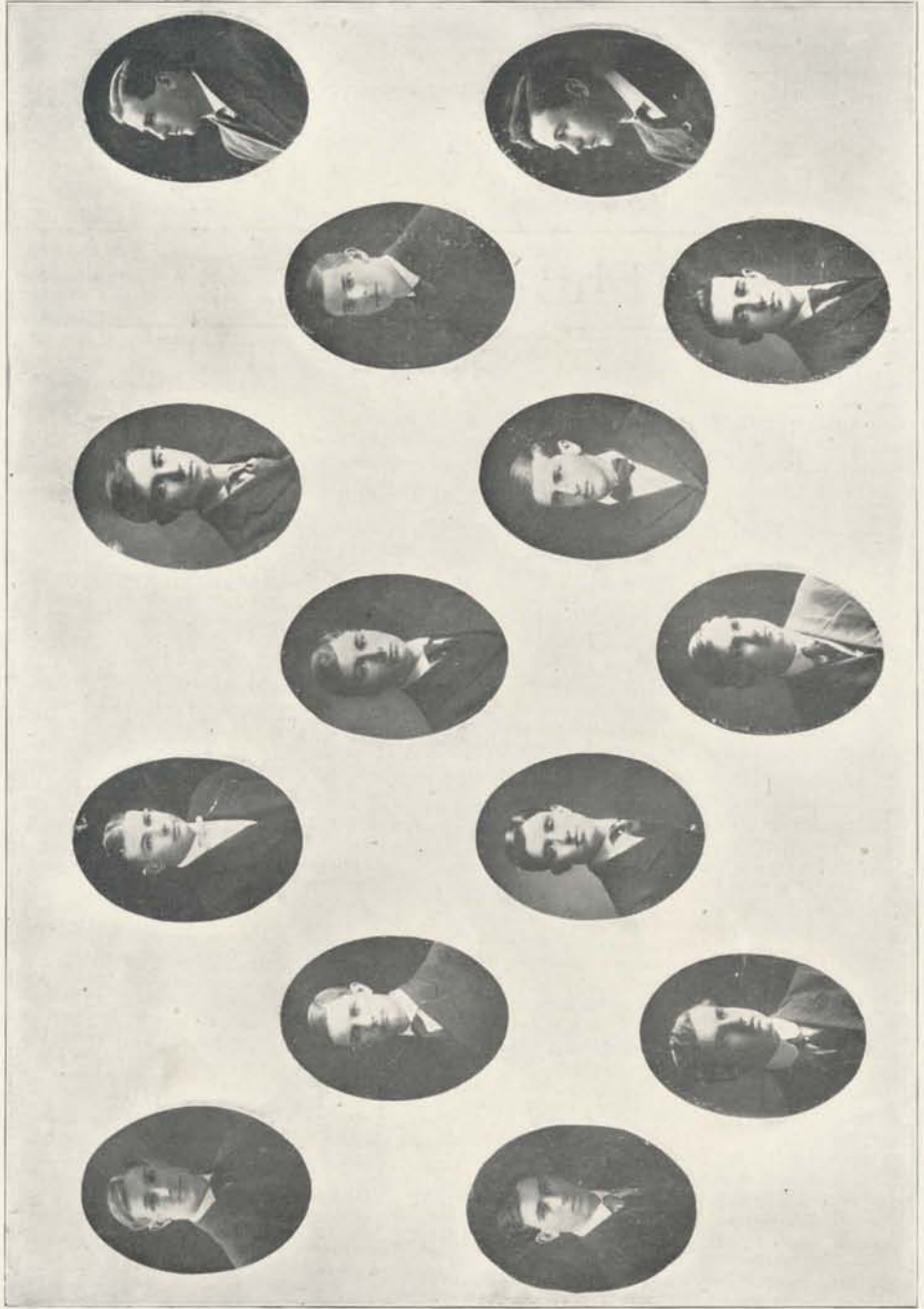
Organized December 23, 1907.
Colors, Blue and Gold.

Members in College

Earl E. Mayo	Ferdinand Henkle
Paul Van Scoy	Edwin Davis
Merwin Rankin	Robert Ramsdell
Ormond Rankin	Tom Word
Wm. B. Huggins	Rolland C. Kennedy
W. M. Cake	Howard Gray
Clarence Eubanks	L. J. Caufield
George Otten	Raymond Caufield
LeRoy Getz	

Members not in College

Fred Ohrt, ex-'10	Gale Healy, ex-'11
-------------------	--------------------



Alpha Club



The Alpha Club was founded on March 7, 1908. The fraternity color is purple.

Members

Ward L. Ray, '08	George White, '11
James Cunning, '08	Thomas B. Hoover, '11
Harold Merryman, '09	Howard Drew, '11
Harold Hunt, '09	Fritz Dean, '11
Ben Grout, ex-'09	Roy Applegate, ex-'11
Leland Steiwer, '10	Theodore Williams, '12
Earl Halley, '10	David McDaniels, '12
Chauncey Cunning, '10	Lester Rhinehart, '12
Rex Turner, '12	



The Masonic Club




THE Masonic Club of the University of Oregon is unique among the student organizations. It is not a fraternity after the usual acceptance of the word, in that its membership is predestined by the "square and compasses" and the "white leathern apron" of the Masonic rite. Only Masons among the Faculty, Alumni and undergraduates are eligible. The Club has been in existence since the Spring semester of 1907, but has only recently declared its intentions. It will be properly established in a house for the opening of '09-'10. The present officers are as follows:

President, Frederic Stanley Dunn
Secretary Albert R. Tiffany

Vice-President, James Cunning
Treasurer, Septimus S. Spencer



Tawah Club



Organized January 9, 1909.

Colors, Pearl Gray and Olive Green.

Roll of Members

F. Earl Kilpatrick, '09	Arthur R. Moore, '10
J. LeRoy Wood, '09	H. Charles Inman, '10
Harvard C. Moore, '09	Wilson C. Nicholas, '10
Arthur S. Trew, '09	Verner A. Gilles, '11
Don L. Lewis, '09	Francis Walsh, '11
Paul W. Reid, '09	Raymond Walsh, '11
Howard A. Harrold, '09	C. DeForest Bartrum, '11
Earl F. Strong, '09	Lair H. Gregory, '11
Walter E. McIntire, '09	Winn Nicholas, '12
George T. Talbert, '09	Charles E. Widlund, '12
Reuben U. Steelquist, '09	Edgar H. Mix, '12
Cary V. Loosely, '10	Harry B. Littig, '12
	Paul P. Correll, '12



Alpha Kappa Kappa



Upsilon Chapter Instituted March 21, 1903.

ROLL OF MEMBERS

Honorary

S. E. Josephi, M. D.	R. C. Yenney, M. D.
G. F. Wilson, M. D.	R. C. Watson, M. D.
E. J. Labbe, M. D.	R. W. Watson, M. D.
E. P. Geary, M. D.	G. B. Story, M. D.
A. E. Mackay, M. D.	E. F. Tucker, A. B., M. D.
O. S. Binswanger, Ph. D., M. D.	J. F. Bell, M. D., L. R. C. P., Lon.
K. A. J. Mackenzie, M. D., C. M., L. R. C. P., and L. R. C. S., Edin.	

Active

Seniors	Juniors
D. W. Jessop	T. J. McCauley
J. P. Graham	M. J. Jones
H. B. Haile	M. V. Forrest
H. C. Eastland	B. R. Brooke
S. M. Kerron	J. C. Whiteaker
G. A. Cathey	A. Gale
E. E. Gamby	R. S. Graffis
	Freshmen
	E. J. Ziegelman
	L. W. Brooke
Sophomores	
M. J. Bisallion	
M. E. Purcell	
Thompson Coberth	
F. M. Leeston-Smith	
Albert Mount	



Phi Delta Phi



The Legal fraternity of Phi Delta Phi was founded at Ann Arbor, Michigan, Law Department of the University of Michigan, December 19, 1869. The first chapter was named Kent, in honor of Chancellor Kent. The fraternity has 40 chapters. Chase Chapter was named for Hon. Salmon P. Chase and was formed in 1891. The fraternity colors are sky blue and wine, and the official flower is the Jacquiminot rose.

The active members are:

Alva W. Person, '09
Claude E. Hicks, '09
L. B. Smith, '09
Emil P. Slovarp, '09
Franklin F. Korell, '11
W. N. Shenefield, '10

A. A. Anderson, '09
Elmer E. Young, '11
John C. Veatch, '11
Walter B. Gleason, '11
Grant C. Holland, '11
Harry Swart, '11



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Phi Alpha Delta



Founded at Northwestern University in 1888.

Number of chapters, twenty.

Colors, Purple and Gold.

Williams Chapter, established November 28, 1908.

Honorary Members

Judge Geo. H. Williams

Judge Chas. E. Wolverton

Judge Robert G. Morrow

A. E. Clark

Alfred C. Schmitt

Roll of Members

John Wilkinson

N. R. Landis

John Joyce

R. H. Down

R. F. Peters

J. W. Briscoe

H. R. Saltmarsh

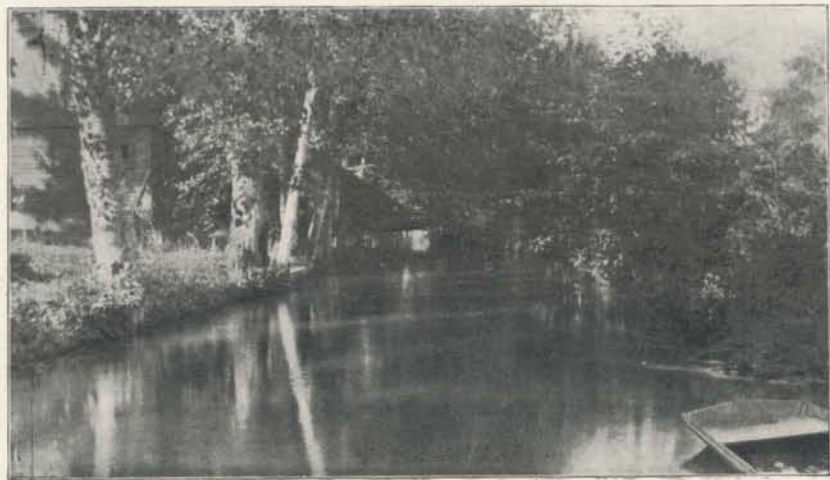
C. J. Mahoney

M. H. Clark

E. A. Snodgrass

J. W. Bennett

John Payne



S
O
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S



Fritz Dea



Gamma Phi Beta



Founded, Syracuse University, November 11, 1874.
Official Organ, The Cresnet of Gamma Phi Beta.
Flower, Carnation.
Colors, Light and Dark Brown.
Number of Chapters, Thirteen.
Nu (organized November 13, 1908).

Alumnae Members

Mary A. Gray	Josephine R. Cameron
Grace W. Gray	Edna J. Caufield
Jeannie Gray	Clara M. Caufield
Constance M. Covell	

Active Members

Nieta N. Harding, '09	Gertrude Holmes, '11
Jennie M. Perry, '09	Mary Steiwer, '11
Jessie L. Hurley, '09	Pearl Wilbur, '11
Gladys A. Farrar, '09	Helen Beach, '11
Blanche Huston, '09	Edith M. Woodcock, '11
Vivian A. Holmes, '10	Javina L. Stanfield, '12
Ruth Duniway, '10	Erma Clifford, '12
Ruth Hansen, '10	Pearl McKenna, '12



Chi Omega



Chi Omega was founded on April 5, 1895, at the University of Arkansas. The sorority has 24 chapters. Psi Alpha chapter was installed April 30, 1909.

Colors, Cardinal and Straw.

Flower, White Carnation.

The members are:

Bertha Dorris

Juliet Cross

Helen Washburne

Lucia Wilkins

Grace McGladry

Ray Woodruff

Madeline Walker

Edith Libby

Ruth Merrick

Louise Gray

Ermel Miller

Hazel Bean

Kate Kelly



Beta Epsilon

Beta Epsilon was organized March 31, 1904.

Honorary Member

Mrs. Richard Dearborn

Alumnae

Mrs. Dolly Ankeny Miller, '03	Camille Carroll, '06
Mrs. Ruth Flynn Barrett, '04	Norma Hendricks, '06
Mrs. Mabel Smith Fenton, '04	Ella Dobie, '06
Mrs. Alice Bretherton Brown, '06	Lela Goddard, '07
Mrs. Mary Warfield McAlister, '06	Jessie Chase, '08
Mary Dale, '05	Helene Robinson, '08
	Winifred Hadley, '08

Active Members

Kate Fullerton, '09	Cecile Wilcox, '11
Adele Goff, '09	Hazel McNair, '11
Frances Nelson, '09	Cornelia Pinkham, '11
Sue Hayes, '09	Jessie Bibee, '12
Winifred Cockerline, '09	Lucia Campbell, '12
Gladys MacKenzie, '09	Merle McKelvey, '12
Frances Oberteuffer, '10	Aline Thompson, '12
Adah Allen, '10	Mildred Bagley, '12
Eva Allen, '10	Ione Lambert, '12
Hazel Brown, '11	Jane Knox, '12
Mary DeBar, '11	Fielda McClaine, '12

Inactive Members

Maude King, ex-'08	Edith Johnson, ex-'10
Edith McGary, ex-'08	Rachel Voget, ex-'10
Mrs. Leone Kays Jacobs, ex-'09	Irene Simington, ex-'10
Jessie Bacon, ex-'09	Edna Zimmerman, ex-'11



Kloshe Tillacum



Organized May 24, 1906.
Colors, Cardinal and White.

Membership

Aurelia Burch, '07
Faith Johnson, '07
Mozelle Hair, '08
Mary Scott, '08
Olivia Risley, '09
Annie Bergman, '10
Grace La Brie, '10
Mable Kuykendall, '10
Ada Coffey, '11
Helen Kenny, '11
Hazel Bradley, '11
Laura Kennon, '12
Pansy Shaver, '12

Angeline Williams, '07
Antoinette Burdick, '07
Irene Lincoln, '08
Agnes Stevenson, '08
Harriet Lane, '09
Helena Hughes, '10
Isolene Shaver, '10
Marion Stowe, '11
Moda Drain, ex-'11
Ruth Rolfe, '11
Ruth Gibson, '12
Jean Allison, '12
Emma Watterman, '12

Hattie Hyde, '12



Gamma Delta Gamma



Organized, May 7, 1908.

Honorary Member

Mrs. Edgar E. DeCou

Members

Lilla Irwin, '08
Maude Service, '09
Carolyn Dunston, '10
Jennie Lilly, '10
Frances Young, '10
Loretta Showers, '10

Olive Donnell, '11
Nieta Bartlett, ex-'11
Hazel Wightman, '12
Clementene Cutler, '12
Ruth Hardie, '12
Alice Larsen, '12







The Alumni Association



TO advance the cause of higher education; to promote the interests and to increase the usefulness of the University of Oregon; and to encourage mutual acquaintance and good fellowship among the University."—Such is the avowed purpose of the Alumni Association of the University of Oregon as set down in its constitution.

The Association has a membership of over eight hundred graduates who, through their organization, have many times proved their deep interest in the welfare of the University. Last year when the struggle for the appropriation was waxing warm, the members of the Alumni Association gave freely of their means and time, going all over the state in the interests of the appropriation, and through their tireless efforts, more than any other one instrument, was the fight won.

