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Small Town Boys

In a recent editorial a Portland daily sounded the praises of the "small town man." Following a rather lengthy dissertation upon the merits of living in the country it said: "Ample time for reflection is theirs (those who live in the country). So from time to time they send us their young men and women, grown to a mental stature that dwarfs us, nurtured, if you please on small town stuff, sustained by village morality—and we are amazed at the marvel."

It is an interesting commentary on campus life to note how well this principle works out here. Older students on the campus have seen it happen time and time again that the well known, much rushed "prepper" fails to live up to expectations and is finally excelled by some small town youth of little or no reputation.

It has worked out in so many cases that the high school "stars" have absolutely failed as University students that to have it turn out in any other way has almost come to be a surprise.

There are advantages in going to the larger high schools. Facilities for scholarship are better, and higher class instruction is often available; but on the other hand there are the multitudinous distractions of the life in the larger places.

Perhaps the freshman from the village knows fewer dance steps and has not learned to plaster his hair quite as smoothly as the urbanite, but our observation teaches us that his chances to succeed are likely to be better than those of the boy with the metropolitan veneer.

Sport Chatter by MONTE BYERS

If that noise about the crazy antics of the Japanese current is correct, Oregon may be able to add a few more sports to the calendar. Say the Willamette froze over—chance for a hockey team. Snow on the hills—skiing tournaments. Speed skaters might find the race a good speedway, providing they watched the bridges.

Despite the fact that over half a hundred coaches have put their monickers down as desirous of the Oregon mentorship and others have been mentioned, one man seems to have been overlooked. Johnny Beckett seems to have had a lot of success with marine teams in the east. Sport followers will remember Johnny as one of the best tackles ever turned out at the local institution.

With football a fireside topic now, we turn our attention to basketball. Oregon, with six veterans and a number of other good men out for the team, ought to be up among the top-notchers when the curtain is rung down in March. Latham, Rockley, Alstock, Shafer, Chapman and Gowans form a very promising nucleus for Reinhart to build a scoring machine around. Besides these he has King, Hobson, Stoddard, Gillenwaters, Tuck, Farley and Morlock, all promising candidates.

Looking over the prospects we find that the other schools in the conference have some nice hoop teams and Oregon will have to hump to get a solid grip on the top rung. The Aggies, Cougars, Vandals, Huskies and Missionaries have quintets to be proud of. Some veterans will be minus when the season starts, but they all have a host of material to fall back on. It should be a great year for basketball, with a number of torrid games before the championship is tucked away and the mythical five is selected.

Track prospects are none too bright at present. Bill has five lettermen and some untried freshman and holdover material to mold his track aggregation from. Spearow, