

**OREGON SUNDAY EMERALD**

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**Kenneth Youel**  
Editor

**Lyle Janz**  
Manager

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**ERNEST HAYCOX, Sunday Editor**

George H. Godfrey, Managing Editor..... Marvin Blaha, Associate Editor

Features: Jessie Thompson, Earl Voorhies, Katherine Watson, Arthur Budd, Edwin Fraser, Ep Hoyt, Margaret Skavlan, Francis Linklater, Katherine Spall.

General Writers: Clinton Howard, Ed die Smith, Rachael Chezem.

**Good Pay for Good Men**

The reason that football coaches and other athletic coaches get more money than the usual run of college professors is, as a rule, because they are worth more. This is not a new thought by any means, and it has long ago been advanced more clearly than this editorial can hope to. Yet in view of the constant and heavy attacks that are now being made upon the whole regime of athletics, it will bear repeating.

The coach has to mold a group of men, some willing, some unwilling, some unruly, some slack, some energetic; he has to whip out of the mass of human flesh a small compact fighting squad. He has to impart to these men the very essence of his strategy and thinking. He is compelled to deal with human nature in its raw state. He has to fire reluctant individuals up to the pitches of fighting and courage and self sacrifice. He has once again to rehearse, in a sense, the most elemental qualities that we, as a race possess; and while it is easy to say that the physical part of a man's body is far inferior to his mental equipment, yet it is not easy in any sense to bring the best of our physical heritage to the front, to raise it to a white hot pitch, and to keep it there throughout a season.

Now what does the coach stand to gain and to lose? Well, if he wins his games he is lauded, called the hero of the school, and is given another year's purchase on his profession. But if he loses he is given the wide and open gate—to find another job. There is no mercy, no clemency granted to him. He stands in the glare of much publicity, savage and keen publicity. Truly, his is a case of the survival of the fittest, and it does not take many bad seasons to put him out of his chosen profession forever.

It is not so with the average professor. He is not under so keen a scrutiny. If he makes a mistake he can cover it up. If he is a poor lecturer, has a faulty memory, is slipshod in research, he can get by a series of subterfuges. If he grows old, there is often a kind school that finds some safe and secure job for him. He does not throw his whole life, his whole set of energies, his whole chance of a future into a dozen men, afresh each season. There is for him no high gamble of profession. There is not for him the unreasoning and exasperated criticism, the sudden, sharp and revealing criticism which is the lot of the coach.

The mortality rate is high. Many throw their life into this profession, and after the passage of years have nothing to show. Others go on to glory. Why shouldn't the pay be high? The survivors are good men; the best we have.

**Don't Beef**

The following is for those here in this school who some day expect to justify their education:

"Don't let us complain of things or persons, or the indifference of a country occupied in the making of money, but simply say to ourselves: These are the things and persons through which and with which we have to work, and by influencing them or managing them or forcing them the aim must be maintained."

—Jowett, of Balliol.

**Not Only In Politics**

".....politics are full of walking skeletons with labels attached. Once they were men to whom politics were the conflict of human feelings, an enlargement on a great scale of those expansions of affection, of ideas and pleasures shared, of help given and received which make the best part of humanlife. But someone came one day and attached a label to them; ever afterward they were expected to illustrate what was written on that label, and if they departed from it they were thought to be men of no principle; and so they became mere lines in some parallelogram of forces, all principles and no viscera."

—Sidebotham.

**And As for Women?**

"The best claim that a college education can possibly make on your respect, the best thing that it can aspire to accomplish for you, is this; that it should help you to know a good man when you see him."

—James.

Nobody would have expected Schopenhauer to accept the Santa Claus myth, so why expect the university student to adopt the poodle-dog haircut of our city youth?

The greatest pressures below heaven are the economic pressures; the lack of two bones has kept many an ardent pigger at home on Saturday night.

**"Nine Pins to Make a Man!"**

By Clinton Howard

When anyone by chance talks of platonism these days, everyone outside of the immediate, inner and sacrosanct circle, where it is popularly supposed that eyebrows "year by year, in every way, grow higher and higher" lift their own low brows.

It has been somewhere remarked that the reason for the exclusiveness of our most exclusive "circles" is that if outsiders were admitted indiscriminately they would soon find out how stupid the holders of the seats of the prominent really were, and thus put an end to all respect for position unearned, as did the Goths when they pulled the beard of the most senior of the senile Roman senators.

In reality there is little difference between the philosophy of the common herd and that of the learned masticator of mental delicacies. It's words—that's all. We all live in the same land of illusion and worship the same Goddess of Make-Believe, and whether we call it platonism or just our own pet idea, matters but little. The man who wears the flat hat in the college world and the man who handles the pickaxe in the ditches of the country—both are illusionists; the one is under the illusion that he is a hard-boiled workman, and the other is under the illusion that he is a typical college man with the fraternity dance, the brother's dress suit and the inevitable woman on his mind. That is why he wears a flat hat!

"My dear, he belongs to nine societies....." How often have we heard that snatch of conversation between two of the feminine—or in the masculine gender, "Gosh, he sports nine pins....." And everyone is immediately under the illusion that he must be a great man! He may deserve it, probably does, but more pins do not guarantee it, and he may be fit only to draw down pay as a jewelry display agent.

