



# THE SUNDAY EMERALD

VOLUME XXIV.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, EUGENE, SUNDAY, APRIL 29, 1923

NUMBER 141

## AROUND and ABOUT

### THE ARMY OF LIFE FACES GENERAL DISASTER

The human race began  
With the birth of Father Time  
When the first primeval cell  
Crawled out of the oozy slime.

Father Time is old now  
The Race still goes strong  
If Father Time dies before we do  
Won't that make things go wrong?

### SHE'S STILL CAPABLE OF THAT IN THIS COUNTRY!

"Mrs. Heard in Europe"—Headline in The Oregon Daily Emerald.

### THE MUSE IN MUSIC

We have a woman near our house that  
screaches  
Her voice would freeze the summer  
peaches.

We have a fraternity near us that yells  
The boys they sing like fifty bells.

There's a trombone player near our  
house  
He handles a tune like a veteran sous.

There is a mill-race in this town  
From bridge to bridge it still flows down.  
Our patience we'll lose sometime and go  
the rounds.

With a gunnysack  
To hold these people while we drown  
them in the stream.

### WHY WASTE SPACE WITH THIS?

What did the President mean the  
other day when he referred to two of  
the deans as Young and Hale?

### DAY-DREAMING

Say, boy, why aren't you married  
To a princess with golden hair  
From the diamond blue waters of Venice  
With the heart to love you there?

Why don't you own tall Gothic towers  
Where money grows like wild flowers  
And cars run down the silver shutes  
Like giant veins from a big tree's roots?

Why don't you own the whole she-bang  
Of this old world—it would give a tang  
To life—but here you sit and dream away  
The silver hours of life's short day.

### OUR CAMPAIGN

Every now and then we get so en-  
thusiased over our own particular arrange-  
ment of the world and the universe  
in general that we feel that we would  
like to grab the reins of affairs for  
a short time and steer things our own  
way. Probably we will run for Dicta-  
tor of the University in the coming  
elections on the following platform:

Put varsity athletics on a sound  
basis and give the University a national  
reputation, in football, baseball  
crew, track, and one or two of the minor  
sports.

Boost doughnut sports even more  
than is being done, but with less em-  
phasis on house prestige.

Shut up all poets in the allied arts  
court and keep them there.

Raise the frosh on water and a wick-  
ed willow, instead of maintaining the  
tradition that they are raised on such.

Prevent the Editor of the Emer-  
ald from talking as if he represented  
the whole campus.

Present some of these advanced  
music students with sound-proof prac-  
tice cells at Salem.

Cease to regulate University conduct  
entirely and subserviently by "what  
the people of the state will think."

Wake up to the sterling worth of  
President Campbell.

Subordinate the policy "for the gen-  
eral good of the University" to the  
motto "for the present manliness of  
the members of the University, as well  
as for the co-operative good spirit of  
the institution with the state."

Provide comfortable lounging chairs  
about the nicotine tree for smokers,  
and overstuffed davenport here and  
there on the campus for the benefit of  
the piggers.

See that lights on the campus are  
put out between 8 and 10 o'clock on  
spring nights for the sake of the pig-  
gers.

Wherefore, then, after having sub-  
mitted my platform, I publish the fol-  
lowing questionnaire which I would ap-  
preciate if it were answered by as many  
of my readers as possible, and returned  
to me:

Name .....  
Mean Average Temperature? .....  
Nice Average Temperature? .....  
One lump or two? .....  
What's the matter with Arkansas? .....  
Whither are we drifting? .....  
(With thanks to prize-ante posters.)

### "HELP WANTED"

If any of you have a hunch  
Before breakfast or after lunch  
Write it down while you're still inspired  
And mail it to this columnist who's aw-  
fully tired  
Of working  
So he's going to take to shirking  
And round each corner lurking  
Hold up a sign, "Contributions wanted."

C. N. H.

## Students Sign Petitions

By Ep Hoyt

THE BOHLER-BOVARD controversy is at a standstill apparently. Dean Bovard of the school of physical education is playing his hand pat and since he is the dean of a school on the Oregon campus, the administration, or more pertinently President Campbell, is backing his play. This of course is as it should be for it is obvious that unless the administration was prepared to dispense with Dr. Bovard's services as the dean of the school of physical education he would rate a backing.

To put the case mildly it is unfortunate that Bovard deems it necessary to rid himself of a man like Bohler. For this man Bohler has the stuff, has it as few coaches have. With the stuff he instills pure sportsmanship into his players, sportsmanship that has won respect for Oregon from Tia Juana to Vancouver Island and a ways east. Men like George Bohler are not picked up in a day, they are men who grow more popular and justly so as the students come to know and appreciate what is being put over.

