

OREGON SUNDAY EMERALD

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The Law of Living

Time was in this school when a fellow could juggle all four of the balls of study, social engagement, athletics, and organization activities. But in those days it was a gol' darn serious offense to get better than passing grades, and organized activities were small and greenish peas indeed. Social engagements and athletics then were the ends and aims and the everlasting joys of the chappies and laddies who got the sheepskins we may get if we stay here five or six years.

Truly, things have changed with an incomprehensible swiftness. Only a year ago, a man or woman could cover very nearly everything in school, and all the four corners of interest could be effectually gathered together in such a way that every student here might say quite truthfully that he knew all things that went on, and had a word in all things that went on. That was the time when everyone went out for everything. The prominent people took on every honor and managed, by a fair amount of exertion, to be around for all gatherings, from the dog fights and frosh mill racings to student body meetings.

Not so now. We can hardly comprehend the sudden growing up the University has undergone. Yesterday it was a school of intensely personal outlook. It was a state university, true enough, but it was in the wobbly period of life when its voice broke from falsetto to bass and its gait was ungainly and sometimes awkward. It was individual, and many times individual voices were heard above the general current of its life, shouting different and varying things. Not so today.

Today it is an institution, with a definite aim and policy. Attaining maturity it has taken unto itself a solid body of tradition and a fund of dignity. It is greater than one man, or any group of men. Its administration may change, its football teams may suffer defeat, its student body be diminished—no matter, the University will go right along at its new pace.

The transition has been accomplished by the hard and willing labor of many women and men who rolled up their sleeves and gave of their energy. They were the ones who took on so many diverse activities. They had to; for there were not enough people to man the life boats of expansion.

We today see a new order of things which appears something like this: The school is too big for any man or woman to hope to cover completely. Somewhere he or she must find the desired niche, the desired job, the desired recreation, the desired society. Having found them he or she must give into that chosen field the very best of energy and the very best of willing service.

For in this same way, the classes who have gone before built the foundations of the structure we now care for.

Onward Sweeps Oregon

By Clinton Howard

In the heat of the battle with the Aggies, with W. S. C., with anyone, where is the Oregon student who is not proud to thunder Mighty Oregon? When the game is close, and the score stands, mayhap, at the end of the half, 6 to 6; when the crowd surges over the gridiron, forming into a long serpentine, going around, and around, and around, with the thunder of "rah, rah Oregon, rah, rah, Oregon," hurrying up; when the crowd of "outsiders" watches from the grandstand, taking in all this display of spirit—where is the Oregon student who then does not "hop to it," to don his green and yellow rooster's cap, and take his place in line, as conspicuously as possible, that the crowd may know that he is one of the privileged.

Who is the one who does not parade with conscious pride and mimicry a la Napoleon, down the main street of the "town" after the game is over, and we have got the score? There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight. A hot time, yes, when he parades with rooster's cap perched on the peak of his head, to the front, or to the back, with pipe in his mouth, if he be that kind, with cigarette, if he be that kind, or with nothing, if he be that kind.

Picture Lemon Yellow on a background of green! The yellow is our only official color. And hear Mighty Oregon! The best song ever on a football field or at a rally.

And at night, by the light of the fireplace, the moon, the campfire, when the men's voices boom virile and low, and the girls', in a higher sweeter strain, hear, "As I sit and dream at evening, Of those days now past and gaw-aw-an, and I think of all the old friends, whose memories to me return." Past generations of Oregon, and past decades of Oregon are inseparably linked with that tune.

Hear the drinking song—apologies to any of those who may have prejudices against drinking, but every college has such songs: "Then hail! boys, hail! for o-old Oregon, And hail for the lemon yellow; We'll fall in line and drink a stein, We like a jolly

good fellow!" A jolly good fellow; that song breathes something of the spirit of the ale-inns of the Universities of old Europe. Oregon is forty-six years old, with forty-six classes to do her homage and render respect; young as an institution, yet old in spirit. A little university in the west, at first, she was, but the decades of tradition now stretch behind her. In a smaller, younger way, Oregon deserves the eulogy given by the sons of Yale to their Alma Mater, "Mother of men grown strong in the giving—

Honor to him thy lights have led; Rich in the toil of thousands living, Proud of the deeds of thousands dead!" and, continuing, may we say of Oregon, as they do of old Yale, "We who have felt thy power and known thee, We in whose lives thy lights avail, High, in our hearts enshrined, enthroned Mother of men, old Yale!"

Would we had a song like that. The University, daughter of a great commonwealth, is growing. If we must change, now is the time, before we grow too large. Better go slow, before abandoning the old traditions, for the love of what former generations have done and have said is strong in man, especially at the "college age" and here at Oregon, we are no exception.

