

OREGON SUNDAY EMERALD

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The Zest of Living!

Exactly at 11:50 a. m. the bell rang and the class made a collective and vicious rush to the door. Paul Flickem, a noble senior, still slumbered peacefully on. A frosh, in going by, turned over a chair and this chair acted as our gentle hero's alarm clock. He opened his eyes, came wandering back from fields of Elysian clover to a barn-like room bordered by funereal blackboards. After a period of meditation he untangled his two feet from the three or four adjacent chairs, collected his notebook—a singular testimony of his unquenchable optimism!—and made for the door.

The fresh air revived him; taking a deep breath he recited this day's bit of inspiring literachoor:

"Day by day, in very way, I'm getting better and better."

Then Paul sighed. "Trouble is," he added, "I'm getting so good that the prof will flunk me. It must irritate him to see me get the slumber he should have, judging from his tired manner of speech."

He walked forty feet and uttered this further gem: "Every additional day I stay in this school I get less mentally active. Once, when a frosh, I thought knowledge was intrinsically worth snaring. Heaven forfend! How I shudder at the thought now! I don't want knowledge; I want to get away from here!"

And by this statement Paul became the prophet and spokesman forevermore of a growing and infinitely weary aggregation of fourth and fifth year seniors.

It may sound like heresy, it may be the sign of sloth and indolence, it may mean that some of us do not belong to the beatific band of "mental aristocrats"; but that does not change the essential mental and physical fact that for a group of us—and not a small group either—the little fatigue jiggers are slowing our movements and snapping our energy.

With all due deference to the scholastic system it is so arranged that we are bombarded daily by a reiterated series of facts and formulas which at times seem to have no variety, no ending, no freshness, no significance, no value.

This editorial is not the expression of a passing mood; it is the reflection of Paul Flickem's statement, heard time and time again on this campus, over a period of two years; ever since we became aware of the fact that upperclassmen existed.

Now here: if the constituted authorities prune down the athletic program, if they sweep out all activities, if they curtail social functions to what do they expect the student's energy and restlessness and enthusiasm will fasten? Studies?

Not on your life, will the student's whole enthusiasm and his whole energy divert itself. With few grateful exceptions the courses on this campus are not so organized and taught as to enlist any flattering interest. There isn't enough leaven in them. They don't link up closely enough with the urges and desires and questions which every student carries about with him and for which he seeks an answer.

Let's make a concrete case of what we mean: Last year and for a term this fall we had a man on the campus who carried about with him the sense of having always a good time; who seemed to have found the secret of both being happy and doing good work; who, by his zest and his method, enlisted an enthusiastic following. He had his faults, but he was, in a certain sense, a huge and refreshing oasis in a pretty arid day of classes.

We no longer have him.

"Getting By"

By Clinton Howard

It rather looks as if "getting by" were becoming the popular craze of the day, in the college world. Pressure of studies and "activities" on the poor little old twenty-four hours a day have placed the supreme emphasis in college on "getting by"; convention demands it, and as for anything like a poor attempt to think, it is regarded as an impractical and dreamy occupation.

Brains in college are becoming a scarce article, from very lack of use; we come to college and the whole emphasis of our four years is unconsciously and sometimes involuntarily thrown upon activities which are after all only miniature reflections of what can just as well be done by us in the outside world on the original scale and without the benefit of a college "education."

Activities are needed in a college, but after all, the whole is the sum-total of its parts, and certainly activities are not all of the parts of a college career.

Lectures by learned and unlearned professors, notetaking and laboratories are needed too in a college, but if they were all there is to a university career, we might well dispense with living students who require food, drink, sleep and a health department, and who yield some returns to their civilization,

for these "mercies gratefully received." If activities and lectures were all to be found in a college career, it would be far cheaper for the state to hire phonographs and dictographs to fill the class rooms with a corps of really efficient business managers to care for our so important "activities."

Again, if we could all be "leading men" in college activities, the situation might be remedied somewhat, for then we would all get about the same amount of experience in the executive and committee work, which activities furnish, and would save us much of the mortification and character deformation which results from our being "little activiters."

Human nature is contrary. If we have some talent for our own profession, we feel that we should devote only a small amount of energy to its pursuit, and should spend the rest in trying to capture the laurel in a half dozen other activities, in which we are to be classed only as "little activiters" or as errand boys for the successful men.

The average college man of today is too lazy, in all probability, to search out his own best bet for success, and

to develop his own talent and speciality. He prefers to let that wait until he is out of college and at work, and for his college record he is content to appear in the senior write-ups as the illipituous hanger-on, and the "little activiter," subsidiary to the successful man in a half dozen fields foreign to his own talent.

And the fact that he is a "little activiter" in fields outside of his own pasture fence is about the worst thing which could happen. It makes him into a jack to every successful man in foreign courts and king of none in his own right. The chances are highly in favor of the fact that if he wore the fresh green of youthful naivete in his freshman year, he will wear the drab yellow-green, common to "jacks in every trade," at the end of his senior year.

Of course it hurts our self-pride a little, but then after all, it is easier to be a small squash than finding out for ourselves the very elusive secret of the great man's success—that he sticks to his own line. Too, we have a sneaking idea that if we did find out the secret of his success, the recipe would call for a good bit of honest down-to-the-ground hard work in reformation of ourselves. That cuts the grain crosswise.

