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The

Pacific Pharos



October

1907

THE PACIFIC PHAROS

A Monthly Magazine Edited and Published by
The Students of the University of the Pacific, San Francisco, Cal.

Editor	Stephen C. Thomas
Business Manager	R. O. Miller
Athletic Editor	Donna Clark
Artist	Miss Mona Clayton
Book Editor	A. J. Peterson
Alumni Editor	Miss Anna May

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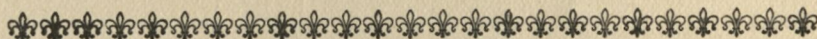
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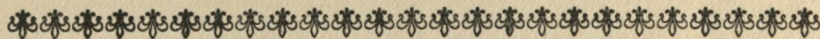
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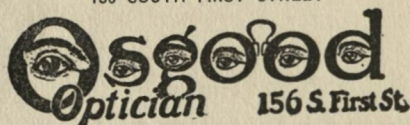
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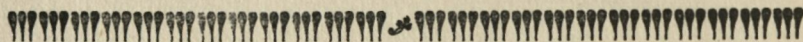
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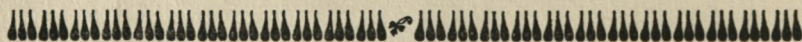
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THE PACIFIC PHAROS.

VOL. XII.

OCTOBER, 1907.

No. 2.

The German Entertainment.

The third annual German Entertainment is in course of preparation and will probably be ready for the public by the last of this month. Two short scenes from Schiller's Drama, "*Wilhelm Tell*," will be presented by Mr. R. O. Atkinson as Tell, Miss Nelle Shank as Hedwig, and Masters Kling Cook and Ray Simpson as Walther and Wilhelm. This will be preceded by the Overture to Tell, played by piano students of the Conservatory of Music. In the first scene Walther Tell's song will be sung by Miss Gertrude Blanchard, behind the scenes. After an orchestral number, the Comedy, "*Einer Muss Heiraten*," will follow. The two bachelor brothers will be represented by Messrs. Trevorrow and Birch. The role of the Aunt, who insists that one of the brothers must marry, will be taken by Miss Kate Kaiser, and the part of the chosen bride will be played by Miss Waddington. English explanations, to help the American spectators to an understanding of the plays, will be given by Miss von Glahn, for "*Tell*," and by Miss Ferguson for "*Einer Muss Heiraten*." The evening will close with some German choruses. An admission fee will be charged and the proceeds devoted to the new athletic field.

The Petralia Paradise.

"Now don't forget" called the girl in the door-way, as she shaded her eyes from the slanting rays of the great red sun just dropping behind the dark firs on the mountain top.

The man on horseback laughed and failed to hear what he was not to forget as he waved his broad-brimmed hat in a parting salute before the trees hid him from the sight of the girl.

The road down which he turned his horse's head followed the winding river that spanned the little valley on its way to the ocean. The roar of the waves came distinctly to the man's ears and the salt of the sea breeze was in his nostrils. On either side rolling hills covered with close growing shrubbery fell back to dark timber clad mountains which guarded the little valley on three sides, and came down almost to the rugged coast. It was as if a giant's finger had been placed on the mountains and had pressed into form this green hollow between the great ranges. Sheltered from the heaviest storms, watered by the river with its source high up in the dark canyon, cooled by salt sea breezes, and warmed by the gracious California sun, it was an ideal spot for Irwin Huntley's cattle range.

So at least it seemed to him when he and his young wife came from the bleak New England hills to invest his little inheritance in far-famed California, the land of riches and romance in those days of the early fifties. Mining had never attracted him and the Humbolt hills with their rich valleys and wild beauty carried the day. Land was easy to get in those days if it showed no prospect of golden veins and Huntley had no difficulty in adding to that already secured by homestead rights enough to supply grass for all the cattle he could purchase.

It was lonely at first, but they were young and

strong hearted and the new land had an appeal all its own. Today as he galloped along the rough road the young rancher whistled dreamily, in mood with the evening now softly tinged by the twilight glow that covered ocean, and mountain and cliff. His destination was the little new mountain town of Petralia which lay several miles up the coast, the road to it following the coast line upon emerging from the valley at the river's mouth.

