

Oregon Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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Day Editor This Issue—Lawrence Thelmer Night Editor This Issue—Victor Kaufman Asst. Night Editors This Issue—Beatrice Bennett Evelyn Hartman

A Problem; How to Seat Spectators at Swimming Meets

While it is all well and good to clamor for a new infirmary, a new library, a new men's gymnasium and other necessities from the state legislature and the people of Oregon, other inadequacies of equipment and facilities are vividly noticeable on the campus.

The swimming meet last night with Northwestern university focuses attention graphically upon the deplorable lack of gallery space for a popular major varsity sport.

Men's living organizations scheduled dinner last night half an hour early in order that the boys could rush up an hour ahead of time to obtain one of the few available seats in the Woman's building where the meet was held. About 1500 students tried to crowd into a space originally intended for and incapable of holding no more than about 50 spectators. Although officials only were allowed to stand around the edges of the tank, practically everyone in the stands was freely provided an unwelcome shower from the splashing aquatic stars.

They stood outside, peering through the windows, straining their necks, seeing little. Spectators at swimming meets always do. They must. Contests can be seen in no other way. That is the typical condition under which many activities of the Oregon students are conducted. Remarkable, is it not, the relative success with which Oregon enterprises are carried out in the face of such handicaps.

The Ambler

Yesterday we saw: PETE SLAUSEN with some other woman... NORMAN EASTMAN trying to get a straight part in the curly locks... MEREDITH SHEETS walking like a true western man... NELLIE MAE HADFIELD picking up her notebook and dropping her purse... JOE HOLIDAY trying to look celebrated before the camera... EDWINA GREBEL inhaling the sunshine... BUENAVENTURA REYES SANTIAGO living up to his name... AMY GUARD modestly refusing a screen test... MARJORIE CLARK trying to make her take it... LEONARD DELANO with his head in his camera.

western, second; McAlpin, Oregon, third, Time—1:09.
Fancy Diving—Won by Colbrath, Northwestern; Neer, Oregon, second; Thompson, Oregon, third.
100-yard relay—Won by Northwestern. Winning team—Peterson, Hinch, Wicks, and Schwartz. Time—1:16.4.
100-yard free style—Won by Schwartz, Northwestern; Anderson, Oregon, second; Wicks, Northwestern, third, Time—54.8.
300-yard medley—Won by Northwestern. Winning team—Hinch, Peterson, and Schwartz. Time—3:03.1.

Birnet Hovey Makes Experiments With Frogs

(Continued from Page One)

published soon. At the same time that it comes out, he will have another paper published, on Extroversion and Introversion, based on tests he made in the psychology department two years ago.

This paper is of a highly technical nature, Mr. Hovey says. However, he discovered that the average eved is more introverted than the average college man.

"Also," he says, "I found indications that non-Fraternity men, as a rule, are more intelligent than fraternity men and vice versa for the women. As a rule sorority women are more intelligent than non-sorority women. Of course, this differs in individual cases, and as I only experimented with a hundred students, the proofs cannot be called conclusive, by any means."

Mr. Hovey has already had two articles published; one, the Nature of Apparent Geotropism of Young Rats, in the Physiological Zoology for October 1928, and the other, "Effects of Distraction on Mental Processes," in the American Journal of Psychology for October, 1928.

Mr. Hovey received his position as a graduate assistant at the university on the basis, largely, of his rating in psychological examinations. At the University of Utah he passed these examinations higher than any one else ever had, and, taking the Otis test, at the University of Oregon, he made only two errors, giving him such a high grade that the grade charter was unable to mark his paper. Also, he completed the test in the 20 minutes allowed; whereas, the average rating is "very superior" for the person who finishes two-thirds of the examination.

Dr. A. R. Moore, professor of animal biology, is very anxious that Mr. Hovey should go to Petrograd to study with Pavlov in the greatest brain research laboratory in the world.

DUCK SOUP



THE CLASSES IN AERONAUTICS WILL OF COURSE HAVE THEIR DISADVANTAGES.

For one thing, the roar of airplane motors will make sleeping very difficult.

Of course maybe that disadvantage is overcome by the fact that you wouldn't be able to hear the prof lecture.



What about the local Scotchman who arrives at his girl's house after Dime Crawl is half over and wants to get in for five cents?

TO SHORTEN TIME UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene.—Bagpipe & Kilties, local Scotch organization, is reported to have started a movement on the campus to shorten the time now allowed between classes. They claim that it will not give the law students as much time to smoke their cigarettes and will thereby make for longer snipes.

LITTLE BOY: "Mamma, mamma, what are those men doing up on the roof of that building?" MOTHER: "Never mind, sonny, they are just the aeronautics class taking their final exam in parachute jumping."



