



ANNUAL ALUMNI GAME ENDS IN TIE; SCORE 3-3

Francis Ties Score for Vets by Making Place Kick in Last Minutes of Play

ZELLER AND IRVINE STAR

Dimick Makes Only Score for W. U. Machine by Place Kick From 15 Yard Line; Varsity Men Hold Opponents' Heavy Line.

In one of the most evenly matched games ever seen on Sweetland field, the Willamette Bears Saturday fought the heavy and experienced alumni team to a 3 to 3 tie score. With four of the best backs who ever played on Willamette teams and a line equally strong, the alumni were undoubtedly the strongest team ever gathered together for such a game in the history of the school. Considering this, the showing made by Coach Mathews' men was excellent, and indicates a successful season. Individually and as a team the men demonstrated the value of the training they have received, and a few more weeks should find them one of the strongest teams Coach Mathews has developed here.

Though intensely interesting, the game was marred by much stalling and squabbling on the part of the old-timers. Every time they found themselves out of breath they started an argument. As the coach said, they went into the game with nothing much but their heads, and they used them all the time. Fakes and cross-pass plays were the principal method of attack, and the varsity was kept guessing all the time the alumni had the ball. The varsity, on the other hand, used only a few simple plays, relying on teamwork for their yardage. Few forward passes were tried by either team, and not one was completed. Grosvenor had a little of the better of the kicking, but Irvine was not given enough time to get his kicks away. Pruney Francis, who played in 1912 and 1913, was the best ground gainer for the alumni. Brazier Small and Tekoa Grosvenor were also responsible for much yardage. Clark, Bartlett and Reinhardt were the stars of the alumni line. The team was especially strong on defense.

For the varsity, it is harder to pick out any one man who featured in either attack or defense. All the players fought hard. Pitted against the strongest men in the alumni, Brazier broke up a number of plays, and also passed consistently. Vinson stopped some dangerous end runs before they got under way, and Wapato and Miles broke up all the plays that came their way. Brown, Ransom and Lawson each played a gritty game. Dimick made several long runs, stopped every play that got thru the line, and booted the placekick by which the varsity scored. "Tuffy" wriggled thru his opponents for first down a number of times. Zeller and "Russ" Rarey were good for four or five yards whenever called on. Zeller also went down under punts and nailed his man in his tracks every time. A summary of the game follows:

First Quarter.

Grosvenor kicked off and Wapato returned 15 yards. Rarey made five yards. Irvine punted 35 yards to Hendricks. The alumni fumbled, and recovered. Grosvenor advanced the ball three yards and punted to Irvine who returned the ball 19 yards. Dimick went around right end for a sensational run of 52 yards. Zeller made five yards on a split buck. The alumni were penalized five yards for offside play, and Irvine went around left end for 19 yards. After two unsuccessful tries thru the line, Dimick place-kicked from the 15 yard line and scored.

Second Quarter.

Willamette made yardage on line-backs by "Tuffy." Zeller and Dimick Irvine made four more on a fake kick, but two incomplete forward passes gave the alumni the ball on downs. Francis made five, and got first down on a fumble. Tekoa went around end for eight yards, and Francis made yardage. Small made two more, but on second down Vinson recovered a fumble. Willamette

DAY BREAKS INTO AUSTIN

Fair Senior Agrees With Shakespeare on Money, Not Dates.

Early Sunday afternoon four young men living at 320 Oak street found that with the exception of the 1921 Wallajah editor, all their brothers had engagements for the afternoon. So choosing as their leader a man of experience, a senior, they gathered at the telephone in quest of dates. After their reconnoitering the eldest called 1156-B.

"Hello! Who is this? What is the chance of four lonesome young men of good repute obtaining dates? We go enquiring, to movies, church, anywhere. Not a chance? Why not? Oh, this is Mr. Percival Austin. The others? Not a chance? How about you? Six o'clock then? Good evening."

The dignified chap turned from the phone, and explained with tears in his voice that only one of the many young ladies was unaffiliated.

"You're a heck of a guy," piped up one of the unfortunates, as the sponsor turned to explain. "Call up to make four dates and make only one. What time is it for?"

"Six o'clock, but I won't be there," as he vanished.

"Don't worry, you'll get there all right," was sent after him.

From then on every movement of the senior was watched, and when he left at 5:30 he was accompanied by an irate group of bolsheviks.

"What you guys doing, my date is not until 7."

"The heck you say. You're going to keep that date at 8 o'clock or you won't have a date, here's your car." But Angel Face turned toward town as the rest boarded a State street car.

"My name is Percival Austin," one of the group shouted from the back of the car as it moved up the street.

Five minutes later an uninterested pedestrian would have stopped to watch the strange spectacle of three men, arguing earnestly, stop in front of a house and let a coin decide a seemingly important matter.

The coin went into the air, and with a groan one lad fell back from the group. The coin again ascended and clattered on the pavement; and the lucky one of the trio started up the walk.

Some time later Percival Austin alias and his fair companion passed a tall chap who seemed in an unusual hurry. "Who is that young man?" the lady asked.

"Oh, that is Les Day."

We know Shakespeare's sentiments about the man that stole his purse, but what would he said if someone stole his date?

EBSER RELATES SPANISH TALES

Bull Fight Is Aply Pictured by Popular W. U. Prof.; Incidents Interesting

At the present time when Spanish seems to be more popular than any foreign language it ought not to be without interest to the student of this wonderful Castilian tongue. I may purposely Castilian, for Spanish may mean any of the many dialects spoken in the countries of Spanish tongue, and every well educated Spaniard is very careful to say that he speaks Castilian and not Spanish. And Castilian, that is to say, the

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Willamette students regret to hear of the departure of Gustav Anderson. Owing to the illness of a relative, Mr. Anderson is compelled to go back east. However, it is the hope of Gustav as well as of his many friends that he will be back with us for the second semester. While in the east he will attend the National Y. M. C. A. convention to be held in Detroit, November 1.

FRESHMEN WIN BAGRUSH FROM CLASS OF 1922

Freshmen Secure Four Bags to Two for Sophomores; Real Contest Staged

FOOTBALL MEN NOT IN

Skeen and Zeller Take Winning Bags Over Line; Ryan and Johnson Count; Rickli and Marsters Score for Sophomores.

The freshmen of 1923 won the annual bag-rush Thursday in 4½ minutes. The teams were very evenly matched, and the result was in doubt during most of the contest. Before the contest it was predicted that the bag-rush this year would be a pink tea, as the football men were not allowed to compete. Those who made this statement discovered that the football men are not the only ones by any means who can put up a hard fight. Both teams worked for all their worth, and total exhaustion was the result for many of them. The frosh won by showing the greater endurance.

Things went well for the frosh at first, for hardly had the teams met in the middle of the field when Ben Rickli broke away with the first bag and carried it over the goal. A moment later Albert Ryan carried the first bag over for the freshmen. Lyman Marsters took the second bag over just as easily, and then the contest settled down into a wrestling match. After Earl Johnson had tied the score by taking the second bag over for the frosh, no scoring was done until the seventh minute of the contest. By that time the superior stamina of the underclassmen began to tell, and Roy Skeen got away from his opponents and ran nearly to the line, where another fierce struggle took place. The frosh finally rolled Skeen and his bag across the line. Two minutes later Dave Ellis managed to get to the one-yard line with the fourth bag, where he was tackled and knocked out. Vernol Zeller dragged the bag across.

The frosh must have expected this result, for almost immediately four of them were observed on top of the grand-stand, at work on the new numeral. But being inexperienced, they had miscalculated the amount of paint necessary, so that the numeral could not be finished until Saturday morning, when a beautiful orange and black '23 adorned the spot selected by the victors. The freshmen celebrated their victory with a jolly-up in the gym, and the frosh celebrated just the same with a weight roast and general good time behind the baseball bleachers.

The line-up of the teams was as follows: Freshmen—Ryan, Zeller, Warren, Walker, Notson, Hall, Stone, Alden, Skeen, Johnson, Ellis and Lockhart; Sophomores—Rickli, Collins, Huston, Marsters, Lewts, Harra, Sackett, Probst, Gillette, Lueker, Flindley and Warren.

Epicureans Turned Out in Cold.

Dr. Doney's announcement that Lausanne Hall would be wrecked Friday met with hilarious applause but aroused in the minds of about 50 boys the question "Where do we eat?" As is generally known the Epicureans Club was just becoming nicely settled in their sitting apartments in the basement of Lausanne when that startling announcement was made. Naturally it necessitated an immediate removal and considerable additional expense.

However, the boys were optimistic about it and while part aided in the wrecking of the old hall the rest were busy moving equipment, provisions and other necessities to the basement of Waller Hall. These quarters have been used for club rooms and will be quite suitable. Some of the men have remarked it will be further to walk to breakfast but we won't have to carry our breakfasts so far to school.

