

# OREGON SUNDAY EMERALD

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## Informal Learning

To a great, great many of us here in college life, now and then, becomes pretty much of a mess. Now, by this we don't mean to be sophomoric and state that living is a sham and delusion, and that we have learned of all things and are weary thereof. Not so. The world in general is never so wrong as when it pictures the college student as a cocky, I-know-it-all sort of fellow, mentally indolent, blase, immensely irreverent.

No, the shoe is on the other foot. A thousand things strike on our faculties, demand attention and decision. Each day, each hour we have to wrestle with some problem never before met, erect a makeshift court and jury, and settle the question for better or worse. It seems that we are everlastingly at it; it seems that we are forever plagued with intensely personal problems; that there is never to be an end to the ceaseless march of difficulties and setbacks—all of which have to be settled somehow. That's the way we grow and get along in this school.

Beneath the surface of our daily living we are engaged in a decisive battle with environment and cold facts. Here, within these "cloistered walls" we lay the cement foundation for all of our life. It is sometimes funny to hear our deans and professors "crab" us for being lazy when we mull the day's lesson; they apparently forget that behind and below formal education comes another kind which grips us and holds us as no lecture, no text can ever, in a thousand years, do. Harry and Minnie have a scrap and both bat about .000 for the rest of the week in class. But that scrap is vital education! Two fraternity brothers approach the brink of physical hostility and patch the thing up by fraternal effort. And that is education! Some campus man is reported, by the grapevine route, to have passed beyond the social pale, and all the women mull the situation over. And, for them, that is education!

Of course this list can be carried to absurdity, and certainly we don't seek to displace the curriculum by a series of personal encounters. But the point is, it sometimes seems that this informal kind of education is not as fully recognized as it might be by our intellectual masters, if you please. No course can compare with the moral and ethical training we get by being jammed elbow to elbow with two thousand others made of the same sort of stuff. In getting along with each other we get a liberal learning not accounted for in the parchment degree.

## Personels

Because of a quiet week-end for student body activities a larger number of students than usual are visiting the home folks and friends. Portland has claimed the greatest number of visitors.

Edna Largent, Beatrice Tidd and Eva Russell from the Alpha Xi Delta house journeyed down to Cottage Grove Friday evening to visit Doris Sykes, ex-'23.

Dow Wilson, former member of the class of '20 and now a student at the medical school in Portland was a guest at the Phi Gamma Delta house last week. Wilson will be remembered as a former captain of the Oregon football team.

"The Importance of Keeping Fit" was the subject of a talk which Bill Hayward, university athletic coach, gave to a group of men at the Y. M. C. A. in Portland Friday.

University faculty members have been quite in demand the last few months acting as judges at debates among the various high schools of the state. Monday five instructors will be out of town for that purpose. Dean Eric W. Allen of the school of journalism, Prof. Melvin T. Solve of the English department and Prof. Alfred Powers of the extension division will go to Albany for the debate between the Albany and West Linn high schools; and on the same day, J. W. Benjamin and Peter Spencer of the University high school will judge the contest at Brownsville.

While participating in some exercises in a gymnasium class last week, Mariette Beattie, freshman in the school of physical education, injured her knee and has been obliged to use crutches.

"People go to the Shakespearean plays more for entertainment than for education," said Fritz Leiber, star in the Macbeth play given last week, in a talk given before the members of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon house where he was a guest for dinner Monday evening.

Alpha Delta Pi will have as guests at its formal next week, Miss Moreita Howard, graduate of '19, and Beatrice Crudson, '20. Miss Howard is an instructor in the science department of Franklin high school, Portland, and

Miss Crudson is teaching at McMinnville high school.

Mary Harris, an ex-student of the class of '25 is visiting at the Kappa Alpha Theta house this week-end. Miss Harris' home is in Portland.

After the lengthening shadows have submerged the daylight, some of the streets neighboring various campus sorority houses are said to resound to the rattle of roller skates on slippery pavements, accompanied by the delighted squeals of Oregon co-eds.

Margaret Stahl of the Alpha Chi Omega house has as a guest this week, her sister, Dorothy Stahl of Reed College, Portland.

The opportunities for women in the field of social service work will be the topic of discussions given by Miss Eleanor Thompson from the university school of social service before various groups of university women Tuesday.

