



# AROUND and ABOUT

IN VIEW OF THE RECENT DELUGE OF OUR MAILBOX BY MANUALS OF THE "WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE," "HAS THIS MAN COMMITTED A SOCIAL BLUNDER?" AND ALL THE REST—"SEND FOR OUR BOOK, NEATLY BOUND IN CALF, ONLY \$2.50—IN RE THEN OF THIS TYPE OF ADVERTISING WE COMPOSE THE FOLLOWING SONNETT:

In the Boston Back Bay District They trim their eyebrows high. But out in the West on the rolling plains Far beyond the choo-choo trains. If they ever trim their brows at all They trim them low and never tall. They eat their peas with the flat of their knives And rush from the table to fight for their lives. With the wild and wicked Indians. As for offering a beautiful lady their arm To play the young Lochinvar, and protect her from harm. If danger is near, while she trembles with fear

They grab her up; to the crup, And away they race At a fearful pace, Down the plain With might and main. Ho! ho! Ho! ho! Ho! ho! Ho! ho!

In the Boston Back District You may trim your eyebrows high You may smile over your Ovid And over your Hamlet sigh And we will tell the inquisitive That you never split an infinitive In the Boston Back Bay District

"SUCH A MESS," SAYS HEPZEBAH CONSTOVER.

"WAIT 'TILL IT'S DONE, GAL," SAYS HER PA.

A-beggin' Dean Lawrence's 'umble pardon, we would like to ask if the new arts court is a court of the old English type or a Spanish patio? Also are the ornaments Spanish or Italian? Somebody told us the other day that the Sociology and Architecture buildings would be succeeded if there was enough money left. Well, Dean, if our purse wasn't so thin we certainly would contribute to have that done. By the way, those tall windows facing the court on the second floor of the new building make us think of the windows of the royal palace in "Deception," the motion picture version, a la Germany, of the reign of King Henry VIII of Merrie England, and one of his wives, Anne Boleyn.

If you hitch your wagon to a star and miss connection going around a corner don't look for sympathy from the 1923 success cults. Turn to the ANCIENT CLASSICS!

Phaeton bold with a gallant way Chose to drive pa's chariot for one long day And away he hiked to ask his permission In the face of example and family tradition.

The permission obtained more by hook than by crook Old Father Time entered the boy on his book.

The kid rode wild The horses broke loose The waters of Neptune were doling and hot And the sea nereids swam about like fish in a pot. The trees down below burnt to a crisp And old Mother Earth could scarcely hlep.

When good father Jove From the Heavens above Let go of a bolt Which hit with a jolt Poor Phaethon.

By the waters of the west Where his poor body fell It was by the Naiads received And consigned to an ell For burial.

"HERE PHAETHON LIES IN PHOEBUS' CAR HE FARED. AND THOUGH HE GREATLY FAILED, MORE GREATLY DARED"

Should He Be Hot-Handed of Command. Ye Frosh Can Not Be Clever, You Know

One of the freshmen on the campus got rather brilliant the other day when he said that he won the Palling prize in Modern Government under a well-known campus instructor.

APROPOS OF EVERYTHING We'll knock, we'll boost where we see fit (We're glad to hear a come-back) But to the man who'll boost when he isn't sincere We wouldn't give a thumb-tack.

-C. N. H.

# THE SUNDAY EMERALD

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## Alpha O Grants Charter

ALPHA SIGMA, local women's fraternity, was informed yesterday morning that their petition had been favorably acted upon by Alpha Omicron Pi.

This is the fourth Alpha O chapter to come to the Pacific coast and the thirteenth women's national to come onto the Oregon campus. The other chapters on the coast are at Washington, Stanford and California. The granting of the Oregon chapter, which will be known as Alpha Sigma of Alpha Omicron Pi, gives the campus 25 national Greek letter organizations, 12 of which are men's fraternities and 13, women's. There remain also, one women's local and five men's.

