



# AROUND and ABOUT

CAMPUS MOTHER GOOSE (Continued)

TWO POINTS OF VIEW  
Once a scholar met a student  
Going toward the town.  
"He you home, young man," said he,  
"And stop your gadding round."  
Once a student met a scholar  
On his way to class,  
He thumbed his nose at him and said,  
"You are an awful ass!"

TOO TRUE (SOMETIMES!)  
The poor little prof has lost his specs  
And doesn't know where to find them  
Let them alone and they'll come home  
Dragging his brains behind them!

ANSWERING THE TELEPHONE  
No, no, Dora Lynn,  
Freddie's not in.  
He is out some cash to take,  
So that he can keep your date.

THESE OREGON RAINS!  
Helen Dampus  
Walked on the campus,  
In a shower of rain.  
She stepped in a puddle  
Up to her middle,  
Which gave her a very bad pain!

LATE TO CLASS (in the Oregon Bldg.)  
Tiptoe to the door  
And peek in!  
\*(antistrophe)\*  
Open the door  
And walk in.

THE SACRIFICE  
Molly, my sister, and I fell out  
And what do you think it was about?  
She loved Jack and he loved me,  
And that was the reason we couldn't agree.

Molly, my sister, and I made up,  
And she around the town does strut,  
Now Jack loves Molly and I love me,  
And that's the reason we all can agree.

YOUTHFUL "I SHOULD WORRY"  
The man in the moon  
Came down too soon,  
And asked the way to college;  
The students laughed  
And thought him daft,  
Because he wanted knowledge.

WHAT THE GRADS WRITE:  
"I was a goof in college, I'm goofier now,  
and I'm coming back to the University of Goodville (Oregon) for the big rally."

"Is the University still (was it ever) a land flowing with (censored) and honeyey?"

"I suppose that one of the reasons why the Alma Mater still lags behind in radio magnavox improvements for lectures is that they have Jimmy Gilbert—dear ol' Jimmy."

"My son tells me that you no longer hear the whispering gallery in the library, due to the strict enforcement of the silence rule, but that the galaxy of stars is still there, now appealing mutely—Gosh, he just came home for a six months' vacation at the invitation of the Dean."

THIS IS COLLEGE  
Some of us were sitting about the other day, smoking over a pleasant pipe and discussing the cosmos, a most excellent word of which we learned the proper use from Doctor Rebec. We also discussed (per usual) cosmetics and the users thereof.

It chanced that one of the group had lately been reading "Nicomachean Ethics" and fell hard for that "old boy, Aristotle." And he mentioned the quotation that happiness is not an end in itself, but that the honorable life is happiness in itself. So we all approved his quotation with one accord. This is college!

### HAIL HIGHBROW!

And now, my serious friends, we found this the other day in our reading. While it is far from being Mother Goose in style, yet we throw it at the campus, that those who like it may chew on it.

"Far does the man, all other men excel,  
Who, from his wisdom, thinks in all things well,  
Wisely considering, of himself a friend,  
All for the present best and for the end.  
Nor is the man without his share of praise,  
Who well the dictates of the wise obeys;  
But he that is not wise himself, nor can  
Hearken to wisdom, is a useless man."  
—Hesiod, Op. et Di.

C. N. H.

Y. W. C. A. TO GIVE MOVIE MONDAY AFTERNOON  
"Doings of the Dollar," a moving picture depicting the work of the Y. W. C. A. both in the United States and foreign countries, will be shown free to all University women, Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock in Villard hall. Every phase of the Y. W. C. A. work will be illustrated, and leaders of the campus association urge all women to turn out to see the picture.

# THE SUNDAY EMERALD

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## A Guide On The Path Of Journalism

By Margaret Morrison

It is an unusual day in the school of journalism when Professor George Turnbull does not spend the greater part of his time in giving advice to some aspiring young cub reporter, or in helping the more advanced members of the staff to smooth over the rough places in an embryo masterpiece.