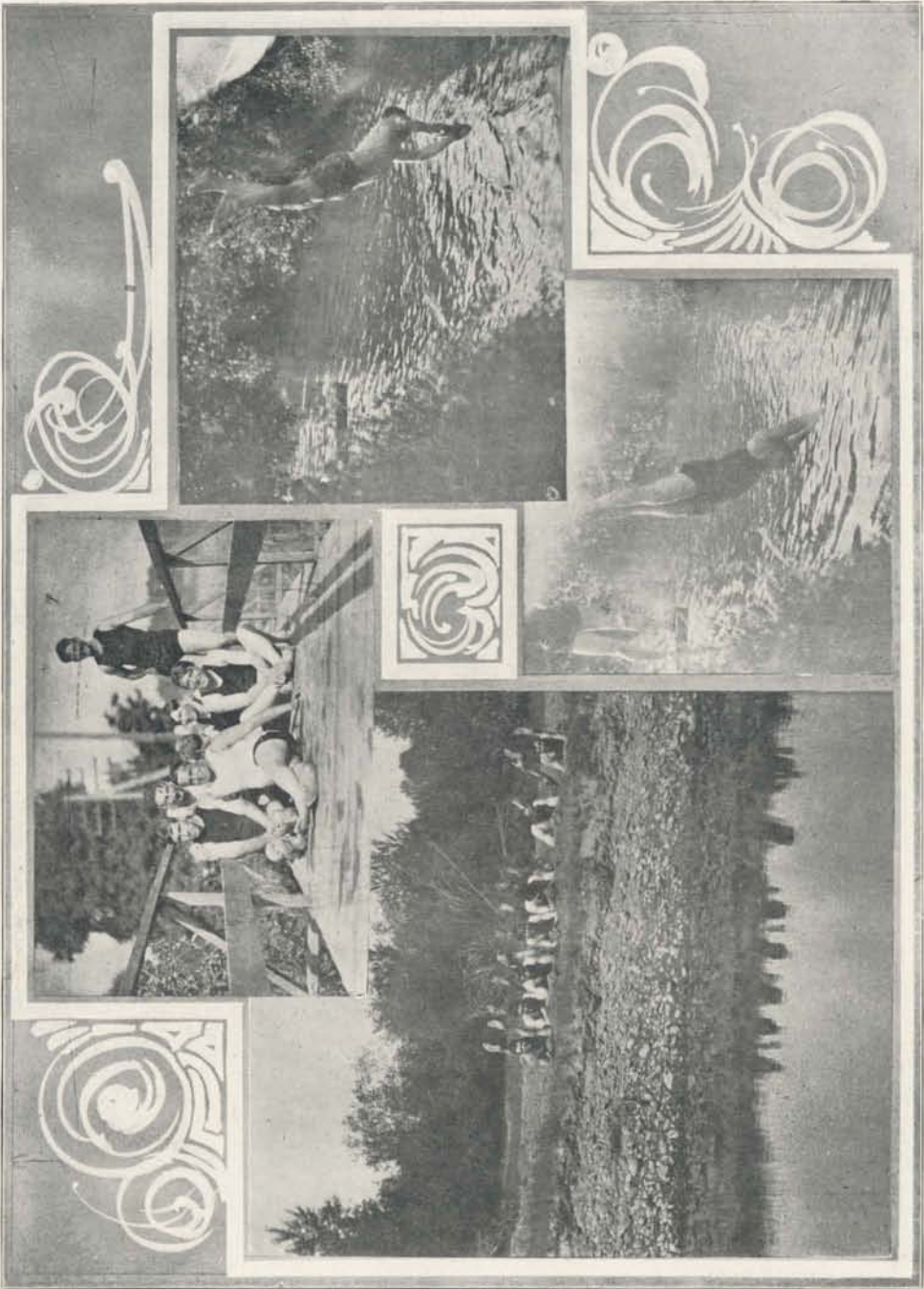
But this is only one instance of their loyalty to the University. The grandstand on Kincaid Field was built by the Alumni Association and turned over to the student body. The beautiful portrait of ex-President Johnson in Villard Hall was unveiled and presented to the University by the Association at the annual Commencement exercises last June. The best debater in the University each year receives a gold medal from the Association as a mark of appreciation for the work he is doing for the University.

The present officers of the Association are:

President, L. R. Alderman, '98 2nd Vice-President, F. J. Zeigler, '02
1st Vice-President, Allen Eaton, '02 Sec. and Treas., A. R. Tiffany, '05

The members of the Athletic Council for the year are:

L. T. Harris, '93 Geo. Hug, '07 C. N. McArthur, '01



LITERARY DEPARTMENT



Marguerite

Earl W. Tucker

THE road was beautifully smooth and level, and as I threw the lever over to the last clutch, my whole being thrilled with that excitement which only the sixty-mile-an-hour automobilist can know.

Day after day, before my mind's eye had hung the generous reward which my firm had promised me if, barring accident, I should bring my car into San Francisco within the specified time. Now as I was successfully nearing the last stretch of my race against time, the shadowy form of that bag of gold seemed to rush ahead of my speeding machine, leading me on—faster and faster—till all landscape became a rushing mass and all sound was merged into one continuous roar.

A speck appears in the distance—it is a man waving something—we are past. My companion behind me was screaming in my ear. "Man—red flag—" I manage to catch.

Like a flash it dawned on me that that meant some danger ahead. Throwing off the power, putting on the brakes, was but the work of an instant, and, creaking and grinding, the car gradually lost its frightful momentum, finally coming to a standstill.

All three of us turned and looked back to see if we could see the man, but he was so far back that we decided to continue on slowly and inquire at a large house which we saw a short distance farther down the road. As I turned in at the gate, I addressed myself to a young woman whom I saw standing near the fence. I explained to her how while going at a very rapid rate over a fine piece of road just above, we saw a man waving what appeared to be a red flag.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "father and a gang of men are repairing a bridge a little way past that turn in the road, and they stationed that man there to warn automobiles to approach slowly."

As she was speaking, I had removed my auto cap and goggles, and looked a little more like a human being.

"But I think they planned to have the road open again by this

afternoon," the girl continued: "Won't you sit down on the piazza and wait awhile?"

Wait! How could I spare the time? Every hour ought to see me fifty miles farther on my trip. I glanced at my companions. Their faces were blank. It was for me to say.

"Thank you very much for the invitation," I said, "but we are on a cross country run, and every hour counts."

"Well," she replied, "there is no other way you can get across the ravine here. There is another bridge about seven miles up, but the road is so rocky and bad that it would take you fully an hour longer to go that way."

I turned to my companions again. "If that's the case, I suppose we might as well stay here and wait." They all agreed.

"It's very kind of you," I remarked as we started up the walk. "That cool, shady porch does look inviting indeed."

But the truth of it was the girl looked a lot more inviting to me than the porch. I had been immediately struck with the girl's beauty, and my admiration had steadily increased each minute, till now I really thought she was just about the most beautiful creature I had ever set eyes on. It was a bad case of "love at first sight." Her features were perfect, her complexion was as fair as a rose, despite the fact that it was well tanned by her outdoor life. Her hair and eyes were a beautiful dark brown. Above it all she seemed such perfect simplicity, with no apparent thought of herself.

The time passed quickly—too quickly, almost—for I enjoyed the conversation immensely. I told of the adventures of our trip so far, while they in turn, told me of how they had left their fine home in San Francisco to take up ranch life on account of the father's health—told of what fine success they had had, and then, knowing that we were interested in automobiles, they took us out to see their beautiful car.

From the time that I had first seen the mother's face, and heard the name—Crouse—a thought had been racking my brain. Yet it seemed so utterly foolish that I tried to forget it, but forget it I could not. Finally I could contain myself no longer.

"Did you ever live in the East?" I ventured.

"I? No," she answered. "I never did. Why?"

"Oh, nothing—much—but did your mother?"

"Mother? Yes, mother lived in Syracuse, New York, before she

was married. Then father took her to New York City, and then they came out here."

Things were getting interesting.

"I beg your pardon for being so inquisitive," I said, "but I think I know who your mother is. What was her name before she was married?"

"Whitworth," the girl replied.

Whitworth! The identity was complete.

"I believe your mother and my mother were once chums in college," I said. "Now I know where I had seen a picture that resembled your mother's face. Mother has a picture in her room—a picture of her old college chum, which she prizes very highly. She has told me how this chum eloped shortly after graduation with a young man named Crouse, whom her parents were very much opposed to. They went to New York where her husband was very successful in business, and later moved out West somewhere. Since then mother had lost all track of this friend, and I'll bet I have just located her now. Let's go and see."

Trembling with excitement, we both hurried to the house and told the story to Mrs. Crouse. Sure enough, she was the one. To make a long story short, old family stories were given and received, and, best of all, Marguerite and I felt better acquainted.

Before I knew it, an hour was more than gone, and it was with a feeling of intense regret at having to leave my fair companion, that I stepped into the machine and said good-bye. As I turned for a last look, the expression on Marguerite's face was one I shall never forget.

It was but a ride of a very few moments before we reached a deep gully cutting through the road. The bridge over this ravine had become old and unsteady, and in order to get at the seat of the trouble, the very foundations were being replaced, and the work was progressing very much slower than the people at the house had supposed.

I explained to the foreman our great need of haste and asked how long it would be before we could cross.

"Well," he drawled out in an exasperatingly slow way, "maybe in five or six hours we could manage to get you over."

I turned to my companions in despair. "What will we do?"

Just at this point Mr. Crouse, the father of my friend of the afternoon, arrived on the scene. I repeated my story to him.

"Well," he said, "I'm very sorry for you, but, as you see, this won't be finished for some time yet. But, say," he continued, "about half a mile down there is a very old bridge that is not in use now and has, for

a long time, been declared unsafe. But you might manage to get across if you cared to risk it."

Three minutes later I was speeding toward the place designated, and soon was there. It was a dilapidated affair indeed, and nearby was posted a sign:

DANGER
BRIDGE UNSAFE
Under No Circumstances
Attempt To Drive Or Ride
Across This Bridge.

Unfortunately for me I was too headstrong to heed the warning. I simply felt that I **must** get across. So I had my two companions get out of the automobile, and, starting up very slowly, I rode onto the bridge. —It's all right so far——I'm a quarter of the way across——Careful—it's trembling a little——I'll go a little slower——It's trembling still more——I—I wish I hadn't tried it——I'm half way——I—Great Heavens! it's swaying way to one side——

With a great crash the bridge fell.

* * * * *

I awoke with a start. A sharp pain shot through my head and shoulder, and I lay still, vaguely trying to think what had happened, and where I was. I was in bed—I heard voices talking softly.

Suddenly it dawned on me—my auto trip—the gully—the rotten bridge—the crash and—and—



"Isn't he handsome, though?" said a soft voice near me. That voice sounded strangely familiar.

I slowly opened my eyes, and beheld—her. I tried to smile, I tried to speak. But the smile changed to a look of pain, the words died away on my lips, and again I was silent.

She tiptoed softly out of the room, and I heard

her say, "Oh, Doctor, he just opened his eyes and started to speak and then he closed them again."

A moment more and a heavier step entered the room, followed by the same light tiptoe that I had heard before.

"Oh, Doctor, do you think he will live?"

"Yes," the doctor replied, "I believe so. His shoulder is broken and he is very badly shaken up and bruised. But with good care and proper nursing I think he will come out all right. If we were only a little nearer a hospital—"

"But I'm sure he will receive good care here," she interrupted, "and you know I took a course of nursing in New York."

"Well, he isn't in condition to be moved now, anyway," replied the physician, "so he will have to stay for a little while."

So that was the way it was. I had gone down with the old bridge, been brought back to the house, and **she** was going to be my nurse.

Well, there is no need of going into detail of how I was picked out of the bottom of the ravine, and brought back to the house—of how it was so long before they could get a doctor that they thought I was dead—of how Mr. and Mrs. Crouse and Marguerite talked it all over with the doctor and decided that I should stay there until I was able to be moved. Sufficient to say that that was the case.

The days directly following my accident were of course very painful ones for me, and very little conversation was carried on within my room. Marguerite was ever watchful and attentive to my slightest wish, and when her cool hand smoothed back the hair from my forehead, it seemed as though a real angel was bending over me. My love and admiration for her knew no bounds, and as the days passed by and I was slowly but surely recovering, many and delightful were the visits that we had together.

My automobile, of course, had been badly smashed, but I had determined to finish my run in that car, so I had all there was left of it shipped to the builders, with the order that the machine be rebuilt and returned to me. The two men were, of course, uninjured as they were not in the car with me when it fell, and I had sent them on to San Francisco by rail.

* * * * *

At last the time arrived when I was sufficiently able to go on with my trip. My machine had been returned practically new, and the company had written, expressing their sympathy with my accident, and assuring me that the time, from the time of my accident till I resumed

my trip again, would be taken out, and I would still have a chance to make the trip in the actual number of days running required.

For old friendship's sake I had been invited to stay on, and on, after I was really able to leave, and I had not reluctantly accepted the invitation.

Marguerite and I were in love—deeply in love—with each other. Now, as we were seated together in the big automobile, spinning along the same fine piece of road that I had been on the day of my accident, it seemed as though "the Time, the Place, and the Girl" were just right to put the "Eternal Question" to a final answer. It was a beautiful day and both of us felt just about as happy as we could feel—with the exception of one thing—I was soon to go away.

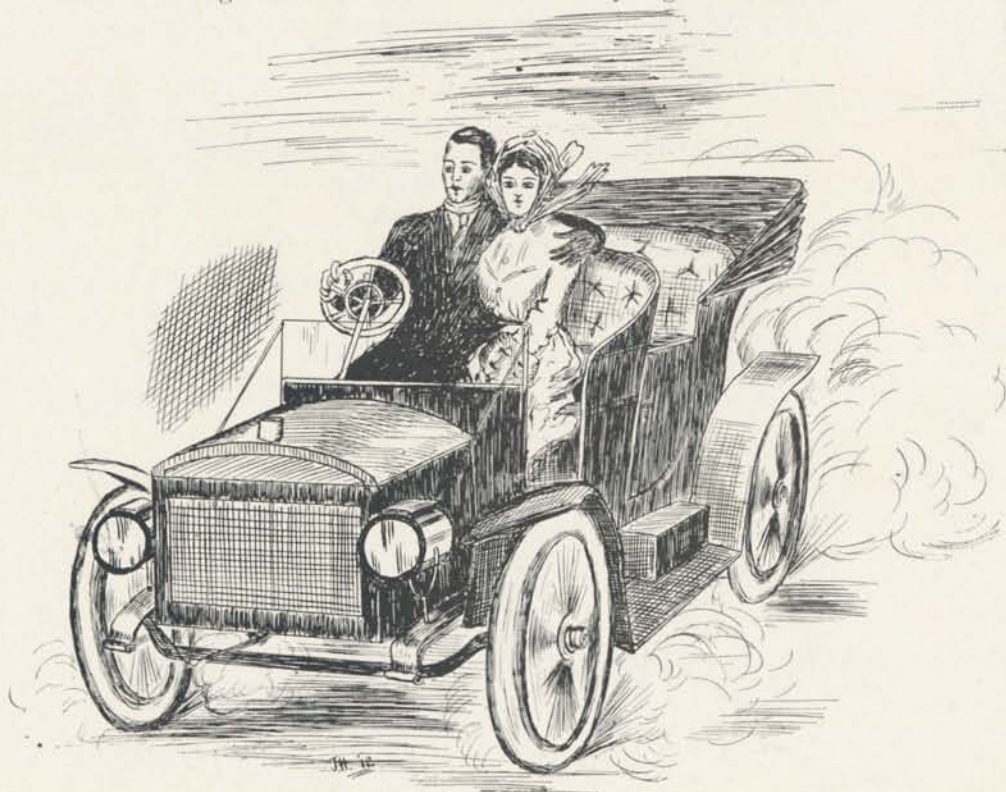
I turned and looked into her eyes with a long, loving gaze. She returned the look, with just as much love, and just as much tenderness, it seemed to me, as there was in mine.

"Marguerite," I said finally, "I love you dearly."

"Yes," and she glanced down, "I've heard you say that before."