Alpha Omicron Pi was founded at Barnard college of Columbia University in New York City on January 2, 1897. At present there are 25 active chapters in the national organization and two inactive members. Alpha Sigma chapter will be installed May 5. Alpha Sigma was organized on the Oregon campus in the fall of 1921 as a girls' local fraternity. Eight girls drew up a constitution for the new organization with the intention then of petitioning Alpha Omicron Pi. All of the original girls are now gone, however.

Informal announcement of the petition was made known in January of 1922. It was at this time that the

girls moved into the house they now occupy at 735 Patterson street. A formal petition was sent in last fall resulting in the favorable action made known yesterday.

The officers of Alpha Sigma are, Marion Crary, president; Margaret Seymore, vice-president; Wave Anderson, secretary, and Helen Hofer, treasurer.

There are 19 active women in the organization at present many of them Portland girls, although others come from many points on the coast. The members are:

Louise Odell, Dorothy Chaussey, Dorothy Cash, Eleanor Kilham, Evelyn Hogue, Helen Cantine, Leverna Spitzberger, Gladys Onstead, Inez Downing and Elinor Bachman, all of Portland.

Marion Crary of Aberdeen, Helen Hofer, Fresno; Margaret Seymore, Gardiner; Florence Moorhead, Junction City; Isobelle Hollister, Pasadena, Wave Anderson, Sand Point, Idaho; Margaret Livesley, Salem; and Violet Spraner of Beaverton.

Two members of the house were in last year's graduating class, Wanda Daggett and Betti Kessi, while Juanita Jackson and Gladys Royce, two other members are not in school at present although it is expected they will return for the installation.

## Opinion of Campus Day

By Art Rudd

SHALL Oregon eliminate the clean-up feature from campus day of Junior week-end?

This is the question that is occupying a goodly share of fireplace discussion and a question that will probably go before the student council this week for settlement.

The Junior week-end committee has proposed that Friday morning of the annual Junior celebration be devoted to a University rally, including the awarding of the paint "O's" to the freshman football men, the tug of war and the burning of the freshmen caps. This would leave the afternoon open to the athletic contests and would eliminate the usual congestion of early afternoon events on the Friday of the week-end.

Campus day started when Oregon was a school of a few hundred students and when the present corps of campus attendants was unknown. Those were the days when the building of the cement sidewalks was part of the campus day activities and when a little attention on the part of the students made a great difference in the appearance of the grounds.

As the institution has grown and caretakers have been added to the staff of the University, the clean-up work has become less practicable. For the last two years lack of organization has actually resulted in a certain amount of petty damage to campus property by the workers.

Advocates of the change are vehement in their declaration that the clean-up feature is a "small college

idea" and entirely unnecessary under the present scheme of having the campus taken care of by paid caretakers. They say that "preppers" are not interested in the cleanup and that inasmuch as Junior week-end is a time to "sell" the school to the visitors that the entire program should be devoted to their entertainment.

It is also believed that better support of Junior week-end athletics would result if some of the usual afternoon events, such as the tug of war, and the burning of the caps, were moved up into the morning. Heretofore none of the early afternoon activities have received the support of the entire campus due to the necessary division of the program features.

The group of traditionalists, which apparently is now stronger than those wanting the change, say with equal earnestness that we cannot abolish the old clean-up tradition without more consideration. Graduate Manager Jack Benefield declares that he can find plenty of work for ambitious student workers. The question remains, however, whether digging a ditch around a baseball diamond or cleaning rocks away from a driveway would be more beneficial to the University than spending the time showing the "preppers" the campus and a morning University rally.

The main argument for retaining the custom is that the influence of having all the men in the University working side by side in their shirt sleeves is a great democratic feature of Oregon life.

Junior week-end comes May 18-19. Oregon must decide at once.

## College Activities-How?

By Jessie Thompson

WHAT DO we go to college for, anyway?

Same old question. There's a man on the Oregon campus who's in a position to know. If he didn't have some pretty good ideas on the subject he would not be holding the place he holds in the life of the University.

