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Gumption

There is, at the present time, a heavy attack being made upon activities; this is evidenced by the number of Big Berthas now being trained from the parapets of Fort Johnson toward the scores of little gun pits out on the students' No Man's Land.

For activities have a value, more of a value than most professors and pedagogues are willing to admit. And the nine-pinned man is, oft-times, the possessor of more hard, solid gray matter than the prodigy of the laboratory, or the child of the library and the seminar.

It is the quality of being a good mixer. It means that the man knows how to get along with others; that he knows how to put an ear to the ground and listen to the rumblings; it means that he knows how to express himself; it means that he can bluff, that he can persuade, that he can compromise, that he can get things done.

Don't let us be understood as disparaging the scholar. He is the chap who is going to keep the small, frail flame of truth alight in a mighty windy, tempestuous world. We need more scholars, no doubt, and anything we may do to produce more scholars is commendable.

But let us never forget that it is not the scholar who is to negotiate the daily transactions of the world. It is not he who is to roll up his sleeves, get out in the middle of the street and deal with ornery people, inexact and prejudiced emotions, erroneous facts, and warped ideals.

It is not the scholar, we repeat, who is to rough out the work of the day. It is not simply because the scholar's nature can rarely ever be robust enough to accept inaccuracy and still progress. And after all, if we wish to get anything practical done while still outside of the small pine box we must base a large part of our work on inaccuracy, misconception, and prejudice.

Here, then, is the value of honorary societies and of the ten dozen minnow-sized activities of which the school boasts. They school us in the rough, approximate, rule-of-thumb method of procedure. They give us a hard, practical shrewdness of the way to work people, and the way to work with people.

Once upon a time we Americans prided ourselves upon being a shirt-sleeves democracy. We do not hear that term used as much in these late years and perhaps we are not so proud to admit that our past history is largely the conflict of a raw country upon men in red flannel shirtsleeves.

But nevertheless there is a tremendous lot of the old, pioneering work to be done. People must still be cajoled and we must still ride rough shod ahead to practical goals. It is here that the activity in college justifies itself; it gives us a fund of common sense that the scholar does not get while adventuring among the stars, or among the test tubes.

Let's not be rabid over a good thing. The world would just as soon go to pot if we were all Newtons or Aristotles.

Now that the tide has once more risen we stand on some isolated hump in the pathway and yelp for the ferry. But no ferry comes. Durn it no ferry comes! We commend that as a next object for a Y. M. C. A. drive. The Y likes to conduct drives anyway. Let's raise enough money to buy a couple small ferries, to be used when the pre-spring freshets sluice the water around our feet and send us toward the infirmary with the sniffles.

There was supposed to be a hazing party at the University of Southern California. A shell-shocked war veteran wouldn't wear the conventional green cap. A party of husky paddlers lined up at the ex-soldier's door. He whipped out a revolver. Four shots were fired, and one of the greedy grinners was carried home, not dangerously injured, however.

Oh, the long while this stone-age act must last!

Ain't nature wonderful! A fellow puts on winter underwear in the gym, runs down the street and goes out to the track; he's an athlete. A fellow puts on winter underwear and stands out on the porch of his house; he's a lunatic and a menace to the morals of the community. Ain't nature grand!

Poetry

REFLECTION OF A GRAD

Oh, times have changed Since once we ranged

Grene frosh upon this campus— New walls of brick Have sprung up thick, New co-eds seek to vamp us.

New shacks abound Where open ground Once met our sight and vision And classes meet Where once our feet Trod o'er fields Elysian.

But ne'ertheless I must confess It seems like days of olden When Dean Straub says, "Why, hello Des— No, no, your name is—Balden?"

SONG

I sang of immortality. I sang; and lo! from off a tree A leaf there fluttering came And fell to earth, whence it had grown; Fell, soon to lose itself, unknown, And be but earth again.

Then turned I to my singing heart; "Thou seest how the separate part Once more absorbed must be; It is immortal here below In new life which from earth shall grow; The same sufficeth thee." Thus did I speak unto my heart. But lo, My heart, with song unbroken, answered, "No!"

