

### Oregon Men Show Ability

Six Alumni Presidents of Institutions

Eight Are Deans

High School Positions Held by 869

The University of Oregon has furnished presidents to six colleges from among its graduates, according to a report of the alumni office which has just completed a study of the University's contribution to education.

Among the institutions which have been headed by University of Oregon men are the state universities of Montana, Wyoming and New Mexico. University of Oregon men have served as state superintendent of public instruction in Oregon, superintendent and assistant superintendent of Portland public schools, superintendent of grammar schools in San Francisco, assistant superintendent in Oakland, California, dean of the school of education of Washington State college, and United States supervisor of Education in the Philippines.

**Educational Work Done**  
One of the most interesting pieces of educational work done by a graduate of the University was that of planning the system of education now in use in all the ships of the United States navy. Through this organization every ship has become a school where the enlisted men are enabled to take up their education where they left it off ashore and to learn various trades and professions. The Oregon graduate who conceived this plan now directs the work of this floating university as chief educational advisor to the United States navy.

All told, 1238 University of Oregon men and women now serve as educators. Eight are college deans, 100 college professors, 59 superintendents of schools, 100 principals of schools, 51 physical directors, 49 music teachers, 869 high school teachers.

**Various Schools Included**  
Among the colleges and universities in which the alumni serve as professors are Princeton, Columbia, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, New York, Illinois, Georgia, Northwestern, Boston, Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky, Rad-cliff, Vassar, Stanford, Louisiana, Iowa, Texas and Pennsylvania.

Among the state school executives who have attended the University are men who have served as city superintendents of schools in Ashland, Astoria, Baker, Corvallis, Cottage Grove, Medford, Marshfield, Roseburg, Salem, La Grande, Tillamook, Klamath Falls and Bend.

### Over Coffee Cups; a Deep Tragedy

(Continued from page one)

"Life is a farce," exclaimed Dr. Johnson abruptly.  
"I agree with you," said William calmly, "and the tragedy of it all is that most men are so constituted that they can never realize it."  
"Socrates saw life in all its rugged splendor and totality—and died," said Saint Paul.

"My sainted Paul," said Aeschylus smiling. "Isn't that always true? Isn't it at once the glory and the destruction of man that man sees life as it is, conquers it and dies—yet he lives for all eternity in that one moment of conquering?"

"There is some so-called modern writer," said Dr. Johnson tapping his forehead. "who writes that in the face of the 'trampling march of unconscious power,' man 'condemned to lose his dearest, tomorrow, himself to pass beyond the veil' has at last resort this consolation that he can stand 'like a man' and defy it all; as the nut defies the trip-hammer. The universe may take nearly all of man's, but it cannot rob him of his own integrity, and so man conquers for the moment and in that moment lives for all eternity."

"I suppose it is quibbling," said Aeschylus. "to argue whether man lives or dies when he at last faces life in totality. Dame asked to see Zeus in his splendor and she died when she faced it—and yet she lived."

"Surely," said Shakespeare, "so did Socrates live, and Oedipus and Lear."  
"Benedictus qui venit in nomine domini vitae omnia" quoth Saint Paul, "for he lives forever and ever."  
"The difference between life and death is a small difference," said Dr. Johnson musingly.

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## Activities or Study: Mere Training or Culture?

By Marion Playter

"Sure, she makes good grades, but she doesn't do anything. She plays tennis marvelously too, but you'd never know it. And she swims awfully well, but she won't go out for anything."

Thus a student was recently described, in derisive tone of voice. Why, the girl was almost a social outcast. Imagine not "going out for anything!"

Henry A. Perkins, professor of physics at Trinity college, Hartford, has some interesting views on college "activities" in an article, "The American College," in the April North American Review.

Mr. Perkins points out that the majority of students come to college with a vague and indefinite goal, resulting in this: that the work is done "without enthusiasm and the general attitude is that of just meeting the requirements with as little effort as possible."

