

OREGON SUNDAY EMERALD

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Belligerency Doesn't Pay

There isn't a great deal left unsaid about this athletic situation; the dean of the school of physical education knows pretty much how the student mind runs; the administration surely knows it, and in another day or so a more tangible evidence will confront these people. At that time our case will have been presented.

Yet, when all has been said, the written and quoted opinions which have appeared in the Emerald have all been very, very mild. Much milder, in fact, than the fireplace discussion has been. In some respects students are merciful in their published statements. Although mature people sometimes doubt our mental balance, we poor oafs who inhabit these walls do consider that nearly every question has two sides. Invariably we distrust our own first formed impressions, believing that something should be heard from 'em as well as from pro.

It might surprise some faculty members, however, to know the sources from which we get accurate information. It might surprise them to know the fairly accurate estimates we are able to put on a man's character. Thirty men, sitting around a round table can come fairly close to the truth. This is to say that we are just a bit better posted on this Bovard-Bohler case than anything we have said would indicate; and we have been mild in what we have said.

We know that running a department is a difficult thing; it requires on the part of the dean, tact, diplomacy, and a realization that it takes more than one man to make a school. Lacking this sense of team play no department head will ever be successful at Oregon. To be entirely frank, we students believe that the dissension in the P. E. school during the last two years or more has been due in a measure to a too belligerent attitude on the part of Dean Bovard toward the members of the athletic staff.

The Old Order

It makes little difference that the Junior class abolished clean-up day. It does not even matter much that the student council discussed it, pro and con, and that the senior class lent its august opinion in favor of maintaining the function. When a tradition outlives its usefulness, it dies, and seven times seven thousand organizations can not bolster it up, nor can they infuse it with a new vitality. Inevitably it passes out, replaced by a better, more genuine display of student sentiment.

Oh, of course there may still be a plentiful supply of dandelions to be plucked on this day of clean-up. Walks may yet be gravelled, and decrepit fences always exist to be torn down. But the campus has an efficient staff of men to do that work. It is not the same now as in the year of 1907 when the clean-up was really a big aid to the appearance of a small and financially pressed school. "Them days is gone forever"; a new kind of atmosphere now is come upon us, and we had better seek to find new acts which will best express this atmosphere.

And though it may seem like base slander and pure ingratitude, one might venture to guess that the superintendent of grounds is rather glad we abolished clean-up. He can leave the campus on that day with the sweet feeling that all the buildings will still be up on his return.

H. G. Wells on Reading

H. G. WELLS, in his article, "What Everyone Should Read," in the May issue of the American magazine, advises everyone to read history every year and every month in his or her life. Mr. Wells makes startling digressions from the usual formulas submitted by critics, and instead of presenting a long list of the 100 best books, or the books everyone should read, states in a few words what in his estimation, is essential in the choice of reading.

In selecting history as a necessary part of every person's reading, Mr. Wells further states that this history should be universal, but that everyone need not necessarily read the same universal history, choosing rather the type of history most interesting and living to one's self and follow it from book to book irrespective of the taste and advice of others. Mr. Wells explains his purpose for writing the famous "Outline of History" by saying that he considered a summary of the big events of the world necessary for busy people who do not have the time to read voluminous works.

The second law for reading is to read a newspaper, says the historian. At this point he pays a tribute to American journalists and newspapers, comparing them with the British in these terms: "The American dailies, on the other hand, increase steadily in dignity and range and impartiality of the news they give." Such weekly newspapers as the "Scientific American" and "Nature" of London, are recommended by Mr. Wells as enabling the individual to keep in touch with the advance of human knowledge and achievement.

Biography is included in Well's read-

ing suggestions. "For everyone there must be some personalities recorded in biographical literature who have a sufficient appeal. Everyone should hunt for his or her affinities," says the writer. Everyone should read what lays hold of his or her mind, ancient writings or modern, praised writings or banned writings."

Only two specific books are named by Mr. Wells for everyone to read. These are the Gospels of Plato's "Republic," and are chosen because of their fundamental, social and political ideas.

For Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe or any other of the great names which he says are so often imposed upon the young person as inevitable, Wells says "try them." He sees a possibility of their being flat or dead to some and perhaps to many persons. He declares they have been rammed down people's throats and forced upon the young. He sees no reason why the people who can find for themselves the beauty of the flower or the lyric notes of a bird's song, should need to read Shelly and call a nightingale a Philomel unless he wants to.

As for novels, Wells favors them in so far as they help the individual in his questionings, but he believes that there is no one novel at all that everyone should read.

His conclusion is that everyone should pursue his own individual interest, read what he can and as much as he can.

PLEDGING ANNOUNCED

Phi Sigma Pi announces the pledging of George Belknap of Moro.

Sprigs o' Catnip

By J. M. T.



There's one thing gives Professor Howe A never-ending thrill.

In class a careful watch he'll keep, And when you dream, or go to sleep, He calls on you, and you feel cheap. He prob'ly always will.

The cynic souls of seniors find A food for thought delightful, In thinking how when they are gone Their lack will be found frightful.

Some people have suspicious minds. Alas, that this is true! Some dirty work they always see Whoever runs for office. We Object to this. Don't you?

They set forth in his red canoe, Their hearts all primed for pigging. But she got nervous—some folks do— And took to wildly jiggling. So then he left the quarterdeck, And began to climb the rigging.

