

Oregon Visit Impresses Men From Midwest

W. Paulison, Publicist, Lauds Webfoot Team, Students, and Campus

By JOE PIGNEY

Every four years, regular elections, Northwestern university sends a swimming team to the Pacific coast. The mid-westerners were in the west in 1925, and they will be here again in 1933. Oregon was less than nothing in swimming as far as Northwestern was concerned in 1925, but the visiting squad was so impressed by the strength of the Oregon swimmers Tuesday, particularly the freshmen, that Eugene will be one of the most important stops on the 1933 trip.

Walter Paulison, director of Northwestern's news bureau, has decided to do something for Oregon. He was so startled by the development of the heretofore undeveloped colleges of the west that he is eager to carry the good word back to the east.

The Webfoot students, said Paulison, were the most receptive the Northwestern visitors ever encountered on their western invasions. Enthusiasm is unlimited here, he said, and it is bestowed on the home team and the visitors alike with only a shade of partiality.

Northwestern is not the most aggressive college in the middle west in regard to the art of publicizing the university through sports. But once it begins a thing, it is never completed until it is as near perfection as possible.

It is seven years ago since the first sport publicity bureau organized in the Big Ten. This progressive step, which facilitates the connection between colleges and the newspapers of the country, was started at the University of Illinois.

Two years ago Northwestern, the last member of the Big Ten conference to do so, began the commercial production of sport news. Paulison was appointed director, and has developed his department into one of the most efficient in the whole country.

When Northwestern sent its swimming team to the Pacific coast four years ago, it was nearly a secret. Scarcely anyone knew about it. This year, however, the team has received national publicity on its tour.

The enormous value of publicity tells the tale. The advance news service and the circulation of pictures did the work, and almost every large paper carried some sort of news on the Northwestern trip to Oregon, California and way points.

Paulison accompanied the team on its stop off at Eugene, and the story of the new world's record in the 300-yard medley relay and the results of the dual meet with the Webfoots was telegraphed to all parts of the United States. Chicago, where the interests of Northwestern university are centered, was the first large city outside the Pacific northwest to receive the news of the meet. From Chicago the names of Oregon and Northwestern were spread over the country.

The national publicity gained by Oregon can hardly be estimated, but here is what it means to Northwestern. Although the Northwestern team is guaranteed a generous sum by every school it swims against, the ultimate loss on the trip will be over one thousand dollars. The estimated value of the trip, in terms of publicity, amounts to something like sixty thousand dollars. The actual thousand lost is merely a drop in the bucket by comparison.

Tom Robinson, Northwestern coach, said that Oregon's frosh team, when it grows up, will be the strongest in the United States. But Paulison did not confine his compliments to the swimming team alone. When he saw McArthur court, he immediately was all in favor of moving it to Evanston. And when the unit athletic program proposed for Oregon was presented, Paulison became profuse.

At Northwestern, where all indoor sports are provided for in one building, the track men, the tennis play-

ers, and the basketball men, lose their identity and it often happens that a tennis player finds he is much better at basketball, said Paulison.

Basketball in the Big Ten is fast becoming one of the chief sports of the year. Northwestern's athletic pavilion holds 5,800 persons, and at every game this season there has been a capacity attendance. If space could have been found, it was estimated that at least 25,000 would have seen the Notre Dame-Northwestern series.

Tentative arrangements are under way to send an Oregon swimming team to the east in 1930. Northwestern is eager to have the Webfoots appear at Evanston. Robinson, the coach, suggested that the meet be made a bi-annual event with Oregon at Evanston one year and Northwestern at Eugene two years later.

Opening Tilt Held by Intramural Fighters

Phi Psi Wins Award From Alpha Upsilon Members

Spencer Raynor, Phi Psi, gained a three round decision over Wallace Faust, Alpha Upsilon, in the opening of the intramural boxing tournament, yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the men's gymnasium.