Sam Thompson of Portland is visiting this week with his sisters Jessie and Chloe Thompson, two university students. Mr. Thompson is a graduate of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, New York, and is a member of Theta Xi.

Among the welcome visitors on the campus this week-end are Jorgan Holck of Denmark, Hans Teisler from Germany, Piet Hoest of Holland and Jasper King of New York. Mr. King and Mr. Holck are guests at the Phi Kappa Psi house, Kappa Delta Phi extended its hospitality to Mr. Teisler, and Mr. Hoest is staying at the Alpha Tau Omega house.

## HEARST GIVES GYMNASIUM

Fireproof Structure to Last 100 Years Donated to California Co-Eds

U. of California, Berkeley, March 1.—The girl's gymnasium, a gift of William Randolph Hearst, is to be erected upon the campus of the University of California. The building will be a fireproof structure and will be approximately 280 feet long and 70 feet wide and will be supplemented with wings and smaller units. Construction of the building will not begin before the summer months, states C. J. Struble, assistant controller.

## College Marriages---?

### O. A. C. Boys and Girls Give Institution of Marriage the Royal Razzberry

O. A. C., Feb. 28.—"College marriages are the 'bunk'." This is the verdict of 93 out of 100 persons, selected at random, whomever interviewed on whether or not they were in favor of underclass students taking the nuptial vows. "Co-eds are too good to be asked to share the poverty of the average college student," Merrill Good, the colonel of cadets, emphatically declares. "If you have lots of money it's different, but most people don't have the money." "Get an education or learn a trade before you get married," Percy Locey, football captain, advises the underclass student. "Most college sophomores don't even know what they are going to do to earn their living without being handicapped by the responsibilities of married life."

"Unless you're sure it's your last chance avoid entangling alliances," is the counsel given by Clarence Hiekoek, the winner of the national peace oratorical contest. "Peace and economic stability through your college life will be impossible with divided interests and foreign responsibilities."

Professors do not approve of college marriages except in unusual cases. Their main objection is that marriage keeps a person's mind more or less from their class work.

"A married student is handicapped in his activities," a political science professor asserts. "Assuming that I had as much money as the average college junior I would worry myself to death trying to support a wife."

"Marriage brings enough responsibilities to occupy a woman's time without trying to go to school," a woman instructor says. "Girls can't be successful housewives and students at the

same time. It's a physical impossibility."

Upperclass women also give college marriages the veto.

"Married students can't get the most out of either their marriage or their college life. Students should acquire an education and perspective of the world before getting married," a senior declares. "Married students outgrow each other. The people that interest you when a freshman have no appeal whatever for you when you are a senior."

But what about the ones who are in favor of college marriages? What about the three per cent?

"People are only young once," says Ab Surd, local humorist, who is firm in his belief of the success of college marriages. "While unconventional it is most convenient," he believes. "The best feature is that it provides a standing date. Think of the vast number of hours spent pouring over the telephone book and the commercial print! Two people can live cheaper together than they can apart. I know many college marriages that are successful to the last degree. In fact, many men would never get through college if they didn't have a wife to send them. Men spend hours of agony in arduous wooing and amorous advances. Marriage would do away with the evil of unclaimed blessings."

"The only good I can see in college marriages aside from the fact that it provides a means of a wife to spend her money," a well-known senior girl asserts, "is that it also provides good material for aspiring journalists to write about."

And that's that.

## WOMEN, WOMEN HAUNT COLLEGE MALE TO GRAVE

By Clinton Howard

The first phenomenon which the poor home-bred victim of the co-educational institution bumps up against in the early moons of his venture into the college world, is women. The second phenomenon he encounters is more women, and by the time he is through college, he has encountered most women!

Woe be to him if he be shy! Poor lad, he stands first on one leg and then on the other before the women he meets on the campus, and makes himself agreeable. He smiles seraphically in a high school manner, instead of the man-of-the-world fashion, which comes with the sophistication of college years, and stammers out an invitation to go canoeing, or maybe a date, "next Saturday night."

His conversation about the fireplace, with the men, at first consists largely of brief interpellations into the general conversation, to the effect that so-and-so is a nice girl, or a "keen woman"—but by the time he has reached his senior year, he should be an authority on all of the older campus women, and most of the freshman class. He should be able to pick a woman's line apart, and put it together again, and he should with ease, recommend "a darn clever dame" to the less sophisticated underclassmen.