SUNLIGHT

You loved the sunlight of a winter day Bright—sharp as the spiteful wind Over the crusted snow. I love the sunlight in brown crimson patches On fine old lace and yellow candles, On the waves of incense that steal along And lose themselves in the warm darkness.

COQUETTE

She touched him lightly with her lips And thought no more of it thereafter. 'Twas then he rent his dream in twain With mocking, soul-disturbing laughter.

His Unattainable had kissed Full lightly and without confusion. 'Twas then he thought, "A cynic's an Idealist kissed by Disillusion!" —Margaret Skavlan.

IN THE GARDEN

In grandmere's garden I sit And dry my hair in the sun. The world I see Through its tangle of bronze Is all a-simmer. There's a jade like gloss on the cabbage leaves And the beet's are veined with ruby, One of the white potato flowers Is floating away— But no—it's a butterfly. Against the hazy blue of atmosphere A row of doves on the shed appear And from them issues a liquid gurgle Like water eddying Into a pipe. Aside from that It is so still— I can hear the tick-tick-tock— Of the silver Big Ben On grandmere's window ledge.

But out in the world All is trading. Wars. But in the garden is Time— Unending. Sunshine, And peace In grandmere's garden I sit, in grandmere's chair, And in the sun I dry my hair. —Patricia Novlan.

NIGHT

I am a tired traveler Riding Time, The minutes, like weary caravans of camels Move so slowly. I grow impatient I beat upon them With impotent hands But their hides are thick They do not heed. And still they crawl Into noon Then after noon Bearing me through infinite desert stretches Towards night And the green oasis Of your Love. —Patricia Novlan.

SPRING

Is it a daffodil— Swaying? See the breeze Has snapped it From the plant. It whirls— Around— Around— Up— OH! It is coming down Tired—torn—drooping. It has dropped, Crumpled, still. Shall we pick it up? Why, it was a girl! Dancing! Pavlova! —Patricia Novlan.

Wouldn't it have been a Grand and glorious feeling if this thing had happened to you, just like in the story book of the Prince Charming—or was it some other line of bunk. At any rate did it ever happen. It sounds like a nice fairy story to us.

Oh, girls— Supposing you had reached your junior year

At college, And there was a lottery for The big Junior annual dance, And with your number You drew a nice man. And girls— Supposing all the time you had been at college, You had missed every chance to attend A big college dance, Because the man you drew For the Sophomore dance Had ditched you, And the man who was to have taken you

To the Frosh glee had excused himself, And now you were a junior And you had drawn A nice good looking fraternity man For the big Junior dance; And supposing he had called you up And told you he was glad, That he could take you, And that he could take you, And that he would come for you at 8:45 And you were so very happy, Because at last you were going to a Big college dance, in costume, And you had a cute little costume all fixed, And he came for you, And you went, And he was so polite and thoughtful of you

With all the devoted manners Of the ideal college-bred man; And he took trouble to see that you Had the best time You had ever had Since coming to college And when he brought you home He said: "This has been one of the Happiest evenings of my life And I was surely lucky to draw you For my partner." OH G-I-R-L-S! Supposing all that really had happened? Wouldn't it have been A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING?

U. OF W. FROSH HAND OUT STARTLING INFORMATION

Dardenelles are Syncopated, Oliver Twist is Tobacco Brand, and Heifitz is Mistaken for Heifer

U. of Washington, Seattle, Jan. 20.— There is very little about modern or ancient personages, places or characters that Washington's freshmen do not know, as revealed by answers to a questionnaire recently given the English composition class by W. R. Gundlach.

"Who was William George?" Why, he is "Lloyd George's little brother," ran one of the answers. Equally startling is the fact that Mustapha Kemal Pasha is head of the Japanese navy; "Oliver Twist" is a kind of tobacco and Mozart a brand of cigars.

Other samples of freshman intelligence are: Iago, "Japanese rice"; Sir Roger De Coverly, "an old-fashioned square dance"; Becky Sharp, "a music writer"; Heifitz, "name of a cow"; Demosthenes, "Russian writer"; Dardenelles, "name of a song"; and Ronald Amundsen, "painter."

Use Emerald Want Ads

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