



# AROUND and ABOUT

A TALE OF HEARTS

In the warp and the woof  
Of life, here's the proof  
Reginald Simpson de Baul was a goof

In college life, through college years  
He made the girls weep salty tears  
By playing on their love and fears

He held great fame in women's hearts  
But far ahead he saw the tar  
At auction in political marts  
Alas, alack, poor Yorick lost  
His fame was in the breezes tossed  
His hearts and tarbs he paid the cost.

## OREGON'S "TAP" DAY

Friars and Mortar Board are fast coming to mean to Oregon what Wolf's Head, Scroll and Keys, and Skull and Bones, three senior honor societies mean to Yale. As the years pass, too, students and older and younger generations who have cultivated the habit of insight will see that the hanging of the Scroll and the pinning of the flowers means more than appears on the surface. It is sometimes a pertinent question whether the honor of such elections is appreciated more by those who cheer or by those who are not.

## A COLLEGE TRAGEDY (?) COMEDY (?)

Minnehaha  
Kissed her papa  
"I'm going to college," she said.  
—News item, six weeks later—  
Minnehaha  
Girl of Hehohaha  
Was married today," it read.

## FOLLOW THE LEADER

(A play in one act.)  
PREFACE  
(After St. George B. S.)

Ever since we have been a child (speaking of our University life) we have heard much about the "Colonel." Like the headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow, he belongs somewhere else, but he has been so much with us that we cannot let him go from us. It would be the same if Villard hall lifted its Virginia Creepers and Boston Iviens out of the mud and decided to take a trip to India. The "Colonel" is indigenous and his frequent "homecomings" are symbolical of memories of the "good old days at Oregon."

## ACT I

—Directions for character—  
Pound 'em on the back  
Squeeze 'em 'till they yell

(Speaks .....)  
"Why there's the same old railroad track—  
Eh, glad to see YOU, Nell."

(Stage setting .....)  
Villard Hall  
Et al.

(Speaks again .....)  
"Bally fine,  
—Lot's of time—  
To see the meet—"

(Second party speaks .....)  
"Ouch, my feet!  
Life's too tame,  
Duel ya' Colonel,  
With my cane."

(Third party interrupts .....)  
"Colonel, my name—"

Fourth party interrupts .....  
"Colonel, my daughter—"

(Fifth party interrupts .....)  
"COLONEL, you'd ought'er—"

(Chorus chortles forth, led by the Yell Leader as the curtain falls.)  
STAY HERE!  
We humbly petition  
That you take your position  
As a CAMPUS TRADITION.  
The End.

## THERE ARE NON-INTERCOLLEGIATE SPORT COLLEGES FOR THOSE WHO LIKE THEM!

And yet after seeing the Varsity leading our rivals, Friday by almost two feet in the bar vault, not to mention all of the rest of the track meet, there are some on the campus who say that intercollegiate athletics are a detriment to a university. Why, of course it would be a dirty shame for Oregon to break a world's record, on her own campus, at that, wouldn't it? Varsity athletics have done a big part in building up American colleges. We do not ordinarily favor suppressing the Bolshevik by throwing bombs at him, but in this case we are tempted to gently but firmly drown these people in the Race. If we merely showed them the gate, they might do more harm elsewhere.

## THE SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY

I'll shed big tears," the Walrus said  
"Exams are comin' fast!"  
"Too bad," the Carpenter shed a tear,  
"The Dean'll get you at last."

—C. N. H.

# THE SUNDAY EMERALD

VOLUME XXIV.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, EUGENE, SUNDAY, MAY 20, 1923

NUMBER 159

## You Know That Cleo's Pose Won Caesar?

By E. J. H.

A BODY is a body; the Lord gave it to us; we have to go through this everlasting vale of half-fair days with it; we are born in it and we die with it; no single act of our while career but is influenced by it. This being so, who do we not take some sort of pride in it?

It is a strange thing that a woman will be careless of her posture; that she will powder and tint, maezel and kalsomine, all with a skill worthy of a Rembrandt, and then, being fully slicked up for the evening, step out with a carriage which would not do justice to a broken-down truck horse.

It is strange that the average man, who has far less to gain or lose by his appearance, will slave in the gym to pull out his chest, narrow a waistline or put on a more rotund bulge in biceps and deltoids.