In the comfortable living room of his home, a high light room with white woodwork and bookcases of many-colored books, President P. L. Campbell leaned back in his chair and talked thoughtfully about why it is, that students go to college.

"We come to college for the opportunities that are offered there, for more perfect self-realization," President Campbell began, laughing a little at the serious-sounding expression. He meant, he explained, that in college, students have a chance to develop all the possibilities of their personalities—of their eternal egos, so to speak. This, all persons are eager to develop, that by the way, is the reporter's way of putting it, not President Campbell's.

"Each individual, summarizes generations of ancestors," he went on. "Each generation has passed on some latent gift of activity, either physical, mental, aesthetic, or moral. Each one of those capacities is absolutely demanding realization in action. There is an urge from all past generations, a conscious or subconscious pushing forward of the individual to the development of all his capacities. It is this general urge that is pushing everyone along toward the most complete self-realization.

"The denial of that possibility," President Campbell brought home by his emphasis, "always results in some

measure of personal unhappiness." To avoid restlessness and unhappiness, a person—man or woman or college student—absolutely must develop the possibilities of his personality.

"Complete self-realization includes all the ordinary argument offered for education. It makes for capable, happy, well-rounded individuals, good citizens, and effective economic producers," the President said.

The question of college activities, during these remarks of President Campbell's, had been dawning in the mind of the reporter as a good question to ask a little later. Students are all somewhat on the defensive regarding this matter of college activities.

"The individual summarizes all the struggle, hope, and desperation of the race in past generations. The individual that became socialized always was the one that survived, for a group has a better chance for survival than an individual. But in order to bring about the existence of a group, individuals must have the social virtues—those of defending one another, living together comfortably, and so on. Therefore, selection has been by the social quality of the individual."

This is where the college activities come in.

"Every undeveloped faculty will cause unhappiness, and some part of college ought to represent all different phases of life. If one side is neglected the individual cannot be contented.

"Since social fitness is the most important factor in civilization, college life affords gymnastics in socialization," President Campbell asserted. "One of the very best factors in college

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## Poetry

SACRILEGE

As satyr has a foul and goatly smell So has an old man's kiss the taste of hell.

—Margaret Skavlan.

SWINE

Poor rooting, groveling beasts that feed on husks

Thrown through the bars— How can you, lifting up your muddy snouts, Blink at the stars?

—Margaret Skavlan.

"THE WAGES OF SIN—"

I am one with the dead, Pale as the shroud.

Passionless as the grave. Cast off by a woman, Drained to the dregs, Caught in the cleft cup,

Cursed of Eve, One with the dead, Pale as the shroud, Passionless as the grave.

M. M. N.

LIFE

Are we playthings of a destiny Whose ruthless, palsied hand Clutches at our frail conventions, Staining with its gray touch

All our sacred, revered shrines? Sacred! Yes, we shrink in horror At the nakedness of thought,

And we veil our impaired vision In a cloak of hopeful faith;

Then,—we grope with outstretched fingers To the edge of life's abyss

Where we totter o'er, and, sighing fall As a puppet in a show.

—M. D.

AFTERWARDS

Of what is love? Ye well may ask, No mortal has e'er guessed it.

Is't sympathy or kindness fond Which guides a lover's way? The thrill of beauty from life's vat

distilled As perfumes of the east? No, none,—yet all of these Combined with heavenly virtues

Mixed long in Satan's crucible Can only one small part of love define.

—We sip the deadly potion And, slipping life's cold chain we gaze With irony upon the polished chalice,

yes, And smile.

—M. D.

TO HELEN, BY AN UNKNOWN SHEPHERD

Below the hilltop where I tend my flock The mist-wrapped blue of the Aegean lies.

Here am I still, and here the very rock Where once, in time agone, with dream-dazed eyes

I saw you twining myrtle leaves to grace The perfumed glory of your crown of hair.

Beyond all fancied beauty was your face—

O Helen, of all women the most fair!