"An ever present help in time of trouble," is putting it mildly, for, figuratively, he has saved the life of many a student, and helped many another to an insight into his own abilities.

Small of stature, with sympathetic blue eyes and an even temper that never arouses itself under the most trying circumstances, George Turnbull has made a host of friends not only about the campus but in every part of the country. Particularly in his own department, where the students meet him day after day, his sympathetic understanding helps to tide over many tense situations and change bitter discouragements into optimistic attitudes towards the problems that beset the average student striving for an education.

He is severe in his criticisms and

generous with his praise, but happy is the student who succeeds in winning his praise, for it is not idly given. Only real effort calls it forth.

Mr. Turnbull has not always been a college professor. Many is the time when he has gone out on a cold, dark night in pursuit of some big "scoop" for his paper, shivering with apprehension, that some rival sheet would print the news before he succeeded in getting the story in. Narrow escapes have often been averted by his quick intuition that a certain story would "break" at a certain spot at a certain time, and seldom was he wrong.

"The newspaper game" has held him for many years and he has traveled from coast to coast, holding positions on most of the big papers of the country. But it is the consensus of opinion, particularly around the "shack," that he came into his calling when he decided to instruct others in the art of writing for the press.

For it couldn't be "the shack" without George Turnbull around. The news in the Emerald would be flat and insipid and "cutting classes" would be a common occurrence instead of just an occasional necessity.

## Yokohama--Harbor Of Dead A Smuggled Tale Of Horror

The harbor of the dead—Yokohama! Bodies, blackened and burned, floated upon the water. A foul stench mingled with the odor of the oil that slimily sprawled over the harbor and sluggishly mowed with that shapeless, pulpy mass that was once humanity. Such was the sight that met the on-coming relief steamer, the West O'Rawa.

"We steamed by the ports demolished by the fire and earthquake into the water filled with the dead, with oil and darkened with cinders. It was awful," said Horace Kilham, University student.

"When we went into the shallow inner harbor, we had to drop lead. There were no launches left in the bay, and in our relief work we used our own small boat. Going toward land we literally had to push away the bodies. They knocked against the boat—crowded against it."

"On our first trip we cared for the Chinese only. They had been segregated in one part of town by the Japanese when the first efforts of relief were begun. Starved wretches! They tore at the cans of milk and meat we handed out. They had crawled to the water edge and were drinking the stinking water. They had not had any for days. The water supply was gone with the earthquake."

"In that steamer, built for 48, we carried back to Kobe 150 Europeans, 1,236 Christians and 38 Japanese. All decent quarters were turned over to the 30 women on board."

After the return to Kobe, the steamer was refitted with hospital supplies, food, huge rice steamers for cooking food, and gasoline for the American navy. Orders were received to take care of 3,000 on the next trip. From the notes of his diary, Kilham told of the method of getting ashore on the second trip to Yokohama. Towsels were saturated with antiseptics and used as primitive gas-masks. On shore, the crew took pictures of the gruesome scenes. These were later confiscated by the Japanese government.

"Three thousand Japanese were packed away in the ship. Then we struck a typhoon. The wind was blowing 100 miles an hour. We made no progress. The sea was running heavy and we ran into rain squalls.

"The refugees were sea-sick. The next day the wind was terrific. Dr. J. Bentley Squier was splendid in his work of treating broken heads, legs and arms and burned backs.

"I was a sort of hospital steward. I apportioned supplies, attended to the disinfecting of the ship."

The oil, he explained, at the request of the reporter, came from huge concrete tanks built beneath the bay. The containers cracked during the earthquake and the oil which was stored for use of the Japanese oil-burners flowed out.

"The oil extended 12 miles out into the sea and seemed fully six miles wide."

Chinese rice had disturbing effects upon the Japanese.

"Chinese rice, though you may not know it, is different from Japanese rice. When the Chinese rice was imported for the refugees, they became ill on eating it. At least that is what the refugees declared to the interpreters."