The average girls actually seems to be slovenly in this one respect.

The stoop and the slouch are physical attitudes indicative of the weary, the infirm, the aged, and the professional. In the first three states the body bends from weariness of muscle; in the last instance, intellect seems to have gotten out of kilter with every other part of the anatomy, either as a matter of laziness, professional disease, or from sheer scorn for the more corporeal aspects of existence.

We might say that the slouchy professor had a case of desk rickets; again it might be swivel-chair spavin. But let's get off the faculty. It is

not to them that our attention is turned anyway; and as a matter of fact, any amount of correction would not be appreciated by these people if offered. What they seek is only to be left alone, forever and for ay. Whatever that last phrase means.

So, in our salvaging of broken arches and slipping spines let us turn to the pliable victims—the students who walk, dance and sit wrong. For, says the Woman's department of the P. E. school, too many women go mooching around the campus as living and breathing specimens of "How not to do it."

By the way, if any men have read this article thus far, stop here. It is intended for women only. At ease, fall out! Sorry to have bothered you.

Slinkers and leaners, hipped and sway-backed, ewe-necked and cricked—there are entirely too many of our sweet, but nevertheless intriguing, maids whose frame work is tortured into some one of the before mentioned outlandish shapes without the least justification therefor.

It is a far remote cry from the days of the Greeks to now; in those days they had no derby hats, no doughnuts, choker collars, corsets, French heels, or vests. A fried cheese sandwich, a piece of apple pie, and mug of java would probably have killed Agamemnon, or any of their stoutest warriors. And in those days the body was something akin to a sacred temple. A sacred temple as it once was. Today we

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## Goose Step and Oregon

By Van Voorhees

LEST Mr. Upton Sinclair be cheated of the notoriety he so patently desires, it is just and fitting that every university daily in these United States should burst out in a tirade of aspersion and vituperation, calling down the curse of Allah on his head.

For Mr. Sinclair has taken some rude cracks at our universities. In his own delightful way Mr. Sinclair swings a wicked broad-ax, lopping off a Deady here, there a Villard, smashing windows, hamstringing the scenery, and pausing at last to gaze with mingled pity and disdain upon the tangled wreckage, fleeing students and abashed professors.

Mr. Sinclair says the universities are outposts of conservatism, maintained and operated by bloody-handed capital. Hisses and cries of "shame."

Our friend could well have listened in on our modest sociology department, before he wrote the "Goose-Step."

It is easy for an eye delicately attuned to nature to observe the ivy creeping up over the wall, enveloping it, throttling it, ever binding it more firmly down. Our minds, thinks Mr. Sinclair, may represent the wall, and capital's conservatism, the ivy. But he must realize that walls, so different from youthful minds stay put.

Universities are presumably engaged in educating thinkers, not landscape gardeners.

Like a good Samaritan, the income tax discussion come along to refute our Mr. Sinclair.

The Oregonian, assuming a thoroughly capitalistic attitude, wishes to defeat the income tax. Making the widest appeal

it brands the tax as a joy-crushing burden on the little fellow. In news, cartoon and editorial it puts across the theory that the income tax was foisted on us all by capital.

Jimmy Gilbert takes the stand and says the income tax is ailing since it doesn't hit the little fellow hard enough. Sinclair would say that with the twenty million dollar fight upon its hands, and knowing that the sum must come from capital, the faculty would take a reef in Jimmy, and call him back and make him depose and say that somehow he must have been mistaken.

And does this come about? Nay, nay, the university is solidly upholding Jimmy. One of Upton's failings is that he is not content to paint a thing as dark, or a rich chocolate brown, or anything but the most extreme jet black. And it must not be pink or rose color, but a vivid crimson.

He would say about the regents: "Let's see, one timber broker, capitalist, one judge and one lawyer, ditto, since the courts are run by capital, one really broker, as above, two bankers, shocking, one stock man, an employer himself, one editor, supported by capitalistic advertisers, one minister of a property-owning church and one housewife, influenced for capital by her husband."

Then he would glow with pride for having so eliminated every one.