The evening light softened the outlines of the rough log buildings of the town, beautiful in its setting of fir and spruce and towering peak. Cabins straggling on either side of a rocky street, a store where the various necessities of life in clothing and food were sold over the rough board counter, an eating house with the legend of "meals at all hours" above the door, and the only painted building in the place, the saloon, made up the one center of civilization within easy reach of the cattlemen of the Humbolt ranges. The saloon was comparatively an innovation; previous to its advent the German inn-keeper had sold liquid refreshments over his counter and had been only moderately patronized, for the cattlemen were not greatly addicted to drink.

However, when Gentleman Justin, as the proprietor of the saloon was called because of his white hands, noiseless movements, and unfailing quickness with his gun, came from San Francisco, for the mountain air, he said, and opened The Petralia Paradise, a change came over the town. Gentleman Justin had most attractive brands of liquors and in addition he invited his friends to quiet games of cards. This was the beginning and before long the love of the game, the lure of the chance which may make or mar fortunes in an evening had grasped firm hold of the men of the ranges. Long nights were spent with Gentleman Justin from which they went forth to their work in the chill of the early morning with haggard faces and tense lips, only to return in the ever reviving hope of making good their loss or adding to their gain.

Young Huntley had so far, with a laugh and a shrug of his broad shoulders, refused to play. Marjorie didn't like it and it seemed to play the mischief with the fellows, he said to himself; and to the boys who urged him he replied that he hadn't time and liked to sleep nights when he worked days.

Tonight as he sprang from his horse before the store where he was to get his week's provisions, he came face to face with an old eastern friend. The surprise and delight fairly carried him off his feet and he stood wringing his friend's hand until the other begged for mercy.

"But you can't know, Dan, how good it is to get hold of you," Huntley exclaimed. "If you had been in the wilds a year you'd know what it means to see somebody from home. I hadn't an idea until this minute how homesick I was."

Questions and answers flew fast and almost before he realized it Huntley was in the Petralia Paradise drinking to the reunion. Justin was particularly attentive to the stranger and even more so to Huntley whom he knew as one man for whom the Paradise had seemed to have no charms. Candles were lighted by this time and the men were coming in for the night's games. It was a rude enough place yet attractive in its way. The bar was painted white, the ground floor strewn with clean sand, the bottles and glasses shone in the candle light, and the man behind the counter with his pale face, intense dark eyes, and thin lips that smiled with a weary cynical curve at the corners, a smile that never by any chance changed the keen alertness of the eyes, was the presiding genius of the place. He waited on his guests as though they were princes in disguise, saw that the games were started and seemed everywhere at once with a suave grace that attracted the many and repelled the few. Late in the evening he always took his place at one of the tables, and subtly let the new comers win or lose only enough to excite them to further effort, that one night was usually

sufficient to make them regular frequenters of the Paradise. As night after night Justin locked their money away he smiled to himself at the simplicity of his game.

Huntley and his friend for a time sat at a table talking eagerly of common interests, then Justin lounged up to them and asked them to have a friendly game of poker. Huntley at first declined but his friend insisted and soon they were playing, for small stakes at first, made larger as the interest grew. An hour later, Huntley, arousing himself from the growing fascination of the game, remembered Marjorie waiting in the lonely cabin and sprang to his feet. Gentleman Justin pushed over the pile of money in the middle of the table—Huntley hesitated an instant then gathered it up and put it in his pocket. It was not a large sum and the proprietor of the Paradise handed it over smilingly.

As Huntley sprang from his horse in the corral he gave the clear call of the mountain quail, so very like reality that a stranger would have thought it the startled call of a bird to its mate, but Marjorie never mistook it, and now the cabin door flew open and she stood in the doorway holding the candle over her head, her girlish face alight with welcome. Beyond her Huntley saw the table set for the evening meal; the glow from the coals in the rough fireplace lighted the log walls with the mud filling in the cracks, the rude board table and benches which Huntley had made himself, and the mantel above where hung Marjorie's rifle. Irwin had insisted that she learn to shoot, for there were wild animals that had not yet learned to fear man's habitations, and Indians occasionally prowled around though there had as yet been no open trouble. Marjorie was not timid but at times the loneliness in the moan of the sea, the awfulness of the grandeur of the mountains, the very solemnity of the stillness in the long days when Irwin was away, oppressed her. Yet again she would feel the thrill of the new life; the spirit of the eager river

that hurried through the valley seemed to possess her and fill her with its tireless energy; the voice of the birds answered her song and she followed the flight of the great eagle over the far away peaks with a surging delight in the youth and freedom of the land in which they had cast their lot.