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MAN IN BLUE TAKES BIRDS TO THE CAGE

Frosh, Sophs and Juniors Wake a Whole Neighborhood by Means of Noisy Squabble Over Rope.

A lot of important things happened Wednesday night, but none of them important enough to disturb a man's sleep, so one neighbor of the university (not. About midnight of that day several underclassmen of the university chose to have an argument on the corner of Winty and State streets. The three sophomores argued with rope, and the one frosh used the only means a man in bondage can use, a lusty voice. The well-meaning victim of insomnia did not object to the use of rope, but the lusty voice was not soothing like the voice of a nightingale. At his suggestion a Man in Blue appeared, and took away the frosh and sophomores alike. But two upperclassmen who stood not a long way off disliked to see the fun end so early, so tried the benign influence of words to forestall the Man in Blue. They failed, and instead of releasing the quartet, the man of strong resolutions took the two juniors as well. Three other upperclassmen saw the group leave, and having had previous acquaintance with the officer followed in his wake to testify to the good character of the convicts. It took only one hour to convince the sergeant, but there are at least two young men who will never try to mediate in favor of peace disturbing college students again.

LAW PROSPECTS LARGE FOR NEW YEAR OF WORK

Dean VanWinkle Enthusiastic Over Large Registration; Service Men Returning

CLASSES BEGAN MONDAY

Faculty Composed of Ten Prominent Oregon Lawyers; White Registrar and Dean Van Winkle Hold Forth in Moot Court.

Dean I. H. Van Winkle, who is at the head of Willamette university law school, is very enthusiastic over the prospects for the school for this year. The freshmen law registration gives every indication that there will be a very large law enrollment for the whole year. Many of the service men are taking advantage of the bill which provides for a \$25 a month toward making them good lawyers.

Registration in the law school started on last Thursday and closed on Saturday. At 5 o'clock on Monday actual instruction began. All classes meet between the hours of 5 and 6. Mr. Elmo S. White is registrar of the law faculty, which is composed of ten prominent lawyers of the state. The freshman class now numbers 30 members. There are six juniors and the senior list is not as yet complete. The following local attorneys are at present instructing the school:

Judge of the moot court, I. H. Van Winkle; criminal law and criminal procedure, bills and notes, Walter E. Keyes; evidence and code, Roy F. Shields; pleadings and probate law, George G. Gingham; contracts and domestic relations, Ivan G. Martin; federal court practice and bankruptcy, John Bayne; partnerships and corporations, John H. Carson; real property and constitutional law, William H. Trindle; torts and equity, James G. Helzel; Blackstone, agency and sales, Elmo S. White.

SIGMA TAU NEW NAME FOR CLUB

Dimick Is President; Olson Is Manager; Three New Men Are Added Members

During the last week the men's club, on Oak street, adopted the name Sigma Tau, and the Sigma Tau house now takes its official place in Willamette life. The membership is expected to exceed 75 in a few days.

Since the definite organization of the club has been effected, the following officers have assumed their duties: President, Harold Dimick; vice president, Herald Emmel; secretary, Leland Austin; manager, Oscar Olson; board of control member, Russell Rarey.

A number of improvements have been made on the house, which fits it much better for the purpose of the Sigma Taus. Most of the work was done by the fellows themselves. The most important of these is a sleeping porch for 15 men.

Several new members have been elected and have moved in the last week. These include Harold "Blackie" Miller, '20; David Lawson, '21, and Willard Lawson, '23. One or two others have not moved into the house yet, but will do so soon.

One of the most important additions to the membership is "Sig," a thoroughbred Scotch collie pup, who feels the importance of his position as mascot of the house. His two particular guardians are "Baz" and "Fleg."

A good deal of work still remains to be done before the house is just as the Sigma Taus wish it, yet in the meantime it is growing in popularity with the men of the school. A number of visitors have been entertained and the house is always open to its friends.

SPOKANE SENDS MANY

Washington Metropolis Responds to Willamette's Calling.

The spirit of Willamette extends her campus through the Northwest and attracts students from many towns and cities of the surrounding country. The large representation from Spokane is suggestive of the growing influence of the school in the more remote cities. During the registration days the following thirteen students from Spokane were matriculated: Noble S. Noothie, Gladys Bradley, Mary Elizabeth Hunt, Eugene Wallace, Elmer Strivinsky, Clifford Bayne, Dean Helen Hart-Cornes, Ivan Corcoran, Murray Strivesy, William B. B. Wood, Harold and Fern Fisher.

Enrollment now totals 415.

The enrollment up to day is 415, which includes all of the Liberal Arts and Law students. There are about 130 freshmen enrolled in Liberal Arts and about 35 enrolled in Law.

There was a young lady named Anna who sang in the choir, rich soprano. She stepped on the stairs. And the person declares, I both heard and saw her. Box Anna.

Girls: You no doubt know that Mrs. Clark carries a beautiful line of mittens at the most reasonable prices. 127 S. High.—Ed.

IVAN AGAIN PLAYS HERO

Bookstore Jew Unable to Kill Two Birds With One Gallon.

Ikey Cornor, the book store Jew, certainly was the lady's hero with steam heated handle bars in view of a recent incident when he permitted a couple of proachers and some girls to push him around in his Ford, but they say he couldn't help it because he was the only one who could drive.

It was Saturday afternoon and as the weather was exceptionally nice Ivan decided to do a philanthropic (at least partially so) deed. After an argument with the garage man about a 5 cent overcharge on his (Ivan's) bill, Ikey sallied forth in his eight-passenger 1918er, loaded with a couple of conference visitors.

All went well and the monastery was very interesting. Farewell rays of the setting sun lighted up the landscape with a resplendent glow as the party left the pretty little town and started on the homeward journey. Perhaps half an hour had passed when without warning Henry apparently was attacked with acute indigestion. He groaned miserably, gave a last tremendous sob, and was still.

"Salem 7.5 mi.; Mt. Angel 8.1 mi." consoled a nearby sign-post. Nowhere was there any evidence of human habitation and dusk slowly settled down like a robe over all, bringing with it that ominous stillness which accompanies night in the peaceful countryside. Again and again, Ikey, muttering under his breath the while, vainly tried to get signs of life from his faithless car.

"Whatever shall we do, Ivan?" queried Marie.

Ikey scratched his head, then said these words of wisdom: "Well, unless we want to stay here all night, we'll simply have to shove the car to the nearest farmhouse." So all piled out except Ikey who took the helm, and the painful journey began.

After seemingly many miles, with a final magnificent burst of speed, the perspiring party drew up before a farmer's home and with bated breath persuaded that worthy gentleman to feed them and haul off Henry, that parody on real automobiles, home.

We hate to accuse Ikey of trying to kill two birds with one gallon of gas, as it were, but anyway it's a hard life when the fates conspire against a fellow just when he bids fair to make an impression on girls and ministers too, isn't it Ikey?

Instead of appearing on the campus with the usual outlay of text and note books, the men came rushing madly toward Lausanne from all directions armed with every known specimen of destructive tool. Architect Legge gave a few instructions and an attack began. Up the front and up the back stairs of the old building rushed the whooping mob, wildly brandishing axes and hammers, hatchets, and crow-bars. Plotted destruction was the only answer to the cause of such an onrush and soon a thunderous hammering and hacking ensued mingled with the maddening cry of "Look out below!" as timbers and shingles shot earthward from the old tower and the roof from the windows and balconies. Piece by piece the building began to lose form and by 10 o'clock a serious change had taken place in the upper half of the structure and clouds of dust and splintered wood began streaming from the windows and doors of the lower stories as the horrible din of destruction continued.

Even the professors were there, all dressed up in their best jeans and coveralls. Professor Von Eichen with his eye for neatly arrayed supplies was discovered overseeing the arrangement of the fallen timbers, while Coach Mathews shouted orders from the roof. Professors Rontufus and Franklin won the endurance prizes, however, for they labored the entire day instead of finding it necessary to work in the labs or superintendent football practice.

Out on athletic field Paul Flegel was playing architect for a new structure which was being erected from the discarded lumber of old Lausanne. Instead of a dormitory for Willamette University's young women, however, this building more resembled a teepee for Willamette Valley's original inhabitants, the red men. The teepee was filled with boards, and the teepee was boards, but it was not long to remain boards, for it was the material for the big bonfire that night.

All of this vandalism was a result of an announcement made by Dr. Doney and loudly applauded by the student body in chapel Thursday morning. For some time a fund for the construction of a new and more efficient Lausanne has been growing and Dr. Doney announced that at last the building fund had reached such proportions that the work could be begun at once, that Friday should be a holiday from school for every man to turn out and give a hand in razing the old building preparatory for the new. He knew that everyone would want to help in an undertaking which will go down in history as one of the biggest events in the life of Willamette.

At noon the men and professors working on the building were excelled.

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LAUSANNE HALL IS WRECKED BY SPECIAL ORDER

Action of Board of Trustees Causes Holiday to Be in Order on Friday Last

STUDENTS BUSY ALL DAY

Professors Come in Old Clothes to Assist in Tearing Down Historic Building; New Lausanne Will Be Ready Next Fall.

