

PICNICS EXTREMELY POPULAR AT OREGON

Spencers, the Mill Race, O'Briens and Skinners Attract Many.

Picnics at Oregon are the most delightful affairs imaginable—picnics at which there is always a jolly care-free crowd, plenty of good "eats" and last but by no means least in charms, there are any number of delightful places to go.

The Spencer trip, though perhaps the most strenuous, is most popular among the more ambitious and athletic students. You choose a bright, clear day and a jolly "bunch", pack a huge lunch, load your Kodaks—and you are off bright and early for your seven-mile tramp to the top. The last stretch after you have started on the trail which leads you almost straight up around huge rocks, over others and almost under some, always up, up. But at last breathless and warm you reach the top—and oh, what a glorious view awaits you and repays you for your efforts. Next you devour that huge luncheon and, oh, how good it tastes, and oh, how much you can and do eat. After the last crumbs and pickles have disappeared you enjoy yourselves exploring the top, resting in the shade of some of the huge rocks and singing to Oregon. The homeward trip, needless to say, takes much less time and about 6 o'clock you are home again; tired? Yes, a little; sun-burned and freckled? Yes, indeed; but withal happy and confident that you have had the time of your young life.

Picnic suppers and breakfasts up the Race are also extremely popular and enjoyable. After loading the canoes to the limit with your chosen band, and provisions, you paddle up the Race to some favorite spot where you build your campfire and spread out your goodies; but oftener you portage across into the river and cross to the ideal picnic spots on the other side. After breakfast or supper, whichever it may be, you paddle about, run races, play baseball with an orange as ball and a paddle as bat, or sit about the fire and talk and sing.

Down by the river behind Skinners Butte is also another favored spot which is much easier to reach.

The towns of O'Brien and Coburg, and the McKenzie River are often times the destinations of auto parties and tally-ho rides. These trips are all-day trips, and are considered quite ideal outings by many. Often times camping parties of students spend the week-end at these places in order to recuperate from their strenuous college(?) work.

Besides these there are many delightful and interesting spots, such as Hendricks Park, Springfield, and Skinners Butte, which are popular places for shorter walks and excursions.

Together "Oregon" is most ideally situated in regard to picnics, a fact which is not unappreciated by the University students and almost every nice spring day you may see parties of two, four, six, or eight start out for some favorite spot.



HISTORY OF WEEK END

Students Make Improvements Now, Whereas They Formerly Demolished.

A few years ago, not so many years ago either, there existed in the University of Oregon, a custom highly enjoyable to its supporters but which was rather a persistent thorn in the collegiate side of the faculty and the rest of the student body. This custom consisted in putting aside one day in each year on which the Junior class went out in a body and endeavored to systematically "do up" the campus and everything on it. As an artistic finish they would plant their class flag on top of Villard or Deady to wave triumphantly over the remains of what had once been a peaceful institution of higher education. As the Senior class invariably considered it their heaven-appointed duty to check such hilarity on the part of their under-classmen there was apt to be more or less confusion on this festive occasion.

Finally the faculty in desperation announced that as an experiment merely, there would be no classes on Junior day and that the classes should expend their excess energy in improving the campus instead of demolishing it. After the men worked all morning building bleachers, cement walks, and clearing up the campus generally, the girls served a bountiful repast for them in the dormitory; then Saturday night the Junior Prom, then a simple affair with few guests, was held as usual. The new holiday was called "University Day," and proved such a success that the faculty resolved to make the experiment a permanent custom.

It was not until 1908, however, that an enterprising member of the Junior class of that year, suggested calling the accumulation of festivities "Junior Week End." By this time the Junior class rush and informal prom had developed into a long series of events, the Dramatic club play, Junior orations, University day, track meets, ball games, and a formal dance with many guests. Junior Week End as an institution has had a steady and remarkable growth. Every year something new has been added; last year there was the picnic luncheon on the lawn of the campus for the workers and their guests. This year the Canoe carnival and a long series of aquatic sports have increased the pleasure and importance of this now well-known institution. And now that it is gone for another year the minds of the Juniors in embryo are busy planning how they can make it rise again, Phoenix-like from the ashes, greater and more beautiful than before.

CO-EDS CHOSEN MEMBERS OF HONOR SOCIETY

The women's Senior honor society, the Scroll and Script, have chosen eleven members from the present Junior class.

Although the women's honor society is only a year old, yet already the women of the University are declaring membership an honor to be worked for faithfully.

The choice is made on the basis of scholarship, participation in college activities, and "general all-aroundness".

The eleven girls are Birdie Wise, Mildred Bagley, Jean Allison, Faye Clark, Maud Beals, Pansy Shaver, Jessie Bibee, Lucia Campbell, Alma Payton, Ruth Merrick, and Erma Miller.

Besides these Junior girls, two Senior girls were chosen, Naomi Williamson, and Alice Stoddard.

These thirteen girls were pledged this morning, and will be initiated in two weeks, the initiation being followed by a banquet at the Osburn Hotel.

An athletic field is being made for the girls at the Kansas State Normal School. They expect to play soccer and baseball.

APRIL FROLIC BRINGS ALL GIRLS TOGETHER

Maids of the Middle Ages Mingle With the Modern Miss in Her Harem Skirt.

Once again have the co-eds demonstrated that the April Frolic is the best fun of all the year. On the evening of April 28, even the very ropes suspended from the rafters in the men's gymnasium fairly uncoiled in glee as they watched the motley array below. The flying rings gaped their astonishment at Foxy Grandpa, Ponderous Bridget, in "Fat" Bailey's shoes, Buster Brown, dapper dudes, belles of the past, present and future, town toughs, etc., ad infinitum. Before the regular program of stunts, those who had already arrived, sat around and "Oh"ed and "Ah"ed each new surprise or mystery who entered.