In such a situation, our all-important "activities" step in quite naturally. Mr. Perkins calls these "absorbing occupations" the "direct result of a situation created by our mixed population, prosperity, democratic ideals, and national temperament."

He explains this "amazing interest" in extra-curricular activities by the fact that the majority of students come to college when they are beginning to crave something "practical," so that they find the indefinite pursuit of the ever-elusive, much-jibbered-about culture hardly a "red-blooded job." "We see," says the professor, "why they have evolved an elaborate miniature world of affairs to satisfy this natural craving for experiential life."

The writer admits that they are more ready to cope with that real world of affairs than their "less

sophisticated cousins abroad," but "compared on the mental plane, or on the basis of cultivation, our young people are hopelessly out-classed, and seem very immature in all that involves the world of ideas and thought, beside their foreign cousins."

These foreign cousins, the critic points out, have read and talked instead of "setting up a counter attraction so compelling as football or inter-fraternity relations." This man finds that it means a choice between these two methods of education: between "training that comes from a miniature world within the college—better acquired in actual experience—or the developing and expanding of the mind at a time when it is most ready for such a process."

"An old-fogey prof?" someone suggests. No, he sees both sides, even that of the over-organized individual who is not happy until he can display a miniature jewelry counter on his chest.

But he believes that the aim of a university is not only to satisfy demands, but to "elevate" those demands. No "radical changes" are needed to achieve this, but "it does mean," he explains, "a clear understanding of what we are about, and then a conscious effort to modify and alter whatever may not be working toward the best interests of education."

Mr. Perkins says: "All these interests are admirable when undertaken in the right spirit, and not driven to the excess we see today."

The professor and writer advocates above all a "reasonable" spirit. "Revive the true love of play in the place of purposeless loafing or joyless 'activities,' and the problem is solved."

## And Spring, Season of Love and Poison Oak Among Us

Spring is a great season, for poets, doctors, song writers, ball players, romanticists and automobile salesmen. Blossoming trees, budding flowers, rippling waters and engrossing politics feature the arrival of the new season. Long before Romeo and Juliet risked their necks over the edge of a frail balcony, spring was recognized as the mating season, or at least, heralded as the period for affairs of the heart.

Locally, spring means three things: picnics, love, and poison oak. All are dangerous, often disastrous, sometimes pleasant, usually fatal, and remarkably common. The theory of evolution applies to the trio; of course, there are some who do not take poisoned oak, but eventually and inevitably, everybody takes picnics and love. Funny world.

Picnics are often explained as being the call of the great outdoors, the beckon of the open spaces or the desire to return to the freedom of a long-departed barbaric era. All this may be true, but who ever heard of a picnic being a genuine success and satisfaction when only one sex was represented. There are times when women go up the race alone, and when men go into the mountains unhampered by feminine companions, but these are trips, not picnics.

A good picnic is made up of: a canoe, a moon, several stars,

many trees, a fire, smoke blowing in the wrong direction, a quart of fruit salad, not enough sweet pickles, multitudes of softly spoken words and ten thirty.

Then comes love, nobody knows why, but it does. Philosophers, physicians, students of abnormal psychology and literary geniuses have spent lifetimes trying to figure out what love really is. Lawyers, ministers, and fraternity jewelers make a living out of it; most students use it as a hobby, pastime and a habit.

There are degrees and stages of love; in fact, the proverbial 57 doesn't take in the first third of the well-known local varieties. Some only have it once and are immune, a few never get over the first attack; to the majority, however, it comes annually, like strawberries, hives, insomnia, the summer suit and poison oak.

Poison oak must be placed last in order, because if there were more poison oak, there would be less love. It is very similar to love; comes when you least expect it, causes restless days, sleepless nights and indescribable discomfort. One co-ed (well informed) defined the love sensation as being "an itch in the stomach that you can't scratch"—the difference is that poison oak is external.

So we have the famed quartet: spring, picnics, love, and poison oak. They should be taken in mild doses and never seriously.