The Editing Class spent an hour in tears, On Friday, their ten o'clock. In order to teach them the ways of the world,

So it wouldn't be such a shock When they left these peaceful campus scenes.

The hour was spent in reading News stories of murder and gruesome death,

Till their tender hearts were bleeding. Sobs shook their callous journalist calm,

When they heard of murders gory. But now when they're launched in the cruel world, Such things won't be a new story.

Building on Parnassus

By Kendall Allen

BY THE waters of Babylon wrote the old testament scribe, we sat down and wept. And yet it was by those very waters that those immortal Psalms of David, the greatest literature in the Old Testament was brought forth.

And so it seems to me it must always be with literature. It is in the land of captivity, where the devotees of the cult of literary first-worshippers dream of their home land flowing with milk and honey and crowned with a marvelous temple the work of the master of the word-masons of the ages, that true literature is born.

Like the platonic vision of the world of perfect being which is but imperfectly reflected in the being of this world, so the sort of writing that is worthy in any way of the name of literature is an attempt in some way successful, to catch the soul of the ages—a vague glimpse of the well-nigh forgotten home-land. Like a sunbeam wandered far from its usual course, it has fallen into the mind of some mortal in this Babylonish world who is capable of transforming at least some of its yellow light into molten flowing gold for his fellow men to see. No wonder good literature stirs us!

Robert Lynd in his volume, entitled "Books and Authors," points out that the critic must believe that literature is a great temple in the process of building since the dawn of human culture. We might well continue the simile, too. Still are the great blocks of Aegean marble being hoisted into place, not by the straining and tugging of a thousand brawny shoulders but by the spiritual laboring of a few disciples of the Muse. Still, to the fluted cornices and the delicate carvings of the buildings are being executed in the high places and the less conspicuous nooks and corners. Nor are all the achievements of literature memorialized in the great temple erected to the Muse. The surrounding grounds bar witness of her spiritual presence and inspiration of mortals.

Might we not borrow Carlyle's sim-

ile of the great rivers of Homer, and Dante, Shakespeare, Milton that flow by at the foot of this Mount Zion of the pen? Deep, and still, with a strange unearthly grandeur, at times, their waters flow, and in their limpid depths, is reflected the white colonnade and the delicate frieze of the temple, far above.

In the wooded dales and groves back of the temple are a thousand and one little springs of refreshing cooling waters, awaiting the pleasure of the pilgrim here.

The stillness of these parts is broken by the hammers of the workmen, the sound of the chiseling of the blocks, each to fit in its proper place—and occasionally the death cry of some unfortunate workman who is crushed by the great weight of the vrey block which he was hoisting into place, and which slipped back and fell upon him. Accidents, it seems will happen, and even works motivated by the celestial Muse sometimes crush their author and parent with their own great mismanaged weight.

On the baked bricks, in the stone carvings of Ancient Egypt, on the white papyrus of Homer's Greece, through the yellowed parchments of the Middle Ages, down to meet Gutenberg at Mayence, and from thence to the great quintuple presses and electrotyping outfits of the modern day, the record of the seasoned rock of the classic temple has been borne. And of the cost—who dares to ask? Sacrifice to the Muse is received by the Muse alone, and the pains of birth and the attendant strain on the author are forgotten in the joy of the recovery of one more beam of celestial sunlight to the world.

MIGHTY LAK
A ROSE
Starts MONDAY at the REX

MARTIN JOHNSON'S "Trailing African Wild Animals"

The most exciting wild animal picture ever taken—two years in the making

☐ A herd of wild elephants in a mad stampede.

☐ Man eating tigers springing before the very lens of the camera.

☐ The mighty lion stalking its prey.

☐ A host of strange, wierd animals of all sizes.

The Honest to Goodness Thrill of a Lifetime

A BRAND NEW METRO SUPER SPECIAL, SHOWING BEFORE PORTLAND AND SEATTLE

The CASTLE Even for this feature HOME OF THE BEST our prices will not vary

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY

Society Brand Clothes



if you answer "Yes" to any one of these questions - - - this is your store!

- 1st. like huckleberry pie?
- 2nd. hate a menu printed in French?
- 3d. ever say things under your breath when the breath goes out of a tire?
- 4th. kick like a steer when the wife makes an engagement for you with the photographer?

you did? - - - that's fine - - - now come and see this store full of Men and Merchandise that are as human as "Away Down East" and as American as "Ham and Eggs."

that's the kind of an institution this is, 365 days in every year!

Green Merrell Co.

men's wear
"one of Eugene's best stores"

Ye Knight's Tale

☐ If good Dan Chaucer would write, were he in Eugene today, he would deal with the excellence of Ye Towne Shoppe and Ye Campa Shoppe and not much with tales of fair ladies.

☐ Long would he dwell on the sundaes, pies and cakes that are specialties with these two shoppes. But even Chaucer could not do them justice.

☐ Were he to tell of a pilgrimage he would speak largely of ye twin taverns—

Ye Towne Shoppe

DOWN TOWN

Ye Campa Shoppe

ON THE CAMPUS



Pearls make the Gift Supreme

FOR WEDDINGS, BIRTHDAYS and other occasions the gift which will be most keenly appreciated is the beautiful necklace of pearls. The natural beauty of La Tausca Pearls will be a constant source of pleasure and pride.

Luckey's Jewelry Store