A surprise number on the program was the topsy-turvy dance by several ladies of the faculty. The original song they sang and the personnel of the chorus called forth hearty applause.

Next, some of the Gamma Delta girls appeared in a mock Aesthetic dance. Huge pink hands and feet added to the grotesqueness of their performance, which was ridiculously mimicked by Bess Riddell in a negro make-up.

The Kappa Alpha Thetas were represented by half a dozen winsome Freshmen in a song and dance. Their act caused much hilarity by its local hits.

A bevy of golden and pink daisies sent by the Oregon Club danced in chorus to a solo by Lucile Yoran.

Mr. and Mrs. Fizzle Johnson and their world-famous Humaphone made a tremendous hit, especially with those girls who had spent spring vacation in Eugene. Their song "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl," was encored uproariously; the Humaphone, it was soon discovered, was composed of Tri-Deltas tuned up to the proper key.

The mothers, sisters and other visitors in the gallery leaned still farther over the railing when Birdie Wise called to order a mock meeting of quite severely masculine looking Eutaxians. Mildred Bagley in her "Personals" astonished some unsuspecting victims. Nellie Hemenway brought down the house by her anti-suffrage speech, and furnished the girls of the University a new pet expression: "Do you think it would be nice?" Alice Larsen settled one disputed question by graciously laying the—well the matter under consideration on the table. Banners bearing such uplifting mottoes as "Lips that do not shout for women shall never touch ours," were conspicuous during the entire session.

Some well-chosen "Scenes from Real Life," were presented by various girls from Mary Spiller House.

The audience grouped around the floor on blankets and cushions in easy attitudes showed renewed interest, and drew up closer to the stage before they nestled down again to witness a production of "Casey Jones," by the Beth Rheas. Maybelle Larsen was a heroic Casey, although she did have to mount a stool to bid her wife, Bess Anderson, a fond adieu. Bill Hayward's cherished floor no doubt sustained a severe shock as Casey's fated train trundled over it. Alma Payton, who sang the song, and Casey were obliged to respond to several encores.

Keen and original was the "Cycle of Skirts," as sung by four Chi Omega girls; Grace Cole in costume sang the song of the hoop skirt; Juliet Cross, the hobble gown; Georgia Cross, the tube skirt; and Erma Miller, the harem. Their song was a clever parody on "Girls, Girls, Girls."

"The Hungry Seven," would never have been taken for Gamma Phi Betas. They required no scenery or properties, but just did their stunt out in the open. Pearl Wilbur stalked around most mannishly and Marie Zimmerman made such a handsome "Zimmie" as to quite touch

LEON RAY IS PRESIDENT

The Election is Characterized by Extremely Close Contests.

When the final returns of the Student Body elections were announced Wednesday, they showed the results of some very close contests. Leon Ray secured the presidency over Chester Moores by a vote of 273 to 240. Raphael Geisler, with 174 votes, defeated his three opponents for vice president.

The secretaryship showed a remarkably close contest between six popular girls, Birdie Wise coming out victor with 147 votes. Fay Clark was next highest with 110 votes.

For executive committee Dave McDaniels and Ben Chandler were elected by 391 and 202 votes respectively.

The elected athletic council in order of rank are: Earl Latourette, William Neill, and Homer Jamison.

Burns Powell will edit the Emerald and Carin Degermark the Monthly next year.

The contest for manager of the Emerald was one of the closest. Allyn Roberts secured the office by a majority of 26.

Leigh Huggins will be manager of the Monthly and Leon Bratager, assistant; Walter Dobie was elected assistant manager for the Emerald.

Of the six candidates for associate editors of the Monthly, the four highest were: Alma Payton, 357, Flora Dunham 337, Jane Knox, 349 and Jessie Prosser, 309.

RUMOR SAYS CARNIVAL WILL BE DURING COMMENCEMENT.

It is being rumored that the Canoe carnival will not be postponed until next year, but that it will be carried out sometime during Commencement. We have not been able to verify this yet the sentiment seems strongly in its favor.

Nebraska has an annual dandelion day when the students endeavor to rid the campus of this weed.

"A broad smile" was the price of admission at a recent basketball game at Ames.

the hearts of several flighty young lasses.

The Lambda Rho sketch—Greek drama modernized—displayed beauty as well as wit. Even Prokos was constrained to applaud loudly. Aline Noren did especially well as beautiful Galatea who inspired the love of Janet Young as Pygmalion.

A splendid finale were the living advertisements. Among these were Norma Dobie as "Uneeda Biscuit", Margaret Scaife, three representations of "Going! Going! Gone! !!" and Gertrude and Avis Denhart, advertising "Wool Soap." Particularly ridiculous were Gladys Graham and Margutrite Rankin as "Before and After Taking Peruna," and Meta and Frieda Goldsmith as the "Gold Dust Twins."

According to custom the stunts were followed by a grand march. A flashlight picture was taken as young and old, beautiful and hideous, frolicsome and stately, all stood singing Oregon songs ensemble. For some time willing hands pounded out "Boola", "Grizzly Bear," Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey," and other stirring strains, while everybody danced with everybody most democratically and indiscriminately. During the dancing Mary Roche convulsed everyone, for she alone as Mr. and Mrs. Johnson danced and promanaded with herself. Her keen make-up deserves special mention. Dudes and daisies, hobbles and hoboos, coons and suffragettes capered all over the gym, and consumed ice cream cones to their hearts' content.

The next day an inquirer's "Have a good time at the Frolic?" sounded so utterly absurd. Good time falls far short of expressing it. Intruders were not welcomed very warmly, but all lawful participants chronicle the "best time ever."

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