"No earlier than 7:30 and no later than 8 o'clock," Friday morning something began to happen to Old Lausanne that never has happened to her before in all the time that has elapsed since her keels were first laid. The trustees had directed that this old hall was to be torn down and the students were to be allowed to help. Lausanne hall had put up with a great many trials, too numerous to mention; bath tubbing, feeds, serenades, fustings, timely 11:45 p. m. lectures, senior breakfasts and what not. All these things have come to make Lausanne the background for a wealth of pleasant memories for scores of Willamette's graduates. Memories reaching back into the far past of the school's history.

Lausanne's strenuous life began when the building was moved from its original location as a private dwelling to its original location to serve as a housing for the girls of Willamette. This was long ago and all the varieties of student activities which have occurred in and about her walls had no such effect as that great event which had its beginning at the aforesaid time Friday morning.

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PROF. RENTRO CHANGES PLANS

New English Professor Has Had Work at Harvard, Boston and McKendree

Websterian Willamette Songs

Hells Fellows, Olson, Should Salem Police Strike, Davies, Solo, Lueker, Hiram Johnson for President, Gilbert, Extemporaneous Debate, Parliamentary Practice, Aldrich, Christophilian, Roll Call, Snappy, Maintaining the Ideal College Spirit, P. Doney, Comedy, Bl



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FAREWELL, LAUSANNE.

Old Lausanne is no more. Also we rejoice to know that a new and spacious dormitory shall soon enhance our campus, we cannot but be a little saddened to realize that to accomplish this an old and historic home must be pulled down. For many years Lausanne stood in her place and served. Now that her work is done she must pass on. So with the students. We welcome each incoming class with gladness, for new impetus, new life, new zeal comes with each freshman student. After four brief years we bid these same students farewell, and send them out into the world. We must not keep them longer. While they were here they were Willamette. But when they have gone, Willamette remains unchanged. For they are not gone; that intangible part of them which was themselves has remained. They have endowed the university forever with their spirit. The big things of life go on forever. So Lausanne has grown old in service and must leave us. No; the old building is gone, but Lausanne remains. The young ladies who will live in the new modern structure will be much the same as those who sang and slept and studied in Lausanne Hall 20 years ago. Although the old hall is gone, there still remains that indomitable spirit of that first Lausanne, long since destroyed, which brought the beginnings of our university to this coast. Lausanne lives on.

Does the passing of old Lausanne mark a new era in Willamette? The time seems to be fraught with omen that the university is entering upon another epoch. The largest enrollment in history is gathered upon the campus; more than 400 bona fide students make a great body. The freshman class numbers over 150 and they are of a quality which promises well for the school while they are here. The other classes are of good proportions and the years have already tested them. Some improvements have been made in the facilities for instruction. And now there is the promise of a new building for women and faint intimations of increased endowment. The forward movement is begun and every friend of Willamette is challenged by the opportunity now presented.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

"The Weekly Index," of Pacific University, October 7, makes the following comment: "Then comes the game on Thanksgiving Day, or the Saturday before, where Willamette will get the wallop that she has had coming for several years. From some unknown reason Willamette 'U' has canceled the game with O. A. C., that was to be played on October 11. She is wise in saving herself till the end of the season." We wonder.

A recent issue of the "Reed College Quest" states that the Portland school will not participate in intercollegiate athletics this season.

Davies goes fishing for Lyceum tickets. Melnyre and Cramer told him there was two in the Wilson Park fountain. Ask Davies who he's a twin to take—adv.



Farewell Lausanne. Good-bye Lausanne, you're going to leave us now!

The Monocle came up Ferry street and that is what he said when the tottering old building appeared to view. Of course he does not know what has taken place within that hallowed spot; he has no knowledge of the scenes which yonder had their setting. The Monocle never has been admitted further than the reception rooms; and those who have been behind the scenes and those who acted their parts thru one, two, three or even four years have a seal upon their lips which the Monocle has never been able to break.

He muses, he surmises and he knows that way back in the beginning up to the present time friendships have there been formed which have not and will not be broken so long as hearts are tender for love of other hearts. He knows that again and again the girls assembled in the parlors, seated on chairs and on the floor—just like girls—while the presiding dean spoke from her cultured experience of things which wholesome girls should heed; and he knows that some took thought there of and their wisdom was increased. Again the girls have assembled in a room without the dean's accompaniment and acting as girls would, seated on a bed, either conspire against the trustees or the dean. He also knows that roommates have been about the fire and there spoken of things so sacred that it is not lawful for another to utter them. And he knows that fudge has been made at that hour when ghosts walk, and pickles have been eaten which deferred sleep, and key holes have been stopped, and bath tubs fitted—and—Oh! Lausanne, farewell!

Saturday afternoon the Monocle was perched inconspicuously in the ball tower to view the varsity-alumni game. He had also been present at the rally the night before and judging from the jokes he told the old bell he was in high spirits and full of confidence in the varsity team. The bell looked out on the field where the first line-up had formed and said not a word, only a ringing monosyllable to answer the Monocle's jabbering and when the varsity made a goal in the first quarter the Monocle tossed his silk hat to the ratlers and swung his cane at the old bell to peal out a victory, but the bell held him off and laughed inwardly.

The second quarter drew to a close with both teams putting forth their best without result. The Monocle's mouth began to drop open as the varsity began loosing a little ground at each down. "Now is the time to do your cheering," said the old bell. "Don't look so down-hearted. I am afraid you haven't the Willamette spirit."

But the Monocle, being a pessimistic fellow at times drew his legs up under him and pouted. "Why, the varsity should have had three touchdowns in the third quarter!"

The old bell laughed again as cheer after cheer went up from the varsity rooters.

The fourth quarter was well under way when the alumni made a goal and the Monocle nearly fell from his perch. "They can never win now," the Monocle whined.

"No, the alumni will never win now," the bell cheerfully sang in mellow tones.

"Well there is a small chance," said the Monocle grasping the rope. "I'll be the first to ring you if the varsity makes that touchdown."

"Go easy," said the bell.

The fourth quarter closed and the game was tied.

"Such a game," whined the Monocle again preparing to climb down.

"Yes, such a game," laughed the bell, "such a game. Didn't you see how those men fought; didn't you see their wonderful school spirit in every play?" and the bell laughed so that its clapper danced wildly and nearly came to ringing by itself.

"Why are you so happy?" asked the Monocle.

"Because I feel so good," said the bell. "I never ring unless it is for a victory, only for a victory for the old school and there will be many."

CHAPEL NOTES.

Dr. Doney—Wednesday. The element of freedom is not fully appreciated by most students. In these your days of liberty go out on adventures. Do heroic things now. Later you may have others to whom you will be responsible. Suppose you do die a few times! What if you do starve daily! Gets a little monotonous, maybe. However, brace up, and in these your days of youth pursue great adventures. Hold them fast.

RANSOM LEAVES FOOTBALL TEAM

Takes Position in Eastern Oregon; Randall, Bailey and Others Turn Out

Walter Ransom, who played right guard for the varsity in Saturday's game, has left school to take a position somewhere in Eastern Oregon. His loss will be felt, as Ransom was a very promising man. Several new men have turned out this week. Don Randall, of the team of '16, has been seen in a suit, and Leslie Bailey, sub of that same year, has turned out. Boatright, former Salem High player, Ray Todhunter and Rodney Alden are the other new candidates. Selev is making a strong bid for an end position.

EX-SERVICE MEN.

- Sgt. Willis M. Bartlett, Arts '17—Co. M, 162d Inf., Sunset Div. Russel Brooks, Law '17—Co. M, 162d Inf., Sunset Div. Maxwell E. Ball, '17—Co. M, 3d Ore.; transferred to 167th Field Hosp. Unit, Rainbow Div.; 180 days on the firing line. Lieut. Allan Bynon, Law '17—Quartermaster Corps, France. Karl A. Chapter, Arts '17—Co. M, transferred to 5th Battalion Gun Corps; wounded; Army of Occupation. Leigh C. Douglas, Arts '17; 3d Co., 5th P. O. D. Battalion, First Regulars, A. E. F., Tours. James D. Fletcher, Law '17—Wounded and returned home. Capt. Earl C. Fiegel, '17—Military Police, Co. H, 13th Inf., Camp Mills. Lieut. Arnold L. Gralapp, Arts '17—Co. M, Regulars, Camp Meade. Grover A. Gates, Arts '17—Field Artillery, Chemical Division, N. Y. Sgt. Alpheus J. Gillette, Arts '17—Ordnance Corps, 15th Army Train, Camp Stanley. Samuel R. King, Arts '17—Psych. Dept. of Medical G. T. S., Camp Greenleaf. Ivan McDaniel, Law '17—Secret Service, Portland, Ore. Chas. R. Randall, Law '17—Co. M, 3d Ore.; 11th Inf., A. E. F., France. Laban A. Steeves, Arts '17—Medical Reserve, U. S. Navy. "Bob" Story has them. Lyceum season tickets only \$2.—adv.

