THE SUNDAY EMERALD

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AROUND and ABOUT

Limericks are always enjoyable, and doubly so if we know the persons about whom they are written. As there are all kinds of people, so there are all sorts of limericks. There are two kinds of limericks, also, as to rythm; Most of the following are out of rythm. If you don't like what I say about you in this colyum, you can lump it, because if you come over to the "Shack" the office boy will tell you I am in conference, or Mexico, or China, or any place which is out of your reach. If you believe him you are a fool.

** ** **

There is a professor named Gilbert,
Who's pithy and dry as a filbert;
Since lecture he must
He does it with crust,
This hardboiled old cynic named Gilbert.

** ** **

There is a young lady named Nancy
Who's struck a good many men's fancy
When she runs up the stairs
Her feet work in pairs
And she sure ain't no shrinking young pansy.

** ** **

There is a smart fellow named Hale
Who shows how to haul in the kale
By being a lawyer
Instead of a sawyer
'Cause law brings it in by the bale.

** ** **

Dear Father:
The people that manage the Co-op
Have taken all of my dough, Pop
For brazen-faced nerve
Toward the students they serve
You can't beat this "student-owned" Co-op:
Your disillusioned son,
AVERIE GREENFROSH.

** ** **

There is a young fellow named Carter
Who begs where he will not barter;
He shakes a keen dance
Inside corduroy pants
And wears a mean Boston garter.

** ** **

There is a senior B. T. P.
Who sure would drown at sea
He crossed the race
And missed the pace

** ** **

Ho! ho! ha! ha! he! he!
We all know a senior named Rosebraugh
Of nobody stands he in awe;
He shoves out his chest
And spouts forth his best
Like young cacaphonous buzzsaw.

** ** **

There is a young barber named Dyer
Who's filled with the devil's own fire;
Mustaches she cuts
Off long and short mutts
With results that are many and dire.

** ** **

PUIS LA RAISON NE CONNAIT POINT!

A blush rose up on the youth's white neck
As he answered the questions of Dean Rebec;
His heart came up into his throat
For Dean Rebec had his goat!

** ** **

TO F——

There is a young lady named Runes
Who feeds upon rice and sweet prunes;
She's sweet and she's tart
She's nice and she's smart
This remarkable young lady named Runes.

** ** **

We had a great deal of trouble getting the proper degree of rhyming sentiment into the third and fourth lines of the above poem, and we don't like it very much yet, but we think the young lady gets our meaning. A young lady who read our handwriting the other day told us that we had been in love since we were fourteen years old. We agreed that there had been two women. "Two ——— " she looked at us in astonishment. "You are in love with women en masse and you like to pay them each and all well-turned compliments." Ah, well, we let her have her way. To F——, then, OUR COMPLIMENTS, and don't take our addresses too seriously.

** ** **

STUDYING FOR

P(hilosophy of) H(istory) D(—mn)
If you ain't no dumb-bell you be in class
If you're downright smart and willing' to sass
I'll talk for days on the cosmic void
The infinite by the finite annoyed
And woe be to you when at last I find
An infinite void within your small mind.

** ** **

ARE B. A. AND BACHELOR OF ART THE SAME THING?

The School of Business Administration
Is like a wayside filling station
They shovel the students through in a mass
And fill them up with business "gas"

—C. N. H.

MEDICAL SCHOOL GETS $200,000; GIFT OF ESTATE

Late Frank Doernbecher of Portland Provides For Gift in Will

NEW HOSPITAL PLANNED

Need for New Library Stressed at Regent's Meeting by President

The gift of $200,000 for use by the University of Oregon school of medicine in the construction of a general hospital for children on the campus at Portland, was announced here yesterday, following a meeting of the University board of regents. The gift was made by Ada Doernbecher of Portland and Edward M. Doernbecher of Seattle, heirs of the late Frank Doernbecher, former head of the Doernbecher Manufacturing Co. of Portland, a pioneer furniture manufacturing concern.

