

Oregon Daily Emerald

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COLONEL LEADER.

Colonel John Leader is an Englishman in England, an Irishman in Ireland, and American in America, and a loyal Oregonian while on the Oregon campus or anywhere else. It is hardly probable that his popularity among the students of the University can be surpassed by any other man who has ever been connected with the University. The reception given him at assembly yesterday and during his stay here proves that.

Colonel Leader is one of the most picturesque characters most students have ever had the pleasure of meeting. Although of the class termed the aristocracy in England, here he is the very embodiment of democracy. His cheery greeting, his hearty handclasp, his informal wit, his very appearance, fairly breathes the democracy which Oregon Spirit exemplifies.

While connected with the University, Colonel Leader was one of the biggest drawing cards the University possessed. He made friends everywhere, as he still does, and those friends become friends of the University because they become saturated with a part of the loyalty and love of Oregon which the colonel himself possesses.

Colonel Leader will always be welcomed here, even after those students who know him best have passed out from college. He is distinctly a part of Oregon. He is a tradition.

The communication in yesterday's Emerald which suggested the abolishment of Junior Week-end is not the raving of a student with natural bolshevik tendencies. The student who wrote it knew what he was talking about, and his ideas are at least the basis for possible reforms in the Junior Week-end activities for next year. It is a problem which will be brought more forcibly to the front in the future.

What with the senior lottery and a bargain sale dance scheduled for one night, things look as if all the students will have a chance to get on one last spree before the final rush for textbooks commences. The Sigma Nu revelry won't have anything on the Men's Gymnasium bust either, according to press agents. On with the unconfined joy!

The student activities committees have been appointed and they will soon be initiated into the seriousness of their jobs. It is an honor to be a member of one of these committees because it offers an opportunity to do some real work for Oregon.

The Campus Cynic

SLEEPING BEAUTIES.

Editor: Sunday about midnight as I was reposing comfortably on my left rear floating rib, speculating on life, death, and how I was going to secure my quota of bed clothes which were wrapped compactly around the sleeping cherub by my side, he suddenly rose bolt upright, hair pointing to the starry vault, and stared at me with a wild light in his eyes, breaking out into a hysterical cackle.

"Ha ha!" he said shrilly, extending his hand, "my name's Copula. Ha ha! What did you say your's was? Oh yes, glad to know you—mighty glad to know you old man. Well what do you think of the University by now. Have you seen our new imported Scotch thorn bearing bushes in front of the library? No? Then I must show them to you—one of the worth while sights of the school. Guaranteed to look dusty the year around. If a flower blooms on a single one of them the gardener would die of a broken heart. But he won't die; they'll never bloom. Coming to the University next fall? Good! Well, mighty glad to have met you old man, ha ha! So long." Whereupon the poor on fell backwards, landing on my third row left spare rib, wrap-

ping the blankets around him a little more firmly and deftly removing the olive drab linen lozenge we conjointly use for a pillow.

Sliding between the mattress and the springs, I tried to spend the rest of the silly, stilly, chilly night in profound thought. Shortly afterwards my troubled bed mate turned over suddenly, clasp-

Announcements

Phi Delta Kappa.—Banquet at the Anchorage Friday night, May 27, at 6 o'clock.

Mask and Buskin.—Meeting at 5 p. m. Friday, May 26, upstairs in the library. Very important.

Presbyterian Students.—A hayrack party will be given by the Young People's Society of the Central Presbyterian church. Start from church at 5:30 Saturday. Girls are to bring salads, cakes or sandwiches; the boys pay for the ice cream. Presbyterian students especially invited.

Advertising Class.—Mr. P. J. MacAnley, advertising manager for Meier & Frank Company, of Portland, will address the class in advertising at 11 o'clock Friday in the Journalism "shack." Visitors will be welcome.

Women's Oregon Club.—Meeting Monday evening, 7:30, at the bungalow.

Mu Zeta Kappa.—Important meeting today at Anchorage; noon. Charter granted.

ed the pillow passionately and sobbed brokenly: "Marie darling, don't you love me any more? I couldn't get to see you all day yesterday—the preppers kept me away, beloved dove." Whereupon he turned over once again and parked himself on an additional half dozen of my lung casings.

Once in the early hours of the morn, in that witching period when the heavy sleepers sing to the abyssal depths of Lethe and only the faintest echoes of their audible slumber are heard—as the faintest rumble of the Los Angeles tremblers reach us—I heard a frosh in an adjoining bunk, who had been sleeping in a vers libre fashion about the house during the week-end, say delightedly and ecstatically: "Gawd, but this piano top is getting soft!" Then shortly later I heard him fall out of the top bunk and hit the floor with a resounding thud. Still fast asleep he rolled over, clutched a nearby bunk post and resumed his lung-tossil-and-nose breathing, missing only two deep draughts of ozone to say cheerfully: "Getting better; only fell off once tonight." At this juncture the house manager, in a far corner, moaned pitifully: "Tell them in the dining room," he choked pitifully, "that there is no more gravy."