SIG IS A HEART BREAKER

Prince of Mascots May Prove Rival to Willamette Ladies.

Did you ever hear of the fall of Sig? It's neither long nor short but just medium and has the remarkable ability of finding its way straight to your heart. But don't think that the fall is all of Sig for he has two shiny eyes and a slink black nose, four paws which have a tendency to leave dirty tracks on clean floors, et cetera, a tiny pink tongue which is specially adapted to lapping polish off newly-polished shoes and a set of white teeth that are rather destructive. Perhaps—perhaps the golden brown hairs found on the coats of certain young gentlemen who live at the Sigma Tau might possibly belong to Sig.

Foster Reverses His Decision

According to a late announcement by President Foster, Reed College has decided not to enter teams in intercollegiate sports this year. This announcement comes as a contradiction of the statement made some time ago that the students would be allowed to enter teams in competition against the other colleges if some of the bad features were eliminated, among them the charging of admission.

This decision will effect Willamette's football schedule, as a game between the two institutions was planned and at least tentatively arranged. Nothing is known as to how the vacant date will be filled.

Salem Lyceum Course to be held at the Armory.—adv.

ROOKS SELECT OFFICIALS

Verne Ferguson Is Elected Presxy; Orange and Black Wins.

At a spirited meeting of the Freshman class, held on Wednesday of last week, the class colors, orange and black, were chosen and the following officers were elected:

President, Verne Ferguson; vice-president, Marjorie Fiegel, secretary, Esther Paronagagian; treasurer, Orin Gillett; sergeant-at-arms, Harlan Alington; athletic manager, Fred Lind splinger; song leader, Constance McLean; reporter, Dean Helton.

Mary Findley—"A English, He (ary)." "Well, where did all those girls go after the English boy?" "Don't know." "Well, since they were all Christians, not a hope they went to heaven."

Alumni Notes

Paper Mill Head Named; Harold Swafford Chosen Manager of Plant at Lebanon.

Oregon, City, Or., June 25.—(Special.)—Harold A. Swafford, who recently returned from France after spending over two years in the service, has been appointed mill manager of the Crown Willamette Paper Company at Lebanon. The former manager, C. H. Halston, has resigned his position. Mr. Swafford left Oregon City Tuesday to take up his new duties.

Mr. Swafford received the degree of Ph.D. from Willamette in 1903.

Merton DeLong '12 (L.H.B.) is the president of the Alumni Association of Willamette University, elected at the annual alumni business meeting held last June. He resides at 306 E. 50th, N. Portland. He is engaged in the bond brokerage business, being associated with Morris Bros., of Portland. He was at one time Assistant Attorney General of Oregon. Later he was associated with the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co.

A Vacation Letter From Miss Austin, Godhra, Panch Mahals, India.

I am spending my vacation this year with Miss Elliott, of Bombay. The first month we were in Narkanda, a little place 40 miles beyond Simla in the Himalayas. There is a "Hotel" there built to accommodate about 14 people. The attractiveness of the place, however, is in the wilderness of the woods, into which one can get on so many beautiful paths.

When we went up the violets were out in all their glory. Everywhere they grew. I never saw, or imagined seeing, so many in all my life. They were of all shades from the palest lavender, and even white, to the deepest royal purple. Then the rhododendrons put splashes of scarlet all through the green forests, and the falling bloom made bright spots in the road. Of course ferns soon came out, and flower after flower came in its time.

We climbed a peak one day and found open meadows of grass, dotted with blue and white anemones and dandelions. Miss Elliott specially liked this spot, for she was catching specimens of butterflies. The woods are mostly pine, fir and oak. There are scattered all through walnut, trees, maples, and "chinars." Last year's walnuts sell at 5 cents a hundred, and they are delicious.

I was very tired when vacation time came, so I brought no work with me, and I have simply revelled in the out-of-doors. It has been a splendid way to rest. So Miss Emmel sails in October with Miss Godfrey. I wish she were coming to Godhra to study the language and get into the compound work and be ready to take my job when my furlough comes due the following year.

The last five years have flown. I can scarcely realize that it is only a year until time to lay down the task for awhile. I am glad Bishop Robinson wrote so encouragingly about my work, though I feel often as if very little is accomplished. There's so much to do which I'd love to do but can't even touch.

Miss Austin is in charge of the boarding department of the Methodist Episcopal Mission Girl's School at Godhra.

Karl Chapter (A.B. '17) has returned to Salem after an absence of over two years. He enlisted in April, 1917, with Company M of the old Third Oregon. He was later transferred from this unit and has been with the American Expeditionary Forces in France for two years. Mr. Chapter was formerly owner of the Varsity Book Store, president of the glee club, a prominent member of the Websterian Literary Society and a general favorite around school.

Miss Florence Shirley has left for McCammon, Idaho, where she has begun her work as musical instructor in the grade and high schools of that city. Miss Shirley was a popular member of the June graduating class at Willamette University.

Miss Mary Paronagagian '19 is teaching in the schools at Clatskanie on the lower Columbia.

Miss Mable Magness, a member of the first graduating class of Salem high school and also a graduate of Willamette University with the class of 1912, was a Salem visitor Friday. Miss Magness, since graduating from Willamette, has taught school in New Jersey and has taken post graduate work at Columbia University in New York. When the war broke out she prepared for work overseas as a Red Cross nurse, but the signing of the armistice prevented her crossing. Later she went into the government service and is now located at Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, where she is engaged in overseeing the work of a corps of nurses engaged in reconstruction work for maimed soldiers at E. S. General Hospital, No. 28.

Miss Magness has many friends in and about Salem, but her visit to town was too a day only as she is bound on a 20-day interval, and she is spending most of the time at her home near Dayton, a few miles north of Salem. She says she finds her work very interesting and helpful to the maimed soldiers, as there are from 100 to 500 patients in her portion of the hospital. Still or paralyzed muscles are treated until the soldier can use them in re-education in a new trade or profession or in adjusting himself to his old work. She is enthusiastic for her work and feels that, although she did not get across to France, she is doing as much or more than she could have done on the firing line. She ranks as an officer and bears the mysterious letters "R. A. P. T." after her name. These letters being interpreted mean Royal Academy Physical Therapy. Miss Magness finds Salem changed since she left, and changed for the better. She expects to return to Fort Sheridan in a short time.

Miss Daisy Mulkey, class of '15, Woodburn, Oregon, and Capt. Harry Maltby married July 5, Norfolk, Va.

Miss Hazel Smith and Mr. Arthur Marsh, former W. U. students, married July 8. Living now at Looking Glass, Oregon.

Hear Mark Sullivan at the Armory for 22 cents. Seven numbers for \$4.40.

ANNUAL ALUMNI GAME.

(Continued from page 1)

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Third Quarter.

Dimick kicked 45 yards to Francis, who returned 15. Time was taken out for Brown. Alumni penalized five yards for offside play. Francis went thru the line for 10. Ransom stopped Hendricks behind the line. Grosvenor punted 30 yards. The varsity was penalized 15 yards, and a moment later the alumni suffered a similar penalty. "Tuffy" got away for 20 yards around end. After a recovered fumble and incomplete pass, Irvine kicked 40 yards and Zeller tackled Francis in his tracks. After a four yard gain by Small, the quarter ended with the ball on the alumni's 22 yard line.

Fourth Quarter.

Varsity penalized five yards for offside. Reinhardt went around end for five yards. Rarey stopped him. Small tried the other end but Zeller ran him out of bounds. Tekoa missed a long pass, and punted 30 yards. Dim made 10 yards, but Rarey was stopped behind the line. After an incomplete pass, Irvine lost five yards on a fake kick. He was unable to punt on the next down, and the alumni got the ball. Alumni were penalized for offside. Francis made eight yards in two downs, but failed in a try for a field goal. Dimick gained three yards, but Irvine was stopped with no gain. Ramsay was substituted for Brown. Irvine punted 20 yards to Grosvenor, who made a fair catch. Francis place-kicked successfully from the 38 yard line, tying the score. Grosvenor kicked off to Irvine, who contributed a 20 yard run. On the next play Womer recovered a fumble. Francis made yardage in two downs. The game ended with the ball near the middle of the line-up.

The Line-up:

- Willamette. Alumni. Wapato REL Bartlett Brown RTL Watson Ransom BGL Taylor Basler C Clark Lawson LGR Carson Miles LTR McLellan Vinson LER Reinhardt Irvine Q Hendricks Rarey RHL, Small (Capt.) Zeller F Francis Dimick (Capt.), LHR Grosvenor Substitutions: Alumni, Womer for Carson, Williams for Taylor; Willamette, Ramsay for Brown. Retores, Randall; Umpire, Austin.

Coed Fanning will be good. Dr. Doney says he will and they came from the same town.—adv.