Furthermore he has instilled sportsmanship into the student fans, they have quit their razzing tactics. At games two years ago when George Bohler told them simply but earnestly to cease their bickering and ragging, there was perhaps a little resentment on the part of some of the personal rights exponents,

but the thing ceased and is today not inflicted on visiting teams.

As to the prospects for keeping Bohler at Oregon, they appear rather slim. The dean of the school of physical education has definitely committed himself to a definite act. He will make no statements on the case. Bohler it appears is passing, he is charged with lack of co-operation by the head of his department. He is passing and Oregon will lose.

Of course the petition is out but the petition is expected by students thoroughly conversant with the situation to do little save to give the students a chance to show their appreciation of George Bohler's work and to be by its very nature a protest against what is considered the untimely and unjust action of the dean of the school of physical education.

The petition which is now being freely circulated on the campus is expected to be signed by practically all the students, but even the warmest advocates of Coach Bohler hope for no direct benefit from it. It is held rather by the students who framed it to be an opportunity for Oregon men and women to go on record as consciously appreciating what he has done for Oregon and to further register a protest against the conditions that made it necessary for the dean of the school of physical education to turn him off against the wishes of the entire student body.

## Hotel---Pullman---Farm

By Art Rudd

WHEN the new student and executive councils take office next fall one of the problems which they will probably have to solve is that of housing glee club orchestra members while on tour.

It has been the policy in time past to "farm" the musicians out in the homes of the various cities visited. Except in cases where the host is a personal friend of the man entertained this practice is often a source of irritation to the people in the towns, to the students and especially to the student manager of the group, who usually has to make arrangements.

John Stark Evans, director of the men's glee club, objects strongly to "farming" his men out at places where they do not have personal friends. He declares, and is supported by the club generally, that the practice often makes the men appear as "objects of charity."

"The boys enjoy visiting personal friends or friends of the University when on their trips," Mr. Evans says, "but we do object to going into homes where people have invited us simply to comply with the request of a committee." He declares that several instances of "farming" the boys out during the recent trip into eastern Oregon but that these were all in places where the host or hostess had no personal interest in the club or the University.

Reverend Underwood, director of the University orchestra, believes that musicians should accept invitations to stay at homes only in instances where the in-

itation comes spontaneously and not as a result of a "campaign for rooms." During recent trips of the orchestra Mr. Underwood has always followed the policy of having the manager, the director, and the president live at a hotel.

George Hopkins, who directs the girls' glee club, believes the singers are better off at private homes when it is possible to arrange it without too much of a "campaign." He believes, however, that a Pullman car is the most satisfactory solution for the housing problem, as opposed to living at hotels.

The main argument in favor of "farming out" Oregon's musical organizations is the financial one. Experience has shown that unless the musicians are entertained by their friends or friends of the University that the musical groups are fairly sure to lose money when on tour.

It has been suggested that a Pullman car be chartered for the trips thus avoiding the problem of finding places to stay overnight. Student managers report that less difficulty is experienced finding meals for club members than beds. In fact people generally are glad to entertain folks at meals but often are unable to entertain them further.

To support a University musical group entirely out of student body funds would be a heavy burden on the A. S. U. O. finances unless the prices of concerts are raised considerably, is the belief of those who know. The situation presents a problem that undoubtedly must be considered before the next season of musical tours.

## Hayseeds and Knickers

By Hiram Hay Hicks

I ALLUS hankered for some o' this here higher edikation and so I sells the old farm and the old gray team and goes down to this yer college town. Wal, I gets off the train in this here place. Now I didn't know nuthin' about the town so I goes over to a boy standin' by the depo.

"Say Sonney," I say 's, "Where might the college be hereabouts?"

"He looks at me kinda queer, with a sneerish-like look on his face.

"Where do you get that sonny stuff" he says.

"Wal," I says, "When I was a little boy I wore pants like you got there, and I persumes that they still wears them."

"I want you to know that I'm a college man," he says sorta snippish like, an I almost felt like laffin' right out. "I'm a man. If you don't believe it feel the whiskers on my face."

Wal, I rubbed my gnarled old ham over his chin and woudja believe it? They was enough there to make a good mop and it was stiffern' the bristles in a wire brush.

"So y'are," says I. "But what is the idee of wearin' them breeches like that? I allus lowed that when a boy grew up he left them little breeches home for his little brother. Did you fergit this mornin' an' put on your little brother's breeches?"