"Indeed you have, and I meant it, and now I want to prove it to you."

What happened then I'll not attempt to describe. Sufficient for you to know that there wasn't a happier couple on the whole earth than there was right there in the front seat of my big automobile.



Alma Mater, Oregon

Grey walls upon a ground of green,
Blue river at thy feet, well seen,
These three things thy name doth mean,
Alma Mater, Oregon!

Thy learning grey and old and wise:
The truths for which men died arise
In thy wisdom-haunted eyes,
Alma Mater, Oregon!

And green the promise of thy spring,
For youth and life in everything
Broadening branches upward fling,
Alma Mater, Oregon!

While blue the stream of years flows by
To far blue sea from far blue sky,
Forever floats thy banner high,
Alma Mater, Oregon!

Herbert Crombie Howe.

Tut! Man, Afraid?

LAST Sunday I was on top of Skinner's Butte. The town lay below me like a green garden in the brown and sunburned valley. At the west end of town, the garden spot of the garden, as it were, was the University. There was Villard Hall with two of its towers and one row of windows showing; just south of it and lording over it in regard to height was Deady with two rows of windows, its two towers and four of its chimney-like ventilators in full view; and still farther south was the Library, trying its best to be conspicuous but succeeding so poorly as to have only a little bit of its southwest corner sticking out from behind the firs. Altogether it seemed a fresh and homelike place and a pleasant one to get an education at."

That was the way the letter closed. She must get a bit of "literature" in every time," Harry Trasper thought as he folded the sheets and replaced them in the envelope. As he added the envelope to a good-sized stack addressed in the same way, he called to mind that every one of them contained a "piece of literature." Now it was a little sermon, again it was some simple narration of a page or two but more often it was a description because she imagined her talent lay principally in that direction.

"I wonder what she'll describe to me next time," Harry mused, smilingly, and then, noticing that it was getting late, went to bed.

He had a pleasant dream that night. If a person is a young man he dreams about once a year of the little girl whom, very long ago, he liked best to lend his jackknife to, and he wakes the morning after feeling somehow as though an angel had visited him during the night. For a grown-up girl to come thus into his dreams in angel guise is a sign that he loves her very dearly. It was from such a dream that Harry Trasper awoke in the morning and before its benign influence had passed, he sat down and wrote the girl a letter.

"Dear Sammy:"

(She once told him that when she got to be an authoress her pen name was going to be Samantha Tolliver. After that he called her

Samanthy for a while, but finding it pretty long, he shortened it to Sammy.)

"I'm 'mad'. I saw you a few hours ago and you looked exceedingly pretty, but pretty is as pretty does. I never thought the gentle Sammy could be so mean, so cruel, so unobliging—and to me. Alas, alack! When I met her a few hours ago—it seemed to be in the evening and she was standing in front of the bleachers with some other people—I went up to her and was going to kiss her 'hello', but she would not have it so and coldly offered me her hand. All this was in a dream, you will say, and you will urge that you are not responsible for the Sammy of my dreams. I hope not; for in reality you would not treat me so unkindly, would you, upon meeting me after a three-months' absence? I believe my dream did you an injustice; if I thought you were so callow-hearted you would never see me more; next term (in spite of your description) I would con my lessons at the lap of another mater."

Had Harry's mother looked over his shoulder and read this letter she could not have repressed a smile. The truth is, Harry was not nearly so fond of kissing as he pretended to be in the letter. If the whole truth must be told, he was not fond of kissing at all. Rather he had a great antipathy to this kind of salutation. Even when he was a baby, his mother's kisses, instead of calming him, only made him cry more obstreperously. When he was a little boy he would clasp his stout little arms about his mother with all his might, showing her how much he loved her; but he never measured his affection with kisses.

Later he became proud of this eccentricity and so passed through high school without having tried to mend it. If a man is like ordinary people in other ways he is apt to be like them in the matter of greatness also. If a man is going to be greater than other people, he must be different. The more eccentricities the more hope of future eminence. His aversion to kissing was a distinctive eccentricity, since it was not even possessed by the great men except by Mark Twain to a certain degree; so not counting his other little oddities of character, he ought to attain to no uncertain greatness on the strength of this eccentricity alone. Thus Harry reasoned, but he learned what fallacious reasoning it was when he went to the University, not through superior courses in argumentation, but through becoming well acquainted with the girl whom he called Sammy.

Then Harry began to give less thought to future eminence and to wonder why the Lord had not made him like other people. There really wasn't any sense to kissing. But it seemed to be a foolishness in which

everybody but himself indulged. So he began to wish that he had been so constituted as to enjoy indulging in it, too, or else that other people would awake to their folly and quit it. He bestowed many blessings upon the heads of doctors when they began to talk microbes. But doctor's talk availed nothing and he was again left shivering and afraid. He was such a hopeless minority. There never was a successful lover, there never was a hero of fiction, there never was anybody in fact who wasn't a good kisser. Kissing, kissing, kissing. He seemed to be the only person in the whole world who did not kiss.

But Harry was a tactful person and did all that was to be done under the circumstances; he pretended that he was immensely fond of kissing. Sometimes indeed his secret sat like a murder on his soul. He was afraid a situation might arise—girls are capricious beings and there is no telling when they are going to pout their lips—and, oh, heavens! what would he do? But in spite of this disquieting fear he kept the semblance up, sometimes going out of his way to do it as in the case of the letter. Let us look over his shoulder and read the answer. This time the description came first.

"Dear Harry:

The four-year-old-boy from across the way and I have been out to see the sun set. I wish you had been with us; we saw a phenomenon; we seemed to see the sun move in going down. A yard or two above the horizon was perfectly clear but up the sky a little way was a patch of clouds. There was nothing extraordinary about the sun as long as it was a few feet up. But as soon as it touched the sky-line it began to bob visably like an angler's cork when a crawfish is fooling with the bait. It plunged a fraction of an inch to the right then back to the left again, dipping lower at every jerk. And so it disappeared. As I kept watching the glory that it left, the four-year-old asked if I didn't think the sky was pretty when it became 'wed and blue and stweaked.'

"I don't know how to answer your horrid dream. I wouldn't like for you to go to another alma mater. 'I love not faded cheek nor hollow eye, yet I would not have thee die.' I am not accustomed to telling boys hello in exactly the way you suggest; but being it is you I probably wouldn't treat you quite so badly as I did in the dream, provided it was in the parlor we met. I don't think it would be a very becoming public greeting. In truth it would not be a becoming private greeting, but being it is you——"

Harry read the last paragraph several times. He saw his duty, plain and clear, and quaked.

A short time after receiving the letter, Harry made preparations to return to the University. He boarded a train one morning and after several hours of tiresome riding, he stepped off on the crowded station of the college town. After shaking several hands it was her hand he clasped—it was a gloved hand but he felt a thrill clear through the leather.

"This isn't a real meeting," she said, "it's a sort of preliminary like they have in wrestling matches, you know."

"Very well," he replied. "But I hope to see you at eight," he went on boldly, "and I'll call that a real meeting, for sure."

She smiled a significant smile and said, "All right."

Harry had an uneasy time of it till eight o'clock. The thought of the approaching ordeal was ever in his mind. This thought grew heavier till when he sat in his own room at seven it was like awaiting a duel. He was not pleased with himself by any means. Here he was tremulous and afraid because he was going to kiss a sweet-lipped girl. Another boy would be happy and joyous in anticipation. And the girl—how unjust to her. She was giving him a treat and how was he considering it—he got up and paced the floor. Oh, why hadn't the Lord made him like other people!

At a few minutes to eight he started towards her house. He looked very erect and bold, but what matters erectness when the heart is weak? Presently he came to her house. A blind was up and he saw her through the window, reading.

She had a wonderful freshness of look. She reminded one of newly blown flowers and the breezes that precede a summer rain. Wrong seemed to be a thousand miles away from her. And when one sat in her presence one seemed much nearer heaven than one deserved.

The author she was reading was evidently a facetious scamp, making her smile now and then. As Harry gazed at her loveliness, he wondered why anyone should not want to kiss her. A good man who is sure of heaven yet fears to die; so Harry paused. He looked at his watch: he had five minutes. He walked down the street a few yards hoping to gain courage. He was back in a minute, and she was still reading, all alone, waiting for him to come and kiss her. He saw her lips smiling at the author's conceits. Sweetness ineffable—and all for him. Oh, how he wished he were like other people!

He took another turn on the walk but was straightway back at his old place, viewing her through the window. He couldn't turn back now. Doubtless she would make it easy—she had kissed people before, chil-

dren, girls, father, mother. He looked up the street. Directly in front of him the moon was rising. It seemed to lie at the end of the street like a big golden cannon-ball. Since the time she stooped to kiss **Enty-**mion on the hill, Diana has whispered courage to lovers.

Harry walked boldly to the door and rang.

I sipped sweet nectar from her lips,
As 'neath the trees we sat,
And wondered if some other chap
Had drank from a mug like that.—Ex.



On the Mountain-side

E. A. Morgan

COME on in, Charlie. I am afraid it's too cold for you out there." The little five year old boy, to whom the mother spoke, was out in the front yard of his home playing in the snow. He stopped to gather up some more snow in his mittened hands and to squeeze it into a ball. Then he took hasty aim at a flock of snow-birds and laughed to see them fly.

The morning's work was all done, so, in spite of the cold, the mother lingered a while on the porch. The late winter sun was just rising in the south-east and its rays reflected by the snow made it impossible to look that way. To the west was Fir Butte. The sun was as yet prevented from reaching it and it loomed up dark and forbidding in comparison with the sun-lit valley below.

"The party that is going to climb that mountain tomorrow will have a cold time of it," she mused. "There has been snow up there all winter. I wish Robert didn't have to go over there to look at the timber."

She shivered and called to the boy. "Come inside, Charley, and you may throw crumbs to the little birds from the window."

At this suggestion the little fellow came running up the walk at once, just as eager to coax up the birds as he had been a moment before to pelt them with snow.

While he was engaged in regaining the confidence of his little friends, his mother began to rearrange some old school-books, on their shelves. An unmounted photograph dropped out from between the leaves of her old Algebra. She picked it up and examined it curiously. It showed the features of a good-looking boy of seventeen years. On the back of the picture was written:

"Minnie Prosser,
From Will Schultz."

The woman looked up at a picture of her husband, which was on the bureau. It had been taken at about the same time as the one she held in her hand. She took up both pictures and looked at them side by side. Both boys had been her schoolmates. She was obliged to acknowledge that Will had been the better looking of the two. Turning

the pictures over she compared the handwriting. Will had written a good business hand. The letters were all regular and even. On the back of the other picture her husband had written his name, "Robert Maxwell," in fanciful strokes. It seemed to her that the characters of the two men were shown by these two pictures and their autographs. She wondered at the economy of a boy who would give an unmounted photograph to a girl-friend. Still that had been the policy of Will Schultz, even after he had grown up. He was now a successful real-estate dealer and interested in some paying investments.

"I don't wish for his money," the wife mused, "but I do wish Robert did not have to work so hard for what he gets. If we can only get that timber-land over at the Butte it will be such a help."

She went to the window and looked over to the Butte again. At a point about two-thirds of the way up the sun was now shining and she almost thought that she could make out a figure showing dark against the snow. But Charlie claimed her attention for a while and when she looked again the figure was gone. Many times afterward was she to remember the coincidence of discovering the picture of her boy lover and seeing that dark figure on the side of Fir Butte; and once more too, she was to look, but with far different feelings, on the handwriting of this same person.

A dozen years before this Will Schultz had put all unprofitable things from his mind. It was not like him to yield to sentiment but up there on the Butte this morning he could not concentrate his mind on the business at hand. Before starting for the woods he had filled his match-box and then in a fit of abstraction had come away leaving it on the table. Several times during the morning his thoughts had turned to Robert Maxwell and Minnie. He knew that Maxwell meant to buy railroad land scrip and file on this timber land; but this knowledge had only made him hasten his own plans. He had been considering the purchase of the Fir Butte timber for a long time. Now he was on the ground to pick out the best timber.

Over half of the forenoon was gone when he walked out on the bald face of the Butte, which overlooked his home town, Pleasant Vale. He looked across at the Maxwell's house. Bob was a pretty decent fellow after all. He had won Minnie fairly. But business was business; he could not look after his own interests and Maxwell's, too.

He turned and started to make his way on around the Butte. It was not necessary to go up any higher but he would have to make the circuit of the Butte in order to find out how high up the good timber

extended. When he came, shortly after this, to a little gulch, he started to walk a log which lay across it. He had nearly reached the other side when his foot struck a knot hidden by the snow and he lost his balance. He threw out both arms to catch himself but his feet slid off of the log and he fell into the gulch. He struck the sloping bank feet-first but one foot was thrust between the bank and a large root and his momentum bearing him downward snapped the big bone of his right ankle.

For the first few minutes the keen pain of his hurt drove every other thought from his mind as he rolled and slid the rest of the way to the bottom of the gulch. Then his business faculties asserted themselves and the question arose of how he was to continue his timely cruisions.

Thinking of this he had to face another question, slower in coming but just as hard to answer; so hard in fact that the man did not care to meet it at once. He started to move a little to discover how serious his condition was, and had to grit his teeth to keep down the expression of his pain.

The question which he hesitated to meet came back more forcibly for it was the question of life. This time he met it squarely and considered his situation. The trail which left Fir Butte was on the other side. Although Pleasant Vale was within eyesight, the river below prevented his taking a direct route. He could continue his way around the Butte, go back the way he came, or climb directly over it. This last was the course he finally decided upon. He knew that this way would be clearest of brush and logs and would be a little shorter. There was another reason, however, which he hardly cared to recognize. The party, which was going to climb the Butte on the following day would make the ascent from the other side and if he stood it through this day and night he would have some chance of getting aid from them. He remembered seeing newspaper accounts of how men had dragged themselves for miles through the woods when hurt and had lived for days.

"It takes a lot to really kill a man," he muttered and resolutely made a start.

His woodsman's hatchet which had broken through the snow crust in its fall was not far away and with it he stripped a piece of bark about three feet long from a young hemlock. He fitted this around his right leg low enough to protect his ankle and tied it carefully. Then he was ready for the climb and set out.

the pictures over she compared the handwriting. Will had written a good business hand. The letters were all regular and even. On the back of the other picture her husband had written his name, "Robert Maxwell," in fanciful strokes. It seemed to her that the characters of the two men were shown by these two pictures and their autographs. She wondered at the economy of a boy who would give an unmounted photograph to a girl-friend. Still that had been the policy of Will Schultz, even after he had grown up. He was now a successful real-estate dealer and interested in some paying investments.

"I don't wish for his money," the wife mused, "but I do wish Robert did not have to work so hard for what he gets. If we can only get that timber-land over at the Butte it will be such a help."

She went to the window and looked over to the Butte again. At a point about two-thirds of the way up the sun was now shining and she almost thought that she could make out a figure showing dark against the snow. But Charlie claimed her attention for a while and when she looked again the figure was gone. Many times afterward was she to remember the coincidence of discovering the picture of her boy lover and seeing that dark figure on the side of Fir Butte; and once more too, she was to look, but with far different feelings, on the handwriting of this same person.

A dozen years before this Will Schultz had put all unprofitable things from his mind. It was not like him to yield to sentiment but up there on the Butte this morning he could not concentrate his mind on the business at hand. Before starting for the woods he had filled his match-box and then in a fit of abstraction had come away leaving it on the table. Several times during the morning his thoughts had turned to Robert Maxwell and Minnie. He knew that Maxwell meant to buy railroad land scrip and file on this timber land; but this knowledge had only made him hasten his own plans. He had been considering the purchase of the Fir Butte timber for a long time. Now he was on the ground to pick out the best timber.