LAUSANNE HALL WHECKED.

(Continued from page 1)

lently and most generously led by the ladies of the First M. E. Church in the church parlors and an announcement was made that there would be plenty left for supper so that after an afternoon spent in further demolishing the now tottering framework a hundred and fifty men were again ready for a church square. Every one enjoyed the hot meals but probably none so much as H. Spiess and his boarding club family. As Henry remarked the meals happened along at about the right time to tide over till the club which has been exercising in the dining room of Lausanne could get settled in the basement of Wadler hall.

There is work to be done still in the old building before the foundations of the new can be laid but it will not be long before there will be a real demolition on the campus and newmen can say goodbye forever to living hall as a dwelling place.

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Subscription for the Collegian.

SOCIETY

The devotional meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held in the chapel Thursday afternoon and proved a most interesting one. Eighty-five girls were present. Sybil Smith, the chairman of the World Fellowship Committee, was in charge. The object of the meeting was to bring before the girls the fact that five Mission Study classes will be organized in the near future, under the supervision of the World Fellowship Committee. Competent leaders have been secured for these classes, two of whom were present at the meeting Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Bowen, who will teach a class on "China," spoke for a few minutes on the "New Life Currents in China," which book she will use in her class. Rev. Holt also spoke on "The Call of a World Task." Miss Lorelei Blatchford very pleasingly sang during the meeting.

The three girls' societies entertained again last Friday afternoon the new and non-society girls of the school.

How quickly the years roll around and they go even faster when you are carried from one season to another in one brief night! Midst all that reminds one of spring—ivy, soft music, and flowers—with lively games to keep you busy, you can scarcely help but be happy. After a brief half hour you are whisked away to the place where all is beautiful—pink roses and soft pink candle light. As you laugh and chat, strains of Hawaiian music reach your ear, and you sing with the glee of the summertime. Just as you are wishing that summer may last forever, you are again hurried through long lighted streets, and finally find your way to one little corner of the world where half light reigns, crisp autumn leaves rustle beneath your feet and pumpkins, corn, and more autumn leaves make you aware of the fact that harvest time has come. How glad you are that you are not alone when the ghost frightens someone so terribly. Then, too, it is nice to have your fortune told, once more. Of course it never turns out the same twice, but it is always very interesting. As juicy apples disappear, perhaps you have the slightest thought of Christmas. In fact just a few more minutes bring you to an open door where shouts of "Merry Christmas" greet you. A fire burns cheerily in the fireplace, and stockings already filled hang before you. There is a bit of rivalry in throwing fluffy snowballs through an old fashioned wreath. Finally you learn that Santa Claus has not yet forgotten you, as he has hung stick candy tied with red ribbon upon a sparkling Christmas tree, just for you. This might even make you a bit homesick if you were to sing of that first Christmas day so long ago. Thus the year has gone, and it is time to hurry home. Those who did so were a number of Freshman girls, and those girls of Willamette who wear the green chi.

One of the most enjoyable affairs this year was given Saturday evening at the home of Muriel Steeves when Misses Fay Peringer, Charlotte Croisan and Muriel Steeves entertained for their freshman sisters. Autumn leaves gave the keynote to the decorations. A feature of the evening was the gum sculpturing contest in which Harold Hull carried off the honors.

Later in the evening "Jazz" la Mearns, Vern Ferguson and Clifford Berry were greatly appreciated by the guests.

Those present were: Misses Mary Jane Albert, Floveche Cartwright, Winifred St. Clair, Esthor Paroungian, Helen McInturff, Panfue Remington, Isabelle Burns, Dorothy Satchwell, Lora Parvine, Genevieve

Findley, Margaret Bowen and Messrs. Paul Flegel, Russell Rarey, Ramon Dimick, Clare Gillette, Sheldon Sackett, Vern Ferguson, Clifford Berry, Albert Ryan, Harold Hull, Virgil Anderson, Walter Socolofsky, Waldo Kelso, Ralph Barnes, Elmer Strevey and the hostesses.

The gymnasium was a scene of great rejoicing on last Thursday evening after the bag-rush, when the girls of the freshman class entertained their "conquering heroes" at a huge feed and "mixer."

Almost 150 hungry freshmen and several members of the faculty crowded into the gym and took part in the festivities of the evening. The feed, of course, came first and was indeed a royal one, consisting of several kinds of sandwiches, salad, doughnuts, cider and apples.

After the feed, every one participated in the singing, yelling and games which filled the remainder of the evening and all agreed that the hour of departure came entirely too soon.

Another party of "picnickers" who took advantage of last week's crisp autumn nights and bright moon had a wienie roast and an all around good time at Bush's pasture on Tuesday evening, October 7. After lunch songs whiled away the minutes till time to go home was reached. The members of the group were Dorothy Lamb, Faerie Wallace, Mary Elizabeth Hunt, Paul Doney, Bob Story, Henry Spleas, and Professor and Mrs. Ebsen.

Edna Gilbert entertained her freshman sisters Saturday night at a line party at the Oregon. After the picture the guests were taken to the Spa for refreshments. The members of the party were Vesta Dircks, Wilda Ingels, Maxine Buren, Rosamund Gilbert, and Edna Gilbert.

The stately firs of Bush's pasture were shocked out of their dignity Tuesday evening, October 7, when a group of Willamette students gathered there for a steak roast. After a greatly enjoyed feast, the party grouped around a huge crackling fire, sang Willamette songs till time to wander home. The fortunate members of the crowd were Mrs. John Sites, Winifred St. Clair, Esther Paroungian, Isabel Croisan, Dean Hatten, Mildred Strevey, Marjorie Flegel, Marie Corner, Mildred Garret, Muriel Steeves, Charlotte Croisan, Jack Luckner, Ralph Barnes, Ivan Corner, Ray Rarey, Ramon Dimick, Noble Moodie, Lester Day, Loren Basier, Russel Rarey and Paul Flegel. The guest of honor was Beta Chi, the Second.

As a pleasant surprise for Ardya Doughton and Carmen Harwood on their birthday anniversary, 12 Willamette students gathered at the Doughton home on South Summer Thursday evening. Cook and eating were the main diversions of the evening. Those who were present were: Odell Savage, Ruth Taylor, Carmen Harwood, Sybil McClure, Mildred Clarke, Ardya Doughton, Merrill Ohl-ling, Henry Spleas, Ralph Rehback, Bryan McKittrick, Howard George, and Millard Doughton.

Dorothy Lamb and Freda Campbell were dinner guests at the Beta Chi House Friday evening.

With high spirits by no means dampened by defeat, the sophomores had a lively time at the "wienie roast" which the girls of the class gave the boys Thursday night after the bag-rush. While a big fire was being started on the campus behind the bleachers, fast games of "Three Deep" and "Telegraph" occupied the boys and kept their thoughts from wondering too often to "wienies" and buns. After all food in sight was disposed of, and everyone was "draped" gracefully around the fire, President Ricki called on various members who are new to the class of '22 this year for short talks on their "past history." Those who responded with the requested information were Millicent Grieves, Ruth Cooley, Virginia Mason, Frank Hathaway, Dean Pollock, Vernon Sackett, Lester Day, Gerald Prescott, Phil Bartholomew, Joe Flegel, Harry McEwin. A round of Willamette songs ended the good time.

Friday night the spirits of Old Lausanne, in the form of the girls who at one time or another lived in the hall, met at 8 o'clock in the assembly room to bid farewell to the ghost of the familiar old building. A lamp in the middle of the room was the center of attraction around which the girls formed a confession circle. Many were the things told, about which few knew anything. The dean heard of marshmallow toasts on the third floor, for the first time. One confession was started about a—but

Just then it was stopped, for the participants that it better off if un told. Doughnuts and soda pop were served after the confessions were all given and then one last tour of the building was made. No light was needed for every step was known by everyone. Souvenirs and small trifles were collected that there might be more than just a mental memory left. When the party broke up, all felt a tinge of sadness, when thinking of the good times in the old building, but saw a gleam of happiness when wondering what the new building had in store.

Mrs. Carl G. Doney entertained the members of the W. U. faculty at a delightful reception Friday evening at the Doney residence on State street. Decorations suggestive of autumn transformed the rooms, in which about 30 guests gathered. Mrs. Ebsen, Miss Dorothy Lamb, and Miss Helen Satchwell assisted the hostess in serving brick tea cream, dainty wafers and candies.

Miss Iris Chenoweth spent the week-end at her home in Woodburn.

A pleasant little joy ride to Dundee was enjoyed by Miss Ethel Fogg, a former Willamette student, Miss Velma Baker, Mr. John Medler, and Mr. Harold Dimick last Saturday night. The chief joy of the trip came when the youthful joy-riders became stuck in the mud for an hour or two.

Miss Ruth Smith spent the week-end at her home in Dallas.

The co-eds will find the Capital Drug Store the best place to purchase their toilet accessories. State street, corner of Liberty.—adv.