The young feller got kinda red an' I thought I was gona get punched.

"No, these aren't my brother's breeches, if these are what you refer to."

He pats them breeches on the knee and twists a sock which was much too long an' looked like some granma nit me when I was young.

"What kinda pants be them there?" I asks.

"Those are golf pants, and all the

boys in college are wearing them. They are the natty things now. They use them on the golf links."

"Oh, them are the kinda breeches you use to hunt them there golf in," I says, 'beginnin' to see the light. "Don't none of them creatures ever git scared an' run when they see you with that riggin'?"

He laughed kinda ridiculous, but I went right on.

"Say sonny, you sure that ain't a seminary where you go?"

"No indeed! It's a real dyed-in-the-wool college."

"All woolen breeches like them, eh?"

"Why, these are the latest cut in men's clothes," he says, kinda indignant like.

"Yes," I says, "one more cut or so an' they'd look like the clothes of them there Fiji islanders."

"I sure wish the other fellows could hear you rave about these pants."

"Yes," says I. "I wish I could see some of the other fellows. I believe I'd get so ravin' that they'd have to put me in a cell by myself. Les' us go up there and see some of them other fellers. I allus did hanker for seein' curiosities an' things like that."

So we goes up to this here college an' we stands near the corner of a buildin' where we could see 'em as they flitted by. Then they starts comin' along. Jumpin' snakes! what a grist of 'em, and lots of 'em had on these short breeches, which the college boys says was knickerbockers. If they was as long as the name, they'd be the right length.

Anyways, they was little breeches of all colors an' all sizes. They was one big skinny fellow, which was bilt like a whip handle. He seemed to think

(Continued on page three.)

## Poetry

### SPRING RAIN

The rain is the sweetheart of the wind.  
He calls—  
She comes,  
Light-hearted,  
Gaily tripping  
Across the mist-curtained  
Rose garden.

H. L. S.

### APRIL

A dainty flirt  
Of her saucy head  
Sends silver beads  
Flying from her  
Shining hair,  
So straight,  
So black,  
So lovely.  
Smiling,  
She beckons me—  
I come.  
Retreating,  
She waves me  
Farewell.  
A flutter of  
Wind garments,  
A twinkling of  
Her flower feet  
A half blown wish—  
A kiss; wild rose petals in the rain,  
And April  
Has passed away.

H. L. S.

### THE OLD GYPSY

Ah, could I fling me down in this cool  
grass  
And close my eyes and let the dusk  
pass  
Into me. I am tired, so tired of roads—  
So tired of Autumn's flushing trees  
and lands,  
And vivid sky, the sun is dragging  
down  
Beyond the hill-line blue. But cryptic  
hands  
Tug ever at my heart and on through  
town  
And lane my unrelenting feet must  
walk.  
Ah, could I lay me down and pray for  
talk  
Of footsteps on a hearth.  
Yet onward! Cry the toads  
Through the wet peppermint. Full-  
throated larks  
Slide up the curve of sky; their wild,  
mad whistles  
Spin like spheres of color; pine-fires  
scatter sparks  
Upon the dusk; aslant drift ghosts of  
thistles  
Into nothingness. Creek-crickets wake  
and prick  
The earth with chirps. My heart, my  
heart replies,  
Ah, onward! White paths call; and  
bright trees nick  
The wind with falling leaves. The open  
skies  
Lift over. Soft the dusty—feel of  
trails,  
And wild the breath of loam where  
mottled snails  
Chart their slow way in silver.  
Onward! Far  
As gypsy eyes can see, and long as  
gypsy eyes  
Can cling, the pleasant world is mine;  
The silver mist, broad lake and slip-  
pered star,  
The quiet field where moonlight pours  
like wine;  
A trail that leads into the distance—  
black  
My feet must follow—there's no turn-  
ing back.

Walter Evans Kidd

### APRIL FROM A FACTORY WINDOW

Though a city lifts the factories high,  
And vomits smoke across the sun,  
April brings a song to squalid yards  
Where ragged children play and run.

In a push-cart, fly-speckled pears  
And figs that long for Syrian skies;  
In an orchid-box still colors flame  
Like wings of vivid butterflies.

By a dark and nauseating street  
Where traffic scraws and whistles  
scream,  
Silken-blows a tremulous cherry tree  
Like a white, immortal dream.

Walter Evans Kidd.

### LILITH

Once Cain the child of Adam played  
With gold-fish in a little pool.  
The demon-woman passed the cool  
Embowered glade.