He soon finds that a woman is but human; he, too, degrades the idol from her universal pedestal, and unconsciously elevates himself, the great "I," to her place. It is strange that he never finds out until he is forty, unless he is married, what an utterly foolish move this is, for it is not until then that he is classified as a bore. Society in general, dotes on egotism, accompanied by a springy step, and lots of young zipper, but gray hairs, even with a buttonhole in the lapel, are not congenial, unless it is purely a commercial deal.

Fortunate is the fellow who meets the right girl. Falling in love with love, and falling in love with a girl are good experience, and falling out of love is only the necessary corollary to the first two, for the preservation of sanity and soundness of mind.

Etiquette bureaus advise the use of great care, with regard to falling in love, but then most such bureaus are conducted by old maids or crabbed bachelors, who take one-half of a white digestion tablet after each meal.

When a man has gone through four years of women and quiz sections, he is not ready to fall in love until he meets the right woman—but when he does, there's one thing sure, even though the cigars aren't passed, he doesn't spend his evenings in a canoe up the millrace, sitting in one end of a canoe and talking to the lady on the other end, about the weather.

Another nice thing about meeting the right woman, whom the rest of the gang may remark is a "keen looker" is that with the recognition, the last hints of "gray and forty" with a buttonhole, vanish and one is certain that though one may be something of a dub, socially, the darling little tootsy-wootsy peach-blow will be the best of coaches, in straightening one out.

## Try Emerald Want Ads

A handsome, mysterious stranger breezes in to town—friends, watch you step!



Money! Money! Money! Everywhere—Book agents, bootleggers, bums and brides—all refused it. Nobody wanted it and least of all the handsome stranger—

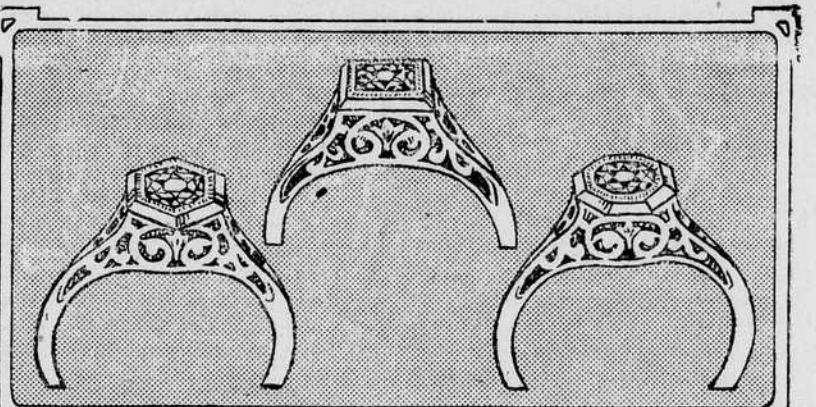
So won't somebody please claim this money and take it off our hands!

Special Reviews and Topics of Interest

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# Ye Campa Shoppes

On Willamette and the Campus

WHEN old Deady stood stark, alone in the moonlight, when trees grew just as they pleased where now brick buildings stand—back in the old days when classes were held by candlelight—

Then couples wandered at night, two by two, just as they do now—only there was no graveyard—no grandstand—not even the pleasant, canoe-able mill race.

John Steward, '80, and Mary Winton, '81, strolled out of the library of old Deady one

night when the moon shone big and bright. Romance was in Johnnie's soul, and by the light of that big, yellow moon, he thought he saw that same romance dancing in the blue eyes of Mary.

"Where shall we go?" Johnnie whispered as they slowly went down the steps.

"Oh, let's go home," yawned Mary. "I'm tired of just walking around!"

John and Mary went home. John was disappointed—horribly so—but then—what to do but walk around? And it did get tiresome.

If only they had had a Campa Shoppe where "something different" would have varied the evening. But trees and weeds grew where the Campa Shoppe now stands, and the now famous Towne Shoppe was still undreamed of.

Romance, even in the spring, fades for lack of "something different." The Campa Shoppe and the Towne Shoppe offer you variety, pleasing and satisfying, whether you want a good time or just something to eat or drink.