Huntley strode across the little grass plot before the cabin door, his arms full of packages and his packet of letters from the folks so far away in Maine. At first they were too much interested in the messages from home for other talk; then as Irwin finished the last letter, with a half serious, half whimsical smile, he piled the money he had won on the white cloth of the table. Marjorie's exclamations were just what he had expected, but the story of his meeting with the friend and the chance game which followed it, did not satisfy her as he had hoped it would.

"I hate the place, Irwin," she half sobbed. "It is ruining all the men on the ranges."

Irwin laughed at her earnestness and declared he had no intention of becoming a gambler. At last her fears were partially allayed but she finished with, "I only wish you'd take Justin's money back to him, then I'd feel easy again."

Huntley threw back his shoulders and laughed. "If I did, Puss," he said, "they'd hand-cuff me and take me to Frisco to the improvised dwelling for lunatics." Marjorie joined in the laugh for her heart was too full of confidence in Irwin and of the careless hopefulness of youth to hold many forebodings.

Justin was disappointed not to see Huntley the next night, or the next, and finally decided that the bait had not been large enough.

All went well on the Huntley range while the long summer wore itself away, and the autumn painted the forest in vivid brilliancy of red and gold. As winter began to come on a disease commenced to spread among the cattle. At first the men thought it was not serious and hoped to control it, but they

soon found that their simple remedies had no effect. Huntley was particularly unfortunate and as he saw his fine herds dwindle he forgot to whistle as he rode across the range. More than half his cattle were dead when at last the disease seemed to have run its course. Then just as they were beginning to regain their courage again Marjorie fell sick. A long siege of pneumonia followed with what care her husband and neighbors living miles away could give her. When she was once more able to be about the cabin, a shadow of her rosy self, Huntley found his little lump of savings dwindled almost to nothing.

One evening as he rode into Petralia past the door of the Paradise and heard the voices from within and the clink of glasses, there came the fierce longing to get hold of the cards once more. A few hours or even minutes might gain more than he could make in years of tedious work, might set him on his feet again and give him another fair chance at life. Springing from his horse he tied him in front of the door and without pausing for reflection passed quickly into the cheer of the saloon. Justin was ready with his welcome and quick to note the restless, half-hunted look in Irwin's eyes.

At one of the tables sat a tall thin man. His lean brown face, deep-sunken eyes, and restless fingers tapping the table, were familiar to every frequenter of the Paradise. He had been among the first to come under Gentleman Justin's influence and had passed through the stages of gain and loss until now the saloon keeper held a mortgage on all his property. Justin had been playing with him and a cowboy when Huntley came in, and now at Justin's invitation Huntley joined the game. They played on and on, luck evenly divided as it seemed for the first few games, then fickle fortune turned Huntley's way and he won again and again and with every gain he grew more and more feverishly excited.

Markham, the other cattleman, at first took his losses sullenly, then when luck deserted Huntley and

at last Justin began to win and was raking in the last dollar which Markham had left from his last cattle sale, a devil seemed to take possession of him. His eyes became wells of fire, his brown skin seemed to draw in rigid folds over the high cheek bones, and his hands clenched beneath the table. Suddenly he tipped back his seat—there was the flash of a pistol—Justin, with the quickness of a man trained to instantaneous action, crouched low. A man from another table with a hoarse cry leaped towards Markham and half fell against him. Huntley at the same moment sprang to his feet. A shot rang out and the young rancher fell backward to the sand strewn floor the bullet meant for Justin in his breast.