JACK BENEFIELD WILL PROBABLY REQUIRE ALL ATHLETES TO TAKE THE COURSE IN FLYING.

Then they will save railroad fare on road trips.

Heard the sneeze ballad? "Sweet Sue, Atchoo!"

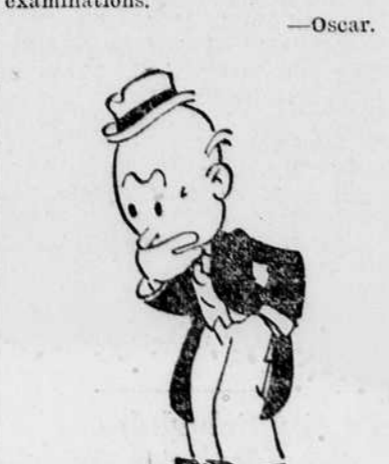
Poor Jim fired the gas main Under the street. He had reached for a Lucky Instead of a sweet.



Consider the happy lot of the campus cop; he gets paid for hanging around the campus and absorbing a liberal education.

And he doesn't have to attend classes, pay fees, or worry about examinations.

—Oscar.



LISTEN, OSCAR, IF YOU'RE THINKING OF APPLYING FOR HIS JOB, YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK. WE'RE AHEAD OF YOU.



Little Blue Eyes cried as if her heart would break when she found herself settled in the last seat in

Condon with the card instead of the reference book.

"At dumb egg next to us doesn't seem to know what the play is all about."

"Not so loud, you fool, that's the author."

TODAY, FROM SCOTLAND—We're not going to vote for a certain Scotchman on the campus for student body president. He has refused to give us a good account of himself.

There will be a social and business meeting of Tenemids at the Craftmen's club tonight at 8 o'clock.

The February meeting of the women's faculty club will be held Wednesday, February 13, in Alumni hall at 3:30. Mu Phi Epsilon will present a program at 4:00. Tea will be served before and after the program.

No meeting tonight of women's and freshman debate squads. Keep up your reading.

Prof. Lewis Tells of Life as Slum Worker

(Continued from Page One)

a daze, anxiety written all over her face.

"She was just at the breaking point where she could confide in any one. I stepped up and asked her what was wrong.

"O, milder, my bambino is dying," she wailed. I followed her into a dreadful tenement, and there lay a small infant, bundled in six or seven layers of rags, with a thick black woolen scarf thrown over it.

The child seemed in a torper, and it is no wonder that it was sick, being so bundled up on such a day. But I stripped off its rags, got some castile soap and bathed it.

"From then on I went every day and took care of it. I fed it with cod liver oil, tomato juice and orange juice. The mother had been feeding it spaghetti, beer, garlic, tough bread, and to top the list, all the milk it had been receiving was that poor 'outlaw' milk that sells so cheaply, but has no nourishing qualities whatsoever.

"I had the mother take the 'bambino' to a small cindery spot near a canal where the sun shone, and let it stay there for hours."

Mr. Lewis' fame spread over the tenement, and mothers came to him with their bambinos, all in the same condition as the first; their skin like marble, pale and lifeless looking, and they seemed without feeling or sense. It was not long until he had eight squalling children on his hands.

"I ran around all summer," he laughed, "with oranges, tomatoes, milk, nipples, and bottles, stuffed in my pockets. And the mothers religiously took their children to this spot where I sent the first one, as if it had some magical power.

"When I left in the fall, they were all healthy and crawling children, but they probably will grow up to be glummen or bootleggers, so I wonder sometimes if it was worth my effort."

Then Mr. Lewis returned to college, but after the first semester, he grew tired of school and one day hopped a train for Roswell, New Mexico, where he stayed until late in the spring, working on a ranch.

In the summer he joined a harvest crew that worked up the middle west wheat fields.

"There too," he said, "I got to be one of the 'fellows' of the crew. I had my Red card in the I. W. W., and was called 'Whitey.' It is the custom of the hobos that follow the wheat fields to nickname their comrades. I remember there was a 'Rock-Island Pete,' 'Topeka Joe,' 'Detroit Bill,' and lots of Blackies, Slims and others. There are a lot of professional I. W. W.'s that follow the crowd and try to stir up discontent among the workers. They sell the 'Red' song books and cards of membership; they would come to the hobo jungles where I stayed

"The Terror" has at last come to the McDonald theater to thrill and terrify a most appreciative audience. Mystery, murder and even ghosts inhabit an ancient English abbey where a horrible hooded figure glides silently through the halls, standing guard over a stolen fortune. Pandemonium breaks loose in the middle of the night with ghastly music from the pipes of a hidden organ, deafening claps of thunder and the sighing of giant trees.