Over half of the forenoon was gone when he walked out on the bald face of the Butte, which overlooked his home town, Pleasant Vale. He looked across at the Maxwell's house. Bob was a pretty decent fellow after all. He had won Minnie fairly. But business was business; he could not look after his own interests and Maxwell's, too.

He turned and started to make his way on around the Butte. It was not necessary to go up any higher but he would have to make the circuit of the Butte in order to find out how high up the good timber

While making his ascent Will Schultz thought of a great many things. His life had been too self-centered to make him very many friends. He had been an only child and his parents were not living now. He could not think of very many people who would mourn him very much if he were not able to make his way over the miles of snow that separated him from the village.

"I guess it will be Maxwell instead of me that gets this timber," he thought. But somehow this thought did not trouble him much. Although he was climbing steadily his progress was necessarily slow and he was beginning to realize that he would not get far from the Butte before night. Indeed it was doubtful whether he would even cross the ridge.

At last, however, he got high enough up the rough hillside to see over the trees and into the valley. He looked for the Maxwell house again. For a long time he gazed and when he started on up the hill a purpose was taking shape in his mind. The railroad land scrip, by which he meant to take two sections of this land, was in his pocket. He must devise some way to leave this to his old schoolmates, Robert and Minnie.

There were not very many hours left of daylight. It seemed a long, long time that he had been dragging his leg along in its casing of bark. It was numb now below the knee and only gave him a little twinge of pain when it bumped against something. His hands were protected by heavy mittens and did not suffer. As the short winter day began to draw near its close a chilling north wind began to blow and made him long for the shelter of the woods again. Still he struggled on, and, as it grew colder still he was conscious of but two desires: one, to leave his precious scrip paper where it would be found, and the other, to find a sheltered spot where he might rest. The best place to leave the papers would be on the top of the butte because the pleasure party would be sure to be at the very summit on the next day in order to get the best view of the country. All this he had thought out beforehand; for during these last rods of the climb he was too nearly frozen even to think. All he knew was that he had to keep crawling and the direction must be upward. Finally when he still tried to climb upward he found the snow level ahead and dimly realized that he had come to the top, and this was the place where he was going to leave the scrip paper. But no, this was not the top. It was only a hillock and over to the left was a higher one. That was the top of the Butte. Below him was the shelter of the woods and when he turned

to the left the wind blew stinging pieces of snow into his face but he moved toward the left, nevertheless.

When he reached the top of the second little hill he knew that he was at the top of the Butte. He felt that he ought to hurry but could not. His hands seemed weighted with the cold. He got his heavy coat unbuttoned with difficulty and from his inside pocket took the big envelope containing the scrip. His pencil fell out on the snow and he failed in several attempts to pick it up. His thumb and fingers would not meet. Finally, getting the pencil between his two hands and his knee on one end of the long envelope, he wrote across the other end, forgetful of the marriage which made the two one,

"Minnie Prosser,
R. Maxwell,
My Will."

Although legible the writing did not much resemble the regular characters with which Will Schultz, the real-estate man, was wont to address his correspondence. And indeed it could hardly be said that this man, who thus made his will and then pinned it to the crusted snow by thrusting his pencil through it, was that man of business, who had come to the woods eight hours before. If character is developed by striving to do right without thought of self, none can say that Will Schultz did not grow in character as much in that one day as most people do in the experience of a life-time.

Down the other side of the Butte he made his way, crawling and slipping, guided not so much by reason as by instinct—the same instinct which causes an animal to endure in silence but to persist in moving on. He reached the timber in the end and crept into the first hollow tree that offered itself.

In the little town below Fir Butte they still tell how cold it was on that night. People in comfortable beds woke up and shivered. But the wind stopped blowing by morning and a bright sun came out to give warmth to what life remained.

It was quite late in the morning before the sun was high enough to throw its rays beyond the Butte. Even for some time after this there was no sign of life in the woods, but finally a little squirrel felt the heat enough to leave its nest and try the morning air. It scurried down the inside of the hollow tree in which it made its home but on getting near the bottom it stopped and began to show its curiosity and mistrust of something there. Finally, however, it decided that alarm was needless and, descending the remaining distance, ran across a still form, unafraid.

JOSHES



FRESHMEN

OFFICERS



VICE PRESIDENT



SECRETARY



WENDELL BARBOUR
PRESIDENT



REX TURNER
TREASURER



ARTHUR MEANS
SERGT AT ARMS



Dear Mr. Editor:

Do you intend to use the word "pigging" in your book? It is such an awful word and I would like to suggest a substitute. Instead of "Pigging" use "Twoing" or "Tooing."

The "Pigger" a "tutor."

The "Pig" a "tootsie."

Toot! Toot!

Carrie (Francis O.) Nation—"I cannot tell a story, Papa G., I cut the tent ropes with my little hatchet."

Investigating Com.—"I have heard that you received a barrel of beer last week. Was there anything in it?"

Student—"Yessir, there were 72 quart bottles."

Prof.—"What does local option mean, Mr. Nelson?"

Bob.—"It means a big business for the express companies."

Who said Hairy Mix?

Van Dusen (whose animal acquaintances are limited to salmon) paddling up the race hears a hoot-owl.

Van—"Gosh! fellows, hear that mink." (friends laugh) "Well, if it isn't a mink it's a pheasant."

Mr. Cronise was asked how many wars Spain had in the 15th century. "Six," answered the bright boy.

"Enumerate them," said Dr. Schaefer.

Cronise—"One, two, three, four, five, six."

Athletes in the Gym.

Older athlete—"By George, Freshman, you've got a shape like Venus de Milo."

Freshman—"Venus the miler! What was his record?"

Johnny had been asking questions in a small-boy fashion and after bearing up under the ordeal for a time his father gave him a lecture, ending up by saying, "You are too curious, Johnny. Curiosity once killed a cat."

For five whole minutes the boy was silent, but the strain was too great. "Pa," he finally piped up, "What question did the cat ask?"

Freshman (sees on ellipse)—"Say, Prof., how do you draw these oblong circles?"

Adventures of "TIMMY LOO"



In the Associated Students are found many smaller groups which could more fittingly be called "Associated Students." These groups are composed of two members and equal suffrage is the rule. Meetings are held whenever the sun and moon shine.

"Hello!"

"Hello! Sigma Nu house?"

"Yes."

"Is Tubby Alton there?"

"No, he doesn't live here. He just visits here occasionally. Call up the Gamma Phi Beta house."

Kid—"Pa, whut's pyrography?"

Squie Wisewun—"Why, Willie, I'm surprised at you askin, such a simple thing. That's the trick o' makin' pies."

"Will some one in the class," asked Professor Carson, "give a better form of the sentence, 'John can ride the mule if he wants to'?"

Geary—" 'John can ride the mule if the mule wants him to' .".

Instructor in Surveying (looking over quiz papers)—"Well, there are some members of my class who could be 'masters of all they survey' and still not have much."

George Otten (rushing into barber-shop)—"Say, Henry, how soon can I get a shave?"

Barber (after looking at him a moment)—"Oh, in about two years, I should judge."

Statement No. 1—"Have a drink?"

Statement No. 2—"Don't care if I do."

Now how do your political views stand?

(Overheard in the photograph gallery.)

Retoucher—"Gee! These college girls with their low-neck dresses are a bony lot. It keeps me working day after day rubbing off or covering up bones."

Herb Clarke—"Say, Freshman, don't you ever sweep under the bed?"

Sap Latourette—"Why certainly. I always do. It's so much handier than using a dustpan."

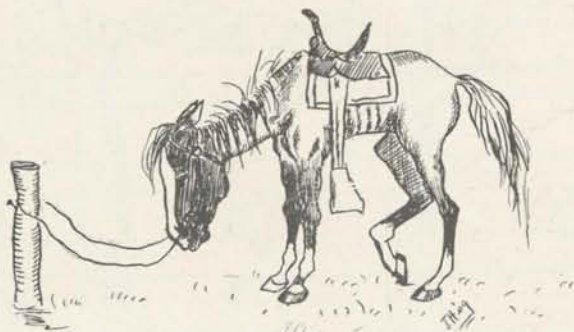


"Jack" Poyle

"Cap" Briggs

"Senator" Tracy

Can you imagine what would happen—
If the Doughnut went busted?
If Cooper became an angel?
If Hunt really owned the earth?
If Joe Gans smiled?
If Frances Oberteuffer had red hair?
If Oregon should win all her ball games with O. A. C.?
If more of the college girls used peroxide?
If "Bob" Forbes didn't come back next Fall?
If the campus were not dug up twice a year?
If we had a ladies' track team?
If the Glee Club went again to Baker City?
If athletes were admitted free to games?
If Jesse Bend were President of the University?
If Bailey and Loosley continued their reckless growth?
If Eugene were a dry town?
If the game laws included blind pigs and all the students were game wardens?
If the flag were raised on public holidays?
If any University students smoked?
If Van Dusen went into Grand Opera?
If there were two Ladies' Literary Societies?
If these remarks were interpreted "as they were not intended to read"?

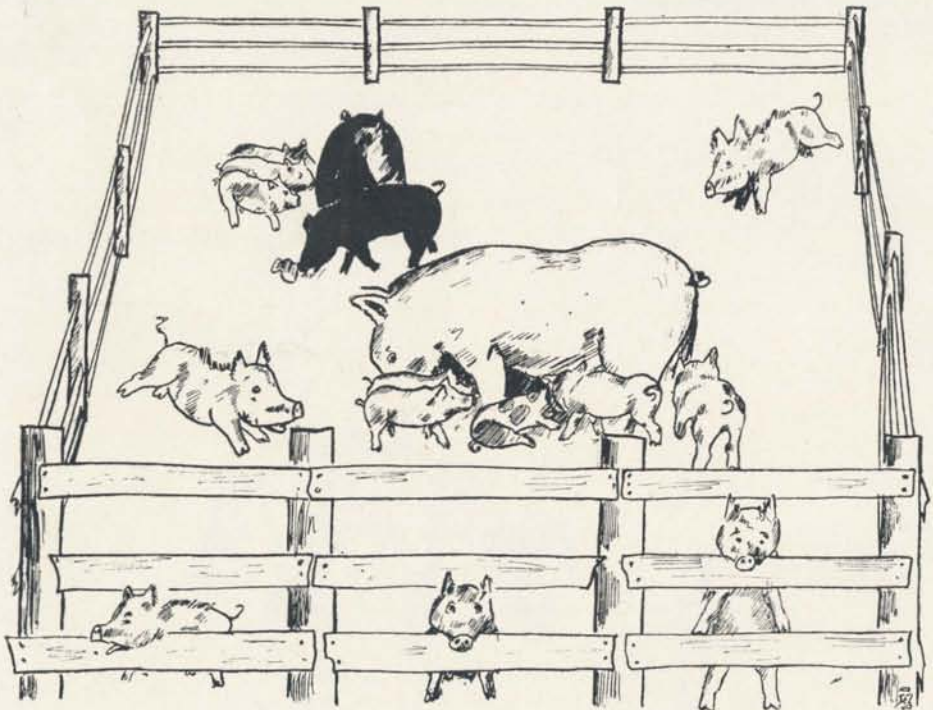


After Exams.

Oregon Rooters



A Bunch of O. A. C. Rooters



Wee! Wee! Wee! Zip! Boom! Bee! O. A. C.!



Hazing

Oh, those good old times have disappeared,
And gloom pervades the air;
The hazing stunt has got its bump;
It's down and out for fair.

No more those gentle duckings
In the onward flowing race.
The wierd seance of the "Hoola" dance
Will nevegmore take place.

No more we'll see the Freshmen scared
To venture out alone,
But swellheads bold, with nerve untold,
They'll be, and not atone.

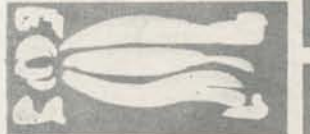
The world turns round and time goes on,
And each one sighs aloud,
For the different ways of bygone days,
When the "Frosh" for once were cowed.



"LADY"
BEAVER CLUB'S COLLIE



"CHOW"
PRESIDENT CAMPBELL'S
JAPANESE POODLE



"CALE"
TAWAH CLUB'S MASCOT



"HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER"



QUEEN AND FAMILY
SEE HURD'S PRIZEWINNER



"CAP"
BILL HAYWARD'S ASST.
PACING A RUNNER



"IRISH"
KAPPA SIGMA BIRDDOG



"PETE" F.Φ.B.'S PET
RESCUED BY R. STEELQUIST
SEE DOUGHNUT VOL. I. NO. 5.

The Junior Rules Committee has adopted the following resolutions:

That—

No barefoot boys shall be allowed to cross the campus.

The entire campus shall be dug up four times annually instead of three.

University girls must wear full-length sleeves to classes.

No one connected with the Varsity shall go hare-headed except after dark and then not outdoors.

No University professors shall be allowed to smoke.

The Stars and Stripes shall be raised on Washington's birthday.

Library books shall be rented instead of drawn out.

The pension Bureau for aged and decrepit janitors shall annex the "Old People's Home."

Cabs shall not be used for dances unless the hiree has the price.

No chaperones weighing over 200 pounds shall be permitted in canoes.

All professional chaperones shall learn to swim.

Students shall not be permitted to use bathtubs.

All chaperones taken in cabs shall keep quiet and ride backward; all taken in canoes shall have to paddle half the time to earn their rides.

College girls shall wear smoked glasses at track-meets and shall only watch the athletes while they (the athletes) are in motion.

No campus billboards shall be less than 10 feet square. Nothing with less than 15 colors will be allowed hanging room in Nature's Art Gallery.

Anyone can cut trees down on the campus providing they will not story about the authorship of the deed.

The University should not buy a supply of fuel for next year, but instead, cut down all the useless shade trees which cut off the sunlight and hide the buildings.

A statue of Anthony Comstock shall be placed on the top of the new gymnasium.

Retiring President Ben Williams of the Laurean Literary Society will not be able to hunt wild animals in Africa as he had intended, because of conflicting interests. It is understood though, that later on he will head a party on a hunt for "wiffenpoofs" in the vast ranges of Bangs' Park. Emperor William has asked for an invitation.

Sure cure for snoring—don't sleep.



"DIXIE"

Σ. N. Ex. 12. OLIVER HULSTON'S
BIRDDOG. DIXHWASHER
See DOUGHNUT, V. I. No. 3.



"TIGE"

ANOTHER ONE OF
CAPTAIN HURD'S
CHAMPIONS



"JACK"

JIGMA NU '07-08.



"DIXIE" '07-08.
KAPPA JIGMA



"PRIDE OF THE KELLY CLAN"

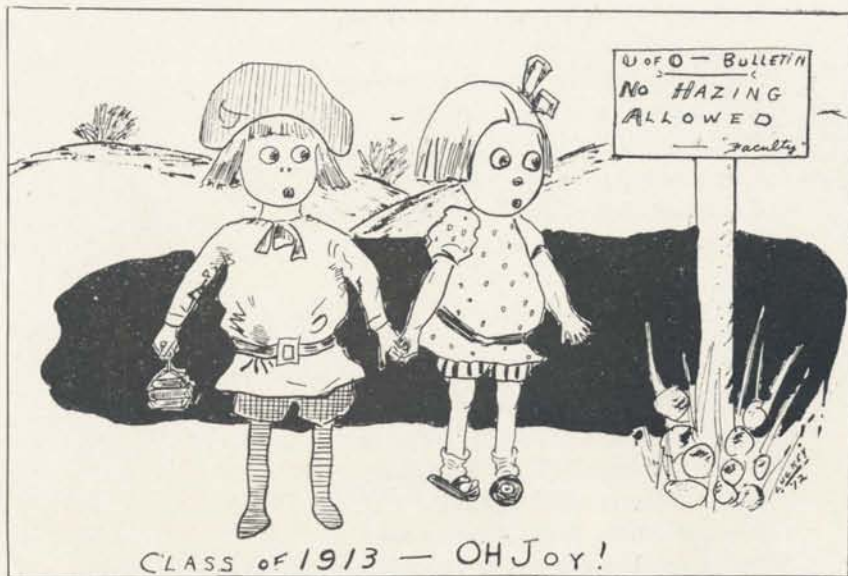


"DUBIE" DELTA ALPHA
BLUE RIBBON '07-08

Junior Week-End had just ended.
Things were going far from right.
Soph was sleepy, freshman weepy,
Prof was in a temper quite;
When a something funny happened,
Happened in the German class.
Round the room a question wandered,
Started slow, then came on fast
Till at last it wakened Sophy,
Wakened Sophy, who was last.
"Translate this question," said Professor.
"Translate quick or get thee hence, there."
And he slowly read the question,
"Sähen Sie jetzt aus dem Fenster?"
Quite astounded, with an effort,
Soph collected all his sense.
And he boldly made translation:
"Did I see her climb the fence?"