It was a fast battle with Raynor hitting the A. U. man with everything but the waterbucket. Faust, throughout the fight, put up a stubborn resistance, but lack of condition finally told, and he weakened perceptibly in the final act. Raynor, incidentally, is also a grappler of note, who has been throwing the boys in the wrestling event quite regularly.

A knockdown in the third round secured the judges' nod for Phillip Carrol, Bachelor, over Bill Brattain, Alpha Upsilon. They both fought in the lightweight division, Carrol at 125 and Brattain, 126 pounds, putting up the hottest bout in the afternoon.

Brattain was the more aggressive of the two, but his head rushes brought about the loss of his balance and gave Carrol the opportunity to put over a right hook which resulted in the knockdown and defeat.

Jimmy Jower, 139 pound well known fighter, and John Halderman, 150 pounds, fought hard from start to finish and put up a wonderful showing.

Oregon Celebrates Birthday As the "Valentine State"

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time when the United States was not ready to extend its government over Oregon. The organization was rebuffed, and the matter was thoroughly explained as spontaneous to the British representatives.

Plaything, material for Polk's campaign slogan, "54-40 or fight," the western empire was forgotten in the excitement of the Mexican wars.

It was not until 1849 that Governor Joseph Lane proclaimed a territorial form of government for the Pacific northwest. Abraham Lincoln had declined the position.

Oregon's fight had been won for her. After remaining in the territorial state for ten years, almost tempted to enter the proposed "Pacific Republic," Oregon became a state. Congress had answered the question, "Is Oregon worth saving?"

GOOD BOOKS AND BAD

By Mike Griffin

"The President's Daughter," Nan Britton. (Elizabeth Ann Guild corporation). This much-heralded book reminded me of a slightly superannuated orange—or maybe I should say lemon—there is juice in the thing, but it's certainly hard to squeeze it out. In this case the juice takes the form of the detailed entirety of the supposedly authentic scandal in the life of our late president, Warren G. Harding.

One finds, in reading the book, that presidents are, after all, human beings, perfectly capable of such things as 60-page love letters, undying declarations of undying love, and incidentally, illegitimate eight-pound girl children. All ladies and gentlemen, with a presidency of the United States of America and an unsuspecting wife held firmly in the other hand!

According to the author (who was the lady in the case), the purpose of her work is to make the world safe for children born out of the necessary formalities, which is an admirable and totally commendable undertaking, but it smacks a little too much of alibi. Miss Britton very unwisely burned her entire stock of the aforesaid 60-page love letters, her signed photographs; in short, every black and white proof she possessed. Now, Miss Britton and her daughter must eat. "The President's Daughter" is selling for \$5 the copy and renting for 15 cents a day, and that may not mean anything, and it may.

The story begins when the author was a young girl of 14 years with a terrible infatuation for Mr. Harding, who at that time held no particular office at all except the place in her heart which has been mentioned. It then winds its way chronologically along, going into every little detail of her trip to Washington, D. C., where Mr. Harding held a government position, her subsequent meeting with him, his obtaining a job for her, their courtship, the birth of their daughter, his election to the presidency, and his death.

Where it goes from there I really couldn't say, as I didn't read any farther.

"Circus Parade," Jim Tully. Albert and Charles Boni. Tully has painted his readers a whole gallery full of realistic little portraits of circus life, has placed them in order so that they form a semi-autobiography, has had some delightful wood-cuts made, and his publishers have assembled the lot under a red and green cover. It's called "Circus

Parade," the whole concoction is, and is a thoroughly enjoyable piece of modern literature.

One gets a vivid picture of his characters, which appear in the same roles in different sketches throughout the book. There is Goosey, the elephant trainer; the sentimental German fat lady; the fearless and admirable lion trainer, who goes to his death with a smile on his lips and boozes on his breath; the lovable negro stakeholder who becomes the star clown over night, and his alley cat, Booker T. Washington; the irascible old owner of the circus and his even more irascible old lady; Roschul, the bass drummer, who wept over his drum when it was broken—they're all there, and you can see them.