Mr. Doernbecher requested in his will that the sum of $200,000 should be given to some important institution or cause, and empowered his heirs, who are also the executors and trustees of his estate, to select the beneficiary. The University of Oregon school of medicine was chosen because of its record of usefulness in the state.

Regents Accept Gift

The board of regents, acting on the recommendation of President P. L. Campbell, accepted the gift yesterday. The sum will be used both to construct and equip the hospital, which will be known as the Doernbecher Memorial hospital for children. The institution, which will be located on Marquam hill, where the other medical school structures stand, will provide for the most scientific and modern care of patients. In the admission of patients, preference will be given to residents of Oregon.

The new hospital will afford facilities for the instruction of medical students, and will also contribute, through research and study, to the general knowledge of the prevention and care of diseases of children. Further terms of the gift provide that children of indigent parents shall be admitted free of charge and shall pay according to the financial ability of their parents and the judgment of the hospital management.

Expected to Aid Children

It is predicted that the new hospital will encourage the various counties of Oregon to further utilize the crippled children's law. These children will find an institution giving especial attention to their needs.

"Nothing has been more needed in the northwest than a children's hospital," said Prsident P. L. Campbell in accepting the gift. "This splendid memorial will not only contribute to the cure of children in its care but will provide for investigation of how to prevent their diseases and will add greatly to the clinical resources of the medical school. We all owe a great debt of gratitude to the donors for their thought of making this memorial gift take the form of a children's hospital."

The gift is the third large sum received by the school of medicine. Two

(Continued on page three)

Richard's Game Far Too Tame

By L. L.

King Richard, who, with haughty ways, ruled England in her former days, was held a sport of great renown by men from every farm and town. When "Old Dick" wished to have a time, he'd summon men from every clime to turn out with their steed and tent and hold one grand tournament.

The Knights would come from miles around and stretch each other on the ground; with spear, and sword, and arrow too, they'd show the best that they could do. Till late at night they'd rip and roar while king and courtiers called for more until at last when the blood was spilled and half the Knights were maimed or killed; the one who fought with most renown would seek the king to bow him down and get a fig leaf on his head—he was the guy that knocked 'em dead.

But Dick lived many years ago and his stunts are far too slow; if he could see the old game now he'd blink his eyes and wonder how so much that's rough and mean and cruel could get into one teeming gruel. When frosh met soph yesterday morn, when shins were peeled and locks were shorn; they showed the faint-heart Knights of old what it means to fight and kick and hold.

The fighter who could win the fray in the contests of that early day as a token of the high esteem he got as leader of the team would sometimes get from King the leave to wear his lady's pleated sleeve. But the frosh or soph who slays the mob gets much more for the dirty job than the noblest Knight that ever rode—on horse, or mule, or cow, or toad. In fact, if a sleeve were the only prize for broken bones and blackened eyes; in view of the modern trend of style, the effort would scarcely be worth while.

But all who like the smell of blood, who chew raw meat as their daily cud; who want to see a hard hot fight with victory going to the right; they're the ones that braved the jinx to see this hard fought underclass mix.

PRESIDENT HAS RECEPTION

Annual Affair Given by the President Held in Alumni Hall

Over four hundred and fifty members of the faculty and the University staff were entertained by President and Mrs. P. L. Campbell last night in the Women's building at the annual President's reception.

In the receiving line with President and Mrs. Campbell were Mrs. Murray Warner, Dean Esterly, Mrs. G. P. Gerlinger, and Miss Magowan.

EXTENSION DIVISION HAS 1827 ENROLLED

From Oct. 1, 1922 to Oct. 1, 1923, the total enrollment in the University extension division at the Portland, center without duplicates, was 1827, according to the records kept by Miss Mary Kent, secretary. The Portland center following the campus plans, has four terms during the year. Records of the Portland class for this fall have not been turned in yet, as registration did not start until October 1. Last year the fall term registration showed a record of 1413 students enrolled.