In a moment all was confusion and before the men realized what had happened the maddened cattleman was on his horse and away. Quickly the group gathered before the saloon door—horses were saddled in frantic haste. A man came out bearing a coiled rope in his hand. Some one spoke of the sheriff at Ferndale and was greeted by a hoarse laugh as the men sprang into their saddles and dashed away into the night.

Miles away in the cabin by the river a woman waited, listening and listening for the sound of horse's hoofs and the call of the mountain quail.



A Morning in the Sierras.

In the middle of spring standing on the higher foothills of the Sierra Nevadas one sees a vast sweep of level plain and a multitude of hills all radiant with the glow of morning. The valley which at some previous evening was gray with mist and saddened by twilight is bright with ripened fields of grain; and the haze which always veils the western mountains has lost its gloom in the flood of sunlight. The river courses are marked by the dark green of the oaks but the shadowy appearance of the verdure has vanished. The surrounding hills are mantled in emerald and the flowers have burst into bloom. Like a living thing the stream winds through yonder canyon. The fox bounds away as though he were treading on the wind; the hawk, as he poises in the morning breeze, seems to have lost his cruelty and even a serpent, gliding from among the glimmering reeds that border the placid lake, is as restful in its movements as the calm waters. The hills that slope upward from the valley, so gently at first, roll onward range upon range, higher and higher, as if some mighty transport of life, long imprisoned in the dark caverns of earth, had burst into one great anthem of joy and crystallized itself into waves of emerald. And then as if the earthspirit would invest this infinite joy with a solemn majesty, far in the eastern blue the mighty ranges mount upward into the clear air, every rugged line robed in sapphire and every dark crag mantled in whiteness as though the mists when they rose from the hills glorious with the first light of the golden day had wrapped themselves around every adamant slope for an everlasting memorial of the companionship between those lofty summits and the shining spaces of heaven.

Societies.

Emendia.

The past month has been very prosperous for Emendia. Seventeen new members have been added to our roll, and we feel that we have just reason to be proud of them from the earnest way in which they have entered into the society spirit. The regular programs have been of a high standard and beneficial to all. On the thirtieth of August a number of ex-Emendians visited our halls and entertained us most pleasantly with a program, each number of which had been given before when they were active members of the society.

We have been pleased to welcome several visitors from the gentlemen's societies, and Emendia extends a cordial invitation to all to visit her meetings.

Adelphia.

"CONSEQUERE AD SUMMA."

The work of the Adelphia Literary Society this year is being marked with all its usual earnestness. Adelphia has always been singularly fortunate in having among her members only those who fully recognize the value of their society work, and who are anxious, and determined, that this work shall best advance their helpfulness both to themselves and to their society.

We have been very glad to welcome visitors to several of our meetings this year, both for the social pleasure and for the help received from becoming accustomed to larger audiences. We hope that these and other friends will visit us, for the lion, if not handsome, is at least friendly.

As we look over the semester's work we feel that we need no ancient oracle to tell us that, even

now, we are making great strides in our struggle "toward the highest."

Sopholechia.

The regular meetings of Sopholechia have been held and an unusual amount of interest has been manifested in our program meetings. When fifteen most loyal Sopholechians were presented with their diplomas on the night of our anniversary last commencement, those of us who were to remain felt rather discouraged and wondered how Sopholechia would survive the loss. At the beginning of this semester there were very few of our girls back in school, but already our membership is almost as large as it was last year, and the new members are working hard to help keep up the standard that Sopholechia has always held; so that our outlook for the future is indeed very bright.

We have endeavored to introduce new features into our programs. Realizing that school spirit should be cultivated in every way possible, the society has adopted the singing of our college song "Pacific," at the beginning of each literary meeting.

We are always glad to welcome visitors at our Friday meetings, and during the past month many have availed themselves of this opportunity.

On Saturday, September the twenty-first, Lena Evelyn Nelson, one of our members who graduated from the Conservatory last June, was married to George Sawyer, College Park. They were married at the bride's home at Hickman, California. Among those in attendance were the following Sopholechians: Phella Archer, Rose Moody, Hilda Osterman, Mabel Birge, Lillian, Flossie and Rose Gatzman. The honeymoon was delightfully spent at Santa Cruz, and in visiting their many friends and the groom's parents at College Park. They will reside at Hickman, near Modesto. Sopholechia wishes them a long and prosperous wedded life, with just

enough clouds to make a brilliant sunset.