The Phils met Friday evening to hold their first joint of the year. That they might not be considered selfish, they decided to share their good time with a number of new students. At 9 o'clock after the rally various strange couples wended their way toward the Phil halls. At the door a program was handed to each person. The program was in the form of the school calendar. After time had been given to get acquainted, or perhaps registered, the first chapel service was held. The familiar strains of "Holy, Holy, Holy" floated down to the strollers on the campus who wondered, perhaps, whence the music came. The announcements read by Merrill Ohling as to dates and junior class meetings brought back memories of former chapel announcements. The little talk by Howard Mort was inspiring, to say the least.

The Y. M.-Y. W. reception was the second thing on the program. The receiving line and the little books handed out at the end seemed to be an exact reproduction of the real affair. However, time did not permit the exchange of signatures. The bag-rush was pressing ahead. Belle Williams represented the girls in this and Clifford Berry the boys. As Mr. Berry succeeded in first fanning the bag of air between the chairs, the boys claimed the victory.

The mid-year exams were looked at with some trembling, but the musical questions were not as hard as might be expected, and everyone (?) received a very good grade.

The May Day activities were very interesting. By popular vote Mary Spaulding was chosen May Queen and Lois Geddis, Constance Maclean, and Dorothy Stafford maids of honor. After the coronation came the folk dance by Ralph Thomas and Bayard Findley. Their instructor could indeed be proud of their grace.

The Junior Prom, thru the halls and around the campus, ended in the alumni banquet. As \$0 cannot easily be served at one time, two groups were made, and while one was eating, the other sang Willamette songs. The banquet, consisting of salad, wafers, ice cream and cookies, was the final event of the year—or the evening, in this case. Then the students left on their various trains for different parts of Salem. Everyone agreed that the school year had been very successful and profitable.

Two hundred young men and professors were royally feasted last Friday by the ladies of the First Methodist Church. These were the warriors who had been storming Old Lausanne. After four hours of strenuous conflict with such a pile of shinsies and boards, they were glad to gather in the church dining room where five long tables were laid and laden.

Song practice by the entire W. U. male chorus, and under no special leader but the god of inspiration, preceded the serving of the dinner. About 25 young ladies from the university walked on the tables. In the evening after another half day's labor, the workers returned to the church and were again rewarded for their toil.

"Autumn Leaves" was the name of the Palladian program, which was given Wednesday afternoon. Miss Helen Tread rendered a piano solo. A paper, "The Glory of Autumn" read by Miss Myrtle Smith brought out the spirit of autumn in a wonderful way. Each one felt that she

was out in the lazy Indian summer among the golden brown leaves. Miss Irma Fanning read the "Huskies" by John Greenleaf Whittier, and "Autumn."

The program was concluded by an impromptu debate on a very formidable and interesting subject. Those participating in it were: Grace Tyler, Gladys Wilson, Mildred Wells, and Hazel Bear. A short business meeting followed the program.

The three women's societies entertained the new and non-society girls of the school Friday afternoon at interesting and varied programs. The Phils had as their guests those whose last names began with any of the letters from A to G, the Adelantes from G to P, and the Chrestos from P to Z. The same programs which the societies gave a week ago were presented, since each entertained a new group of girls.

Miss Fay Findley gave a talk to the Senior Y. W. C. A. at Chemawa Sunday afternoon.

Phils Are Good Hosts; New Men Enjoy Talks

The Philodorian open house meeting held last Wednesday evening was another vivid manifestation of Phil pep. The program was peppy, the get-together-get-acquainted which followed was presided over by old man Pep himself, while some of the peppiest fellows in the school, guests of the society, were the recipients of his open-hearted welcome.

Esteh gave a true impersonation of college and society pep in his speech of welcome. The theme of his talk, the esprit de corps of Willamette, was the same as that of his speech of two weeks ago, but was treated in an entirely new and interesting manner, setting forth the purpose of the Philodorian society and its co-operating relationship with the greater esprit de corps of W. U. The extemporaneous feature of the program developed into several good jokes and poems by the old men of the society. The Phil Comedy Company, the previously little known, gained a fair and lasting reputation as a company in which the "comedy" was most assuredly the biggest part as was proven by the continuous roar of laughter which greeted them. P-a-p: P is for pride in your school; E is for energy to back it up and the third letter stands for the pleasure you derive from it. This was the concluding statement of Brown as he told of the purpose and origin of college pep. Mort's jazzy jazz revealed the musical side of his versatile genius, while all present learned that Waltz possesses quite a spirit of optimism thru his interpretation of Riley's "Ain't Azoins" to Cry No More. An encore from each was the reward of much determined applause. Parliamentary practice led by McKittrick concluded the program and altho everyone tried his best to get him confused he kept his composure and conducted the practice in a splendid manner.

After the previously mentioned get-together-get-acquainted, the serving of ice cream to all and the usual closing song fest the meeting adjourned.

Snappy Talks Feature Good Chresto Program

According to the plan of the Inter-society committee the Chrestophilans held "open house" on Wednesday evening to the new men whose names begin with the letters in the last half of the alphabet.

After several minutes for getting acquainted, President Spleas called the meeting to order. The first number on the program was a debate on the live and interesting question, "Resolved, that the honor system in examinations in colleges is desirable and practical." Horace Rahskopf and Frank Bennett upheld the affirmative and Hugh Doney and Kenneth Legge the negative. The subject brought up several interesting points for discussion and also brought to light four very good debaters. Ray Schmalie followed with a talk on "The New Plan of Universal Training for National Protection," and Victor Collins with "Christian Citizenship and W. U."—both very timely and efficiently treated. Dean Pollock was very clever as a "bank talker" in his piquant political punches. The main program closed with a snappy parliamentary practice led by Philip Bartholomew.

As a closing bill adopted by instant vote in the parliamentary practice, all the men adjourned to the banquet room of the Spa to pay respects to the famous "Chresto Supper." Ray Schmalie acted as toastmaster and ably filled this position. Paul Doney, Frank Bennett, Robert Story, George Holt and Henry Spleas gave the toasts—some witty, some times but all worth remembering.

The entire evening's program was filled with the snap and pep so characteristic of Chresto gatherings. The "new" fellows were made to feel that it doesn't take long to become Phils when you get the following in eleven or twelve days.

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FROSH CHASTIZED

Sophs Teach Youngsters to Revere Ten Demands Or Suffer Penalty

It is decreed in the archives of this old yet hale and hearty institution that the sophomores be automatically ordained to mete out fitting punishment to refractory frosh. The present soph class has issued its 10 demands which are deemed a decided improvement over former rules of conduct for the infants, and the violators of any of these demands speedily pays the penalty. "One, two, three." Splash!

The verdant youngsters are proverbially dense and ignorant, seemingly each succeeding crop rather than "proliferating by the experience of its forerunners" excels them in the lack of discretion and failure to appreciate the fundamental facts: that to attempt to slip something over on their soph brethren is to attempt the impossible; that soph cunning and insight in detecting the plans of would-be wrong-doers surpasseth understanding; and finally that the green caps repose upon ruffled hairs and the shivering of frosh timbers be as a lumber yard during an earthquake; mercy shall not be shown and justice shall be wrought.

'Twas simple work indeed for our unexcelled sleuths to discover the foul plot of some frosh to mar the beauty of Old Willamette's fair campus by the erection of their banners upon the flagpole, and with perfect strategy the offenders were quickly captured—and then to administer justice.

Al! what a sacrifice to contaminate the placid moonlit waters of the old mill-race with struggling frosh. How great the reluctance which accompanied the production of those dear little 22's on Rodney's and Hugh's heads. Oh, do behave verdant ones and spare us the anguish of the repetition of such sad tasks, but understand that tho the establishment of justice grieve us much, till the last frosh shall learn to regard the 10 demands as sacred we stand ready to enforce them to the bitter end.

Note: The sophomore class wishes it generally known that they have absolutely no connection with the Barber's Union, and receive no commission from this organization.—By a Sophomore.

Y. M. CONSERVES CREDIT

Men Urged to Attend Conference at McMinnville Saturday.

About 75 men were at the Y. M. C. A. service last Wednesday evening in the association, present a timely and interesting topic for discussion: "Conserving Credit"—in its different aspects associated with university life.

Mr. Walters, the Y. M. C. A. secretary for Marion county, occupied a place on the evening's program, telling of his work before and during the war, and partially outlining his program for the year. He boosted heartily for a strong Willamette delegation at the state "Y" convention to convene at McMinnville next Friday, Saturday and Sunday. As a result of the meeting, several men are expected to represent Willamette at the conference.

The actual membership drive, which lasted for a two-day period, secured nearly a hundred active members for the association, but membership cards may be secured at any time from Lester Day, chairman of the membership committee. "Every man in the university, or at least a Y member" is the goal set by the present campaign to increase the ranks.

Prof. Franklin, "There is nothing to prevent a large number of men from receiving a Y membership card."