Even the Deady Bugs held a demonstration when the affairs committee issued its ultimatum.



Freshman Class Meeting

Oregon Superlatives

The following list of University Superlatives was found in the Oregon contribution box with no author's name attached. A small note accompanied them. It said:

"After two years in college I feel fitted to pick out these superlatives. If you don't print them in the Oregonian, I will send them to the Sunday Mercury."

It seems to the editor that this Sophomore had lots of nerve, but in view of his or her threat (the handwriting was feminine) we decided it would be best to run them.

Most Ambitious	"Tommy" Townsend
Smallest	"Bug" Merryman
Laziest	"Breezy" Lowell
Boniest	"Tubby" Alton
Brightest	Jessie Hurley
Thinnest	Harry Mix
Most Officious	"Boss" Bond
Busiest	Wm. Howard Taft Geary
Portliest	Gladys McKenzie
Wisest	Earl Kilpatrick
Purest	Harold Prayerbook Rounds
Silliest	C. C.
Funniest	Clarence Moses Steele
Most Amusing	Ben Chandler
Most Powerful	Arthur Van Dusen
Nerviest	Lair Gosome Gregory
Most Irresistable	Frances Oberteuffer
Spooniest	Cecile Wilcox
Mooniest	Pearl Wilbur
Buzziest	C. Sheepking Sweek
Fastest	Virgil Cooper
Stingiest	Prof. — and Prof. —
Meanest	Those same Prof.'s ..
Gayest	Ralph Society McEwen
Smartest	Ruth Hansen
Truest	Stick-there Keenan
Noisiest	Youngster Kellogg
Shyest	Mac Snow

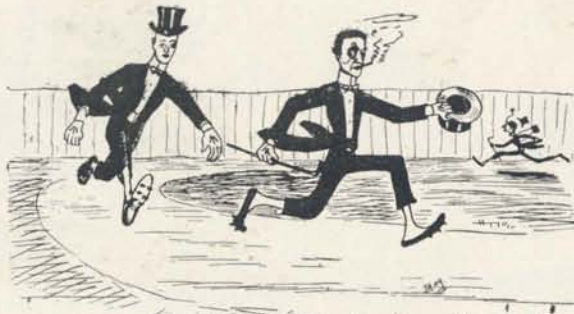


Suggestions for
1910 Senior
play.



Cleverest	Erma Clifford
Huskiest	Gladys Farrar
Flimsiest	"Weedy" Wiedland
Promptest	Ben Williams
Nobbiest	Merle Chessman
Stubbiest	"Watty" Wattenburg
Most Studious	Jennie Lilly
Most Poetic	Thomas Bryan Word
Handsomest	Ralph "Doc" Dodson
Most Unpopular	Faculty Affairs Committee
Most Popular	Prof. Hawthorne
Most Amorous	Cornelius Beebe
Most Entertaining	Hazel Bean
Most Mysterious	"Bill" Hayward
Most Independent	Mgrs. Bean
Most Ladylike	Jumper Johnson and Ferdie Struck
Most Dramatic	Walter McIntyre

Money is both flat and round. If you are thrifty it will lie quietly on its flat side and stay with you; but if you are reckless, it will get "up on its ear" and roll away.



Finish of an exciting 440 under the latest rules for athletic attire.



Co-eds on an Outing



"Cap" Briggs is some sprinter himself

If Only Father Had Been Raised By Me

Sometimes when I am flatly broke,
And load my old brown pipe to smoke,
I dream day dreams sublimely fair,
And build big castles in the air;
'Tis then I think how great 'twould be
If only father had been raised by me.

If I had brought my father up,
He would not fly off in a huff
About the extravagance of boys,
When I suggested that he send
Me five, he'd write, "Why here, take ten."
Instead of saying I should see
The need of more economy.
If raising dad had been my task,
He would not wait until I ask
For extra coin. He'd come to me
And pungle freely, cheerfully.

Yes, as I've hinted at before,
If raising dad had been my chore,
He'd say, "Don't overwork your mind:
Don't work except when you're inclined!"
Instead of thinking I should toil
For "A's," and burn the midnight oil.
My pipe goes out, alas! I realize
It's little use to theorize
When one's dead broke—without a cent—
The last dime gone for "books" and "rent,"
In such a case—how great 'twould be,
If only father had been raised by me.

Doughnut.





Look at this! Isn't is a motley crew? It's the bunch that 1910 walloped so badly on the track in their Freshman-Sophomore Meets.



"Free" Hand-Lettering

A Doughnut Picnic

Five "Doughnuts" on a wintry day,
Went riding in a two-mule sleigh;
They'd laugh and chat and chat and laugh,
For they comprised the Doughnut staff.

Up in front sat Dolly D.,
Her cheeks a rosy red;
While next to her sat Ollie D.,
With curls atop his head,

There was plenty of room in the front seat,
The reason is easily seen,
But things were different in the back
Of the horseless snow-machine.

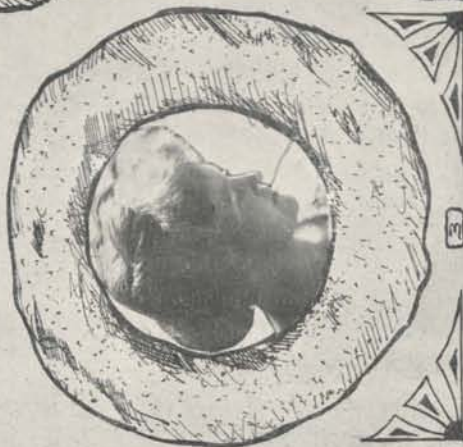
Three stalwarts sat jammed in one seat;
The first was Larry D.,
Over the runner hung his feet;
The next was Harry D.

He enjoyed himself immensely—
His face beamed out with glee—
And his smile grew ever broader,
For he sat on Cary D.

Poor Cary smole a sickly smile (?)
His chances were quite slim;
"Three hundred pounds is quite a load,"
He gasped as his eyes grew dim.

At length dear Harry shifted,
And Cary was set free,
But Larry then could find no room
So sat on Harry's knee.

Doughnut Staff

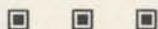


- 1 LAIR GREGORY - EDITOR IN CHIEF.
- 2 OLIVER HUSTON - ASSISTANT EDITOR.
- 3 FRANCES OBERSTEFFER - DOLLY DOUGHNUT.
- 4 CARY LODLEY - BUSINESS MGR.
- 5 E. M. MIX - ADVERTISING MGR.

The Doughnuts in the back seat
Were acting like three fools,
While Olly in the front seat
Helped Dolly steer the mules.

At length the drive was ended,
Good times are too soon o'er,
The mules were gently guided
Back to their stable door.

The Doughnuts had relished their frolic,
What else would such folks do?
Larry,
And Harry,
And Cary,
And Dolly and Olly too.



He Never Was a Boy

Of all the men the world has seen
Since Time his rounds began,
There's one I pity every day—
Earth's first and foremost man.
Just think of all the fun he missed
By failing to enjoy
The dear delights of youthtime,
For—he never was a boy.

I pity him. Why should I not?
I even drop a tear;
He never knew how much he missed—
He never will, I fear.
And always when those dear old days
My memories employ,
I pity him, Earth's only man
Who—never was a boy.

A College Tragedy



He was a freshman, plain to see,
And thought himself quite wise,
For he sought to hug the sophomore
girl,
Who measured twice his size.

He put his arm around her waist,
But then, alas! alack!
The farthest that his hand would
reach
Was half across her back.



A college pair was sitting
On the bridge-rail, quite petite,
Of that much frequented viaduct
That's found on Alder Street.

The millrace ran below them,
And the twinklers beamed above.
'Twas the sort of balmy evening
Just suitable for love.



Then he conceived a desperate plan,
Although he was much loath;
"If one won't do," he meditates,
"I'll have to use them both."

No sooner was the plan resolved
Than it to execute
He 'gan to try his level best,
For Cupid backed his suit.

But just as he did take both hands
 From off the stout bridge rail,
 The sophomore lassie's eyes beamed
 up
 As a mariner's, sighting a sail.

"Oh, G——, just see that shooting
 star!"

Her hand rose quick to point.
 She hit her lover on the nose;
 Most knocked it out of joint.



And then the dreadful happened,
 For with a piercing yell,
 The freshman lost his balance
 And in the millrace fell.

But nothing fatal came to pass,
 And his bad scare soon passed o'er,
 For his love threw him a meaning
 look,
 Which helped him to the shore.

Quite sadly he turned homeward,
 When he'd told his love goodnight.
 "I'm glad it's dark," he muttered,
 "For I surely am a sight."

"I've learned a goodly lesson,
 For when stirred by love's alarms,
 After this I will remember
 That I only have two arms."



Editor's Note—Personalities are omitted here because they would bring forth too much embarrassment on the part of those involved.

Sir Buzzer vs Sir Pigger

'Twas in the days of chivalry,
When knighthood flourished well,
Occurred a mighty combat
The facts of which I'll tell.

The tourney lists were opened,
Great victories were gained;
Many brave knights had fallen,
Till only two remained.



The king hailed these before him.
"Your names, sirs?" cried he loud,
"And the ladies whom you fight
for,
Pray tell unto the crowd."

Up stepped the first one of the
knights
In armor inky black;
"I am Sir Pigger," the warrior
said,
"And hail from Tamarack."

"I fight for no loving lady,
But for things that are low and base;
I do not feel for a great ideal,
Nor admire a beautiful face."

The second knight straight doffed his plume
He showed no trace of blot;
"My friends call me 'Sir Buzzer'," quoth he,
"I come from Camelot."



"I love a beautiful lady," he said,
(His armor was light blue)
"I fight for the honor and the
name
Of the lady of the U."

There was great excitement ram-
pant,
As the knights prepared for the
fray;
All hoped the good Sir Buzzer
For his lady would win the day.

Then soon the combat started,
'Twas furious and fast.
They hewed and hacked and cut and whacked,
Till Sir Pigger, darting past,

Let fall his guard, and Sir Buzzer,
Seeing his hoped-for chance,
Spurred up his steed to greater speed,
And impaled him on his lance.



Sir Buzzer bowed unto the queen,
She kissed to him her hand;
"You're champion of the world," she
cried,
"Great knight from a foreign land.
"Your valiant fight has shown today,
That pure love still exists.
The heralds now your name proclaim
As champion of the lists.

"Sir Pigger was a right bold knight,
But by you he was beat;
For this to history I'll give
A symbol of your feat.

"All lovers true shall Buzzers be,
(For Piggers would not do)
For you fought and saved the honor
Of your Lady of the 'U'."



Collier Hall

ATHLETICS



ATHLETIC

COUNCIL



PROF PL CAMPBELL



FM GLEN



YL HAYWARD



CH HARTHUR



FY REID



YM WOODS



RALEH DOBSON

Athletic Council



THE control of athletics is vested in an Athletic Council, consisting of three members of the Faculty, three from the Alumni, and three from the Associated Students. All athletic emblems are awarded by the council and the reports of athletic managers audited. All questions relating to amateurism of athletes come before this body.

The members of the council for 1908-09 are:

President P. L. Campbell
Professor I. M. Glen
Professor Wm. Hayward

Clifton N. McArthur
Lawrence T. Harris
George W. Hug

William Woods
Paul W. Reid
Ralph M. Dodson

Athletic History



THE athletic history of the University of Oregon has been a history of phenomenal success. Although her student body has been comparatively small yet the spirit of battle in her sons has been great beyond a degree known to any other institution of the Northwest. Year after year with an enthusiasm which defeat has never overcome she has sent out athletic teams to represent her; and rival colleges can attest that they have almost invariably been of the kind that win. After over a dozen seasons of hard schedules it is no exaggeration to say that taking her entire record Oregon is easily at the head of Northwestern colleges. In the two main branches of college sports, football and track, she has certainly reigned supreme. A comparison of scores in these two branches of athletics establishes this claim beyond question. Although she has never attained marked success in baseball or basketball yet these have not become as fully established as football and track. They are yet in the pioneer period and victory in them is a matter for the future.



Birdseye view of Willamette-Oregon Game, 1908

Football



THE first game of football in which the University participated was played on February 22, 1894, with Albany College, resulting in a victory for Oregon by the score of 46 to 0. The result of this game was an excellent forecast of the splendid record which the University was to make as the years went by for since then Oregon has played 86 games of which 50 have been victories, 25 defeats and 11 tie games. The aggregate scores have been, Oregon 1015, opponents, 417. Time and time again Oregon has established a valid claim to the championship of the Northwest, and there has been scarcely a season in which her victories did not largely outweigh her defeats. Among the most successful seasons in her illustrious record are, that of 1906, in which she defeated the University of Idaho by the score of 12 to 0, the University of Washington 16 to 6, Willamette University 4 to 0, tied the Oregon Agricultural College in a scoreless game and defeated Multnomah by the score of 8 to 4, and the year of 1905, in which she held the University of California down to a scoreless game, defeated the strongest team Willamette University ever turned out 11 to 6 and established a title to the championship by beating the famous all-star team of the O. A. C. by the score of 6 to 0.


Following is a summary of the record in games between the University of Oregon and the three large colleges in the Northwest.

	score	won	tie		score	won
Oregon	161	8	2	O. A. C.	55	3
Oregon	100	4	1	Washington	40	2
Oregon	60	3	1	Idaho	27	0
<hr/>				<hr/>		
Total	321	15	4		122	5

Such is briefly a survey of what Oregon has done in football, but brief though it may be it is a tale of victory sufficient to make every Oregon student feel proud of his institution. It represents years of struggle against the handicap of a small student body; but it displays in a striking manner the old pioneer spirit of indomitable, unconquerable resolution which when found to exist in an institution and to permeate its spirit constitutes an asset of the highest value.



Football Season of 1908



IS everybody happy? Well, rather! By way of explanation we might state that the Corvallis and Multnomah people are not included in the above statement. The late football season, being closed with the two significant victories achieved by the Oregon eleven in Portland, although not a straight line of successes, can be said to bring more satisfaction than any other in the gridiron history of the University. The defeat of Corvallis in return for the bad taste left in our mouths by that 4 to 0 score of last year, is particularly gratifying to those who have followed closely the athletic relations of the two colleges.

The first step in the career of Oregon's 1908 team was the game with the Oregon Alumni eleven, made up of nine All-Northwest stars, including some of the greatest players that ever donned the moleskins on behalf of the University. By a streak of good luck and the aid of Captain Moullen's trusty foot, the old grads were vanquished by the narrow margin of one place kick.

The week following came the game with Willamette. By good individual play the Varsity warriors were able to roll up a score of 15 to 0 against the Methodists. Our team showed up fairly well for so early in the season and everyone was encouraged, for visions of the Northwest championship loomed up in the distance. With the winning of the Idaho game, 27 to 21, these visions took on still more definite form and the Oregon smile began to bud on the campus. Special mention must be made of that notable Idaho game. From all reports it was the fastest and most exciting game ever played in the Northwest, this claim being amply substantiated by a look at the score. The game see-sawed all the way through, first one team leading and then the other. Idaho was ahead 6 to 4 at the end of the first half and yet every Oregon student knew that the Eugene fighters would triumph.