If Upton were a titan blond, which he is not so far as I can tell, to him the world of all mankind might be divided into red-haired people, and everyone else. His complaint is, most of us are out of step with Upton.

## In Reply About "Friars"

By Kendall Allen

"THE PLEDGING of the Friars was very startling to me," said a student on Friday evening of Junior Week-end. "I also got a great wallop out of it. Lo and behold, I suddenly saw these black-robed figures coming along the path towards me, with old King MacGregor at the head, carrying a piece of brass.

"And then pretty soon I came around again and saw that they had chained the brass to a tree. Ye Gods! You would think the thing was gold-plated."

And so the cynic spoke. "It made me think of fetishism," he said. The question in the mind of the listener as the cynic orated upon the prominence played by fetishism in human events was whether or not the man saw anything more in the semi-annual election of the Friars, than the black robes and the brass scroll. Apparently he did not.

In that case he should have discarded for the moment his cynical man-of-the-world attitude and have read Mary Raymond Shipman Andrew's little book entitled, "The Courage of the Commonplace." In that small volume the author draws a vivid scene of the "Tap Day" at Yale where each year in the spring the Junior class gathers under the trees of the old campus at five in the afternoon. Solemnly, with honest intent, the members of the three senior societies, "Skull and Bones," "Scroll and Keys," and "Wolf's Head,"

pick their way among the crowd of tense anxious Juniors to "tap" the 45 outstanding men in the class who are to "carry on" for the societies during their senior year. A hand is laid on the shoulder of the first man as the chime on the campus clock tower booms five o'clock. One man has gone—Skull and Bones—two, now three, four, ten—twenty—thirty two, forty two, forty three. Only two men are left now to be picked and the great crowd of Juniors and visitors always attracted for such an affair wait in silence. There's one—forty-four, and then the last man feels a hand on his shoulder and the order, "Go to your room." It is all over.

The 45 men have been picked; the retiring members have made in the main, a wise choice, choosing to honor the men who have shown "the most" in their college life. Youth is an astonishingly good judge of character, and such societies are not useless. The "Tap Day" at Yale as often has proved a turning point in the life of the one hundred and forty-five Juniors who were not selected, as it has in the lives of the forty-five "fortunate" men.

One thousand miles of prairie, across three great ridges of mountains, the "backbones" of the continent, settled in a little river valley in western Oregon, a young University is developing the same sort of a tradition. Long may that tradition live and thrive!

## Poetry

### GENOA—STUDY IN GOLD AND BLACK

(A Preface to a Biography of Christopher Columbus.)

The sky's golden dome is asleep.  
Over the blue Mediterranean, lulled by  
the haze of summer,  
The yellow sails of the ships hang limply.  
Heat waves, the little gods of golden  
fire

Dance over the water.  
A light breeze stirs the uppermost sails  
And as evening falls a cool wind is  
blowing.

Blowing from the blood-gold sun up  
to Genoa;

Flowing up to the dock at Genoa  
The wind bears the yellow-sailed craft.

An hundred ships in the bay  
Pallid in the moonlight,  
Lie awaiting the morn

When the little carriers, dashing madly  
From shore to boat and from boat to  
shore

Lighter the cargoes ashore.  
The little lights on the ships glare yellow  
The beacon light on shore is the eye of  
a golden god.

Morn, and the sun breaks bright over  
the blue Genoa bay.  
A thousand rays of light dart over the  
water

To the horizon's furthest edge.  
With the morning comes the sound of the  
cargoes shifting.

All the varied cargoes of the world come  
to Genoa.  
The Orient has sent her spices to Genoa;  
The Northlands have sent furs to Genoa.  
Genoa is a fat man lolling in his gold.

It is a golden sun that gleams over  
Genoa,  
But the shadows which lie in the streets,  
The shadows which follow every boat as  
strong arms skillfully row toward  
shore  
Are black.

Pull on the oars with straining back  
Muscles taut and strong hands set,  
Pull to the shore with varied stack  
Of merchandise for the fat man on shore.  
Dash through the waves with gleeful  
shout

Bring in the cargoes from the ships  
To the shore, and turn about.  
Into the lap of the fat man pour your  
gold.

On the furthestmost edge  
Of the furthestmost dock  
Stands a youth.

