

were the ones who at one time worked hardest for their college paper. The interest and labors of L. R. Alderman, Allen Eaton, Homer Angell and "Pat" McArthur did not end with their graduation from the U. of O. but they are working for the University still with all the energy of their natures.

As long as the Oregon Monthly has men and women upon its staff, who are as tireless in their work as its past supporters have been, no fear nor anxiety for its future welfare need be entertained.

—Ruth Hansen.

❁ Commencement Customs ❁



THE happy season of Commencement is approaching, the gay playtime of the college year. Other festivities fade into insignificance beside the glories of this culminating holiday. Affairs, formal and informal are held; senior and undergraduate, each has his part. From far and near guests pour into the University towns; old "grads" come back to renew old ties and to meet their fellow-classmen of a quarter century ago; proud fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters are there and for the better of one week the town and college turn out to do honor to the guests. The college spirit is in the air, fostered and enhanced by the smiling alumni; by the dignified senior in cap and gown and by the "verdant freshmen," "gay young sophomores" and "jolly juniors" who race here and there, always bent upon some important mission.

The Commencement of today is, however, an outgrowth of a very simple observance. Long years, perhaps as many as a hundred of them, have passed since it was first instituted in the Universities of England. But how different a Commencement it was then! There was no festivity, no gala season when the grave Oxford student received his degree and passed out into the world to "commence" his life-work in whatever profession he might have chosen. Commencement meant exactly what its twelve letters signify, no more, no less. It did not bring to mind the happy memories and