Miss Lois McClish, of Los Angeles, has been visiting old friends in San Jose and College Park recently.

Miss Catherine Hughes, after several weeks spent at home on account of illness, has returned to her school duties.

The many friends of Miss Margaret Lewis will be pleased to learn that she is gradually improving and is having a pleasant visit among old friends in Michigan.

Miss Catherine Ritchie was renewing old acquaintances on the campus last week.



Joshes.

Archbishop Ryan and a Rabbi of a New York's Synagogue were at a banquet together. On the table was a very fine Virginia ham and the Archbishop accosted the Rabbi in this fashion:

"My dear Rabbi, when shall I be able to help you to some of this delicious ham?"

Whereupon the Rabbi replied, "At your wedding, your Grace."

Mr. Rutherford—"Say Mr. Wright, have the mosses from an Old Romance come yet?"

Prof. Cook—"Arkansas people seem to be behind the times."

Miss Hammell—"I know a young man from Arkansas who isn't behind the times."

Miss Beaver in student body—"I have in mind a young man who has found his way into the hearts of the young ladies. I would like to nominate Mr. Rutherford as treasurer."

Miss Mayne—"You seem to be thinking very seriously, Mr. Peterson."

Mr. Peterson—"I was thinking of that story about Mr. Dobothe."

Student—"How is that?"

Mr. Peterson—"I was thinking of the past."

In Logic. Prof. Cross—"Give an example of a universal negative proposition."

Student—"No men are dogs."

Prof. Cross—"The dividing line in some propositions is not always very clear."

Professor Zimmermann the New Professor in Piano.

Professor Frederick H. Zimmermann descends from a musical family, the members of which for several generations were musicians who held prominent positions in Europe. His father, Henry Zimmermann, was court conductor and organist in Darmstadt, and under him Prof. Zimmermann received his first musical instruction. He also studied with Carl Fhurn, pupil of the famous Czerny, in Vienna. In Leipsig he received an introduction and a warm recommendation from Julius Schubert, a music critic and a publisher to Carl Tausig in Berlin. Here young Frederick Zimmermann had the best opportunities to complete his musical education, and was enabled to hear and to meet the greatest musicians of the time, such men as Rubinstein, von Bulow, Kullak, etc. While in Berlin he also attended the university as a student.

Coming to America Prof. Zimmermann taught music at the French Institute of Mr. Prevost in New York for three years, and later we find him as a director and professor of the piano at the Conservatory of Music of the Lincoln University, at Lincoln, Ill. This position he held for over twenty years.

President of Lincoln University, D. M. Harris, D. D., writes as follows:

"I take great pleasure in stating that I have known Prof. Fr. H. Zimmermann for more than twenty years. He was for twenty-two years Director of the Conservatory of Music in Lincoln University and as such gave complete satisfaction to his pupils and to the authorities of the institution. He is a master of the piano and has made many excellent musicians. He is a teacher of rare ability, a man of the best musical taste, and a gentleman of high moral



PROF. F. H. ZIMMERMANN,
The new professor of Piano in the Conservatory.

character and culture."

The piano recital of Miss Irene Rhoda Evans in the Unitarian church in San Jose will be remembered by all. Miss Evans studied solely with Prof. Zimmermann and was prepared to enter our Conservatory as a Senior and to graduate so brilliantly the following year, 1905.

The growth of piano students in our Conservatory compelled the authorities of our University to have another professor, and they were fortunate in their choice of a man of Prof. Zimmermann's ability and wide experience to fill the position.



Alumni Notes.

John E. Richards, '77, on Sept. 11, was inducted into the office of Superior Judge of Santa Clara Co., taking the place made vacant in Department Three by the resignation of Judge Rhodes.

Dr. Elizabeth Gallimore, '81, has been enjoying the beauties of Lake Tahoe for the past few weeks.

Dr. E. P. Dennett, '82, who has been pastor of the Methodist church in Pacific Grove for three years, has been appointed pastor of Wesley church in San Francisco.