Eyes aflame with the light of the sun,  
Hair tossed in a wave of fire by the  
wind from the sun,  
Hand-a-tremble with the excitement of it,  
Watching the lighters that scurry and run  
From the gold sailed ships to the old  
gorged town . . . .

And his dark shadow lies restless on the  
sea.

### SEEING THE CIRCUS FROM IRVIE'S PLACE

(NOTE: "Irvie's Place" is one of the typical small-town pool halls inhabited by the high school youth.)

The air grows hotter.  
Irvie's Place is crowded,  
And between the fast-diminishing  
Bottles of soda water,  
And the mutterings  
Of the dice,—

Talk flows about last year's  
Circus,—  
And its "wild woman."  
At the first groan  
Of the imported negro band,  
The rendezvous is emptied.

"I Used to Call Her Baby—";  
Endeavoring to jest  
Its occupants justing one another,  
To the main street;

Whence the sounds of agony  
Proceed.  
The age of each successive lady  
Caged with the various animals,  
Is taken and recorded,  
And choices made.

The validity of Prince Mongo  
Is judged,  
And not passed upon.  
Questions are hurled  
At the passing clowns;  
The answers lost  
In other queries.

Then when the calliope appears,  
Seeming to drive  
The straggling procession onwards  
With the lashes  
Of its hideous shrieks,—  
The physics of its how and why  
Are discussed.

Until the advance misery  
Of the parade,  
Can again be heard.  
This time to moan,  
"How Dry I Am."

Now the adherents  
Of the little ivory balls  
Disband.  
Some go to their second home;  
(Which is Irvie's.)  
Others are drawn to the next street,  
Again to review,  
The "One and Only—"  
And to make second choice;

And repeat and appeal,  
Past judgments.  
They grow hungry.  
It is high noon.  
They are gone.

## Flagstones, Art Panels, And Stained Glass

"GREAT ART is collaborative in its essence," is a truth expressed by Ellis F. Lawrence, dean of the school of architecture and allied arts, and architect of the new arts building which is nearing completion on the campus, replacing the old gymnasium destroyed by fire in the summer of 1922, which at the same time housed the departments of sculpture and normal art.

The new arts building, with its workshops and studios has been tied to the old architectural building by a simple ambulatory about an internal courtyard, as a practical application of the unity of the arts. The school has been founded and developed upon the conception, that the isolation of the arts is suicidal, and the students themselves have collaborated in undertakings in design and execution.

The entrance to the court from the campus has been the special task of the architectural students, whose work is seen in the twisted colonettes, with capitals decorated with Oregon grape and pine-cone motives. The class in applied design has contributed charming colored cement tiles as inlays to be used around the University entrance to the museum, just to the south of the court. The tiles give a mosaic effect in soft grays, greens and blues. The class of Miss Maude Kerns has thus opened up an unexplored field of architectural decoration.

The lobby pavement will be a special problem for next year's class in applied design. Spaces have been left for other decoration so that for many years to come the home of the school will be made even more interesting

by the contributions of student work in all the arts, just as in the Gothic period the cathedral was the art school of the time and the workshop of the goldsmith in the Renaissance. Outside the simple stuccoed walls, a new type on the campus, give excellent opportunity for further embellishments in the way of bas reliefs, mosaics, scraffitto and cartouches. The windows are embellished by colonettes in soft warm grays, while the windows and doors are gray-green.

"Art Serving Truth" is the idea carried out in a relief panel to be placed above the door of the museum. It is being executed by the advanced students in sculpture. Truth, the central figure—the goal of art—is being done by Kate Schafer, assistant instructor in sculpture. To the left of the panel is the spiritual side—a man and a woman uniting to hold up the torch of knowledge which casts its light on truth. The masculine figure is being executed by Paul Walters, and the feminine one by Margaret Skavian. The right side of the panel is the material side—the various arts joining, to aid truth with materials. A seated figure above an architectural capital typifies architecture, while he holds in his hand a pallet of the artists. Mildred Heffron is the originator of the figure. Leaning over the shoulder of the seated figure is another masculine one holding an hour glass, symbolizing time as an element in work—done by Alicia Agnew. At the feet of the figures will be a sphinx, and representations of the crafts. Beatrice Towers is modeling four separate heads of painter, sculp-

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## All Lemon---No Punch

By Robert F. Lane

LEMON PUNCH is out again! There has been a change of staff, so it is said, though it seems to have made little difference with the material published.