It is amusing to see just how the scores grew. The second half started with the score of 6 to 4 in Idaho's favor. Then Oregon led on a place kick, 8 to 6. Next Idaho 10 to 8 by the same means. Moullen's third place kick made it 12 to 10 for us. Soon Idaho secured another touchdown and again changed the balance of Victory's scales 16 to 12



Captain Fred C. Moulten
All-Northwest guard for
four seasons



Captain-elect Dudley Clarke
All-Northwest fullback for
three seasons

for the Argonauts. Now Oregon was busy with her first touchdown, and then crowding Idaho out of her turn, made a place kick immediately following, which raised her score to 21, Idaho remaining at 16. Each secured one more touchdown after this, but Oregon was never headed after she made her two scores so closely together. But the most remarkable circumstance connected with this famous game was the fact that the Oregon team ran out of substitutes and was compelled to play the last twenty minutes of the contest with only ten men; and the almost inconceivable feature was that these men, realizing just what they were up against, fought all the more desperately and scored ten points against their opponents. It would have been a matter of courtesy for the Idaho contingent to have allowed Oregon to put in one of her players who had already been taken out, but an Idaho supporter in discussing the point after the game, said, "It was this way. We were there to play football and win, and not to talk ethics."

Following this brilliant conquest came our two defeats of the season by Whitworth and Washington, respectively. Whitworth had us badly outplayed on team work and in fact in this regard nearly outdid the performance of our redoubtable second team the day they erased Second Multnomah. The Oregon men seemed unable to get together on the Whitworth rushes and teamwork was woefully lacking on our side. At that, we would have won had not the brilliant Whitworth halfback, Colbert, whirling, spinning and twisting, made two long runs for touchdowns through scattered fields of Oregon men. However, the victory was fairly and cleverly earned by Whitworth and the writer does not wish to detract in the least from their glory.

Since Whitworth was not a conference college, Oregon supporters still had hopes of landing the Northwest championship, but these were rudely shattered by the stinging defeat of 15 to 9, administered by Washington on November 14. With a team outweighing us not a few pounds to the man and including several imported ex-collegiate stars, they were able to batter the Oregon line for substantial gains. Much credit must also be given them for the use of the new game, for their work with the forward pass and the onside kick was the best shown in the Northwest this year.

After losing this big game the ardor of the Varsity supporters was naturally somewhat dampened, but the famous Oregon spirit which never says die was still deep in every loyal student's heart and all went to Portland to give our beloved eleven the best support of which they were capable. Meanwhile, hardworking Coach Forbes was rounding



Louis Pinkham
All-Northwest tackle, two seasons

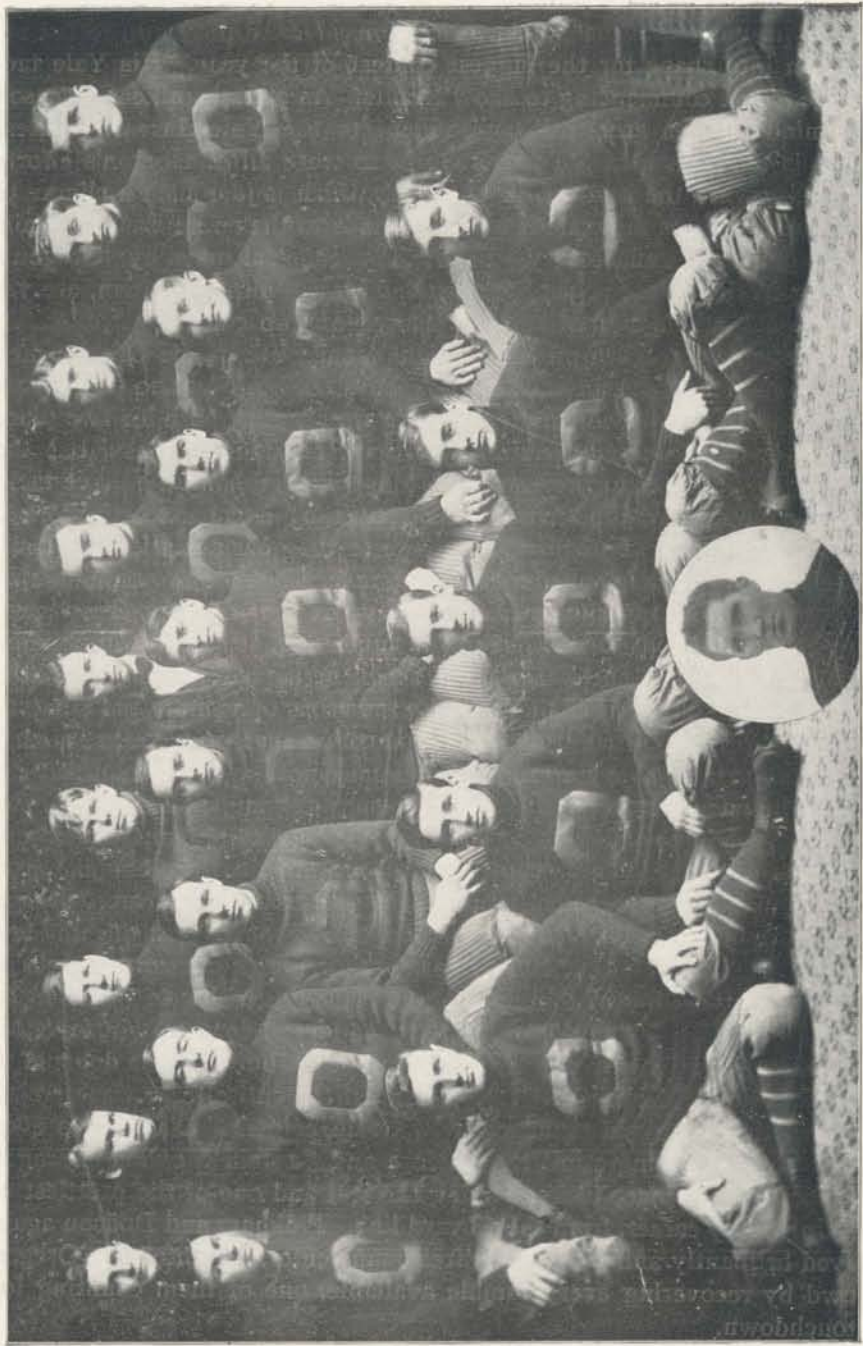


Ralph M. Dodson
All-Northwest end, 1908

the men into shape for the biggest contest of the year. His Yale tactics were just commencing to show results. As at Yale, all early season and minor games are made subservient to the Yale-Harvard contest which is the climax of the year's work, so were all of Oregon's efforts directed toward the battle with O. A. C., which is just such a climax to Oregon football as the Yale-Harvard game is to the effete East. Details of this game are unnecessary. All of the wonderful plays by "Oregon's fighting freshman crew," as it was styled by a Multnomah man, are yet clear in our minds and will be for many years to come.

Everyone remarked on the brilliant team work of the Oregon men and one man was heard to state "that the team work was so fine that it made every player a brilliant star." Captain Moullen with his two place kicks was of course the leading figure in the Oregon ranks, but the punting of Clarke, the breaking up of plays by Pinkham, the fierce tackling of Dodson and the running in of punts by Latourette, all worked together in getting the ball near enough to the goal posts for the kicks to be attempted. No wonder the Oregon students took possession of the city of Portland for a brief time after this victory, for their team, composed of four old men and seven freshmen, had practically annihilated the Corvallis team, which contained seven veterans of their last year's Pacific Coast championship team. Some say that the cries of "Oregon! There!!—Corvallis! Not there!!" resounded through the Portland streets far into the night, but of course I would not pose as an authority for that statement.

The last game of the season, that with Multnomah, can very appropriately be called "The Grand Finale." This was the heaviest team the Oregon players were called upon to face during the year. "It was a case of brains, aided by luck, triumphing over brawn," was the way one sporting writer put it, but I would say rather that it was an example of fine training, skill, and determination proving superior to weight and lack of condition. Multnomah was extremely anxious to win in order to avenge the defeats of the two previous years, but she was doomed to disappointment. As in the O. A. C. contest the entire team was persistently in the game and teamwork was again evident. Clarke was even better at the punting stunt than before and Captain Moullen averaged 1000 per cent in place kicks, making the last and one of the prettiest of his University career, from the 43 yard line. Pinkham and Dodson again played brilliantly and Means, the freshman center, delighted the Oregon crowd by recovering every fumble available, one of them counting for a touchdown.



Again I will say, as earlier in this article, that every Oregon supporter is more than satisfied with the season. We will let our two defeats be explained by the Corvallis man who claimed that Oregon lost to Whitworth and Washington on purpose, just in order to make O. A. C. overconfident. These two defeats did help, immeasurably in the making of our team into the fighting machine which it showed itself to be in the O. A. C. and Multnomah games.

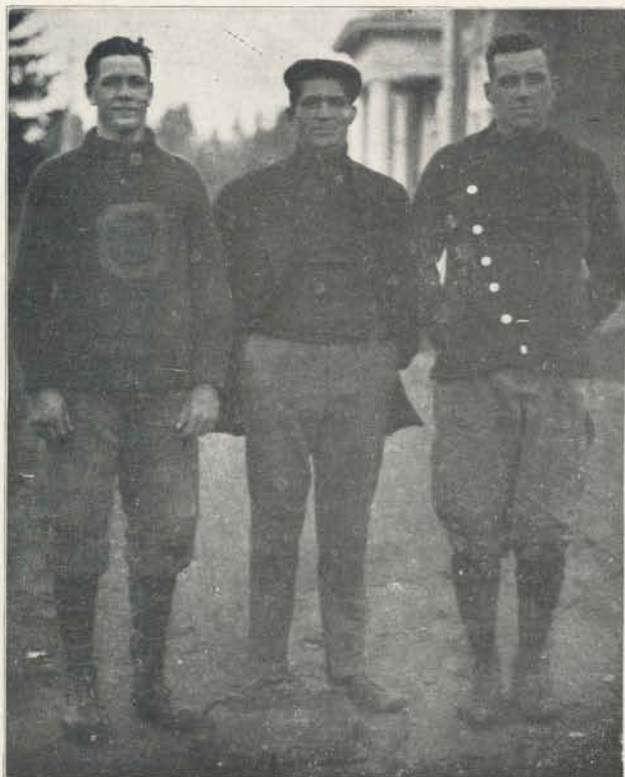
Coach Robert W. Forbes, Yale, '06, deserves unlimited praise for the manner in which he transformed the four old men and the Freshmen and second team material into the victorious combination which they turned out to be. At the beginning of the season, he faced probably the hardest problem that any Oregon coach ever has. The University squad had lost heavily by graduation and ineligibility and only four old men, Moullen, Clarke, McIntyre and Pinkham, were left as a nucleus around which to mould a team. Undaunted by the poor outlook, he set to work and evolved one of the greatest, never-give-up teams that has ever represented the University.

There is one thing which I want to call attention to and of which we are especially proud. Oregon adhered strictly to all the conference rules in regard to eligibility of players. Washington and Pullman were the only teams which finished above us in the final conference score and they are both known to have had players on their teams who were ineligible. If the members of the Oregon Athletic Council had wished, they could have permitted Arnspiger, Hug and Coleman to play, but they chose to stick by their agreements.

In conclusion, let's say farewell to the football men who will be unable to play next year, namely, Moullen, McIntyre and Hurd. Moullen will be missed more than any man who ever played for old Oregon. He has won games innumerable by his wonderful place kicking and he stands without a peer in the country in this line today. Incidentally, the man with the famous stub foot holds the world's record for a place kick in a game: a hoist from the fifty-three yard line which was made in the Idaho game of this year.

From a financial standpoint the season has been a grand success. Manager Ralph B. McEwen, who has handled the coin very efficiently, will turn close to \$2,500 into the student exchequer, after settling up a heavy expense account.

Much credit is due to our great trainer, "Bill" Hayward, for the excellent condition which the Oregon men were in at the time of our final big games. Also assistant coach Arnspiger comes in for his share



Clarke	Hayward	Forbes
Captain	Trainer	Coach

We trust in these for 1909

of praise and the yell leaders, Loosely and Van Dusen, deserve especial mention for their untiring efforts.

As a closing remark, I wish to say another word in regard to our jovial coach. The man from Yale has more than made good with the University at large and the football team. He put out an eleven which won five out of seven games, scored 74 points to 52 for its opponents, and won the undisputed championship of the state. Not at all bad for a squad composed principally of freshmen and entirely unknown to the coach.

Here's hoping that we get him again next year.

—Oliver B. Huston, '10.



Alumni team containing nine All-Northwest stars, defeated by Varsity 4 to 0

The New Game of Football



Robert W. Forbes

SOME three years ago, when the expression, "The New Game," was first brought into use, due to changes in the rules, there were grave doubts in the minds of some as to what the game of football was coming. Did those in authority intend to so alter the game that one of the greatest charms, the personal contact and manly aggressiveness of the sport, would be minimized? Would they, in other words, make it of so restricted a nature that instead of the game as a unit, we would rely on individual efforts? One has only to look back over the past two seasons and read the verdict of public opinion working through the Press to learn that the "New Game" has come to stay. Yearly increasing crowds have attested its popularity. And why this added popularity of the game? To begin with, the best of the old game was used for the basis on which to form our present day game. The objectionable features of the old game, the massing together of men at a given point, the attending injuries which might occur as a result of this concentration, were to be done away with, and a premium was put on quick mental activity.



Under the old regime one could watch a game and unless most familiar with this style of offense and defense, he saw nothing but a group of men struggling on a field. Now, with our changed rules, the spectator is treated to the spectacle of twenty-two men, any one of whom may at any moment assume the initiative and work something original, and herein lies its great advantage to the student player, this concentration and quick mental activity,

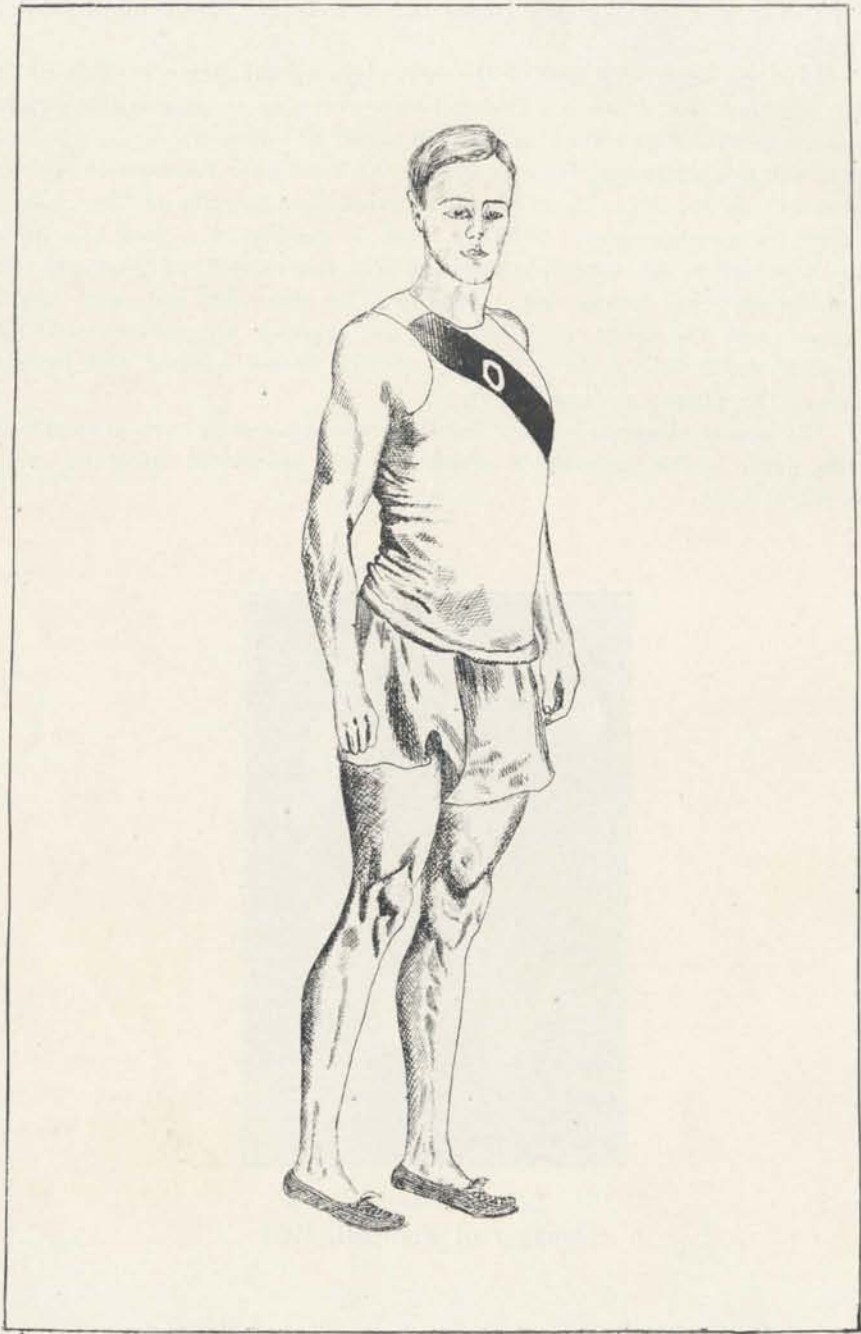
for he only is a great player under the new rules, whose mind moves quickly.

