

NEWS NOTES

The choir is practicing nightly on the Christmas pageant. The parts of the three kings will be carried this year by Louis Orr, James Dupuis and Dan Motanic. The other principals haven't yet been definitely selected.

The old wooden tower which formerly stood south of Cramton hall, known of late years as the "pump house," has been razed and is now no more. As soon as the old plumber shop has been evacuated it will share a like fate.

Mr. Hall, instructor in barbering, is now living on the campus. He and Mrs. Hall live in the cottage formerly occupied by the Shawvers—who have moved to the house vacated by Mr. D. S. Turner and family—who have retired.

The painters and carpenters have completed their work on Mrs. Melovidoff's laboratory in Hawley hall. Her classes find it very convenient now that ample pantry, storage and linen closet space has been provided. Mrs. Melovidoff feels grateful to all who have had a share in making her place of work so complete.

An item from the D. S. : Miss Newell is teaching related work to the girls during this quarter. Their study includes child care and the building up of a successful personality. We hope that the girls may through this course come to understand something of the situation they will meet when they go out to hold positions and have a better foundation for meeting those situations and problems as they arise. The girls are doing splendidly and seem much interested.

All advance notices concerning the appearance of turkey at Cramton hall for the students' Thanksgiving dinner were fulfilled on that great day. The fixin's were also all present and the students enjoyed the bountiful repast to the full. The employees also enjoyed turkey and everything that goes with it at their dinner. At various private homes about the campus employees and their friends also observed the Thanksgiving noon hour in the time-honored manner. Most of the news notes to reach this office from the students expressed their thankfulness for their fine dinner and the music of Mr. Turney and the orchestra.

In chapel Sunday December 3, Mr. Fred Rickard, assistant boys advisor, addressed the student body briefly regarding the organization and functions of the advisory council. The council is a very important part of our life at Chemawa and it is hoped that the good attention given to Mr. Rickard is indicative of a real and sincere desire on the part of all the students to make the council a worthy unit in the administration of the school. By popular request the choir and the orchestra repeated the Thanksgiving anthem of the

Sunday before, the orchestra played "Devotion" by Mackie-Beyer and the program closed with everyone singing "Dear Old Oregon."

The McNary hall serenaders, sponsored by Mrs. Mabel Cornick, house mother at McNary, sang at several of the employees houses on Thanksgiving eve. The music was well received in every case, in fact at one house the boys were treated to some very delicious cake.

Two former fair co-eds of Nebraska university now residents of Chemawa, loyally backed their team to the extent of wagering on the outcome of the Nebraska-O. S. C. game. As luck would have it the Oregon boys bogged down in the Nebraska gumbo and the Cornhuskers won an unexpected but decisive victory. By the terms of the wager the losers of the bet, Messrs. Larnard and Rickard, had to pay for their loyal but misguided confidence in the Staters by rising at the employees' club last Friday and crooning the Nebraska song. Ye reporter considers it very inconsiderate of Oregon State to so cruelly betray the trust placed in them by these two faithful adherents.

Opportunity

There is a gray-bearded maxim, honored on account of its venerable age, which runs thus: "Opportunity knocks once at each man's door." John J. Ingalls once went a-sonneting around this proverb, and some say he wrote the finest sonnet ever written by an American. I am inclined to think this is so; and if it is, it proves for us that truth is one thing and poetry another.

The actual fact is that in this day Opportunity not only knocks at your door, but is playing an anvil chorus on every man's door, and lays for the owner around the corner with a club. The world is in sore need of men who can do things. Indeed, cases can be easily recalled by every one where opportunity actually smashed in the door and collared her candidate and dragged him forth to success. These cases are exceptional; usually you have to meet Opportunity half-way. But the only way you can get away from Opportunity is to lie down and die. Opportunity does not trouble dead men, nor dead ones who flatter themselves that they are alive.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