Mr. Geo. Gilman, '94, is a newly appointed trustee of the University of the Pacific.

Rev. A. J. Case, '97, of Corning, preached in College Park church on the evening of Sept. 1.

Miss Cora Fackrell, '01, was married at noon Sept. 5 to Mr. F. J. Collar in the Seventh Avenue Presbyterian church of San Francisco.

Miss Mamie Jefferson, '01, of Caspar, is visiting in Los Angeles.

Rev. David Ralston, '02, occupied the pulpit in College Park church on the morning of Sept. 22.

Rev. and Mrs. Bailey Lipsky, '07, who spent a few days with College Park friends on their way to Conference, are to reside for the coming year at Biggs.

Prof. Harvey Dorr, '05, has accepted a position in the Susanville High School.

Miss Lena Nelson, '07, and Mr. Geo. Sawyer were united in marriage at Hickman, Sept. 21, by the father of the groom, Prof. W. C. Sawyer.

Rev. Marvin Parsons, '02, has been appointed pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in Susanville.

Rev. Enos Yoshizaki, '95, formerly General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Kioto, is professor of theology in Kuanzei Gakkwan Kobe, Japan.

The Wedding of Miss Lena Nelson and Mr. George Sawyer.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Nelson, at Hickman, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Saturday, Sept. 21, 1907, when their daughter, Lena E., was united in marriage to Geo. H. Sawyer, of San Jose.

The wedding was the culmination of a college romance which began while the groom was a student in the University of the Pacific and the bride a student in the Conservatory of Music, connected with that institution.

The ceremony was performed by Dr. W. C. Sawyer, father of the groom, in the presence of the relatives and immediate friends, of whom fourteen were college friends. Previous to the ceremony, Mr. Emory Huddleson, cousin of the bride, sang very effectively, "Oh, Promise Me," with violin obligato by Miss Rose Moodey of Santa Rosa, accompanied by Miss Hilda Osterman of Nevada City. The bridal couple entered the parlor to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, played by Miss Osterman, and took their places before a floral altar over which was suspended a large white wedding bell. The ring ceremony was used, and was very impressive. A sumptuous wedding breakfast was served beneath the spreading branches of a large fig tree. Covers were laid for twenty-six and the tables were filled twice. The presents were both elegant and numerous, consisting of silver, cut glass, table linen, etc.

After a two week's wedding trip south, Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer will take up their residence at the G. W. Nelson ranch, and will be at home to their friends after October 15th.

—*Modesto Herald.*

Athletics.

Athletics of all sorts in our University have this year opened with an unusual and rousing enthusiasm that makes us all happy, and bids fair to bring success. The students, as individuals, are willing and eager to get out and practice, and what is still more promising, their enthusiasm has been shown to be not of the effervescing kind that vanishes in the face of work, but of that manly, substantial sort which does not quail before the hardest and most disagreeable of labor.

Better still, this optimistic spirit has taken a firmer grip upon our good Faculty, who, both as individuals and as represented by their Committee on Athletics, have given us interested and hearty support from the very start. For this we are grateful and Faculty and Students now stand shoulder to shoulder, determined to win honor for our school.

The Faculty committee have made out for our guidance, a set of rules and regulations which are essentially as follows:

Rules and Regulations Adopted by the Athletic Committee and Approved by the University Faculty.

GYMNASIUM.

I.—All students in all departments of the University shall be required to attend the gymnasium classes.

a.—Provided: The 4th Year Academy students who have had three years of gymnasium work, the Junior and Senior College and Conservatory and the Senior Art students are excused.

b.—In exceptional cases only will a student, other than indicated under (a), be excused.

c.—Should a student wish to be excused from the gymnasium classes, it will be necessary to present a written request to the Athletic Committee in which



MR. W. T. MORRIS,
The Football Coach.

request shall be stated the reasons for desiring the excuse. If the request concern a student in any department other than the Academy or College, it must be approved by the Head of that department before being handed to the Committee for action.

d.—Three (3) absences from the gymnasium classes are allowed for the first semester, and four (4) for the second semester.

e.—Neglect of gymnasium duties is an offense subject to the rules and regulations of the University.

ATHLETICS.