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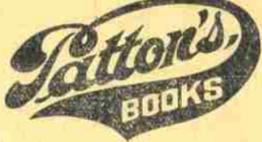
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BONFIRE RALLY USHERS SEASON

Alumni Game Anticipated by Yell and Song Fest Held On Varsity Gridiron

A chilly and dark evening, the air with a steely tang, the moon robbed of its soft effluence by dark clouds, were the weather conditions which added zest to the spirit with which Willamette students greeted the eve—the first even, of this kind, since America's memorable entrance into the World War.

Enthusiasm ran high upon the campus during the day as the men of the university were busily engaged in raising Lausanne Hall, and the interest was intensified as the hour for the rally was approached.

The entire student body assembled before the huge bonfire which was provided by the freshman class. The ceremonies were opened by the energetic Yell King, Flegel, and by the Song Queen, Miss Dunnette.

Coach Mathews urged the students to support the team and to be loyal to the university. He said the team did not belong to him nor to any other individual or organization, that it belonged to the university and therefore it was the duty of the university men and women to lend it their support.

After a yell by the men, Captain Dimick was called upon for a speech. He urged a unified school spirit. He praised the fighting spirit of the 35 men who are daily turning out for the squad; he pictured the Willamette spirit to be demonstrated by these 35 men.

Wapato delivered the third speech. He also urged the students to support the team. His high appraisal of the freshman class pep and school spirit was received with cheers from the rooks, but this cheer was not the only one heard for he added that they must climb higher in order to reach the standard set by the class of '21.

After a few yells by the men and songs in which the entire student body participated a long line was formed and a serpentine started toward the business section of Salem. The members of the team were conveyed in four cars volunteered by students from the university.

The men zig-zagged their way down State street, causing the traffic to suspend momentarily as they yelled and made their weird windings toward Liberty and State streets. Here the team, in four cars abreast, awaited the arrival of the enthusiasts.

The noise created by the collegians with their yells soon attracted the townspeople and a huge crowd gathered at the crossing of Liberty and State streets. The curiosity seekers dispersed after the varsity men had favored them with a few college yells and had again assumed their weird antics on State street. They marched towards the university and quickly disbanded near the Oregon Electric depot amid a noise and din typical of W. U. men.

PROF. RENTFRO CHANGES

(Continued from page 1)

will also be offered during the second semester.

Professor Rentfro is a native of Illinois, where he received his college degree. He obtained his bachelor of arts degree from McKendree college. Later he took his master's degree at Boston university, at the same time finishing one year in the Boston university school of theology. Two more years were spent at this school in the study of English literature, the work counting toward the degree of doctor of philosophy. A little later Professor Rentfro spent one year in special work on English composition at Harvard university.

Concrete Illustration. Physiology teacher: Robert, you may explain how we hear things. Bobby: Pa tells 'em to ma as a secret, and ma gives 'em away at the bridge club.

First gurgle: Did you notice that good looking fellow who sat right back of us at the Orpheum? Second gurgle: Oh, the handsome chap with the red necktie and tan suit, who wore his hair pompadour? No; why?—Nebraska Awgwan.

Watch for Lycium season ticket sale. Starts Monday, October 20.—adv.

EBSEN EXPLAINS SPANISH TALES

(Continued from page 1)

knowing something about its people and their peculiarities. The writer of this had a good many personal experiences which, however, time and space do not permit to relate here, and must be left for some later occasion. Today it is my purpose to speak about the one great event in the life of a Spaniard, the bull fight. A bull fight is about the same thing in Spain as the baseball game in the United States. It is the national sport. Now, there is hardly a person who has not heard of this spectacle, a treat a Spaniard would not miss, but very few may have had a chance to see it with their own eyes. I therefore shall try to give in the following lines as true a picture of it as I can in a limited space. I have seen quite a number of these fights and therefore have come to know them pretty well in all their phases. Art is indeed the expression for the way in which many a fighter so skillfully handles the bull. (I hope not to be accused of favoring barbarism in making this honest statement and let me tell right here that on one occasion I came pretty near losing my life when in a public restaurant where I took my meals, in plain words gave vent to my disapproval of such a barbarous entertainment. And had it not been for my friends who intervened in my behalf I fully believe my last hour would have come at that time.) At that moment I realized how important a place a bull fight had in the life of a Spaniard. To him it is absolutely incomprehensible that there may exist any being called "man" who is unable to see the beauty of it. And I frankly admit that after I had witnessed several and, up to the day when I turned my back to the Spanish land and people for ever, my dislike for them had vanished. This does not mean that I have changed my opinion of the corrida, as the bull fight commonly is called. But by that time I had had plenty of opportunity to know that it is far less dangerous than naturally might be expected by those who have only heard or read about it. Of course, there is one cruel side to it, and that is the way the poor horses are treated. Many of them are being tortured to death to the "delight" of the thousands of onlookers. I remember that at one instance as many as 14 of these noble animals during the short period of 10 minutes fell victims to the attacks of one furious bull. This, of course, was exceptional and may not happen more than one time out of a hundred. The usual number of horses remaining on the field of battle after each fight is about two, seldom three. But as far as casualties on the part of men are concerned, these are very rare, and are not to be compared to those occurring on the athletic grounds of the United States of America. It is true, it takes a great deal of dexterity on the part of the fighter to evade danger and many years of practice to become an expert in his "profession." Most of them who choose this calling begin to prepare for it in their boyhood and make their debut in one of the most renowned arenas at the age of about 20. And none but a full blood Spaniard can ever think of becoming a successful fighter, for it takes the very material a Spaniard is made of to reach a grade of efficiency. I have known of cases where foreigners became passionately devoted to bull fighting and decided to make it their life's career, but all without exception had to give it up before they ever came to the point where they could give evidences of their "accomplishment." So general is the craving for the bull fights that every city and every town of at least 2000 inhabitants has its own ground. And there is no such town, where the fight does not take place at least once a year. In big cities they are scheduled for every Sunday, weather permitting, and frequently for one working day and during the whole season which commonly lasts from early in April till late in November. Madrid, the only place where I was present on such occasions, has the largest arena. It holds more than 18,000 people and there is hardly ever a seat empty. The prices of admission range from \$1 to about \$12 and are charged for, according to location. The cheapest are the seats exposed to the sun during the whole duration of the performance, next come those where the sun shines only part of the time, and the big space not touched by the sun beams at all, where the public enjoys the comfort of shade from beginning to end, of course, commands the highest prices. It goes without saying now that only the rich and well-to-do can afford the luxury of spending a two-hours' time in this section unmolested by the burning heat from above. Regardless of the fact however that the sun-light is often next to unbearable and does not abate for a moment there hardly ever is an empty seat to be seen. People simply do not want to miss this pleasing sight, the occasion of seeing blood, blood often in abundance. And for a great many this means a preliminary visit to the

pawnbroker's shop to secure the money necessary for admission to the "toros," the popular expression for the fights. He it said right here that the Spanish in general are a rather indolent people and would do most anything to avoid the necessity of toiling, hence the explanation that a pawnbroker's office is one of the most flourishing in Spain and is to be found in every town.

The day upon which such a fight, beginning at about 3 in the afternoon, is to take place is marked by great excitement which reigns all over town. Big card boards containing the names of the fighters and the number of bulls, mostly six, and all other details in connection with the great event are pasted at every corner and studied most attentively (with an ardor second only to that of a Willamette student.) The animals used are without exception bulls trained for this very purpose. Unless he is found to be thoroughly wild he is unfit for use and sold to the butcher. Owners of these bull farms are extremely wealthy, for the prices paid for every animal to appear in the ring are enormous, and belong in many cases to the foremost nobility. The king himself is among their number. The fight is opened by a procession marching once around the ring and is composed by the various fighters in their dazzling costumes, as well as horses, mule teams and whatever else may have a part in the "battleground"—except the bulls. A big orchestra meanwhile plays the tune of the famous Toreador song from Bizet's opera, Carmen. After the procession has finished its round the place is again left empty, but only for a few minutes, whereupon enter, mounted on beautiful horses, two heralds who announce the formal beginning of the combat. One of them then makes his exit, while the other one proceeds to a box right opposite the main entrance in which is seated the presiding officer of the day, often the mayor of the city, and his retinue. From him he receives the key to the stable where the bulls are kept. He throws it to one of the attendants while leaving the arena in haste. Now come in and take their respective positions the fighters, of which five are on foot and two on horseback. These latter are dressed like Spanish knights of olden times and as weapons carry a lance. They are mounted on horses fit only for the knacker. Although these poor animals would have been killed any way, I very much dislike this way of slaughtering, and it is the only really cruel part of the whole thing. One of their eyes is blindfolded, so that they do not see the bull that in a few minutes, maybe seconds, is going to make a fierce attack upon them. These men now, called the picadores, take up their posts in the middle of the circus, opposite the bull stalls. In this way they naturally form the first target of the bull, when he comes rushing into the scene after the gates to his stable have been opened (every animal is kept in a separate place) upon a given sign by the president. He makes a furious attack on the horse standing nearest and kills it oftentimes at the first charge by thrusting the horns into the brute and thus lifting it not infrequently high into the air. The picador now who is almost helpless after the horse has fallen to the ground is being assisted by the chulos (the fighters on foot) and placed on another horse. Meanwhile the second picador attracts the bull's attention and before long his mount also is dispatched into eternity. In this way it goes on until the bull begins to flag. Then it is the turn of the chulos to call off the bull's attention to themselves. They are armed with banderillas, i. e., barbed darts about two feet long and ornamented with colored paper flags. These have to be stuck into the neck of the animal the instant man and beast meet. It is a dangerous moment and requires great skill on the part of the chulos. These, however, are very agile and save themselves, if need be, by leaping over the barrier which encloses the circus. Four of the men perform this act after which, if everyone succeeds, the bull has eight of these darts sticking in his neck which cause him great pain and excite his fury. The espada now enters to complete the tragic business. He and the animal are alone on the scene. Of these espadas (the main fighters) there are always two, each of whom have to kill half of the number of bulls used. He steps toward the box of the president whom he greets saying: "In a few moments one of the two, the only ones now in the ring, is to give up his life, either the animal or myself." He then throws away his cap and holding in his right hand a naked sword and in his left the muleta, a small stick, with a piece of scarlet-colored silk attached to it, he approaches the bull. As soon as this one catches sight of the red silk, he rushes blindly at it; and then the espada, if well skilled, which is generally the case, dexterously plunges the sword into the bull's neck right between the shoulder-blade and spine, up to the very hilt, and the animal drops dead at his feet. At this point the public becomes wild with frenzy and shows its satisfaction in all possible ways.