Kilham sailed from Portland on the West O'Rawa as a seaman. After making two ports in Japan, four in China and eight in the Philippines, the steamer returned to Kobe two days before the fire. When word of the destruction was received, the steamer was taken over by the American government and sent in as a relief ship. It was one of the two ships to reach Yokohama first. Kilham was recommended for his work by the relief committee in their public reports. He is at present enrolled in the school of business administration.

## The University's Beginnings Deady Hall, A Pile O' Bricks

Down the muddy country roads to the little town of Eugene came a man leading a cow to be butchered. Down another road came rumbling a load of hay. It was on a Friday in the early days, and the bricklayers who were building the University of Oregon must be paid on Saturday.

Fifty years ago, when money was scarce and when Eugene was a town of less than twelve hundred people, the state of Oregon awarded the location of the state University on the condition that a \$50,000 building be erected. The spirit of learning had long been a part of the town's tradition, for it had always held schools since the days of Columbia college. Nine years after the cabin of the first settler appeared at the base of Skinner's Butte, this college was founded. The 130 students who attended it, before the exigencies of the Civil war caused its end, became leaders in the University movement.

A grade school with a few higher courses was all that Eugene had when she set out to secure the University. It

was a brave undertaking for the little group of men who met in the district school house by the light of a tallow-dip, but they set out determinedly to carry it out.

The site, when selected, was a half-mile east of the town. A pioneer's cabin had held the space under the oaks in the early '50s and had been a trading place. Thirty thousand dollars that the county court was to have appropriated through taxation was not secured and the whole burden of the \$50,000 fund fell upon the town and county.

The people were wholeheartedly with the movement and every imaginable sort of money-raising scheme was advanced and tried. Enough was secured to build the brick walls and roof before the rain set in in the fall. Then the difficulties began in earnest. Money was almost impossible to find and more than once it was thought that everything would have to be given up. The workmen had to be paid by the week, and when Friday came without

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## Frosh Humble Northern Men by 20-2 Score

Youngsters' Line Does Good Work in Final Game of Season

## Many Passes Tried

Baz Williams' freshman gridsters finished up the season yesterday afternoon in a sensational manner when they tromped on the first year men of the University of Washington by a score of 20 to 2. The features of the game were the passes from the Harrison-Jones pass combination, the punting duel between Harrison and Delaney, and the magnificent holding of the Oregon line. The weakness of the Washington offense is shown by the fact that they made but one first down from scrimmage and that was on a single play, when Delaney skirted left end for 10 yards.

Washington won the toss and elected to kick, Harrison received the kickoff on his 12-yard line and returned the ball 18 yards before he was downed. The rest of the first period saw a punting duel between the two kickers, with Harrison having the distinct advantage. On several occasions in the latter part of the first quarter, the Oregon babes opened with their line-smashing offensive, but Harrison stuck to his percentage football and punted when things looked dangerous.

### Continue to Kick

Oregon stayed with the kicking during the second period and during this time the local frosh put the game on ice by scoring two touchdowns. Just before the end of the first quarter, the Oregon forwards broke through and blocked Delaney's kick, which was recovered by Brooks on Washington's 16-yard line. At the beginning of the second quarter, Harrison hurled a 10-yard pass to Lynn Jones, who smashed his way across the line for a touchdown. He was tackled on the one-yard line but his impetus carried both he and the tackler over the goal. Harrison converted goal.

After an exchange of punts following the kickoff, the ball was in Oregon's position on her own one-yard mark. Harrison's attempted punt was blocked, but he recovered the ball himself, giving Washington a safety for two points and her only score of the game. After this the ball was put in play on the 30-yard mark and from then on Oregon's goal was never in danger, Harrison's lusty boots keeping the play in Washington territory.

