



AROUND and ABOUT

A DREAM

We had a choc malt the other night just before we hit the hay and as a result we had an awful nightmare. It was such a fearful and wonderful dream about our own Oregon campus that we should have been sorry had it been lost to the world, but fortunately we had switched on the dictaphone before we turned in and so we can present the dream here complete without comment: The day was ideal; one of those fast fleeting days of Indian summer when there is a decided tang in the air. There was a haze in the air through which the sun shot golden beams as I wandered along hella lane.

THE CO-OP! RAH! RAH! RAH! THE CO-OP!

I ran to the library steps. There was a large crowd assembled there listening intently to a representative of the student co-operative store who was explaining the store's organization while out on the edge of the crowd some one was singing softly, "That's Where Our Money Goes."

Y. M. C. A.—Y. M. C. A. The best of' club In the U. S. A.

About the Pioneer was another mob only slightly smaller in size to the one in front of the library. These students were listening to Robert F. Lane who was putting across that organization in such a strong fashion that the students were cheering it wildly.

But the nicotine tree was deserted.

I wandered out onto old Kincaid field where a hearty game of soccer was in progress. No one was in sight but the players, so I finally asked one of them where all the spectators were. He told me that all Oregon men were so interested in playing games themselves that they had no time to "drag" a woman out to the grandstand to watch eleven other men having all the fun.

"What's all the crowd going up to the Woman's building for?" I asked. Privately I had thought they were going to call at the two dormitories.

"Agora and Cross-roads are meeting," he answered nonchalantly, "and several of the faculty members are making speeches on various topics. Paul Patterson is speaking to the student groups on the 'Art of Debate' and they had to shut the doors an hour before he began because of the crowd."

He turned away to his game, but I queried him again. "Why all the crowd at the school of B. A.?"

"Exclusive Methods in Business" is the topic," he said wearily. "And Mr. Barnett speaking from the steps of the Law building?" I questioned.

"The Political Science in Our Universities," that's a good topic," he concluded with a gleam, "and even some of the professors find the subject an absorbing one."

And so I woke in amazement!

AN INNOVATION IN GASOLINE ALLEY

Delta Gamma down the street Biding a four-wheeled cart Wonder if they cranked their horse In order to make him start?

LEAP WEEK

Dusty Farnham in the Campa Shoppe "Buy you some candy?" Well I guess not.

Come along now, or this I'll swear That all the way home I'll act like a bear!

SAD—SO—SAD

There is a young Pi Beta Phi Who boasts a brilliant blue eye But her other is green With a marvelous sheen, Which has caused her many a sigh.

WHEN'S GREEK GREEK?

There once was an Italiane Kappa Her husband's face she did slappa; The scream that he scome Burst heaven's blue dome And the baby woke up from its nappa.

Say Hello First

UNIVERSITY SENDS OUT CATALOGUES OF SLIDES

The Extension Division Will Loan Free Educational Pictures to High Schools in the State

Three thousand catalogues containing a list of free educational lantern slides have just come off the press, and are being mailed to the high schools and places of public education throughout the state. There are 232 sets comprising 8781 separate slides listed in the catalogue, according to Alfred Powers, assistant director of the extension division, in charge of visual education.

Since the last catalogue was published there have been nineteen additional sets added to the list, Mr. Powers said. Some of these are: "How the World is Fed," "Modern Greece," "Guatemala," "New York City," "Scenes of the Civil War," "Mountains of the Holy Land," "Physiology," and "Alice in Wonderland."

Some of the subjects listed in the catalogue are under the general heads of geography, industries, physics, phy-

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THE SUNDAY EMERALD

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REPORTER FINDS JAMES H. GILBERT GOOD STRATEGIST

Economics Professor Declared In Habit of Bluffing in Class Room

AGGRESSIVENESS IS POSE

Docile and Friendly Attitude Appears When Outside His Classes

By Eugenia Strickland

"How can one be an altruist and a cynic?" A quick retort, or a frigid silence, an outright denial or assumed dissimulation that might have been expected was not forthcoming from the wily James Gilbert, political economist.

No, Jimmy Gilbert's eyes, deep-set and darting, only probed the questioner. Uncle Sam lost a good strategist when Gilbert decided upon business science as his profession. Perfectly satisfied that the question was not guileless, that it was a brutally personal inquiry used as a maneuver to secure information, James Gilbert turned and looked out of the window. His hand hid his mouth, the most mobile part of a person's features. Perhaps his lips grew tighter to hide the smile that might break forth at the thought of the crudeness of attack. Then he spoke.