I.—No student who has not maintained a passing grade in at least twelve (12) University hours of current work shall be allowed to participate in any game.

a.—Provided: A student who is delinquent in current work may be restored to good standing upon satisfying the department in which the delinquency occurs.

II.—Managers are required to keep the Athletic Committee posted as to the candidates for their respective teams.

III.—Managers are required to submit to the Committee, for approval, a list of the names of their respective teams one week before a game.

IV.—Managers are required to submit to the Committee, for approval, the game or games they wish to schedule.

J. CULVER HARTZELL, Chairman

F. G. FRANKLIN

S. R. COOK

ESTHER MACOMER, Secretary.

Faculty Athletic Committee.

Before speaking of Football, the particular kind of athletic activity which is now engaging our chief attention, let us turn for a moment to the other forms of athletic sport.

The Tennis courts have lain idle scarcely a moment since the fall opening. Lovers of the game are

already at work in anticipation of the spring tournaments. Those among the ladies who are interested in Basket-Ball have met and elected Miss Draper as Captain for the year. Material for the making of a team is splendid, and the outlook is very encouraging. The same may justly be said with regard to Men's Basket-Ball, for the fact that every member of last year's victorious team is back again this year, augurs well for success during the approaching season. Notwithstanding that active work along this line will probably not begin before the last of November, or at the close of the Football season, one game has already been scheduled for the latter part of February with a team from Muscatine, Iowa, victors over the "Crescent Five" against whom our fellows did such fine work last season. A return game will be given Watsonville, doubtless, and negotiations are pending also with a team who hail from Nome, Alaska. Altogether the prospects are bright indeed.

Rugby! Rugby! That's the magic word that is on the lips of everyone. Rugby the school has adopted and Rugby's the game we shall play. The reasons for this are briefly these. There seems to be at the present time on the Pacific Coast, a prevailing condemnation of the old game, even as played under new rules, as being sport of a brutal nature. Whether or not this sentiment is based upon sound judgment, in view of the fact that the old game as revised, has not been played long enough to develop its character, it is not our present purpose to discuss. That such views do largely prevail, we know to be a fact. In the second place the Faculties at Stanford and Berkeley have taken decided action against the old football and in favor of Rugby. The athletic managements of these institutions are making a strenuous and highly successful effort at introducing and extending the use of the latter game, and it behooves any smaller school that wishes to have live athletics, to play the game that the other institutions are adopting.

The fellows turn out in their suits every afternoon at 4:30, for regular daily practice. There are always enough for a practice game, since many who do not expect to make the team, yet have sufficient loyalty to their school, to come out and help those who do. The lovers of the old game are fast overcoming their prejudice against Rugby football and like it better the longer they play it. The presence of the lady spectators, also, is a source of encouragement and inspiration to those who play.

Just a word here about our new coach would be in order. We have been very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. W. T. Morris, who plays half-back on the Barbarian team of San Francisco. Mr. Morris is an old hand at the game. During the time he was studying at the Bedford Modern School of Bedford, England, and while doing practical work in Mechanical and Electrical Engineering in that city, he played Rugby almost continuously for six or eight years. After his engineering work called him to London, he played there with various clubs, chiefly the Ealing Rugby Football Club. Following a sojourn of five years in India, during which time he was engaged in the work of his profession, Mr. Morris came to this country, where he has been since November, 1906, living chiefly in California, and playing Rugby with his British friends of the Barbarian Club. He is now the resident coach at Pacific University.

Mr. Morris is a Rugby enthusiast who is very "keen on the game." He knows it through and through, and has great capacity for imparting his knowledge to others. He has shown himself an excellent judge of human nature and an adept at managing men. He attends faithfully to the performance of his duties and is always ready to answer questions, even when not pursuing his regular work. But Mr. Morris is much more than a thorough coach. He is a thorough man and a perfect gentleman. These qualities have won for him the respect and

confidence of all who know him, and the hearts of the men with whom he works.

So far this season, though we have practiced but a little over two weeks, we have played two games, one with Stanford's Second 'Varsity team and the other with San Jose High School. From the first game especially, the team gained that almost indefinable benefit called experience. We found out our weak points and got a better idea of the game. H. J. Smith, our active manager, has scheduled a game for the nineteenth of this month, with the Stanford 'Varsity, one for the twenty-sixth with St. Mary's College, and a third, to be played sometime later with the Barbarians.