Ever since freshman days it has been my wonder why so many colleges published "humorous" magazines like "Lemon Punch." The advent of the Hammer and Coffin seemed only to nail up and bury what facetious enterprise survived, and in one university very recently the humorous magazine went far enough to be suppressed by the faculty committee on publications. Not that suppression by any faculty board of publication is usually anything but high commendation only this suppression was occasioned by the continued publication of a class of joke appreciable only by male students.

This sort of material creeps into Lemon Punch. In many quarters it passes for humor, but it can scarcely be called clever, and it might be better if it could be left out. Still, it is illustrative of the college student's outside interests, and inasmuch as Lemon Punch has no firm backing and no other resources, it publishes what it has for those who'll buy.

If the matter were not so distasteful and so much a matter of opinion, or so prolonged, I could go through the present very impoverished number and point out the references to kisses and lost clothing and marriage and divorce by example and statistic. From only one "joke" was I first a laugh, and that joke was a did I get a one, not of the kind just considered.

Lemon Punch does not make me laugh. It does not make me smile. Its effect is always like that of some fatal disaster, a mawkish show of stupidity resulting in a faux pas.

Lemon Punch has not yet been good enough to make me buy it. All this year there has not been an issue which in my opinion was worth a quarter. As for subscribing to it; that act is unthinkable, and each month grows more so.

Perhaps it is because others have the same feeling about Lemon Punch and are not anxious "just to support a legitimate activity" simply because it is an activity, that Lemon Punch wants to get under student control. Certainly, the magazine is a Lemon and lacks the Punch, and is thus true to its title.

There is not a drawing or picture in this month's issue worthy of comment, not a drawing one can look at and admire. There are not even good cartoons, when the drawings may be even so classified. Barring the pictures on page seven and less so the one on page 12, and the half tone on page 13 and the well drawn clothing advertisement pictures, Lemon Punch is as devoid of art as 90 degrees north latitude is devoid of heat.

The fact seems impossible. With 2400 students in the University and with as much attention to art as is given by the art department, it is grievous that Lemon Punch exhibits no more talent on its pages. There must be

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## First Junior Week-End

By Florine Packard

"IT WAS the last year that President Strong spent on the campus, on the Friday which the juniors had always set aside for raising the flag bearing the class numerals to the top of the tall flag pole in front of Villard hall that the sophomores decided to stop the proceedings and a general rodyism followed, breaking up the whole day," said Dean John Straub.

"The next year, President Campbell's first year at the University," he continued, "the same thing happened, so President Campbell decided that as long as the day seemed to be broken up it should be made a day for construction rather than destruction.

"On Junior day of the next year," continued Dean Straub, his eyes dreamy, but his conversation hurrying on, "the boys tore down fences and cleaned up things in general and then had a big bonfire. It became customary after that to serve a campus luncheon under the trees to the boys who were working, and for the girls, too, until it grew into a regular annual campus gathering."

These, explained Dean Straub, were the early beginnings of the annual Junior Week-end, for the raising of the flag flaunting the class numerals about eight or nine o'clock in the morning was, as he said, "All there was to it."

"No matter what else may go the cam-

pus luncheon ought never to be abolished," he went on, "for it has always been an occasion for the whole campus to get together and have a good time."

There was a time, too, explained the dean, when the only homecoming for former students at the University was the general homecoming at commencement time, when there really was very little incentive to come back. Since few of the former students had many friends on the campus at that time, a week-end of the fall term was finally set aside for all graduates and former students.

One of the oldest traditions on the Oregon campus, the hello tradition, originated on the campus in about 1900, said Dean Straub, when all the students were urged to say hello in passing from one building to another in order to keep alive the Oregon spirit. Hello Lane was in itself not a part of the early Oregon "hello," for the library was not erected on the campus until 1904.

"The hello tradition," declared Dean Straub, "is one which must not die out no matter how large the University may become. But, it will never die out while I am here," he declared, "for I shall, every fall, urge my freshmen to say hello to everyone and try that way to keep the old tradition alive."