What fantasy had led you to disguise In simple robe of Grecian country maid To give the lad a glimpse of paradise

With whom by chance one afternoon you played? Your lips were as pomegranates richly red.

Your skin was warmly golden in the sun—

Ah, formed for love you were, and were you dead

Men still would call you the Desired One.

I wooed you with my flute. Mayhap my song

Wrought an enchantment pleasing to the ear—

For once your laughter echoed gay and long,

And once I saw a single jeweled tear. The baby fauns that dwell beyond the shade

Of yonder gently swaying citron wood Crept out to frolic in a little glade—

I heard them from the spot whereon I stood.

And at your perfect, rosy-sanded feet For you I heaped my only treasure up—

Fresh figs, wild honey—and we drank the sweet

Rich blood of grapes from one rude earthen cup.

I told you of the golden butterflies Blown earthward from the moon in dewy night—

I told you of the depths within your eyes—

I whispered words of rapture and delight.

I loved you Helen—held the very clouds You crushed beneath your heels as sacred things.

Low knelt I to the woman whom the gods

Had fashioned for the reverence of kings.

After you left the dream of you remained—

You were a prince's bride—I but a boy—

How can I worship now my idol—stained— Fled with another Shepherd Lad to Troy?

—Margaret Skavlan.

## Campus Entrance Plan

By Margaret Skavlan

THE PROBLEM of a suitable approach to the University—a gateway in keeping with the spirit and dignity of the institution—is suggested by the new plan of walks through the campus, the closing of roads through the grounds, and the laying out of a road from Eleventh street to Thirteenth bisecting the walk from Deady hall to Kincaid street as a main thoroughfare. The fact that the appropriation for the road and walks is included in the new budget adopted by the board of regents of the University might be regarded as one step toward the realization of the "Greater University," since it suggests the block plans approved several years ago.

A gate on Eleventh street as a starting point for the main artery would doubtless be in the nature of a memorial such as those at Harvard and Princeton. In Oregon there are gateways at O. A. C., and Willamette University. The one at O. A. C. is the gift of the class of 1917. However, here at Oregon there is the additional consideration of the neighboring land. The fact the railroad right of way lies just north of the campus buildings has caused some unfavorable comment because it has not been kept up, or suitable plantings made along it. A tourist passing through on the train sees an uncleaned space of old railroad ties and a thick growth of weeds.

If the railroad could be induced to part with half of its 30 foot right of way, a street could be made running east and west without injuring the oak trees, and a substantial railing could be placed between as a safety measure. A study of the diversion of traffic from Thirteenth street and Eleventh, and the development of the millrace would make the entrance to the University the point approached by street-car, train, automobile, and boat, and would

justify the building of a station of some sort.

"The idea of a gateway is an old one with the architects," said Ellis F. Lawrence, dean of the school of architecture and allied arts, when asked what possibilities there were for a suitable design. "A gate of brick and wrought iron in the colonial feeling—somewhat like Harvard's, was designed by Walter Church, one of the students and won a first mention in 1917." This gateway has four posts, such that it could be used as a gift from a succession of classes—one post from each class, if necessary. The placing would be made by two beautiful trees which the architect attempted to use in the plan to add symmetry. Opposite the gate would be an excellent focal point for a station.

The development of the millrace could be accomplished by the city of Eugene. Such a waterway could be made into an exceedingly beautiful park. There is already a city park commission. However, a city planning commission is needed to facilitate zoning, and prevent the encroachment of industry. Under the state law of Oregon such city planning can be undertaken. The commission would have the right to deny building sites to contagious hospitals, stores, shops, and undesirable industries using the water power.

"The laying out of a park would be a tremendous investment for the town," said President P. L. Campbell, when asked his views of the proposition. "The more beautiful the town becomes the more it will be visited by tourists, and the more it will be used for retiring people.