Let me say just a word here with regard to the status of the Athletic Field project. The lumber necessary to complete the fence and build bleachers has already been ordered. The work will be done by the students under the supervision of Mr. W. F. Wise. All arrangements have been made, also, for getting the field itself into proper shape, and it is fully expected that Manager E. W. Smith and his committee will have all in apple-pie order for the game with Stanford on the nineteenth.

In conclusion, our coach has some encouraging words to bring to us. He says the fellows have been wonderfully quick in getting on to the idea of the game. They are still, he says, somewhat slow in movements, due chiefly, however, to an insufficient knowledge of the game which necessitates thought that wastes time. However the general appearance of the fellows augurs that the team will do well before the season is over. We have, to his mind, a fine lot of fellows to work with, plenty of weight and good material, and if we but just put our shoulders to the wheel there is, in his opinion, absolutely no reason why we should not turn out a team as fine as any in this part of the State, notwithstanding the small numbers that are ours from which to choose. He adds as a final word that Rugby is a gentleman's

game that is to be played clean and in the kindly spirit of all true sportsmen, always, no matter how dishonorable are one's opponents, and promulgates the rational doctrine that if a game be played hard and clean there is no disgrace in being beaten, but that such a defeat ought rather to strengthen a team in its determination to win the next.

With such a man as coach and faithful "Bob" as captain, surely during the coming year, success cannot escape us.



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Now boys, in order to satisfy your curiosity we wish to call your attention to our Fall and College Styles which have just arrived. We have the noblest line of Suits, Overcoats and Hats in town.
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Notes.

The last student assembly was in the nature of a football rally. Coach Lanagan of Stanford was the speaker of the occasion and addressed the student body on the subject of Rugby. Mr. Lanagan thinks that Rugby is more scientific than the old American football and says that the game is a man to man game and is consequently a fair game. He is perfectly persuaded of its superiority.

Several new students have entered since the last issue of the PHAROS.

The new coach, Mr. Morris, is well liked among the boys. Consequently there is no fear about his success.

The student body has adopted a school hat for the men—a thing that has been needed for some time.

The Sophomores had a yacht ride on the bay. From what we can learn the crew was afraid to take them too far from shore for fear that the poor "Sophies" would get scared of the deep water.

The Freshmen are said to have had a class feed.

The longed for "Josh Editor" has been appointed and confirmed by the board of managers. If those who were clamoring for "joshes" get "joshed" let them keep still for they will have gotten what they asked for.

Don't forget to buy a ticket for the game. Remember Pacific vs. Stanford Varsity.

When the ladies finish their long deliberations about the selection of a school hat and sweater and when they have established a uniform and perfect standard of taste the PHAROS staff is ready to publish the results; although the business manager cannot raise money enough to print an account of all of the deliberations.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sawyer recently visited the

former's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Sawyer. They also met many of their friends who were very glad to have the opportunity of congratulating them.

Dr. Sawyer has been quite ill for several days but we are glad to learn that he is recovering.

Mr. P. R. Wright's son, Johnie, has undergone an operation for appendicitis. While he has been critically ill everyone is glad that he is now convalescent.

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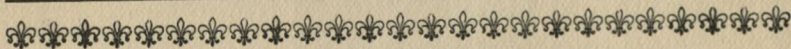
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A young man passing an examination in physics was asked, "What planets were known to the Ancients?"

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—Selected.

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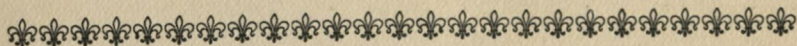
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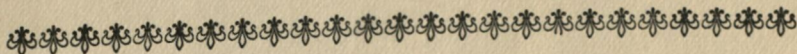
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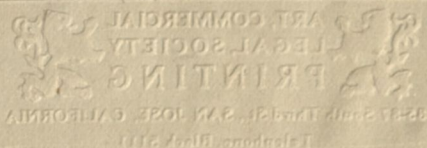
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