

## JUNIOR WEEK END PAST AND PRESENT

History of Junior Week Ends, from First Class Struggle Until 1913

In order to appreciate the significance of Junior Week End, we must hark back "to those days now past and gone," when the students here at Oregon struggled strenuously over class colors.

The annual climax of this warfare occurred on Junior Day. To Professor Luella Carson is due the honor of having initiated Junior Day. On the evening of that day the Juniors assembled in Villard Hall and furnished entertainment for the University people, in the way of music and orations. Then Junior Day occurred on any Friday in May which the Juniors selected, and at first was different from other days only in that it was called Junior Day, and as enlivened by a Junior program.

Soon, however, certain wily Juniors conceived the idea of calling attention to the importance of the day in a more material way. Accordingly the girls of the class made a flag of Junior colors and with the Junior numerals. This flag, secreted until the morning of Junior Day, was at that time brought forth, fastened to the end of a pole and held out of Villard. The ire of the Sophomores was immediately aroused and they proceeded to haul down the presumptuous upperclassmen from their lofty perch.

At the end of that Junior Day the ferocious spirit which the Sophs had exhibited seemed to be completely obliterated. But not so; it had only entered into that dormant state of metamorphosis from which it emerged one year later, a veritable fury, armed tooth and nail to fight the battle for Junior superiority. Again the flag was furled and again class conflict raged up the campus.

To make a long story short, class spirit had been irretrievably inoculated and flourished mightily. The Junior Day "fights" became traditional; every new Junior class considered it an inalienable right to fly the Junior flag and show the Sophs where they belonged. Tactics of warfare became more complex; under the driving force of necessity, the most ingenious devices were hatched up by the Juniors, often only to be outdone by the more ingenious schemes of the Sophs.

During the presidency of Dr. Chapman a flag pole was erected at some twenty-five feet or so away from the spot where the present staff now stands. Often the Juniors encountered the Sophs at the base of this pole and the superiority, both as to brawn and brain, of one or the other of the classes was proven absolutely then and there. Sometimes the battle took place before the Juniors reached the campus with their flag. They were dogged by the Sophomores for days before Junior Day, and sometimes their flag was stolen, divided among the Sophs as spoils, and the Juniors were compelled to make another or admit defeat at the hands of the Sophomores when Junior Day arrived.

At one time Professor Straub was called upon to secrete the flag, and it was owing to his protectorship that the Juniors had a flag to raise when Junior Day came. At another time, in order to avoid any disturbing encounters on his way to the campus, a certain Junior removed his vest, wrapped the flag about his person, put on his vest, no sign of the flag being then visible, made his way to the campus unnoticed, took advantage of an opportune moment, and with admirable dexterity succeeded in raising the flag before the unsuspecting Sophomores were aware of any cause for alarm.

At still another time, three Juniors, together with the flag, ropes, food and water, were placed in a covered box and hoisted half way up the flag pole. This occurred Thursday night, but before the Juniors got their flag up the next morning, the Sophs came



upon the scene with hose sufficient to reach the top of Villard, from whence it was possible to shoot water down in the Junior stronghold. This proved to be a forceful argument, and because of its persuasive appeal the Juniors soon decided to accept temporarily a lower station in life, and accordingly three drenched, bedraggled figures came sliding down the pole.

Often during these combats members of one class bound members of the other, hand and foot, and kept them tied thus out on the campus all day unless classmates of the bound men were able to overcome their rivals, free their fellows, and, turning the tables, subject their opponent to a similar enforced inactivity.

Needless to say, this interfered greatly with college work; in most of the classes far less than half the students enrolled were present on Junior Day. It was this state of affairs which induced President Campbell to provide for Junior Week End as we now know it. It was due to his judgment, foresight and tactful handling of the matter that Junior Week End became a real holiday and that constructive work took the place of destructive activity. Instead of painting class signs on buildings, demolishing property, tormenting each other, and performing all sorts of escapades, the students, under the guidance of President Campbell, became active on these occasions in beautifying.

This scheme was inaugurated in 1903. The work accomplished that day was the tearing down and burning of the old fence that formerly enclosed the entire campus. A year later the pavement west of Deady was begun. At another time the old observatory on Skinner's Butte was torn down. Again the open bleachers on Kincaid Field were constructed; and later the walk from Deady was extended and other walks about the campus were made.

In its new form, Junior Day appealed to all classes and was participated in by all; Junior Day became University Day. The girls prepared luncheon while the men worked on the campus. In the afternoon there was usually a game, followed

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## THE GOOD OLD RACE

Junior Prescribes Method of Spending Glorious Day Upon the Mill-Race

Do you want a really enjoyable day? Then arise at five some Sunday morning and paddle up the race. This small stream is not more than a mile and a half long, starting at Judkins Point, and winding in and out by the river until it passes the University, where it turns a little to the south.

In the winter it is not so attractive, for the trees and bushes on the banks are bare, but in the early spring the leaves begin to burst and the buds to blossom, and by May it is a veritable Arcadia.

It is good sport to paddle, and rather strenuous, too, for the stream is swift. Do not paddle too swiftly, however, but take plenty of time to enjoy to the fullest extent the beauties that nature has given you.

As you watch the sun rising over the distant hills, you will realize that Eugene is one of the most beautiful places on earth. It will be very quiet—only the rustle of the willow bushes along the bank and the twittering of the song birds will interrupt your thought.