The old haunted abbey, turned into a rest home by an aged doctor, houses such a collection of human oddities as is seldom found outside of Bodiam. A spiritualist, a criminologist, a cunning fiend and a beautiful girl are all tied up in the tangled web of "The Terror." Secret passages and hidden doors abound and even plump toads share the occupants' meals.

Louise Fazenda, Mav McAvoy and Alice B. Francis are the outstanding players and are well supported by John Miljan and Everett Horton. Plenty of unintentional fun is afforded by the fright of various characters, but the effectiveness of the picture lies wholly in the Vitaphone effects. Anyone is sure to enjoy "The Terror" but only the brave will cut across a graveyard afterwards.

Speakers Named for Fraternity Discussions (Continued from Page One)

administration, will consider the problems of "Choosing a Life Work." "Should We Have Compulsory Military Training on the Campus?" will be discussed by Lieutenant Herbert, member of the military science and tactics staff, and A. E. Caswell, professor of physics.

CAMPUS BULLETIN

Susan Campbell Hall will be at Friendly Hall for the Dime Crawl. Members of Junior Week End directorate meet in front of Ad building at 12:00 o'clock for picture, if weather permits.

Meeting of all men interested in spring football practice this afternoon at 3:30 in the lecture room at McArthur court.

Y. W. C. A. choir meets today for practice at 4 o'clock at the Bungalow.

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INQUIRING REPORTER

Today's Question: What is the best "habit" one acquires along with a college education?

Crete Gray, graduate student in education of psychology: "The habit of observation, because the varied courses one gets in college give one a knowledge of a great many subjects that one could not obtain in any other way. A college course teaches one to interpret their observations."

Betty Reber, freshman in pre-medicine: "One acquires the habit of staying awake although one is greatly in need of sleep."

Bill Barry, junior in social science: "A student acquires the habits of diligence and concentration which will help a person in later life."

Betty Summers, junior in physical education: "The best habit one learns in college is to acquire the knowledge of which classes it is safe to sleep in."

Josephine Stofiel, sophomore in journalism: "Concentration and ability to control the mind. Also one acquires the habit of wasting time."

Ten Cent Crawls Chance to Dance

(Continued from Page One)

Dime Crawl chairman, Teddy Swafford, that they will answer the call in full force again, shining eyes, shining faces, shining shoes,—and—shining dimes!

Several freshmen on the campus, being questioned as to their likes and dislikes for the "crawl" all voiced their approval in hearty tones.

"Dime Crawl," said one, "is a bang, and I don't mean half-way. Plenty of chance to look 'em all over, you know. I certainly profited by the one last term."

"To tell the absolute truth," another exclaimed, "I'm a Scotchman, and I hate to spend money. But in spite of the fact that dimes are precious and that I can't pig consistently at one house, I still say I'm all for Dime Crawl."

So there you are, fellows. If you've only got one girl, you can dance with her an hour for ten cents. If you have more than one girl, it may not cost you more than fifty cents. AND even if you are a veritable Bluebeard, it can't possibly cost you more than \$2.40—that's all the houses and halls there are on the campus!

So don't forget; tonight, from 6:30 to 7:30, the time; any women's house or hall of residence, the place; one dime, ten cents, the price.

Rife Team Gives Washington Battle

(Continued from Page One)

Oregon's points gained from firing in the sitting position were deducted. Scores have not yet been received from the University of Dayton, Ohio.

The ten men placing on the scoring list are: Harvey Wright, junior in pre-law; Warren Powell, sophomore in business ad; Phillip Livesly, junior in business ad; Frank Hall, sophomore in architecture; Keith Ingalls, senior in business ad; Howard Minturn, freshman in architecture; Wayne Veatch, senior in business ad; Earl Nelson, sophomore in business ad; Sheldon Laurance, sophomore in business ad; William Fowler, sophomore in education.

This week's matches are with the Kemper Military school, Boonerville, Missouri; University of Illinois, Champaign, Illinois; and Washington State college, Pullman.

Classified

LOST—A tan wool scarf with red stripes, in Oregon building, last Wednesday A. M. Finder please call 1516, Catherine Calouri.

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DREAMS THAT COME TRUE
I am sitting alone in my room tonight,
Dreaming and smoking my old cob pipe;
I smoke and dream, and dream until I get a plot, and get a thrill.
I am in the writing game, you see;
And the pipe-dreams softly bring to me
Scenes of carnage where the red blood ran.
And the dreams all come from a bright Blue can.

It's just a can of Edgeworth-cut—
Fragrant as flowers—sweet as a nut;
Of all Fate's kindly gifts to man
Is this gift of dreams from the bright Blue can.

I sit me down at eve, to smoke;
And soon am wrapped in a magic cloak;
It has banished trouble, it has banished pain,
And the sad old world is young again.

J. H. Rockwell
Midland, Michigan.

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Extra High Grade Smoking Tobacco