DEAN STRAUB RESTING EASY, IT IS BELIEVED

As no further information as to the condition of Dean Straub has been received since yesterday, it is believed that the Dean is still resting easily and is in no serious condition. President Campbell is leaving for Portland today, and will remain there with the Dean until about Tuesday.

DEAN Allen Tells of Old World Art

Geneva, of All Foreign Show-Places, Liked Best by Head of Journalism School, Who Is Touring European Countries

Geneva, September 26, 1923.
Dear President Campbell,

Every place we go we like better than the place before and against all expectation we have found our climax in Geneva. It is a wonderful place, a sparklingly beautiful place and a very noble city. One of the finest things we have seen in Europe, we—the Bates and the Allens— wandered into unexpectedly today on the campus of the university, here. It was the great Monument de la Reformation and left us with the feeling that the Twentieth Century might yet hold up its head with the other ages that have done fine things. The great obstinate reformers—Erasmus, Melancthon and the compromisers conspicuously omitted—stood up in gigantic stone — not marble—against the massive city wall of the same material, and most striking inscriptions were there in French, German, English and Latin. And over it all in immense letters the motto of the city which through Calvin and his compeers overthrew ecclesiasticism and, through J. J. Rousseau, monarchy —"Post Tenebras Lux"— a motto lived up to and fulfilled in a way that shook the world. Along with Calvin, Beza, Knox, and Farel stood William, the Prussian Elector, who turned the scale for the early reformers, Coligny, William the Silent, Roger Williams, Cromwell and an Eastern European I didn't know. And among the panels was one showing our own Pelerin Peres.

This internationalism of the city in times past was impressive to us coming as we did from the sessions of the League of Nations. Every one here, including the traveling Americans, most earnestly wishes well to the League of Nations and to the fine men who are trying so hard to establish it. Dr. Nansen was the principal speaker today. We passed Mr. Asquith on the sidewalk, and we see dozens of widely known people. The city is extremely interesting, filled as it is with people of all races and nations. The flags of 46 countries flutter from hotel windows where the delegates have rooms—or 47 if you count the Stars and Stripes, for someone is displaying it though the country has no formal part in any of the activities . French is, of course, the universal language, though speeches are repeated in English by the interpreters, who take down in shorthand the fluent French of the delegates then immediately jump to their feet and repeat it in English (or vice versa) from their shorthand notes with never a hesitation and often with considerable eloquence.

I had quite a conference today with the head of the information section of the League, and was given the privileges of the press gallery. I got seats in the other balcony for Mrs. Allen and the Bates. The meetings, with their bilingual character, are a great help to improving one's French, if the slight amelioration of a French as bad as mine can be dignified by such a term as "improvement."

I had a very interesting long interview in Paris with M. Stephaul Lausanne, the editor of Le Matin, and also a fine time with one of the editors

(Continued on page three)

FUTURE WAR SEEN IN EUROPE BY DEAN REBEC

Clearest Manifestations of Peril Found in Italy

All the elements of future wars are fatalistically active in the present European situation, in the opinion of Dr. George Rebec, dean of the University of Oregon graduate school, who returned to the institution this fall after a year's study and observation abroad. Wars will come, he thinks, unless European character, aided by the character of the American people, discovers how to circumvent them.

Dean Rebec was intent while abroad upon finding the reality rather than the romance of European life. He spent five months in Great Britain, five months in France, more than a month in Italy and six or seven weeks in Czecho-Slovakia.

There are two great dangers in Europe, says the University dean. The first danger is that every European chancellery is pursuing its own selfish ends, and the other is the economic situation.

"Not only all idealistically inclined men in Europe, but the plain bulk of the population of the different countries are utterly averse to war," he said. "They long for reconciliation, international good understanding and cooperation. Even the diplomatists and the politicians, it may be said, would like these good things if only they did not have to pay the price for them. The government of each and every country is holding what it has and is not inclined to be benevolent about world agreements. Each country is willing that the other fellow intrust his own interests to the League of Nations or High Court, but is unwilling itself to do so because of a fear of being 'squeezed' as the final outcome.