Frequenters of masculine society have probably often heard the confession from someone honest enough to own up, because the event in question is now long past, that they were a "goof" in their freshman year, that they didn't wear that, and probably that when they first came to college, they shaved with only the usual necessities, whereas now they require a half a dozen bottles, boxes and cans of this and that. And now that they have learned to shave in a civilized manner, to dress properly, to smoke a pipe, to wear a flat hat, or a dunce cap if the fashion demands it, and to firmly repress all signs of ability to carry on an intelligent conversation, they are full-fledged "College men," to be entrusted with the "safety, honor and welfare of our nation." He is

under that illusion and all his friends and family with him. They expect him to develop certain characteristics in college or they anxiously regard him as not normal. There is that type of college man at Oregon.

There is another type too, in the college. He suffers generally, from the illusion to be derived from either too much traveling or too secluded a home life. He has seen more of the world than is good for him at his mental age in life, and has somewhat carried off the impression that he is a man of the world, or else has lived too long in the artificial atmosphere of the home. "Home-keeping" wits are dull," but dullness may result from an over-sharpening contact with the world, as well. He is no more to blame than his brother of the flat hat. He is the sort who comes here to "get an education." "I'm not one of these college men" he says, with a slight smirk, and although he does not say it aloud in so many words, he tells himself that he is a "goof" and he glories in the fact. He is generally to be seen in companionable and clubby places at certain hours, bragging and given to too much cigarette smoking. Too, he is generally the enemy, or at least an indifferent observer to the traditional customs of the campus. He refuses to be "looked down upon" or in any way to partake of anything in common with the "tea-hounds who come to college for a good time, and because they were sent." A last remark of identification of this second illusionist is that he writes a resume of his opinions for the college paper, while his tea-hound brother sleeps, desperately hoping to make up in five hours of sleep, for four hours overtime dancing.

So we come again to our two little circles of illusionists, both formed by the love of companionship among those of kindred weaknesses. These two circles, in the sermonizing manner of the movies are the "root of all evil" in many institutions, and, magnified, in the industrial life of the country today.

Ho, to the war! The dollar and a half shaving brush arrayed against the five dollar bristle-set brush and six tin cans! The fussy dowd, nose to nose with the charming milady in silks and satins. And may we not hope that there are still a few "sensible" persons in the world who may stand off and enjoy this eternal tussle, always shouting, with the ferocity of the chorus in the ancient Greek tragedy, or with the comedy of Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland, exclaiming "Goof and cake-eater, goof and cake-eater, goof and.....!"

**AT HEILIG**

There is a new photoplay at the Heilig theatre this week that will appeal to every one. It is a film dramatization of Booth Tarkington's famous story, "The Flirt," with which thousands are familiar, as the book was one of the best sellers of its period.

**A smile in time saves a for-introduction.**  
—THE FLIRT

**It's a wise Jane that keeps 'em yearning.**  
—THE FLIRT

**A little incense now and then is relished by the best of men.**  
—THE FLIRT

**TO TAKE 27 HOURS WORK**

**Mattie Carr, Oldest Student in University, Holds Exceptional Grades**

"I'm wondering how I'm going to get in 27 hours this term and still have time," Mrs. Mattie I. Carr, oldest student in the University, said very jovially.

Mrs. Carr is planning to take 27 hours University work besides teaching in the afternoon. She carried 16 full hours last term with an exceptionally high average.

Mrs. Carr is very spry and energetic in spite of her 57 years. She has a splendid sense of humor and enjoys all campus activities, she says.

**To-night**

**"Ashamed of Paris"**

with an all-star cast

—also—

**1 Reel comedy "MIXED PICKLES"**

First show starts at 6 and runs continuous

**BELL Theatre**

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—A store that has never told you an untruth and never will—



**Did You Ever Go Into a Store for a Good Buy—and Get the "Go Buy"?**

Did you ever answer an advertisement expecting to get a handout—and get it handed to you?

If you have ever been nipped on a poor bargain—here is a storeful of values for tomorrow that will return your faith in human nature.

If men's wear bears the Green-Merrell label you know its right—

**Green Merrell Co.**

men's wear  
"One of Eugene's best stores"

**Unitarianism**

Just how does it differ from Orthodoxy?

It presents a new spiritual triangle in place of that offered by the old creeds.

This distinction will be drawn in the sermon at the Unitarian Church today by Frank Fay Eddy, pastor.

Soloist—Robert McNight

**YOU are cordially invited to the morning services at 10:45 o'clock**

**"TYPE THEM"**

Can you read your notes when they are cold? If you can't, pity the poor Prof., also pity yourself when you see the Scandal Sheet.

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**Who Said Lonesome?**

—time drags for those who let it. If you are willing to sit around all evening, don't let us stop you.

But if you want to get the best out of Sunday evening we can help you. For your benefit we have a Sunday evening chicken dinner, overflowing with good things to eat. Come where the gang is, enjoy the companionship of the gang. Dinner at 5:30.

**Ye Campa Shoppe**

HERSH TAYLOR