## Literary Gossip

PAT MORRISSETTE

Says a western magazine editor: "The University of California Chronicle is coming into its own as a literary periodical. It is neither the dry-as-dust publication which its title might indicate, nor the frothy issue if student standards. It is serious in its purpose, yet possessing a 'readability' which gives it a place on the ordinary library table."

On the other hand: "There isn't a college literary magazine in the United States," says an intelligent member of the University of Oregon faculty, "printing undergraduate material that can be considered, even in the amateur sense, a literary magazine."

Now this proves conclusively, as we've always maintained, that life is a great thing.

lent, as good as that of the average professional musical comedy, although the plot of the comedy is weak. The leads were well taken by Hugh Walton and Esther Setters, with the latter receiving the greater share of the applause. Of the two specialty dances of this number, the one by Josephine Ulrich and Rex DeLong was really clever.

"Nothings" Is Surprise  
"Nothings," a joyously foolish take-off on itself and the show in general was the surprise of the evening. Wenona Dyer and Margaret Jamieson caught the true spirit of fun in their skit and won the general verdict of the mirth-enveloped audience.

By their rendition of "No One Knows What Happens in the Old Arm-chair," "Ray Graham's Colleagians" proved that they are synopators "par excellence." They gave a tuneful finish to a program varied in quality and in content.

## At the Theatres

HEILIG

"American girls are getting too far away from nature to develop the type of womanhood which serves the country best."

This is the wisdom of Jobyna Ralston, the little Tennessee girl who plays opposite Harold Lloyd in "Girl Shy," which opens at the Heilig Monday, the celebrated comedian's latest feature Pathe comedy.

Miss Ralston is by no means the type who would be pointed out as the "athletic girl." She is small and dainty, and could easily play the flapper role.

Jobyna Ralston was selected as one of the "baby stars" of 1923, and is one of the prettiest of the group of young girls now bidding for screen fame. She was signed by Lloyd to a three-year contract after her splendid part in "Why Worry?" and in "Girl Shy" she is said to live up to every expectation created by her work in the previous Lloyd successes.

The last issue of "The Overland Monthly" is an "Oregon poets" number. Mary Carolyn Davies is easily the star of the "number." (Hazel Hall does not contribute.) Audred Bunch, a senior at Willamette, has a poem with a pretty fair verse in it. There are only two very good lines in the whole mess, however, and they were both written by Miss Davies.

Gertrude Robinson Ross, "the Salem bard," presents "The Song of Barbara Blomberg" which reverberates with the Scandinavian enthusiasm of Sir Patrick Spens, but echoes—more truthfully—the Ruy Diaz of El Poema del Cid. The poem hinges on the line, "John Donn of Austria is off for the fight." (Don Juan. John Donn. Here's work for a psychoanalyst.

The translation of J. K. Huysman's "La Bas" is out. Huysman is Ben Hecht's one idol. The book, which is called "Down There," is supposed to have startled censors and is being consistently "frowned upon." Harry Hansen in his "Midwest Portraits" tells how Hecht becomes enthusiastic over Huysman. Hecht's "The Florentine Dagger" shows the claw marks of Huysmanism—and particularly the mark of "La Bas."

Another translation of importance is that of Zola's "Nana." Until the present this book has had a very wide circulation in the paper cover. It is the most popular of all Zola's works, and, in total book sales, leads any other book on the continent.

Aldous Huxley's "Antic Hay" is no longer on the rent collection.

## Junior Vod-vil Acts Please Audience

(Continued from page one)

duction with their well executed solos and ensemble. The quintet: Gwendolyn Lampshire, Jane O'Reilly, Nina Warnock, Mary Burton, and Delbert Moore, was enthusiastically received.

The much advertised part of the show, the musical comedy, "Captain Jacqueline," written and produced by an Oregon girl, Imogene Letcher, was the most pretentious number of the evening. The music of "Captain Jacqueline" is excel-

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