### Punt Crosses Goal Line

Oregon's score came after the exchange of punts had been in Harrison's favor. From his own 39-yard line, he kicked a long, low spiral which looked as though it would roll over the goal, and the Washington safety decided to allow it to go in order that it might be brought out to the 20-yard line. An Oregon frosh fell on the ball on the one-yard line and Delaney was forced to kick from behind his goal. His attempt was blocked and the ball went straight in the air, coming down in a mass of outstretched arms. When Referee Mike Moran had split the tangle the ball was between Kerns and Kjelland, the two Oregon tackles. Harrison failed to kick goal.

Washington chose to kick again and, in returning the kickoff, Agee made one of the most sensational runs of the day. He took the ball on his own 18-yard line and raced 42 yards behind a smashing interference before he was forced out of bounds. It was at this point of the game that Harrison decided to open fire with the offensive guns and a heady mixture of passes and off-tackle smashes put the ball on the Washington 20-yard line. Here, however, Washington intercepted a pass and kicked out of danger. The first half ended with the score 13 to 2 in Oregon's favor.

### Offensive Taken Again

During the third period, the punting battle was waged again with most of the play in the Washington end of the field, but, in the final quarter, the Oregon babes again gave an exhibition of their offensive power. They started their march in midfield with Agee and Post smashing the tackles for substantial gains and Jones taking the ball when a couple of yards were necessary for a first down. A 15-yard pass from Harrison to Jones placed the ball on the Washington 12-yard line. From there, Post and Agee alternated and carried it to within three yards of the northerners' goal, and on the fourth down, Jones plowed through right guard for the remaining three yards and a touchdown. Harrison converted goal. The score: Oregon frosh, 20; Washington frosh, 2.

With but a few minutes to play,

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## So Many of This and So Many of That

By Leon K. Byrne

"He expressed a desire for a system in which students would not have to take courses, but instead do a great deal of reading, thoughtfully and with insight." "He," in this case, being none other than our own Dean Colin V. and the desired system being just the one we haven't here at Oregon.

Well, well, well, Dean! Congratulations! How long have you harbored this notion that our educational system isn't perfect. Personally, we agree with Lewisohn's characterization of it as "pulpy and sapless," but—let us see what the dean says further.

"Education cannot be measured in terms of hours." Truer words were never spoken.

Our good friend, Dean Rebec, has correctly termed the "hour system" a barrier to the attainment of an education. But what is this "hour system"? It is what exists, in an aggravated form, at the University of Oregon. It is the system which says, "In order to graduate, a student must have 186 hours," so many of this and so many of that. And with what result?

The result that the cry of the multitude is, "But we haven't time to go

into problems, to work them out as they should be worked out—we have seven lessons to prepare for tomorrow."

And, at the end of four years, some of us manage to amass 186 hours, a condition bordering on mental derangement caused by running back and forth, hither and yon, and—a smattering of facts which we term a college education.

So much for the "hour system"—it is an evil which exists in the majority of American universities, and it is recognized as an evil by students and the more enlightened of the faculty. Sometime in the future, American universities, even American education, will cease worshipping this fetish of "hours" and, as the advanced institutions of Europe have already done, will make the schools a place for the "pursuit of knowledge," rather than the "pursuit of hours."

Such an advance is inevitable; the inadequacy of the present system to produce thinkers proves that. Some day the "hour system" will go by the board. Wouldn't it "make" Oregon intellectually if we were admittedly one of the pioneers in the movement? You have pointed the way, Mr. Dymont, now let's see some action.

## Cross-country Races Are Held

Bachelordorn Takes First in Track Event

Bachelordorn stepped out ahead of the field in yesterday's doughnut cross-country meet and took first place with 23 points. A well-balanced team kept the score of the winners 12 points under total of their nearest competitors, Sigma Chi, who finished second with 35. Friendly hall and the Fijis were tied for third and were close on the heels of second place with 36 points.

Keating took first place by a good margin and Tetz of the Kappa Delta Phi team took second. The first eight men who finished yesterday will meet Wednesday afternoon, according to Bill Hayward and have a tryout over the long course to determine whom of that group will represent Oregon in the Aggie cross-country meet Homecoming. Those eight men, in the order of their finishing, are, Keating, Tetz, Crary, Schultz, Robson, McColl, Muller, McCune.