We'll drift on our lazy peaceful stream of getting by, probably, until we hit some hard-headed boss out of the college world who wants to know what colleges taught us and our minds will suddenly go blank. College taught us to get by—or rather we learned it. But what is "getting by" but following the line of least resistance; dubbing the energetic, successful fellow a genius; naming his "method" a divine panacea, and attempting to wear it ourselves like a misfit overcoat. To find the other fellow's "method" and to absorb it, digest it, and evolve our own by-way to success is all right, but there are differences between methods and mannerisms.

To be a success in our own right requires brains, and that is something we are in danger of losing in this college generation from lack of use, outside of our own shop talk. It's so much easier to deify the energetic man, to adopt his manners and slang, to bask in his light, and to hide our own feet of clay.

Theatres

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien will again be seen together in "The Voice from the Minaret," a First National picture, which is coming to the Castle theatre. These two have won the appellation of the perfect screen lovers.

Fourteen members of the crew of the whaling schooner used for filming Ben Ames Williams' famous story, "All the Brothers Were Valiant," at the Rex Monday and Tuesday, were thrown into the cold waters of the Pacific when two twenty-foot whale boats collided several miles out from San Francisco. Because of their heavy clothing, oilskins and seamen's boots they were saved only with difficulty.

Henry W. Savage, who has to his credit in the past such prime successes as the original New York production of "The Prince of Pilsen," "The College Widow," "Excuse Me," "Everywoman," "Madam X," "The Girl of the Golden West," "Woodland," "Madam Butterfly," grand opera in English, and the many triumphs of dear, delightful Mitzi in her charming musical plays, now offers the theatre-goers the crowning effort of his long, and ever reliable managerial career. This supreme success is none other than his entirely new and lavish production of Franz Lehár's world-famous operetta, "The Merry Widow," which comes soon at the Heilig.

LET'S BE HONEST

(Continue from page one)

day, but the world today is a failure and we know it's a failure. Why can't Universities show a better way? That is the question Dr. Landsbury has to ask of educators and students alike.

Trivial Pleasures Stressed
In addition to losing personality and ideals in the unnecessary waste of college life, he says, the present generation has lost the old-fashioned virtues of altruism and service in the seeking of trivial pleasures of a temporary nature. This seeking of trivial pleasure is a totally different thing, Dr. Landsbury pointed out, from the legitimate pursuit of happiness of a more lasting sort.

"Because of the newness of the country, and other things, such as climate," he said, "the Northwest has developed a very fine type of young people; but we are getting away from the age of doing things, and are coming to an age of seeking trivial pleasures."

People are dominated, the dean explained, by a desire to be amused. They depend upon a something outside themselves to make the time between necessary occupations endurable. Education, Dr. Landsbury feels, should train a man to have resources within himself; and this it cannot do if a man is nothing but a part of a herd. "We want to be amused, rather than to learn to amuse ourselves. But thoughts of the leisure hour determine the fate of the individual," he declared. And mere group-members no resources within themselves to their leisure hours valuable. Dean Landsbury makes a serious

arraignment of college life. He offered a remedy for the ills of education.

"The remedy for the trouble is to substitute in the minds of students the right idea of what is valuable, for the wrong one," he said. Young people study the wrong things; they specialize too much, in college, and come out, not with educations, but with trades. The old-fashioned humanity studies, Dean Landsbury feels, are the important ones toward a broadening education—history, literature, philosophy, psychology, science. "These things give vision; the others are merely trades," was the way he expressed it.

The question of useless and wasteful activities will settle itself, he feels, with the substitution of interests of a better sort. It is a wrong understanding of values that leads to over-emphasis of so-called social life, and organizations. As to activities having an important place in the making of Oregon Spirit—Dr. Landsbury doesn't believe that Oregon Spirit is manufactured in that way.

"Oregon Spirit is something to hide behind," he declared energetically. "It is a spirit of self-righteousness, of praising ourselves. But we are simply realizing on a past investment. Previous student bodies built up the thing we call Oregon Spirit, but we are doing nothing to keep it up."

For the herd-spirit, Dr. Landsbury asserts, is not the Oregon Spirit, when it means loss of individual personality.

NEW CODE OF ETHICS IS SOUGHT FOR WOMEN

Something Is Wanted to Make a Deep Impression When Read Once, Says Dean Straub

The contest for a concise yet comprehensive code of ethics for University women is arousing interest among Oregon co-eds. At least one organization is already working and a number of others have expressed their intention of working on a code. The contest closes February 24.

The code which is in use now does not express the esprit de corps of the women students, thinks Dean Fox. A code is wanted which is more concise and telling.

The papers handed in last term were too lengthy. What is wanted is a code which will fit on one side of a postal card, said Dean Straub.

"The code should be something like the beatitudes, in which there is not a single superfluous word and from which there has not been omitted a single necessary word to complete the meaning.

"When a prize was offered for the best story describing Christ's changing the water to wine about one hundred papers were handed in covering from two to ten pages. The paper which took the prize was handed in by a young lady Sunday-school teacher and read as follows: 'The conscious waters saw their God and blushed.' There is not a single superfluous word and yet it is absolutely complete and well rounded," Dean Straub declared.

"What we want is something that when read once will make a deep impression upon the mind and will never be forgotten; something as striking as the above sentence in referring to the wine."

IDAHO TRYING TO GET SUITABLE HONOR CODE

U. of Idaho, Feb. 1.—A plan is being worked out whereby the honor system or honor code, can be adopted by the student body. This plan would provide for the honor system, covering cheating, not only during examinations, but all undesirable actions on the campus, and a student council to enforce the system of punishment.

The Castle

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