"Circus Parade" has comedy, and it has stark, staring tragedy, and it has some certain bits of very frank realism. However, these are easily overlooked.

Effeminate Togs Are Donned by Males

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wearing the skirts, and those other things, and sew-ons.

Wade Brothers, haberdashers to men, we are told, advertise only things they intend to sell. Their windows were recently filled with a new stock of the smartly dressed collegian—"men's athletic under-clothing," in rose, lavender, and pale pink rayons—very exclusive.

"Dainty things for dainty people." "You just know he wears them." "I'd walk a mile in my rayons!" "Next to myself I like lavender best." All that sort of thing. Wade's had them in the window, and the out of town loggers didn't

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buy them. They're to be seen in the locker rooms at the gym and Igloo, flashing gayly between classes. All the lads don't wear them, but some of them do, and there is every reason to believe that the next tax added to our fees will be for shower room bath salts. At least, appearances indicate it.

Then DeNeffe's had the pyjamas, with everything but bunnies and storks on them. A riot of color to go to bed with. Heat! Hot! Hell! Try to catch cold on the old sleeping porch with those flaming snore clothes gathered round! Regarding pajamas the sorority girls have set a pace you'd love to touch. The men are "hotting up" right after them.

And there is the lad who powders ever so gently with the big pink powder puff right after shaving. His girl will be carrying his compact at the dances next. She'll find out what a bother it is to go through all her pockets for the thing, and then stand and watch the little fellow make faces at himself in the glass, and wink ever so cleverly at her over the edge of it.

Then there is the fellow who is afraid he'll be taken for the "best man" if he doesn't pluck his eye brows, so he works them over fastidiously. There's the otherwise male with the long bobbed hair, and the green cap wearer who is said to sport goloshes. He hasn't a chance in the world of getting weffected. Finally there is the black overcoat and sleuth hat from the east. Some of the lads must be taking correspondence courses from the Burns detective agency, and have jumped the gun on the costume. "Get your man, and your woman, with that broadshouldered effect." But other than for the broad

shoulders, it is predicted that by spring if one asks "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" the answer will be "That wasn't no lady. That was my fraternity brother." There is only one solution to the problem, he men on the campus say. "Stick to the hand-me-down styles of bygone days." We can go home from college with a lot of new ideas and possibly live them down. But we can't go home if the governor thinks his son is his son's new chorus bride when we come through the door.

Two Cases of Scarlet Fever in Infirmary

There are at present two cases of scarlet fever in the infirmary. Stanley Darling, sophomore in pre-law, was admitted yesterday, and the case of Arne Pompel, sophomore in chemistry, which had previously been diagnosed as influenza, was re-diagnosed as scarlet fever. Weldon Hyatt, who was released yesterday, was returned today suffering from rheumatism.

In addition to these, there are five cases of colitis, Fred Mencham,

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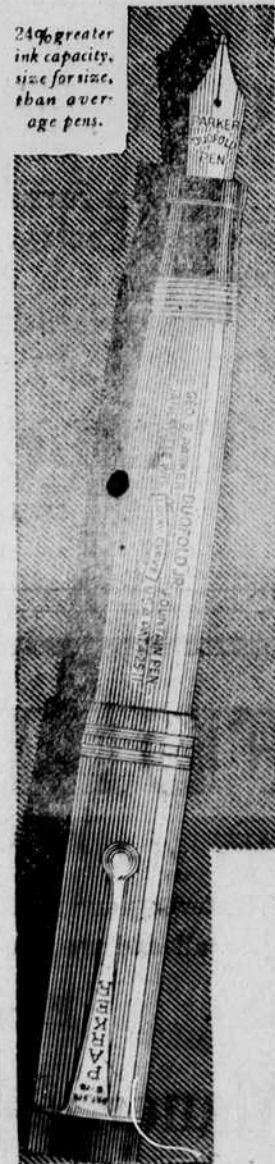
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