When you come to the head of the race, portage over and then paddle up the river. If you do not mind getting wet, go through the rapids. Then cross the river and land in the woods beyond. In the deep grove of poplar trees, you will find an ideal place for a camp, and there build your fire, broil your steak and make your coffee, and prepare a breakfast in the open.

If you can stay all day, you will find that it is most delightful to float down the stream in the moonlight. The stars and moon give just enough brightness, and the only sound is the faint "swish" of the paddles in the water. You forget that there are such things as dances and theatres; you forget the many lessons you must prepare for the morrow; you almost forget the Pan-Hellenic nine o'clock rule; you think only of the present, when all the joy in the world is the out-of-doors, and the mill-race is the best path to this joy. —M. M., '14.

## "HOLDEN'S HEROISM," OR "THE PRIDE OF THE CAMPUS"

One of Our Best, Complete in This Issue—Neat But Startling!

"Glub! Glub!" was the sonorous sound which brought to light the heroic side of Bill Holden's nature. Such an appeal from the lips of a maiden struggling in the midst of the Old Mill stream, called forth a quick response from Bill.

He jumped hastily into the icy water and accompanied by much splashing, yelling, and pulling of hair, he managed to extract one unfortunate Freshman girl from the race.

Jay Coffey, not to be outdone by Bill, leaped gracefully from the landing of Bond's boathouse. His procrastination, however, robbed him of a Carnegie medal, for the other maiden was already clammering out.

All this excitement occurred Thursday morning, when Miss Thompson took some Freshmen members of the newly formed Athletic Association out on the race. Evidently instruction in the gentle art of "Paddling Your Own Canoe," was just the thing these two maidens needed, for in attempting a landing, the frail craft tipped over, plunging its "precious cargo" into the muddy depths.

## 11 VARSITY STUDENTS TO ATTEND CONFERENCE

Eleven men from Oregon will represent the University at the Student Conference at Columbia Beach, June 14-22. The men who have announced their intention of making the trip are Will Murphy, John Wells, Charles Koyl, John Black, Bert Lombard, Alfred Biles, Vernon Motschenbacher, Owen Whalon, Clarence Runyon, Don Larwood, and Earl Fortmiller.

Oregon was represented at this conference last year and the men who attended report a good time as well as invaluable instruction in the work of the Association.

Now is the time to buy your Summer Millinery. Everything to be closed out before June 1. Gerry, Ladies' Hatter, corner Tenth and Willamette.

## COMMENCEMENT WEEK EVENTS REVIEWED

Graduate Recounts Customs of Senior Week and How They Originated.

The commencement season of any college is in a certain sense an index to its life. This is because it is a sort of summing up time, when those functions which have become traditional are remembered and celebrated.

If one calls to mind the commencement events of a half dozen or more colleges, he will observe that each has certain characteristics peculiarly its own, and that each tradition rehearsed has grown out of events and associations of daily life.

Commencement, therefore, is more than a graduation of seniors; it is a yearly pageant of the inner life of the institution.

The stranger who for the first time spends a commencement season at Oregon can not fail to be impressed by an odd, and somewhat amusing, mixture of the conventional and unconventional.

In all the functions of the season, two forces are represented—one which seeks to adopt the time honored customs of the older colleges, and one which ignores in truly Western fashion all that is musty and hoary, and strives for originality. The result is novel, and typical of the institution, with its diversity of budding enterprises and activities, like, and still very unlike, those of other universities.

Another characteristic of the events is rapidity and ease of execution. Someone has a thought, and everybody straightway falls into line and lo, a fern and flower procession and dances on the green in the glow of the afternoon result. It all comes to pass with such spontaneity, that one wonders whether there is a plan and a force behind it, or whether it just grew out of a sort of communal imagination.

The parallel in the life of the University is seen in the readiness with which it adapts itself to changes, and the rapidity with which new enterprises are developed.

Certain artistic functions of the commencement season, as the various processions and dances and the out-of-door play, bid fair to become traditional. This is inevitable, because they represent more than the mere ability to make things go; they are the poetic and aesthetic demonstration which is the natural response to the beauty of the blue hills and the wonder of the eskies. Enterprise, energy and love of the beautiful will come forth and manifest themselves yearly in Oregon's pageant of its sentiments and traditions.

—IDA TURNEY, '12.

## TRAMPS TERRIFY FROSH

Miller and Hendricks Disguise as Workmen and Create Panic.

"Ann! Ann!" Half way down the hall on her way to the Dorm, Ann stopped to regard the excited Freshman who pursued her. "Ann, there are two perfectly horrid tramps up here and we just can't get rid of them. Won't you come and tell them that there is nothing left?"

Ann was busy, so she waylaid Thad Wentworth and Bailey, and they, together with the bright-eyed Freshman, went racing up the stairs.

At the top a peculiar sight met them. Surrounded by the Freshmen Dish Washing Committee, the two tramps stood pleading and gesticulating. "There they are, right in the center!" cried Tula.

The Seniors took one more look and then collapsed against the wall, while their howls of glee echoed and re-echoed through the halls. "Oh!" breathed Bailey, "this is good! Miller and Hendricks in overalls—and working! No wonder the Frosh didn't know them!"