"We Americans must not indulge ourselves in the belief that we are more righteous than others. An American cannot fail to come away from Europe without a feeling that we missed an opportunity to do a constructive part such as we alone could do. Only the United States had the prestige and financial power to work its will as an impartial arbiter. The finest moral sentiment in Europe is arrayed behind the program of the League of Nations. The best thought in Europe earnestly supports the league. Those representing this feeling are grimly resolved to go on without the United States, but tacitly it is genuinely felt that without us in some sort of genuinely responsible cooperation, the situation is all but insoluble."

Europe does not know how to find the way out, Dean Rebec continued. European powers are encumbered with a thousand years of rivalries, encroachments and hatred, which seem foredoomed to be a source of wars to come unless some path of reconciliation and arbitration is found.

The economic disquiet takes two ex-

(Continued on page three)

JOURNALISM JAMBOREE PROVES GALA OCCASION

Costumes From All Parts of Earth Are Present

The annual journalism jamboree—that refreshing evening's entertainment when all members of the school of journalism meet and while away the hours in ridiculous costume took place last night in the men's gymnasium. They were from all nations and climates on the face of the earth. Heart breaking sheiks from the desert sands of Arabia—fierce natives from the isle of Borneo—untamed Indians from the early forests of America; all gathered and romped through an evening of unbounded glee.

As for order—there never was a more orderly event on the campus. With some half dozen hard boiled westerners walking the floor armed with shooting irons which they hesitated not a minute to use there was no chance for anyone to overstep the bounds of proper decorum. Bandits—they were there by the dozen but according to latest reports the police have not succeeded in capturing any of them.

Miniature newspapers containing the latest choice bits of scandal were delivered to the assembled throng. It was charged that the neophytes of Sigma Delta Chi were the chief instigators of the bits of newspaper atrocity contained therein.

SEVERAL ARTICLES FOUND

Cases in Villard and Library Contain Pen, Pencil, and Other Things

The Villard hall janitor has a Waterman fountain pen, two hats, and a cap which were lost by students last year and have never been called for.. A new Eversharp pencil which was found this term is also in the "lost" collection in Villard.

In the case at the entrance of the Library is a pair of shell rimmed glasses, several umbrellas, one of which is blue silk, and some rubbers and gloves. The owner may have these articles by calling for them.

PLEDGING ANNOUNCED

Sigma Nu announces the pledging of Harold Harden of Lebanon, Oregon.

OREGON CAPTURES FIRST HOME GAME WITH 35-7 SCORE

Chapman, Sax, Terjesen, Star in Offensive Playing Against Badgers

FIRST QUARTER THRILLING

Several Veteran Players Out on Both Sides; Line Does Good Work

Shy Huntington's football machine, composed partly of veterans and partly of untried men, thrilled the fans yesterday by turning in a 35 to 7 victory over the fighting Badgers of Pacific university. The game showed a quality of football that is rarely seen in the first game of the season on the home field. Chapman, Sax, and Terjeson were the big guns on the Lemon-Yellow offense which has aroused the admiration of the sport critics throughout the Northwest.

The speedy Forest Grove aggregation gave the fans a thrill in the first part of the game by taking Chapman's kickoff on their two yard line and by a series of shift plays and end runs placing the ball on Oregon's 38 yard line. Here the Oregon line stiffened and held the red shirts for downs. Oregon took possession of the ball and on the first play Sax ploughed through the center of the Badger line for a nine yard gain only to lose the ball on the next play via the fumble route.