Is an Altruist

"Theoretically," he said, "I am an altruist. Every economist is. I cannot say whether I belong in the altruistic class in practice. A man's estimate of himself is clouded with personal prejudices. Suppose you ask some of the business administration majors, students who have been here three or four years, for a criticism of Jimmy Gilbert. They should be able to say whether I am an altruist of a cynic in life."

Not a change in tone, not a tremor or difference in the timbre from the usual, vibrating, staccato notes he uses in class room, as he urged the writer to go forth and seek information perhaps from enemies, mayhap from friends. A student of human nature, such as is this economist, certainly did not expect all praise, all kind words. Yet, so he detected.

Well Known Figure

As a mosaicist who has assembled from distant lands precious bits of glass to fit together a complete mosaic, so the writer gathered together words and analysis and grouped them to mold a unified impression of the personality of James Gilbert.

He is a familiar figure about the campus and town. But he is not noticeable because of any external eccentricity—no—for as a type he is just one of the many business men mingling in the crowd. Perhaps it is the alertness, the vigor and swing of his shoulders that distinguishes him. At any rate, the professor has left his imprint upon many in his 17-year career of teaching.

A very human person is Jimmy Gilbert. He is guilty of bluffing, reads one mosaic. His aggressive attitude in class is but a pose. Outside he is timid to the point of being timorous. His self-assertion disappears. There is a docile, pleasant and friendly Jimmy Gilbert. He is man of intense likes and dislikes, yet capable of disciplining himself

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OVERSEAS WOMEN RECALL RAVAGES OF WAR IN FRANCE

Canteen Directress and Nurse Exchange Stories of Former Work

TASKS EXCITING AND LONG

Amusing and Enjoyable Times Experienced Along With Tragedy

By Margaret Morrison

"The world is a pretty small place after all," a time-worn expression—yet it so aptly fits the situation of the moment, the meeting of an old friend, or the friend of a friend, that there is no other phrase to quite describe the occasion. Yet, what is more delightful than to meet once more some companion of a forgotten day, or to talk over with a congenial acquaintance, experiences with which both are familiar. And when the reminiscences are of France in war time, of devastated villages, the hurry and excitement of marching troops and the bombing of cities—then does the listener begin to sit forward on his chair and forget to take a good breath except just once in a great while.

Two women on the University campus, Miss Clare Juliette Gibson, a war nurse in France for two years, and Mrs. Nora Crump, directress of canteens during the war, are the characters in this little drama. The scene was the Anchorage teahouse, and as Mrs. Crump had thought to bring along some of her war photographs, it wasn't at all difficult to start the ball of conversation rolling.

"Did both of you ever happen to be in the same community at the same time?" I asked.

Knew Same People

"Well, probably not at the same time," smiled Miss Gibson, "but I do recall many of the same people whom Mrs. Crump has mentioned. We seldom had time to do much sight seeing, especially when we were out at the front and the fighting was heavy. We would work from 16 to 20 hours at a stretch sometimes."

"Didn't you ever feel tired?" I asked. "Never when we were working—the excitement was too great," she answered. "Some very funny things happened out there as well as the tragic ones. I remember in particular one night when we were terribly rushed. A haughty German officer had been brought in on a stretcher and was resting comfortably while waiting for attention to his wounds. As one of the nurses passed him, he stopped her and asked in very poor English, 'Why do I have to wait while you attend to those swine first?'" "We are leaving the swine till the last, that is why you are waiting," she answered.

Not All Sadness

"The life of a canteen worker was not all one of sadness according to Mrs. Crump. "Mrs. Pep" was the nickname which the boys bestowed upon her and which stuck during her entire stay. Cheerful at all times, she is always ready to help any one in distress, a veritable ray of sunshine in a dark place. Many were the tea-parties which she had with "her boys" just before they started for the front, giving them a little motherly advice, helping to compose a letter to "the girl" and to mother. "Some of

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French Girl Likes Oregon's Athletics

By Jeanne Gay

Miss Andree Pellion, the Women's league foreign scholarship student, laughed merrily when told that she was going to be interviewed.

"But what shall I say?" she said lifting her shoulders characteristically and smiling. (When she smiles her face lights up, she has beautiful blue eyes that dance, a saucy little red mouth, and auburn hair.)

