6-16-1925

The Egyptian, June 16, 1925

Egyptian Staff

Follow this and additional works at: http://opensiuc.lib.siu.edu/de_June1925
Volume 5, Issue 36

Recommended Citation
http://opensiuc.lib.siu.edu/de_June1925/1

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Daily Egyptian 1925 at OpenSIUC. It has been accepted for inclusion in June 1925 by an authorized administrator of OpenSIUC. For more information, please contact opensiuc@lib.siu.edu.
Socratic’s Tonight, Zetetic’s Tomorrow Night

We, the Editorial Block, take this opportunity in expressing our appreciation of the excellent support and cooperation given us by the faculty, student body, and friends of the school. It is you who have made the paper possible. It is to you we are indebted financially and otherwise for the success of this year. We take great pleasure in reminding you once more that the Business department has actually wiped out all deficits and placed a small amount to the credit side of our ledger.

To the Merchants also owe a great debt. It is through your excellent school spirit and loyalty to our paper that contributed success to our financial ship. Last, but not least, the Staff whose pictures you see on the next page, we earnestly thank you for your spirit of cooperation and efficiency to be unsurpassed by any Staff. It is to you, you repeat who untiringly, and cheerfully contributed to the Egyptian that much credit is due. We must not forget the faithful typists who always did their work with a smile.

We trust that Editor Owen and Business Manager Trees will have the same spirited staff as the one just retired.

We wish you all a successful year.

HOWARD S. WALKER, Editor.
CARL O. SMITH, Business Manager.

SACRIFICING THE SCHOOL

The days of Alladin, of good and evil genii, of old mystic Arabia are gone, effaced by the ever forward creep of an intellectual civilization. The magic lamp that produced, quickly, silently, effectively and without sacrifice have followed their masters into antiquity. No more can super-human fetes be accomplished merely by a stroke of the hand on a Magic Lamp.

There must be sacrifice, cruel but inevitable, if there is to be a worthwhile success. Down through the ages there has been the continual life and death struggle between Man and Nature. Each century has seen a multitude of natural forces fall, vanquished by unrelenting Man. Men have conquered but Men have paid. Every river has exacted its toll of human life and energy before it has submitted to the bonds of steel that men have determined that it must submit to.

Was our auditorium, large, luxurious, almost architecturally perfect, built without sacrifice on the part of some individuals at some time? How many bricks were laid by hands that had not sacrificed or were not sacrificing? What has been the price paid by far-seeing, ambitious, confident persons that had striven, many times in vain, to perfect the steel that went into the massive structural steel frame. Each worked, suffered, and passed to his reward and the world was better and happier, not because he was gone but because he had come into the world, labored, suffered, and made it a better world for his children and his children’s children.

Everyone owes his standing in this world to a sacrifice on the part of some individual. I challenge you to find an exception. Who paid the price that Caesar might hold dominion over the Roman World? Was Napoleon able to sway the fortunes of Europe simply because he was a “calculating opportunist,” a military genius, or another Justinian? Show me any great man and I will show you a thousand that sacrificed that he might reach his high station.

The school year is over. But what

(Continued On Page Four)
AU REVOIR.

We must now go out from thy portals is the thought in the minds of the many people who are to graduate from the old school soon. With this thought comes a feeling of both pleasure and pain.

It gives great pleasure to think over the many previous moments of work and enjoyment that have been spent on the campus and in the schoolroom in the last few years. Along with this pleasureable feeling comes a feeling of pain, because the days are gone. But remember "Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught." Those things that it gives us a thrill to look back over and that gives us a feeling of sadness to leave are the real worthwhile things of life.

Those who are to leave will spread over the country innumerable paths of life. May they all take the high road of success! We hope that all of the people who are getting ready to start their life's career have received ideals while in school that will make them a real useful citizen in later life. There will be hard problems to face at times and there will be great goals to reach. Always remember that "with every rose we get a thorn, but aren't the roses sweet."
Comment by New York Daily Newspapers On "ICEBOUND"

Solid entertainment easy to enjoy—Globe.

Realism warmed by Romance—New York Evening World.

No finer exhibition of character delineation—New York Morning Telegraph.

It will thaw theatregoers into moisture of good humor—New York Evening Sun.


If Moscow implores us to send a play in return for those that Moscow has sent us we might send "Icebound"—New American.

Zetetic Spring Play, Auditorium, June 16, 1925
THE SUN DIAL

Some sentiment was expressed in a recent issue of the Egyptian concerning the Sun Dial on the campus.