The organizations in their order of finishing are:

|                 |    |
|-----------------|----|
| Bachelordorn    | 23 |
| Sigma Chi       | 35 |
| Phi Gamma Delta | 36 |
| Friendly Hall   | 36 |
| Phi Kappa Psi   | 48 |
| Sigma Pi Tau    | 51 |
| Oregon Club     | 54 |
| Kappa Delta Phi | 57 |
| Alpha Tau Omega | 66 |
| Beta Theta Pi   | 71 |

No other teams were entered.

## Banks Have New Anti N.S.F. Plan

Appropos of the difficulty which occurred last year, concerning students who cashed N. S. F. checks on local banks, a new system is suggested to prevent the recurrence of this trouble this year by a method which has recently been inaugurated in the banks at Columbia, Missouri, home of the state university. These banks have originated the plan of furnishing books of pre-certified checks to students, free of charge.

These checks resemble regular traveler's checks and enable students to know exactly how much they have, as they are issued in convenient denominations. In this way, the difficulty which students encounter in keeping up their stubs is avoided and the system is evidently proving satisfactory from the point of view of the banks, which are equally protected.

As yet no report of cases of students cashing N. S. F. checks has been made to University officials this year. It is hoped that last year's experience will not be repeated and that no demand for discipline in this direction will be necessary.

### OREGANA STAFF TO MEET MONDAY AFTERNOON

There will be an important meeting of the Oregana staff at 12:45 Monday in the editorial room of the Journalism building, announces the editor, Freda Goodrich. It is very necessary that every member of the staff appear promptly as important announcements are to be made.

## Collection Adds New Treasures

Mrs. Warner Donates Chinese Antiques

A bronze memorial tablet dating back to the third Ming emperor, a marble statue of the God of Mercy unearthed in a buried Chinese monastery of 900 A. D., 19 priceless paintings and a collection of rare Oriental bronzes, brasses, and china—these are some of the new gifts made to the University of Oregon by Mrs. Murray Warner.

President P. L. Campbell made public Mrs. Warner's latest generosity yesterday in connection with the announcement that the Murray Warner Memorial museum, which has been closed since early in the fall to permit alterations and additions to the display rooms, would be reopened next Friday.

The reopening of the museum and the presenting of the new gifts for public view will be signaled by a special assembly Friday at 11 a. m. Due to a lack of space, the Chinese collection alone will be exhibited.

A number of the Oriental pieces of Mrs. Warner's gift go to complete the Manchu emperor and empress costumes. A complete Ming emperor's costume is included among the new gifts. Mrs. Warner's collection of Oriental china, brasses and bronzes, and her large library on Oriental art, history, folklore and traditions, have come to the University. One of the bronzes is 1,500 years old.

The marble statue, the God of Mercy, worshipped by Chinese centuries ago, will stand in the main entrance hall of the Woman's building. American highway engineers discovered it while unearthing a monastery that had been buried in an earthquake. Mrs. Warner purchased the antique from Gen. Nor-

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## Sidelights

By Junior Seton  
There was a big crowd there, judging by the peanut shells.

The carpenters on the bleachers worked the whole time—between halves.

A number of prominent campus handshakers received a little second-hand glory by sitting on the bench with the players. It's too bad the bench doesn't face the grandstand.

Our lover men got a terrible shock when they saw the magnavox amplifiers. They thought the faculty had decided to illuminate the grandstand.

Doc Livingston favored us with a selection on the clarinet. The boys from the Round-up City tell us Doc used to cut a mean dash in his band uniform.

Speaking of music—out of respect to our neighboring institution, the E. B. U., the band rendered the old favorite, "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder, We'll Be There." Some of us will be there, and some of us will be elsewhere.

A few of the cross-country men saw the game—the rest of them didn't get back in time.