Have we destroyed any of the real vigor of the game by this open style of play? Far from it. We still have territory to guard which calls for all the brain and brawn at the command of either the team advancing or the side defending its own goal. We have kept the best of the old game, but with it have allowed the individual originality of the players to play the greatest part. When a team is considered a good one, it is only in so far as the members are men who are capable of grasping the situation and that means real thought. The game has not only "come to stay" but no doubt as time goes on present suggestions will be accepted which will make the game of still added interest and benefit alike to the player and spectator.

The yearly changes in the rules themselves point to even a more scientific game and as such, those who like it as a sport will enjoy the game the more.



Ralph B. McEwen
Manager of Football, 1908



Track



It is probable that no institution in the country has ever met with more uniform success in track athletics than the University of Oregon. In the earlier days the success of the Oregon track teams may be measured by what they accomplished in the Intercollegiate Amateur Association of Oregon. This association was composed of the different colleges of the state and from 1896 to 1900 an annual meet was held at Salem. Out of these five meets the University won four making a total of 235 points as against 140 for the Oregon Agricultural College, her nearest competitor. Since then the Columbia Indoor Meet at Portland has been held, and this has almost invariably been won by the University. At present the great meet of the year in which the University participates is the Annual Triangular Meet between the Universities of Washington, Idaho and Oregon. This meet has been established for three years and has been regularly won by Oregon. The summary of the results of the three meets held thus far is as follows:

Year	Washington	Idaho	Oregon
1906	39	19	68
1907	29	20	73
1908	23	35	64
	—	—	—
Total	91	64	205

In this summary it can be seen that Oregon has made more points in these meets than her two adversaries combined.

In the last three years, Oregon has not lost a meet although the best teams in the Northwest have always been included on the schedule. This success has been due to the willingness of the athletes to undergo hard training and to the fact that the school has been fortunate enough to secure the services of Wm. Hayward who is rated as one of the best trainers in the country. Since he has been in the University, Hayward has developed such men as Kelly, 100 yds. 9 3-5 sec., 220, 21 4-5, broad jump, 24 ft. 2 1-2 in.; McKinney, shot put 46 ft., discus 120 ft. 8 in.;



Eberle Kuykendall, Captain 1908



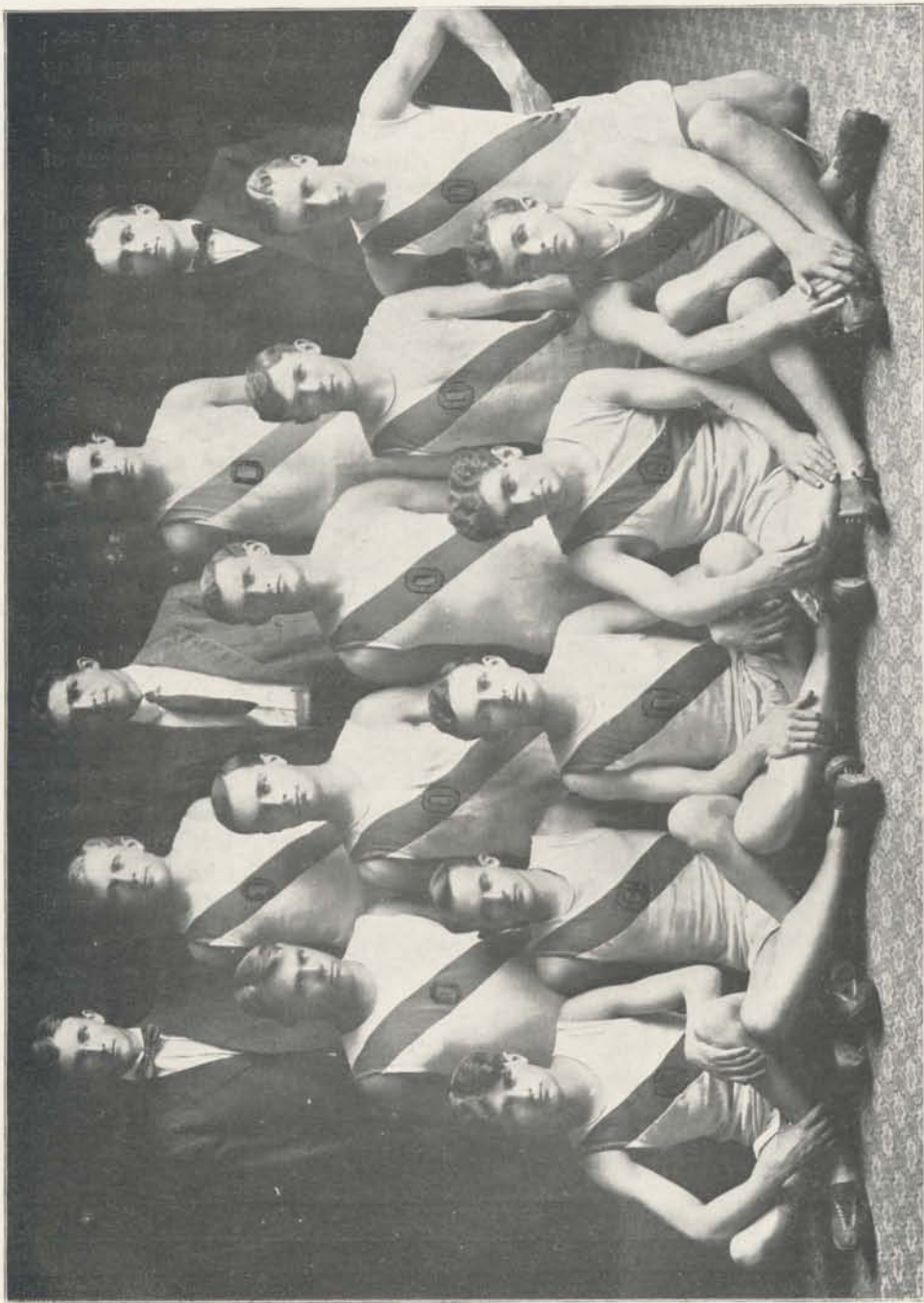
Oliver B. Huston, Captain 1909

Zacharias hammer throw 155 ft. 7 in.; Moores, 220 hurdles 25 2-5 sec.; Friessel, broad jump 23 ft. 4 in., 220 hurdles 25 3-5 sec.; and George Hug a great all around weight man.

For her record of last season Oregon has much to be proud of. Very few of the old track men were left in college and the resources of trainer Hayward were taxed to the utmost to put forth a winning team. He was favored with plenty of new men willing to work, and how well he succeeded can be seen by the fact that every meet on the schedule was won with comparative ease. The meets and the scores were as follows: Columbia Meet—U. of O., 41; O. A. C., 36; Multnomah, 11. At Walla Walla, Washington—U. of O., 75; Whitman College, 47. At Pullman, Washington—U. of O., 62; W. S. C., 60. At Eugene—U. of O., 67; O. A. C., 55. At Seattle, in the Triangular Meet—Oregon, 64; Idaho, 35; Washington, 23.

The star men of the season were Captain Kuykendall, the premier broad jumper and high hurdler of the Northwest, Huston, who ran the 100 yd. dash for five consecutive times in 10 seconds flat in two weeks and succeeded in defeating all comers in that event and in the 220 yd. hurdles, and Moullen, who was a good man in the pole vault, the high jump, the shot put, and the discus throw. Besides these Dodson broke the college record in the half mile, Lowell and Reid did well in the 440, McIntyre and Zacharias shone with the weights and the five Freshmen, Moon, Roberts, Downs, Seivers and May, shone conspicuously in every meet.

For the present year the prospects are not so bright. A large number of last year's men have quit school. Those who remain are Huston, McIntyre, Lowell, Reid, Dodson, Moon and Downs. But there are a large number of new men out working hard, and the school has great confidence in the ability of Trainer Hayward to develop the usual championship team.





O. A. C. Team Buried

OREGON STARS



McKinney



Moullen



Zacharias



**CAPTAIN KUYKENDALL WINNING
120 HURDLES AT WASHINGTON.**



MOULLEN VAULTING 11 FT.



**HUNDRED YARD DASH
AT PULLMAN**



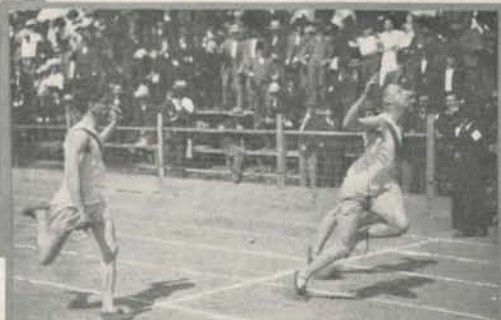
**REID WINNING 440
AT PULLMAN.**



**KUYKENDALL JUMPING
22 FT. 7 INCHES.**



**DODSON WINNING 880
AT WHITMAN AND BREAKING
COLLEGE RECORD.**



**HUSTON BEATING MARTIN
OF WHITMAN IN 10 SECONDS.**



Lowell, 440 Sievers and Downs, distances Reid, 440
 Mgr. Bean, Tr. Hayward. McIntyre, wts., Roberts, Moon, sprints

OREGON RECORDS

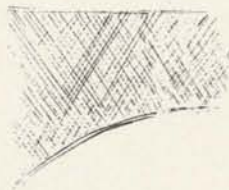
Event	Holder	Record	Year
50 yd. dash	Gordon C. Moores	5 2-5 sec.	1906 Coast tied
100 yd. dash	Dan J. Kelly	9 4-5 sec.	1907 Coast tied
220 yd. dash	Dan J. Kelly	21 4-5 sec.	1906 Coast
440 yd. dash	Dan J. Kelly	51 1-5	1907 World's tied
880 yd. run	Clyde Payne	2:02 3-5	1901
Mile run	Ralph Dodson	4:40	1908
120 yd. hurdles	Charles Sievers	16 sec.	1908
	Roy Heater		1901
	Gordon C. Moores		1906
	Eberle Kuykendall		1907
220 yd. hurdles	Gordon C. Moores	25 2-5 sec.	1907 Coast tied
High jump	Dan J. Kelly	5 ft. 10 in.	1906
Pole vault	Roy Heater	11 ft. 2 1-2 in.	1901
	Fred Moulten		1906
Broad jump	Dan J. Kelly	24 ft. 2 1-2 in.	1906 Coast
Hammer	Roy Zacharias	155 ft. 7 in.	1907 Northwest
Shot	Henry McKinney	46 ft.	1907 Coast
Discus	Henry McKinney	120 ft. 8 in.	1907 Coast

Basketball



BASKETBALL has never had a fair chance in the University. The gymnasium has been too small and cramped to admit of satisfactory practice. But notwithstanding this difficulty Oregon has for several years put out a team which has met many of the college teams in the Northwest with very good success. For the past year the game has been suspended, but it is expected that next year will mark the beginning of a new era for basketball in the University. A new gymnasium with a floor space of 100 by 150 will be ready for use, it is hoped that the Varsity O will be granted to members of the team, and it is certain that a great deal of talent of a high order will be found among the students. Basketball players of exceptional ability who are expected to play next year are. Charman, Loosely, Farrington, Watson, Kestly, Means, Word, Stein, Johns, and Sayles.

TENNIS





Mac Snow

TENNIS



Tennis has been played on the campus for a number of years under supervision of the Mucker's Tennis Club. Last year the University won its first honors in this sport when Mac Snow gained the college championship of the Northwest in singles in the tournament at Seattle. This year the student body has given it recognition by granting an O to winners in the intercollegiate tournaments. An increased interest in the sport is being taken among the students and many of the clubs have erected courts. It is hoped that a tournament between the conference colleges will be arranged. There are a large number of tennis experts in school and it is expected that the victory of last year will be more than duplicated this season.



Baseball



Captain Lee Hurd

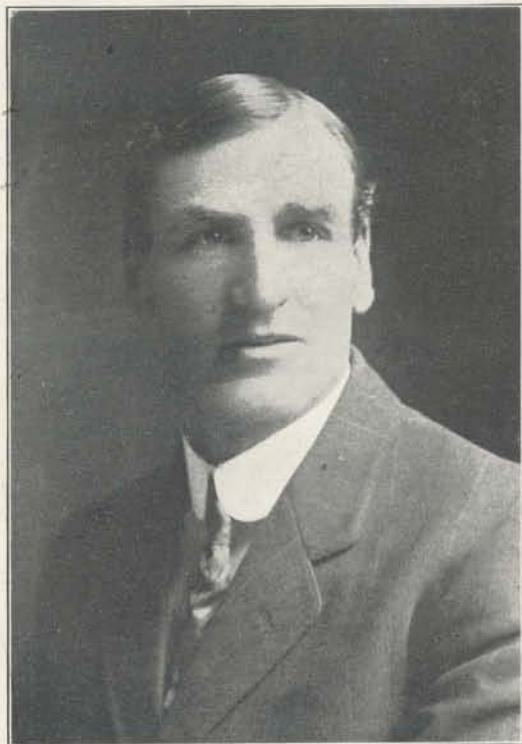
Baseball has been played in the University since 1895, but owing to the predominant interest in track athletics it has not until lately been put upon a firm basis. In the last few years however the growth in the student body has made it possible for the University to enter into both lines of sport. In 1908 baseball was officially recognized by the student body. An annual appropriation was granted it and the Varsity O was awarded to the members of the nine. The teams since then have always been of a high class but owing to the fact that no coach has been engaged they have never been of the championship grade. This year a decided change for the better was made and the Athletic Council authorized Manager Bean to hire a competent coach. "Father" Tom Kelly, an old league player and college coach, was secured, and from the showing of the team thus far, he has more than made good. Manager Bean worked out a fine schedule for the nine, thus giving them a great incentive for hard work.