During the early years of our Normal School each Senior class left in place either in the building or on the grounds some gift to the school, a tribute of their appreciation and of the happy hours spent there.

One of the earliest classes presented this Sun Dial. It was cherished through many years, but after the destructive fire in '94, which left our Main, and only building, in ruins the Sun Dial was forgotten.

Many people carried away the beautifully carved brown stone trimmings of the destroyed building to decorate their lawns as rockeries, etc., and so the Sun Dial was finally seen by a loyal alumnus, as it graced a carbon-dale lawn supporting an urn of flowers.

On request it was graciously returned to a committee appointed by the Alumni Association. This committee replaced it on its original site and again crowned it with a brass dial.

But alas! In a few weeks this dial was broken.

Yes, the Sun Dial is decorative and of historic interest. And for the third time let us make it useful and replace the dial.

FACULTY NEWS

Miss Grace Jones of the Household Science Department left last Friday for New York, where she will take the steamer Benenjaria arriving in Cherbourg June 26. She will go from there to Florence and other Italian cities. She expects to spend the summer visiting friends in France and Italy.

Miss Trovillion leaves immediately after commencement to attend the first six weeks of the summer term at Indiana university. She will take courses in Play Acting, Victorian Literature and Journalism.

Mr. E. G. Lentz left Friday for Bloomington, Indiana, where he will work on his Master's degree in History.

Miss Florence King will return to her home in Minneapolis to spend the summer.

"ZETETS" GRADUATE FIFTY

The Zetetic Literary Society graduated fifty people on last Friday evening. Ten of the fifty were members of the Senior college class receiving their degrees.

This has been one of the best years the "Zetets" have ever experienced.

May the year following be as good in the wish of the graduates.

SMITH—SNIDER

Mr. Frank Smith, president of the third year college class and a faithful member of the Egyptian staff, surprised his many friends by stealing a march to Murphysboro, and taking to himself a wife, Miss Elloise Snyder.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith will welcome their many friends in Harlington, Texas, where the groom has employment.

The Egyptian staff sends congratulations to the newlyweds.

SACRIFICE HELPS

(Continued From Page 1)

has that to do with sacrifice, you may ask. Nothing especially. It is an excellent time to stop and think over the past year and the sacrifice that you have made and those that have been made for you. Each Tuesday, if you have been a loyal student, you have gone to the EGYPTIAN office, received your paper, read it from cover to cover. Probably many times you have been disgusted; thought the paper was a "dub" edited by a bunch of students. Did you advertise your opinion among your friends, or did you stop and think that someone had sacrificed that you might be able to say that your college was issuing a paper? Probably you think there is no hardships in publishing a paper. If there are difficulties, on whom do they fall? Who is blamed for the mistakes of omission or commission? THE EDITOR: Why? Someone must sacrifice; the toll must be exacted from someone that is willing to pay. Everyone knows Editor Howard Walker. For the past thirty-six weeks he has paid the toll that must be inevitably exacted by a critical (?) group of students.

Running the paper on an absolutely unprescribed basis, he has produced this year the best EGYPTIAN that has ever been published in the history of the school. Mr. Walker has come, worked earnestly, patiently and conscientiously. Now he is passing (in a sense to his well-earned reward) but he leaves a monument that will endure, a better college paper, better because he worked when others played; was patient when it would have been so easy to be partisan; and sacrificed when others would not. Mr. Walker, you will be gone, but we will not forget.

ANONYMOUS

FAREWELL EGYPTIAN READERS

Birds of a passage are we, pilgrims that stop by the wayside

To drink from the fountain of knowledge, and drinking to offer others.

Long have we labored and truly, to bring to you news of your classes:

News that is cheering and strengthening, eagerly sought by the students.

Sad things have we brought you and sorrow, that fair we'd have hidden.

Joy have we brought you and gladness, the gold that never can tarnish.

But now we are forced to leave you, we who have labored so long.

We go to our many duties, no more will your bright face greet us.

Joy be your portion in life, may sorrow be hid from your pathway.

Hail and farewell! We greet thee and bid thee adieu.

THE STAFF

It's an ill wind that blows a saxon phone.—Detroit News.
At the time that this was microfilmed, April, 1966, volumes six through eleven inclusive were missing from the university archives' file.

At a later date the archives will attempt to assemble these missing numbers from other sources for filming.