"Everyone is so good to me out here in Oregon so far from my native home in France—you see; when they asked me in New York if I knew where the finest apples in the world were grown, I didn't know and they told me that I soon would, for I was going way out to the Pacific coast to Oregon to go to school. Of course I was pleased but I did not know what it would be like and I was afraid that I might be lonely but now I know how mistaken I was," she said.

"I just love the University and I think it is wonderful that everyone is so democratic, it keeps me busy saying 'hello, hello' to everyone I meet," she laughed.

Miss Pellion is very interested in the athletics. In France so much time is not devoted to sports although they have the same games and "pep" rallies also. "I don't understand this game called football but it is played in France and I am anxious to learn all about it, as everyone talks football so much out here."

"I always wished to go to Spain so I could hear the serenades but now I



Miss Andree Pellion

am pleased that I came to Oregon for they have serenades right here and such beautiful ones too, the other night I was so thrilled to wake up to music and of course I did not know what it was at first until the girls told me. "And the millrace," she said, "I just love it, especially in the moonlight." Miss Pellion is a senior and was of course interested in 'Leap week'.

"I am so pleased that I was chosen

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VARSITY PASSES ANOTHER GOAL IN CONFERENCE RACE

Backfield Shows Metal When It Punches Badger Line at Pendleton

IDAHO LOOKS FORMIDABLE

Indications Point to Large Turnout at Vandal Game Here on Saturday

The varsity leaped one more barrier in its race for the Northwest gonfalon. The Whitman hurdle was not altogether an easy one and the Missionaries must be given due credit for the game they put up against the Webfoot aggregation. Every year finds Borleske shaping a team from scant material, but his efforts are overshadowed by the success of other coaches.

Reports from Pendleton indicate that the varsity backs lived up to the advance dope. This is without doubt one of the brainiest sets of backs that the University has ever had. With punch, dash and brains smeared with lots of fight, the ball carriers are hard to beat.

Defense is Good

The team must have played a whirlwind defensive game. Holding the fast traveling Whitman backs to four first downs is some little feat in itself. Huntington and Spellman are upsetting the dope about the varsity being a November team. Instead of that it is a spring team. The forward line is showing the drilling of last spring, and all that is going on now is the polishing process and we might say that all is well.

Willamette and Pacific were easier than was expected. Whitman was a much more difficult stepping stone toward the top. A big step confronts the varsity next Saturday in the shape of the Idaho Vandals who invade Eugene. This is the first big game for the varsity and some term it the crucial game.

Vandals Appear Strong

Followers of Northwest football know what the Vandals have done so far this year—three victories in a row and one of them the Washington State Cougars. A strong contender for several years now, the Idaho squad is coming into its own and with a vengeance. They have fast teams at Idaho and this year's eleven is the same and added to that they have the great Fitzke, a triple threat man, dangerous at all times. Baseball and basketball fans on the campus had a chance to look him over last year. He is big well built and fast.

Idaho has a foxy coach in Matthews. He knows football and knows how to instill it in others. Idaho and the varsity have a feud of long standing and Oregon has the upper hand to date. With this in mind the Vandals are coming to the Oregon gridiron with blood in their eyes.

Large Crowd Expected

The showings made by the two teams so far will be an incentive for many football fans to flock to Eugene for the tilt and the stands may be packed. This week will see Spellman working his linemen overtime, while Huntington has an easier job with the backs, but there is always chance for improvement and a willing bunch of men can always be further developed. As it stands the game is going to be a good one and will bear watching.

Say Hello First

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE DELIVERED BY PACKARD

Map Used Showing Shore Line of Siskiyou Seas

Dr. E. L. Packard of the geology department presented a detailed lecture at Deady hall recently, when he spoke before Sigma Xi on "Tracing the Shore Lines of the Ancient Siskiyou Land."

The lecture was given from a compilation of material that the geology department has been collecting for four years. The investigations have been carried on in southern Oregon, and from the data secured, the scientists are beginning to draw definite conclusions of the cretaceous deposits. Maps of the restricted areas in which the research has been carried on have been made, and material in the form of specimens and data, which have been collected by more than a score of advanced geology students, have assisted in the solution of local geologic problems. Dr. Packard's contribution in these investigations is a detailed study of the forms that once inhabited these seas.

Dr. Packard and those who have assisted him have been getting together data for the approximation of the shore lines and the number of seas that once covered Oregon. The Pacific ocean, Dr. Packard explained, flooded northern California, then came into Oregon and even spread into eastern Oregon and into Nevada.

He explained that the recognition of a shore line is often based upon the discovery of coarse grained sediments, such as the accumulation on our present day beaches, the nature of the fauna and of the flora. The general character of the substratum are also indications of the shore conditions.