Jessee Plays Aerial Game

Taking the ball on the Oregon 45 yard line, Jessee, the Badger signal barker, elected to play an aerial game and, 12 minutes after the kick off, hurled an 18 yard pass to Tucker who raced the remaining 27 yards across the Lemon-Yellow goal for the first score of the game. Jessee converted goal. The first quarter ended with the score seven to nothing but the ball was in Oregon's possession on the Pacific one yard line.

Chappy opened the second quarter in an auspicious manner by plunging over the Pacific goal on the first play and a few second later evened the count by booting the pigskin between the uprights. From then on the Oregon goal was never in any very serious danger and Shy's men succeeded in punting two more touchdowns across. The first was made after a succession of line bucks which featured Chapman, Sax, and Terjesen, Hal finally taking it across the line and coverting goal. The third touchdown was made possible when the completion of a 12 yard pass from Chapman to Poulson and a mighty 14 yard smash off left tackle by Terjesen placed the ball on the six yard mark. Poulson then carried it four yards and Terjesen pushed over on the following play.

Punting Duel Held

During the remainder of the quarter, Chapman and Pintella engaged in a punting duel with honors about even. When the half ended it was Oregon's ball exactly in midfield.

It was in the third quarter that the diminutive Moe Sax smashed, twisted, and tore his way into the admiration of the spectators. The first occasion which brought the stand to its feet was when "Gunny" took the kickoff on the two yard line and ripped off 28 yards before he was downed. On the second play after that, the ex-Cougar skidded off left tackle and twisted his way through a broken field for a 35 yard gain.

Ball Changes Hands

Then followed a period in which the ball changed hands several times. Oregon took possession of the ball on Pacific's 28 yard line and again Sax broke into the limelight by being on the receiving end of a 17 yard pass that was hurled by Chappy. With the ball on the 11 yard line Chapman and Terjesen alternated at cracking the line, Chapman taking it over for Oregon's fourth score.

Pacific kicked off after the score to Oregon's 5 yard mark and again Mr. Sax did his stuff by returning the kick to the 42 yard line for a gain of 27 yards. Sucessive plays drove the ball ten yards farther and the quarter ended. At the start of the last period, the Oregon backs started to pounding Coach Frank's line with the force of a gang of runaway triphammers and marched straight to the Badger goal for the last score.

Latham Out of Game

Both teams were forced to play without the services of some of their veterans. Blackman and Devlin were out of the P. U. lineup and Hunk Latham was off the Oregon list. Terjesen's

(Continued on page four.)

Sophomores Annex Honors in Vicious Underclass Mix

By Lyle Janz

Outside of the fact that the president of the sophomore class was carried off of Kincaid field by a group of modest friends when he was torn asunder from many of his important garments during the flag rush yesterday, there were no casualities in the "Annual Squarest Underclass Mix."

One mustache and two rather imaginary ambitions were shaved from the lips of anxious seniors by Class Barber Wenona Dyer and her assistant, Katherine Pinneo. These young ladies, equipped with a corn razor, a highly colored bottle of eczema lotion and a huge mug of lather, officiated in due regard to their dignified positions. Miss Dyer enacted her part splendidly. She was as talkative as a real barber and didn't squeal a bit when she ruthlessly removed the pride of the summer vacation from the suffering men.

Bill Hayward, Shy Huntington and almost a hundred senior cops supervised the mix and insisted upon absolute squareness during the entire contest. There is positively no question in the minds of all of the judges, that this was the squarest mix this campus has ever witnessed. The victory hung at a balance until the close of the last event; for with this counting 25 points and the score standing 40-20 in favor of the sophomores, it was anybody's contest until the sound of the final gun.

The crowd stood tense and eager. Co-eds forgot to powder their noses; cigarettes burned themselves out and remained forgotten in the mouths of awed juniors—five minutes of grim battle—the flash of a gun and the mix was over. The sophs had successfully defended their somewhat imaginary flag from the mad onrush of what the judges estimated to be about fifty members of the class of '27.

The feature of the mix was the push-ball contest. The game is new on the Oregon campus and following the play-

(Continued on page two.)