Do we need a hymn? A contemporary newspaper has said that most of our songs are melodies which would not attract the attention of the average man, had he anything better to do at the time, than listen. The paper was referring to Oregon songs as they are heard, sung by the glee clubs, to the people of the state, outside of the college atmosphere, entirely out of the college world. Is Mighty Oregon our representative song? Does it represent the ideals, the growing ideals, sufficiently, of an institution which will be some day, an old, tradition of the state. For colleges, and universities, too grow, and as Oregon is proud of her full grown sons, today, so, sometime in the future, the sons of the state will "go up" to her Uni-

Poems

THE TENT

Herbert Crombie Howe

I pitch the tent of my gay fluttering words
Beneath the date palm, by the well of sweet water
That makes existence possible in the desert.
Here, when the sun is down, and the river of stars.
Gleams in the desert of space,
I strike the tambourine of my wind driven words.
Spirit of man, you are welcome here to rest
While you drink from the well.
I shall leave the tent,
When I myself am gone forth.

SONGS OF THE SHIPYARD

I: The Riveter

High on the scaffold the riveter stands,
Where he grasps his die in his thick gloved hands,
"Till the light flares through the rivet hole—
"Till the white steel pokes through the rivet hole—
White and hot, through the rivet hole—
And is forged to cold, hard bands.

Oh, the rigger's scaffolds quiver and sway,
As the dies o'er the bur-heads swiftly play;
While the thundering thump of the rivet guns—
The quiver and thud of the rivet guns—
The soul-shaking jar of the rivet guns—
Fast eats his life away.
—Leslie Perry.

REVELRY

Autumn's revelry's begun;

Tonight I will dance the songs of the wind,
The moon will be my balloon
The gaudy leaves
My confetti.
Tonight I will don
My gayest gown.
—Amalja.

COMPARISON

My soul is like a violet,
Shyly looking up.
Your's the rushing rain drops
That fill me as a cup.

And, over-full with you, dear,
I bathe the nearest bloom.
For all the rushing rain drops
A violet hasn't room.
—M. N.

A LIFETIME

A stream was born of a cavern of ice—
It leaped into the light and dashed away,
Young and forgetful.

I saw it swirl in a dripping canyon,
Clutching and snarling at the shining walls,
Sulking in round black pools.

I heard it murmur through a yellow field,
Through the leaves of a dreaming tree,
Peacefully—happily—
Out to the sea.
—F. S.

AGGIES DROP GAME

(Continued from page one.)

ter the exhibition of football which they put up yesterday. They took absolutely no chances, and let Chapman's punts roll for yards rather than take a chance at fumbling. The game they played was too safe, and they certainly lack the spirit and dash of a winning team.

The victory is especially pleasing after two years of tie games, and adds another to the long list of Oregon wins from O. A. C. The score now stands 17 wins for Oregon in 27 starts, four wins for the Aggies, and six tie contests.

Oregon threatened to score two other times, once when Hank Latham got versity, trained with the idea of going there, from their youth up.

And our colors. Far less important, but Oregon's family is not at peace about them. Artistic souls on our campus say that lemon yellow, our official color, can never be made to harmonize with a background of green, and that lemon yellow is not a good color anyhow. But then, traditions and art often clash! More important, however from the standpoint of timelessness, is the fact announced by the advertising authorities, that lemon yellow attracts no attention.

Oregon colors for the 1922 Homecoming, and the Oregon-O. A. C. game, were practically changed, unofficially, for the posters were gotten out in red and green. So were the Homecoming envelopes. The authorities in charge of the work say that red and green show up better.

Possibly so, possibly not! Song and colors together, let us decide about them before we grow any larger. And yet, is not the questioning of certain traditions, by the student body, by the alumni, by the people of the state, a sign, a distinct and unmistakable sign of growth? The paths of retrospection of great universities are hedged deep with discarded traditions. Happy is the institution which can prune its traditions, keeping only the living and vital!

away with a 45 yard run, only to be downed by the safety, and again in the last quarter when a fumble gave them possession of the ball on the Aggie ten yard line, but it was lost on downs when the Lemon-Yellow failed to batter through for a touchdown.

Oregon Punting Good

The punting end of the game in which Oregon was doped to lose out, resulted contrary to expectations, as two of Gill's boots were blocked, one going for an Oregon touchdown, while all of Chapman's kicks went for long gains, with the O. A. C. receiver always downed in his tracks.

The game came out exactly as all Oregon students knew it would, and with this clean-cut hard-fought victory behind us, let's begin preparing for the final and crucial clash of the season, the University of Washington game on Thanksgiving day.

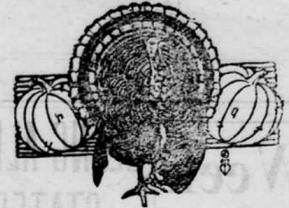
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