The team recently took its annual Spring vacation trip playing ten different games. Of these



six were won, three lost, and one tied. This is a remarkable showing for a team of youngsters so early in the season. On the trip the team batting average was .270 per cent., a record seldom equalled.

On May 1, Oregon played a double header with Multnomah. The first game was the greatest ever seen on the University grounds, running for fifteen innings and then being won by the clubmen, 2 to 1. Henkle, for U. of O., struck out twenty men.



Coach "Father" Tom Kelly

What the students are looking ahead to is the series of four games with O. A. C. wherein we want revenge for last year.

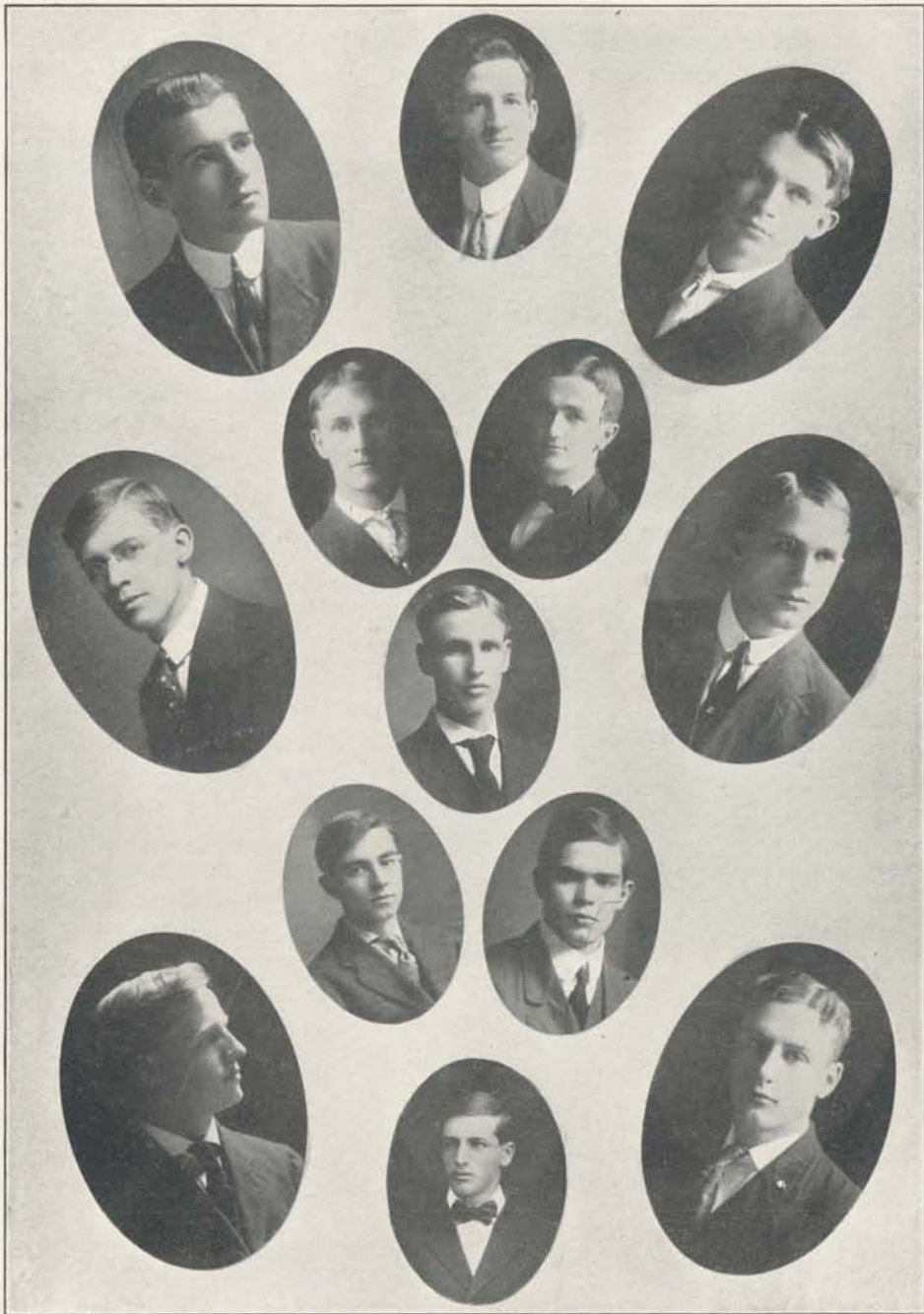
The lineup for 1909 is as follows:

Catchers: Word and Gabrielson.

Pitchers: Captain Hurd, Henkle, Van Marter, and Nelson.

First base: Jamieson.
Second base: Clark.
Third base: McKenzie.
Short-stop: Coleman.

Outfielders: McKinley and Sullivan.
Coach: Kelly.
Scorer: Dr. Leonard.



Press Club



THE University of Oregon Press Club was founded on April 29, 1909. The objects of the new organization are to secure more unity in the handling of college news; to bring the men interested in journalism in closer contact with each other; and to provide social relaxation for the men who follow the sometimes irksome duties of journalism.

The officers of the club are as follows:

President, Earl Strong, '09

Vice-President, Harper Jamison, '09

Sec. Treas., Arthur M. Geary, '11

DEBATE



Dean

FORENSICS



Debate



WHEN, in 1897, Oregon entered the field of intercollegiate debate, forensic achievements received little encouragement and required little effort or ability. Since that time, through alternating periods of victory and defeat, it has grown steadily in import-



Jesse H. Bond



Percy Collier



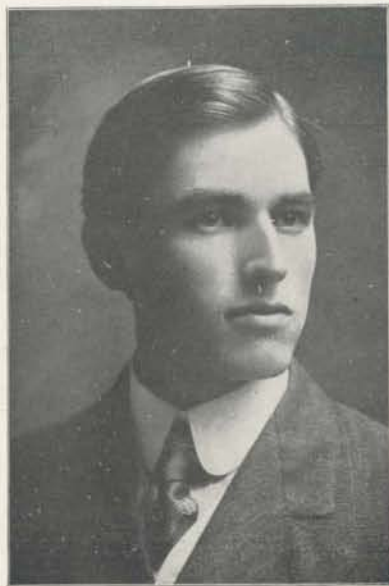
W. C. Nicholas

ance until it is now one of the recognized enterprises of the University and commands the best literary talent we possess. On the other hand, it probably requires more drudgery and work than any other activity, in recompense for which the members of the teams are given college credit, and last February the student body showed its appreciation by granting a debating emblem, a gold block "O" to be worn as a pin.

Debate took its prominent position three years ago with the formation of the Washington, Idaho, Oregon Interstate Debating League. Credit for this advance should go, if to any one man, to John C. Veatch, the greatest debater Oregon ever had and probably the greatest she ever



Charles W. Robison



Leon Ray

will have. During his college career, Veatch was on five teams and won the alumni medal which is annually given to the best debater in the University. He led four teams and won every time. The University halls still echo his name and are filled with traditions of his work.

Three years ago we also took on another opponent, the University of Utah,



Cecil Lyons

and, by defeating them, became champion of eight states. This debate was repeated this year and will probably be made a permanent contest, alternating between Eugene and Salt Lake City.

Our teams this year were composed of strong men, although most of them were inexperienced. An unbroken list of defeats were scored against us, but these



Earl Kilpatrick

do not tell half the story. We put up wonderful fights under the circumstances and even our opponents commended our efforts and respected our strength. The fact that one judge in each contest voted for Oregon shows that some at least considered our side the stronger but that fortune turned her back to us in securing them for judges.

Jesse H. Bond, Oregon's veteran debater and orator, was leader of the affirmative team. He is one of the strongest thinkers the University has ever had, and, though not as successful as some of our former debaters, this has been due to no lack of work or ability on his part. He was a member of the negative team which F. V. Galloway led to victory against Idaho two years ago.

Last year he was leader of our affirmative team and won the alumni medal. He is a member of the Laurean Literary Society.

W. C. Nicholas, first colleague, was a member of last year's affirmative team. He is a junior, assistant editor of the Oregon Weekly, and a member of the Philologist Literary Society. In his freshman year he won the Bennett Prize.

Percy Collier, second colleague, is a sophomore, a member of the Laurean Literary Society. Last year he was on the Laurean freshman team.

C. W. Robison, leader of the negative team, is from Williams College, where he made the Freshman team last year. He is a Philologist and editor of next year's Annual. This year he won the Alumni medal.

Cecil Lyons, first colleague, is a senior. Last year he was alternate on the affirmative team and during his college course he has taken an active interest in debate and oratory. He is a Laurean.

Leon Ray, second colleague, is the only freshman on the teams. He comes from the Eugene High School, where he made a brilliant record.

This year's alternates are both freshmen. Gamans is from Portland and Cash was leader of the Hood River High School team last year.



T. R. Townsend

The Utah team was composed of Kilpatrick and Townsend, both seniors. Last year they were on the negative team that met Washington at Seattle. They are respectively editor and ex-editor of the Oregon Weekly and Townsend is President of the Associated Students. Kilpatrick, the leader, is a Philologist and Townsend is a Laurean.

The student who wishes to be a Varsity debater should lose no time in deciding what to do. Many a senior has regretted that he did not go in for debate and oratory when he first entered college. There are two points of advice which may serve the aspiring Freshman. First, join a literary society and take every opportunity it gives to get practice. Second, work. Work hard. As soon as the question is announced, begin to prepare for the tryouts. To make a team it requires work; unceasing work, prodigious work, grinding work. Work often succeeds where genius fails, and, moreover, there are few geniuses.



Oratory

ORATORY at Oregon has an older history than debate. We send representatives to two contests each year, the intercollegiate and the interstate, and both are awarded emblems similar to those of the debaters.



Jesse H. Bond

The intercollegiate association is composed of eight Oregon colleges and was organized in 1893. Since that time, we have won five of these contests—more than any other college and much more than our share. Moreover, we have always stood very high, usually second and seldom below third. The prize in this contest is a \$25 gold medal. This year our representative, J. H. Bond, won four first places out of six but lost to Willamette by a single point because of the low marking of one judge.

The interstate contest is between representatives from the Universities of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. The King County Bar Association gives an annual prize of \$75 to the winner and \$25 to the man receiving second place. Last year, J. H. Bond won this contest for Oregon. This year, we will be represented by B. H. Williams, '10, who is a very able orator. Last year he was chosen as one of the speakers for Sophomore Evening. He is a Laurean, assistant editor of the Weekly, associate editor of the Oregana, and a member of the track team.

Besides these contests, there is an annual contest between the members of the graduating class for the Failing and Beekman prizes; one hundred, and one hundred and fifty dollars, respectively, given for first and second places. The winners last year were B. W. Prescott and Miss Miriam Van Waters.



B. H. Williams

The student who aspires to win honors in oratory should take work under Professors Carson and Glen. Few there are who are sufficiently gifted to ignore the teaching in either department. He should begin while a freshman or sophomore; the training is invaluable to him for success in his junior and senior years. Every contest gives him greater ability and confidence.



Senior Play

THE Annual Senior Play was given on May 7, at the Eugene Theatre. "The College Widow," George Ade's well-known campus classic, was the production chosen. The rendition was a success in every respect and the class of 1909 are to be congratulated on their fine showing.

The cast was as follows:

Billy Bolton, a halfback	Herbert Clarke
Peter Witherspoon, college president	T. R. Townsend
Hiram Bolton, Pres. K. & H. R. R.	Virgil Cooper
Hon. Elam Hicks, of Squantonville	Earl Kilpatrick
"Bub" Hicks, a freshman	Robyn Nelson
Jack Larabee, the coach	Wm. Woods
Matty McGowan, a trainer	Roy Wood
Copernicus Talbot, a tutor	Merle Chessman
Silent Murphy, center rush	Walter McIntyre
Stub Talmage, a busy undergraduate	Harold Hunt
Tom Pearson, right tackle	Don Lewis
Daniel Tibbets, town marshal	Ellsworth Morgan
Ollie Mitchell	Ralph McEwen
Dick McAllister	Howard Harold
Jamesey Hopper	Mac Snow
Jane Witherspoon, College Widow	Frances Nelson
Bessie Turner, athletic girl	Gladys McKenzie
Flora Wiggins, waitress	Kate Fullerton
Mrs. Dalzelle, professional chaperone	Adele Goff
Bertha Tyson	Agnes Beach
Luella Chubbs	Winnie Cockerline
Sally Cameron	Bess Gallogly
Josephine Barday	Olivia Risley
Cora Jinks	Blanche Huston
Ruth Aikin	Sue Hayes
Members of football team, etc., "Rube" Steelquist, "Bob" Hickson, Earl Strong, Floyd Booth, George Sullivan, Paul Reid, George Talbert, Harry Lowell.	

Explanations



THE Oregana staff has decided to explain a few things to the critical public in regard to this publication and its contents. In the first place we consider a Junior Annual a book representative of the whole University and not of any class. For that reason we have tried to enlarge the scope of the publication. We have endeavored earnestly to give every organization and individual a square deal and sincerely hope that everyone will be satisfied. Of course there will be a few minor mistakes in the book, but we ask you to kindly overlook these. We apologize for not having the book out sooner, but the fault can be attributed mainly to the slowness of certain parties getting their pictures ready for cuts and delay from the engravers.

We realize that there will be a few knockers bellow forth at some fancied grievance or mistake just as one sorehead a short time back vented his spleen on the name Oregana, but we know that the majority will keep quiet even if they are dissatisfied.

There are a few details which should be explained:

The Mary Spiller house evinced no desire to have its picture appear in the Oregana.

The Forensic Department was held until the last because of cuts going astray.

The Senior Play came too late to be properly written up.

The Alumni officers cut occupies its unique position because certain parties needlessly delayed in getting their pictures taken.

Mistakes in lettering cuts should not be blamed to the staff.

The Athletic Council was put in the Athletic section for one reason because it came late and for another reason because it belonged there.

An attempt was made to inject a certain amount of vivacity and ginger into the pages of this effort because we had the impression that we were putting out a College Annual and not a book of Psalms.

By mistake the cut for Burden and Graham's ad. was used in the body of the book. They didn't borrow a cut from us.

If anything ails you after reading this production Peruna will do you good. With this last utterance we leave you and die happy.

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Look Here First.
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Cottage Grove

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Portland advertisers were tighter than champagne corks this year. They positively couldn't be touched. They ought to be pinched for being a combination in restraint of trade.

The students didn't do much for us as far as quantity is concerned in the way of literary contributions. Hope you treat the manager better along the monetary line. He will take your coin even if he has got poison-oak.

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THEATRES

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Your ideas about buying are the same as ours in selling. You want the greatest possible value. We want you to have it. For upon your complete satisfaction rests our success. Our eastern buyer keeps us fully advised of what is newest and best. This enable us to have the best styles and latest novelties to show at all times. If you were to make a visit to this store every day in the year you would probably see something to interest—something new.



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Oh, where! oh, where! has Timmy Loo gone?
Oh, where! oh, where! is he?
With his tail bobbed short and his mohair long;
Oh, where! oh, where! can he be?

Don't neglect to read Merle Chessman's poem on the last page of the ads. We consider it a fine piece of work. It came in too late for the main body of the book.

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Merle Chessman

Oftimes at night, with stars alight,
And whispered winds atune,
I sit and trace thy still sweet face,
My Lady in the Moon.

In pensive mood I seek the wood,
And from a leafy bower,
A lone recluse, I sit and muse,
And watch thee by the hour.

So calm thou art. Hast thou a heart?
Wert ever passion-torn?
Art thou of earth, or whence thy birth?
Or wert thou ever born?

And, as the while I see thee smile,
Thy face lit up and tender,
Thy features shine with peace divine;
A gleam of heaven's splendor.

Oh, Lady fair, from thee I dare
To ask one gracious boon.
From thy high state, oh, guide my fate,
My Lady in the Moon.

OREGANA
1910