"Nevada and a part of the Blue mountains was invaded sometime during the Carboniferous age by the Cordilleran sea," he stated. The southern end of the Klamath region was also invaded.

"The geologic cross-section made by the members of the 1923 summer field camp shows the cretaceous beds to be many feet in thickness at Neil creek, which would carry them high upon the range, perhaps even submerging the entire Siskiyou land," he said.

To represent the seas at different periods, a relief map of Oregon, made by Hally Berry of the geology department, was used. A reproduction of the cross-section of the region studied last summer was an aid in illustrating the formations that extend from the Siskiyou to the Cascades. Rocks showing the variation of the rock formation from the summit of the Siskiyou to the Cascades were also used as illustrative agencies.

Say Hello First

CONTRIBUTORS TODAY

Contributors to this issue other than by line writers are: Monte Byers, Edward C. Robbins, Bea Maxwell, Beth Farris, Pauline Bondurant, Frances Simpson.

EUROPEANS PUZZLED CONCERNING AMERICA

Dr. Marti Tells Impressions of Our Universities

"One thing that puzzles us Europeans is just what it is in the thought and character of America that prompted her to throw her whole self into the war, only to drop the matter entirely when it had been won," said Dr. Fritz Marti, the new instructor in the department of philosophy, who arrived from Switzerland three weeks ago.

"I thought after reading Sinclair Lewis' 'Main Street' and 'Babbitt' that I had found the reason," he continued. "Perhaps I trusted too much in that conception, for now that I am here and find no 'Main Street' I am more at a loss than ever to explain this."

As to his impressions of this country Dr. Marti said, "It is difficult to form judgments after such a short time in the country. I find an American thought much the same as in my own country but different from that of the rest of Europe. There is a certain warmth and vividness, shall I say sparkle, to your conversation and social life, more like the French than your ancestors the British, that I will confess I did not expect."

"American university life I find much different from our own," said Dr. Marti. "Because of the large classes there is not the intimacy between the students and instructors that I find here and I like your system much better."

"We have no dormitories or living organizations of any sort and the administration has no control over the students outside of classes." He continued, "Our student body organizations and literary, music and sporting societies, while composed of students are in no way connected with the university. Students take a much more lively interest in political affairs than they do here and have their political societies corresponding to the political parties of the country."

Dr. Marti, with his straight, well knit figure, fair, almost boyish face, high forehead with blond hair combed straight back, might be taken for a young European army officer rather than a doctor of philosophy. He was trained first as a mechanical engineer in the Swiss Technical university at Zurich and later served as an officer in the Swiss army where he taught mathematics and motor mechanics. Because of his keen interest in philosophy he gave up engineering for this subject and after spending four and one-half years in the Universities of Zurich and Berne received his degree.

Dean Rebec, head of the department of philosophy, met Dr. Marti while on his recent tour of Europe and was instrumental in bringing him to this country. He is now teaching classes in logic and 19th century thought.

PLEDGING ANNOUNCED

Kappa Kappa Gamma announces the pledging of Edith Sorenson of Everett, Washington.

All Classes Frolic on Eve Of Extraction of Shekels

By Lyle Janz

"Knowledge, the soul of a republic," says the inscription over the door of the Administration building. Having paid dearly in registration fees during the last week for the privilege of becoming a part of that soul, the members of the four classes attempted to forget it all and launched forth last night in a series of class dances that put conservatism to shame. Future senators, captains of industry, governors, suffragettes and doctors—not to mention the scant few that will not become very famous as a result of their college training—had a whale of a time at the first series of "get acquainted" class dances.

Perhaps it isn't really fair to the dictionary and dancing academies to call these affairs last night dances, but for lack of a better name we will give them that title.

Away down town in an atmosphere as remote from the influence of the

library as possible the seniors celebrated (or mourned) the close of "Senior Leap Week" with a genuine kid party. Dainty young things attempted to appear years less than sweet sixteen, and down-trodden men sought refuge in knee trousers and Buster Brown collars. Oh, quite an affair was this bust, repellent with shouting, giggling and gawty. Perhaps after all the seniors do need to relax from the burden of their future cares, most especially those few that are actually going to graduate.

At the men's gym the juniors were taking the dedication of their cords quite seriously. In fact the junior dance came almost close to the ordinary conception of what the modern dance is; there was almost a total absence of football tactics and as a whole the juniors were behaving themselves like little men and ladies. Whether or not

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