His baby roundness of the child,  
The curls, his gurgles of delight  
Drew Lilith's eyes, and at the sight  
She stopped and smiled.

She smiled again, then nearer stepped.  
Wind tossed of hair, strange, amber-  
eyed  
She stood. Eve's son fled terrified.  
And Lilith wept.

Margaret Skavlan

### WHY, WHEN I WAS IN FRANCE—

"We dug into the back files of Life  
at the Library, the other day and read  
the American-France number, July  
1922. Listed there under popular mis-  
conceptions of the French by Americans  
was the fact that one hundred and fifty  
wronged working girls of Paris do  
not jump the Seine, nightly. We repeat  
it here for emphasis.

## Philosophy of Leisure

By Van Voorhees

THIS balmy air with all its scent  
of Springtime puts wanderlust into  
a man again.

While the earth warms and skys  
grow more serene the act of studying  
acquires a new distaste unknown a  
month ago. The joy of leisure urges  
thoughts along a pleasant way where  
lesson books seem asinine and fairest  
fancies play.

Spring is when Walt Whitman comes  
to bat!

Now you might think the faculty  
would proscribe this fellow Whitman  
and order his creed to be forgotten and  
his books burned in the senior foun-  
tain. Dangerous business for a chap  
to preach the doctrines of loafing, upon  
this campus in the month of April, you  
might say, yet there is one among us  
who dares to do it.

And shades of Stoics, he's a philo-  
sophy prof!

Dr. E. S. Bates of the Philosophy de-  
partment is this joy-bringing individ-  
ual and he is perfectly sincere about  
it, too, only his theory is not half so  
joyous as it sounds, once you look into  
it. For where Walt used the word  
loafing, Dr. Bates would substitute lei-  
sure and that is something else again,  
yes indeed. Dr. Bates would not have  
you loaf with your leisure, he would  
have you assimilate with it.

As an antitoxin for the turbulence  
of student life, don't you see.

Most of us skim through the text

just before we dash for the eight-o'clock  
and then scurry around the campus un-  
til time to rush home and cram down  
some lunch and fortify the flesh for the  
afternoon grind in which we plunge  
into the gym and scuttle out again,  
taking, day in and day out, classes  
and athletics and committee meetings  
and social gatherings at a gallop and  
leaving our minds as messy as dynam-  
ited featherbeds.

And when philosophy steps in to sift  
and arrange and tabulate things it  
finds it mighty hard going.

Dr. Bates means that leisure should  
assimilate the varied information, but  
Dr. Bates means something more,  
something nearer far to Walt's own  
heart. He means to indicate the value  
of vagabondry itself.

Now may I here intrude my humble  
self. For I put in twelve months of  
wanderlust not so long ago, and in  
the course of time I turned a critical  
eye inward. While not a paragon of  
virtues now, I lay claim to having been  
the prototype of worthlessness before.

My point is this: we learn when we  
assimilate, of course, and we assim-  
ilate those things only for which we  
have a need. We find no needs in high  
school and few in college. It does no  
good for anyone to tell us what we  
need; a need is something we must  
feel . . . . .

When the wind is chill and the sto-

(Continued on page four.)

## Oily Oil Hocas Pocas

By M. E.

AND IT came to pass in the age  
we live in, while rattling over  
the highway in some remote part of  
the universe (Oregon say) in our old  
chug wagon, the old thing stopped,  
snorted, gave one last grunt and died—  
no oil. What did we do? Simple. Got  
out of the bus, fished out our "swahusa-  
pexar" and went prospecting for the  
petrator of the oil tank, inasmuch as the  
tank was empty and we were many  
thousands of foot beats from the near-  
est filling point.

You don't need to cater to the oil  
magnates any more. There is oil some-  
where under the peripheral crust of  
the old sphere—somewhere, and they  
are perfecting gadgets to find that oil.  
Someday all we'll have to do is hop  
out of the bus, jab the gadget into the  
terrain, holler "Ookum Skukum" and  
the oil will come up in great gobs.

No doubt the "Ookum Skukum"  
rouses Vulcan, the Greek tin-smith to  
rise up and smite the old earth in  
the midrift and cause it to belch oil.  
Without doubt the hubs of the earth  
are fairly reeking in oil—so much of  
it in fact that the old thing is getting  
sluggish, and it may be a good idea for  
us to relieve it of a copious quantity  
of the oozy fluid. It may be well for  
us to drain the earth of the lucrative  
substance and roll in wealth.