"There is the chance of making the millrace as famous in the state as the Columbia Highway. Life at Oxford and Cambridge centers around small

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## Similes in Philosophy

By Kendall Allen

TO THE city-dweller who on walking along the streets on a stormy night, has seen all of the arc lights at the corners go out precipitately, leaving the thoroughfares in almost total darkness, there has come perhaps a feeling of groping about for his way, and the speculation as to what affairs would be like if there were no guiding lights on the street corners.

To the child who has been raised carefully in a cultured home where the pre-requisite of modern contentment has been good lighting, the question of light when it grows dark in the world about has become a platitude of mechanical invention. Mother and father pay the bills to the man in the conductors cap who comes to the front door, every month, and the result is light at night-time, better than fire-light.

Short-circuiting of the electric system is something with which the child is usually only vaguely familiar. When that happens, mother and father either go to the front hall or the back porch and put in a new "fuse"—or call on the telephone for an electrician. It is a simple matter, ceal!

And concerning the child's games, later its studies, and later still, when it is well-grown, what of its University life? Take the college period. All of the work and play of the child's life has been conducted by the carefully superintended light of the home, but away from the parental wing, and unconsciously, provided cotton-batting, something usually goes wrong with the works. I say usually, because there are exceptions to every rule. What is happening, is that from the cow-pasture paths of the old Boston of the child's life, the light of conduct is adjusting itself to the Broadway of the modern Boston—the grown-up child.

No parents here, to pay the bills, and

call the electrician on the telephone. Quite the contrary, a repugnance has come into the mind of the man for electricians and all of their kind, who arrange everything so mechanically for mankind. The mind must arrange its own lighting system from now on. It is the law of nature. Perhaps it would have been better if there had been some intimation in the home of what was coming!

But above it all, and through it all, and in it all, every mind functions differently. Some openly and wholly adopt other's philosophies of adjustment, that you must put a certain fuse here, and a certain fuse there to get the correct lighting—and these go about wearing these philosophies like misfit overcoats. It matters little, whether or no it is the parental philosophy of lighting or a complete reversal which is adopted wholesale—it simply cannot be done satisfactorily. The sleeves and coat-tails get in the way when you want to work!

Some go half way and the result is a garment half way between an overcoat, and a tuxedo for evening wear. Still others discard all overcoats completely and go about their work in life, with their shirt sleeves rolled up—ready to beat up on the first overcoat salesman who approaches them. But late in life, when their work is slackening, still disdaining the offers of the coat salesman, they often resort to the parental closet of long ago, whence they pull out the family garment of shelter and wrap themselves in it securely against the storms of evening.

The human mind is like a huge vaulted library, privately owned, but open, at least in parts, to the public

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## Preparation for Honors

By Dorothy Kent

"HOW DO I study to get high grades?" repeated a co-ed when asked what her system of work was. "I find it best to give close attention to the lectures. I try to grasp the big fundamental facts and don't attempt to be too specific and make notes parrot-fashion."

"I am majoring in English literature so I always try to keep a little ahead with my reading; I really already have a big reading background which is practically essential.

"Yes," she continued, "I have plenty of time for recreation. I do most of my studying in the afternoon hours which leaves my evenings free. When studying, I concentrate as much as possible, but then—" she added apologetically, "I am only taking nine hours."

"I take full notes," says another honor student, "and I never rewrite them. I don't try to do all the outside reading. I try to read perhaps two references and depend mostly on the text book.

"It is most profitable for a student to pay close attention to the lectures

and concentrate on both the lectures and the reading. I often let the outside reading go until the end when it has piled up I find I can study harder and remember more under a pressure of work. I do very little night study, none after ten o'clock. I do most of my study in the library in the afternoon."

Ten or twelve other honor students when consulted on how they find time to make good grades and take recreation, say the same as the above. Concentration at lectures and when reading in the afternoon, more attention to the text book and less to outside reading; keeping up with the reading and attempting to put more facts in the mind and less in the note book and when it is time to study making that time count by close concentration is what these students all agree they have found to be the most profitable way to study. The high records that the 33 women and 20 men on the honor roll have made is a proof that the system works. It sounds simple, doesn't it? Why not everybody try it?