If the espada happens to be a special favorite he is often bombarded with all sorts of valuables, rings, bracelets etc., which the respective owners gladly part with on his behalf. If, however, on the other hand he does not succeed to kill the animal with the first stroke he must be prepared to be hissed at and, if the public so desires, to be subjected to punishment. The bull now having been killed a splendid team of mules enters, glittering with flags and tinkling bells, and drag off the slain bull as well as horses at a gallop. Thereupon the thing is repeated until all bulls, mostly six, sometimes eight and even 10, are dispatched. The time limit for each combat is 20 minutes. If for some reason or another the fight is not ended by that time the president orders it closed and the wounded animals are taken out and stabbed to death.

As I have already mentioned above very few casualties occur, yet they cannot always be avoided, and for this eventually there is an infirmary connected with every plaza de toros, and several surgeons are present every time.

This is as true a picture as my memory affords me to give of the bull fight as it occurs in Spain and is a direct follower of the combats with bulls for the entertainment of the public in the early days of Greece and Rome. Repeatedly the government tried to abolish them. The last endeavor was made during the final year of my stay in Madrid. But after every trial (the last one was of a duration of only six months) they had to be re-established, for murder and stabbing were in the day's order everywhere. It is the nature of the people that they cannot get along without the sight of blood, it is a desire they want to satisfy, and the simplest and quickest way to put an end to this shedding of human blood was to permit the bull fights to continue. And I doubt very much whether a renewed effort will ever again be made to put them out of existence.

In conclusion I still wish to mention two instances which are of interest and may give an idea of the wonderful strength and fierceness of such a specially trained bull. It was in a famous summer resort where at two occasions special treats were to be given the thousands of visitors who are found there every year. In one instance a fight had been arranged between a bull and a lion and in the other between a bull and a tiger. Expenses were no obstacle in securing in each case specimens of extraordinary ferocity. And large cages in which the struggle had to take place were built for the purpose. Hardly, however had the fight begun when both times it ended with the complete victory of the bull. It took him only a few minutes to overcome his adversaries.

Student Directory

- Student Body—Robert Story, President; Odell Savage, Vice-President; Evelyn Gordon, Secretary; Bryan McKittrick, Treasurer; Paul Doney, Editor Collegian; Ralph Thomas, Manager Collegian; Paul Flegel, Yell King; Executive Committee—Coach Mathews; Raymond Attebery; Mary Findley; Rein Jackson; Harold Dimick; Y. M. C. A.—Gustav Anderson, President; Benjamin Rickli, Secretary; Y. W. C. A.—Mary Findley, President; Virginia Mason, Secretary; Inter-Class Rivalry Committee—Raymond Attebery, Chairman; Student Volunteer Band—Murray Keeler, Leader; "W" Club—Harold Dimick, President; Athletics—Manager to be elected; Phi Kappa Society—Evelyn DeLong, President; Emma Shanafelt, Secretary; Phi Iota Society—Ralph Thomas, President; Bryan McKittrick, Cor. Secretary; Adelsite Society—Velma Baker, President; Edna Gilbert, Secretary; Websterian Society—Harold Dimick, President; Russel Rury, Cor. Secretary; Chrestomathean Society—Evelyn Gordon, President; Beatrice Dunnette, Secretary; Chrestophilian Society—Henry Spiess, President; Millard Doughten, Cor. Secretary; Palladian Society—Margaret Gotschow, President; Gladys Wilson, Secretary; Men's Glee Club—Gustav Anderson, President; Edwin Scofield, Manager; Ladies' Glee Club—Evelyn DeLong, President; Mildred Garrett, Secretary; Greater Willamette Club—Manager to be elected.

Subscribe for the Collegian.

ROOKS JOIN NAVY

Underclassmen Given Bath and Haircut by Members of the Sophomore Class

Underclassmen Are Given Bath and Haircut by Members of the Sophomore Class.

Again, the awful crime of the mill stream has been perpetrated. Again, the long list of black and blood-curdling incidents, which have occurred along the banks of the all-too-near river, has been added to.

On the night of October 8, a freshman was discovered, somewhere in the city, by a sophomore who approached him in a somewhat friendly manner. In an instant several more sophs were on the scene and together they roughly persuaded the freshman to accompany them. After a "forced march" of a short distance they arrived at a certain house.

There the frosh found two more of his classmates in a like predicament. Several things occurred here, the details of which are immaterial and need not be mentioned. The remnant of one little incident, however, was a scrawly "22" shaved in the back of the heads of certain frosh which could be seen the next day. After a short sojourn in this house they all went out for a little walk and their footsteps led cruelly but unmistakably in the direction of the mill stream. Arriving on the banks of that icy current, certain procedures took place of which it is awful to speak. One of the frosh describes it as a graceful curve into the air and then—splash! Only one thing goes to prove that the sophomores were anywhere near human. Suitable arrangements were made whereby the freshmen were somewhat saved the inconvenience of water soaked clothes.

Accordingly sometime in the morning between the hours of 3 and 4, they arrived home, ruffled in body but not in spirit.

BOYS MIX WITH BAGS, IN BLOODY BATTLE

Bag Rush Set Forth by Feminine Pen; Sophs Wait and Frosh Sing When Infants Rush Hardest.

"Rushing" at Willamette assumes a number of different characters. This is about the bag-rush. It all happened in a condensed period when the atmosphere was saturated with freshman pep and sophomore enthusiasm, a compound which sometimes causes the Salem citizens to remember one of their nearby institutions. The girls object to the limitations usually placed upon their demonstrations, so on the afternoon of Thursday last they banded together into two natural groups to show the boys a bit of feminine barbarism. Before the battle began, they sang of the classes of "22" and "23," but when the bag went up and the frosh went down, the sophs shouted as though they might have expected a Lausanne holiday on Friday and when the final outcome was realized the freshman girls vigorously displayed their loyalty as "defenders of the orange and the black."

At the appearance of the college warriors bold, a cheer that might have greeted the ancient gladiators rent the air. Then small struggling heaps were suddenly heaved about the field and man upon man was thrown out of business as though all was done at the word of AMIDA. The bloody arena became a maze of flesh and banded sand and the panting, determined fighters were cheered on to the sanguinary conflict by the yells of the elated spectators. As abruptly as the individuals cast themselves into the striving masses they dispersed and ragged the last heavy bag over the line. The freshmen were victorious and the momentary lamentations of the sophomore girls can be compared only with the wailings of Ashur's widows. However, the spirit of enthusiasm and savage joy was so prevalent that soon shouts of sympathy and congratulations greeted the verdant frosh and the eternal friendship of the former adversaries was sealed.

The frosh and soph girls adjourned to the gymnasium and the rear campus respectively for the purpose of rewarding the surviving heroes, who were neither killed nor disabled for life, and incidentally, to enjoy some delicious and relaxing secrets with the young men. Before eating, however, the classes enjoyed games and music—the freshmen around the gymnasium piano and the sophomores surrounding a cheerful and encouraging bonfire, over which they roasted wienies and pledged their faith to Willamette anew in song and story. Thus the fiery contest ended in tranquillity and happiness.

"How do you come?" "I walked the same way." "By various ways." "Then give me a pair of sneakers that is the size of my shoes."—Lombville Courier-Journal.

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