Why, right here in our little valley  
we have oil. Right down under us  
somewhere there are gobs and gobs  
of oil, waiting for us to say the magic

word and it will then come to the sur-  
face in showers. The fertile plains to  
the south may suddenly become a vir-  
gin forest of oil tanks and derricks. The  
little basin may be converted into a  
great reservoir for the lifeblood of the  
earth. Why, the pipelines will lead in  
every direction, to all parts of the  
universe. The thrifty housewife of  
th Nile will fry her hubby's waffles on  
Oregon oil. Abber Dabber, up in the  
tops of the Himalayas, will run his snow  
refining machine on Oregon oil.

Why we will be noted the world over  
for our fair women, brave men, Hood  
River apples, Sandy River smelt and  
Oregon oil from the fields of Eugene.

But we have only been theorizing.  
We must hark back to the beginning  
of time when the old earth was but a  
mere speck, which bounding back from  
the pillars of Hercules, gathered into  
itself many stray fragments and so be-  
came the earth. Now when these frag-  
ments came together they inhaled air  
and this air turned to oil. Now this  
oil sloshed around in there, sloshed  
from side to side. Then the old sphere  
began to contract and the oil began to  
be squeezed and in some places it was  
squeezed tighter than others and it  
was squeezed out of these places into  
other parts.

Now by the looks of its surface,  
this little valley of ours looks as if the  
planet Mars had come down and batted  
it in the solar plexus with his mace

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## Olson Versus "Ology"

By J. W. A.

EVIDENCE seems to indicate that

there is little possibility of a com-  
mercial supply of petroleum being found  
within the limits of the Eugene Quad-  
rangle," says Hubert G. Schenck, a  
graduate student in the University de-  
partment of geology who this year is  
making a detailed report of seven  
years' study of this region as the the-  
sis for his master's degree. The state-  
ment was part of the report issued yester-  
day morning of the Condon Club,  
which consists of members of the fac-  
ulty, and graduate and advanced stu-  
dents. The report was made in answer  
to criticisms of University geologists  
made recently by Dr. David Olson, of  
the Olson Syndicate, which has taken  
leases on 3000 acres of land near Eu-  
gene.

Schenck points out that the struc-  
ture of this area is "a monocline of  
sedimentary rocks and interbedded rhy-  
olite and basalt." Monocline means  
level. "At no place has an anticline  
or syncline been observed," he con-  
tinues, which means that the under-  
lying strata do not lie like furrows in a  
plowed field. Geologists say that com-  
mercial oil is always found in the lat-  
ter type of formation.

"No oil seepages have been observ-  
ed," he says. "Not even has any oil  
shale been found."

Dr. Warren D. Smith, head of the  
department of geology and former head  
of the Philippine Bureau of Mines, said  
that if the work of geologists was not  
reliable big oil companies would not  
be hiring them.

"Dr. Olson's statement that oil mi-  
grated by means of veins from South  
America to Alaska, by way of Mexico,  
California and Oregon is confusing, to  
say the least," says Homer A. Wise,

an advanced student in the department.  
In the first place geologists do not be-  
lieve that oil is found in veins, such mi-  
gration is highly improbable because of  
the fact that the Siskiyou Mountains  
in southern Oregon, a huge mass of  
granodiorite, would probably act as a  
barrier to such hypothetical veins of  
oil, and it is hardly reasonable to sup-  
pose that such veins could exist for so  
great a distance. Volcanic action  
would make such a thing impossible, it  
is pointed out.

Dr. Olson in a meeting recently  
branded the Darwinian theory of evo-  
lution as "foology" thereby arousing  
the ire of University geologists. Ian  
Campbell, graduate student recently  
awarded a scholarship at Northwestern  
University, answered this attack.

"It is evident that in spite of his  
many degrees Dr. Olson has never had  
a good course in biology or historical  
geology or he would not be confounding  
Darwinism and evolution," says Camp-  
bell. "Evolution is an accepted theory  
—scientists from Huxley to Henry Fair-  
field Osborn have accepted it. Darwin-  
ism was only one of many scientific  
attempts to explain the mechanism of  
evolution."

"Evolution does not undermine reli-  
gion, though it may wreck a superstitious  
theory. Only an evolutionist can  
fully appreciate the glory of the Cre-  
ator and the grandeur of Creation."

Dr. Olson's attack on evolution was  
characterized by Campbell as "un-  
christian and unscientific," and points  
out Dr. Thomas Condon, first professor  
of geology at the University, as proof  
that science and Christianity do not  
clash. "Dr. Condon was not only a  
great geologist and paleontologist, but  
he was a minister of the gospel as well."