I withdrew my head under the mattress, but not soon enough, for the reservoir of affection by my side reached over and kissed me fervidly on the exposed lobe of my off ear, saying tenderly: "I shall never, never leave you for so long a time again."

I gave a wild shriek, leaped out of the bunk and made for the stairs. As I went out I heard someone say sleepily: "If Lizzie wants me on the phone, tell her I'm out. I got a date with another gal."

I went down and spent the rest of the night in the bathtub.

She was a great old Week-end, and I guess we gave the preppers as much fun as we received from them. It's all in the game. But I'm glad it's over. For my bunkie is a sensitive soul and his nervous system wouldn't stand a longer separation from his beloved. And I need a rest. —E. J. H.

Contemporaries

'DAD'S DAY' ADVOCATED

With all the attention that is being given to "Mother's Day" throughout the country, Ohio State College has voiced a cry for an annual "Dad's Day," to be staged in honor of the nation's paternal ancestors. It advocates that the time be set so that it would come near the height of the collegiate football season. Editorially, the Ohio State Lantern says in part:

Such a movement should meet with

the co-operation and hearty support of every student. The idea is to give the "dads" an opportunity to revel in the activities and the life they once enjoyed, namely, student life; or if he happens to be one of many "dads" who were denied the privileges of a college education, the opportunity to see what he has missed and to study the kind of life his boy or girl is living at a University. Also it will give him an opportunity to view at close range the daily routine of the greatest Ohio college, typifying the great good being done among the present college generation by the colleges of our nation.

It has been the custom for years for certain organizations on the campus to celebrate Dads' Day, but heretofore no concerted effort has been made to have these celebrations come on the same day. Now, since such a project has been started, it behooves every organization to keep in close touch with it and plan to assist in every way possible to make the scheme—if launched—a success.

Other schools have tried the plan and have declared it a huge success. It has become an established custom at the University of Illinois, and those who made the journey to Urbana last fall doubtless remember the thousands of neatly tagged, smiling, rooting "dads" who made up a part of that great crowd which saw the Scarlet and Gray take the Big Ten gridiron honors.

Dads' Day can be made a success with very little effort. Co-operation on the part of every student is all that will be needed. Dads' Day would in no way interfere with alumni reunions or other annual gatherings, as it would be distinctly a father-and-son event. What "dad" is there who wouldn't enjoy hobnobbing for a day with his boy or girl on the campus? What "dad" wouldn't enjoy meeting his boy's or girl's chums? What "dad" wouldn't enjoy making an inspection of the University which he helps support?

FROZEN TIME WILL BE RACE EVIDENCE

Five Watches Bear Witness to Paddock's Speed.

Los Angeles, May 25.—Five watches, frozen at the fifth-second mark, which denotes the time made by Charles Paddock when on March 26 he finished 220 yards at a Berkeley race in the world's record time of 20.45 seconds, are part of the evidence which will be considered by officers of the A. A. U. in adjudging Paddock's record as official, according to Robert S. Weaver, of Los Angeles, president of the A. A. U.

The watches, with supplemental evidence substantiating the time, are in the hands of Frederick W. Rubiens, secretary of the A. A. U., at 144 Broadway, New York, who, in a telegram to the 20-year-old Californian, a student at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, informally announced recently that he "saw no reason why the Berkeley meet record should not stand."

This is the first time since 1912 that the A. A. U. has had to consider allowing a new world's record in the 220-yard event, it is said, and before granting recognition of a record the necessary steps are many. Following a race, the judges

swear to affidavits stating that all conditions were fair and equal, the timers make signed statements giving the time involved and the watches are checked at the points marked by the timers. These men are sent to the secretary of the A. A. U. in New York, together with all the affidavits, including one from the starter and a special engineer who swears the track was level, the distance exact and physical conditions as required.

Received in New York, these are considered by the secretary, who makes recommendations and refers the matter to a special committee. After a few months, if favorable consideration results, the record is "allowed."

If Paddock's record stands, it will officially supersede the three former records of 21.15 seconds made respectively by Bernie Wefers in 1897, Ralph Craig in 1910, and E. J. Lippincott in 1912.



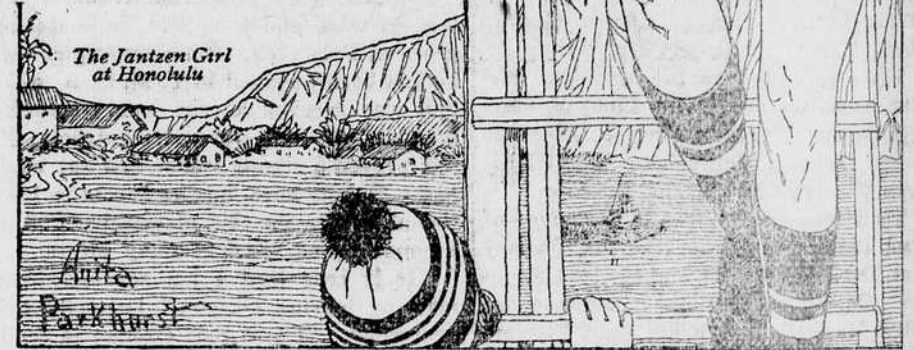
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