

# ANNUAL GREEN CAP BONFIRE BRINGS OLD TRADITIONS TO MIND

## Sacredness of Senior Bench, Why of Hello Lane and Other Old Customs Reviewed.

### MANY OF THEM QUITE ANTIQUE

#### Some Center About Commencement and Junior Week-End; Women's Emerald One.

The annual burning of the green caps this afternoon is only one of the more picturesque of the customs and traditions that flock about the University campus. Some of these may be of interest to campus visitors as forming background for their near view of University life. They are presented as they usually occur to the mind,—unordered.

The senior bench situated under a light of quite sufficient candle-power between Deady and McClure is as one might suspect, sacred to seniors. It was presented by the class of '10. Freshmen who have dared to vegetate on it have suffered sorely,—partly due to the cold they caught and partly to something else. Even campus visitors unconsciously avoid the senior bench. Awe, you know.

North of Villard a bronze University seal is laid in the pavement. It was the gift of a previous class, but to keep it secured is the duty of each year's Freshmen. Walking on the seal is a crime. You must walk around it.

Certain marks designate the class of a man student here. The Frosh has his clam shell,—his cap—you know; the junior sports corduroys and is looked down on if he has them washed too frequently; and the senior has his sombrero and mustache. The sophomore has yet to adopt something more distinctive than an air.

Men and men's clothes are forbidden at the April frolic, the annual women's jolly-up. Costumes, stunts, take-off, dancing, eats and secrecy the things that make the April frolic. The general feeling about it seems to be that above all things the April frolic is not to be missed. The dreadful suspicion that there may be a man in the audience in disguise—oh think of it, Caroline—adds the adventure.

With the exception of perhaps two, all senior classes have left behind them a gift to the University. Busts, shrubbery, arches, a fountain, the bronze seal, the senior bench and pictures are among the memorials. This year the seniors will leave an endowment to the women's memorial building with a tablet to be inscribed to the memory of Owen Whallon.

Hello lane, leading from Deady to the library explains itself. See the poem in the Oregonian signed "E. W." for fuller description. You simply speak to everyone that you have any suspicion won't mind,—whether you know him or not. If he does mind, you get your satisfaction out of reflecting that he is a "borous" grouch. (Beg pardon, Dr. Conklin, but we need the word.)

College Crest is the place you exorcise if you come to town alone your first time and try to get up to the University by car. The University was never on College Crest. A church school was once

established there long enough to leave the name. But it gives you a nice car ride and a chance to reason that you are probably not the first person misled.

Another Junior week-end custom is the painting of the "O" on Skinner's butte on Friday morning. One wonders when the Frosh come back to the campus for dinner how thick the color went on,—seeing that their faces and trousers if boiled out would produce several gallons of the lemon-yellow. The water fete, is one of the rising young traditions. Last year was its first, but so successful has it proven that it will probably stay on. The women's Emerald is another junior week-end happening. Its tendency is away from magazine style to strict newspaper lines. Girls produce it all,—though there is no objection to a little masculine advice. Sometimes it springs real surprises, for through its great and organized system of secret agents it salts away add bits of gossip and near gossip during the year—ready at the final moment to divulge.

Smoking on the campus is frowned on. It is not just the thing. So those who would enjoy it draw an imaginary line from the east entrance of the library to the walk leading up to Johnson hall, and get one foot over the west side of it. Then they light up.

Many of the features of commencement week are by nature traditional. The flower and fern procession by the senior women is always put on. The alumnae lead in order of seniority. The women dress in white and carry flowers and ferns, as you may have suspected.

The Friars' parade is held at Junior week-end if it does not rain. They wear academic gowns and very solemn airs. Everybody is keen to see who is going to be "tapped" for membership.

"Doughnut" is a word you often hear about the Oregon campus. Doughnut baseball series for men and women, doughnut tennis matches, and so on until you doughnut know where to stop. The name was originated by Lair H. Gregory ex-'10, founder of the "Midnight Doughnut." This publication put out in the stillly night, so to speak, and at unexpected intervals, kept the campus waiting, it is said. Everybody wondered what it would say next. But it was a publication that "you could read in any parlor." Gregory is now political reporter on the Oregonian. But although he has not been around the campus for a good while, and although the Midnight Doughnut came out for only a few months continuously, the name doughnut still lingers.

There are many more side lights on Oregon college life which might be told by the older alumni. Some of them are about things you must do and some about things you had better do. And some you had better not. They add the Prussian blues and the peacock greens to the pleasant sepia and olives of college life.

A committee has been appointed by the executive committee of the associated students to work out at once plans for an honor system at Whitman college.

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# ALUMNA IS TEACHER, SELDOM SEES PUPILS

## Miss Mozelle Hair Says Her Lot Is More Interesting Than of Most School Workers.

As a school teacher who has never seen all her pupils and who seldom sees any of them, one alumna of the University of Oregon has found a position in the educational world which she says is more worth while and more interesting than the lot of most school workers. Miss Mozelle Hair is secretary of the extension division of the University of Oregon. Her students number over 600 and are scattered in all parts of the state.

"Work in the extension department is more interesting than regular teaching," says Miss Hair, "because one is saved the task of disciplining pupils and then one has a chance to come in touch, indirectly, with so many different classes of people. Extension work is so varied that we communicate with professional people, business men and women, teachers, and many other classes."

Miss Hair has been in the extension department for eight years and has devoted her time exclusively to it for the last seven years. She was graduated from the University in 1908, having majored in history. The following semester she took the position of assistant in the department of literature under Prof. H. C. Howe, at the same time doing correspondence work in literature. She says that she had intended to teach, but was unable to secure a position.

"I like the work," she declared. "There are a large number of women in the various extension divisions in colleges both in the east and the west, acting as instructors and also as office assistants. I believe that both men and women are essential to the work, the same as in teaching."

Among other University of Oregon alumnae who are filling positions here are Ruth Howell, assistant in botany and bacteriology under Prof. A. R. Sweetser; Mary Watson, instructor in English literature; Cecilia Bell, assistant in English literature; Mrs. Mabel Eaton McClain, Miss Olga Olson and Miss Pauline Potter, assistant librarians; Ruth Davis and Jessie Fariss, assistants in the school of music, and Frieda Goldsmith and Hazel Rader, assistant instructors in physical training.

There are 902 Seniors to be graduated from Ohio State University this year.

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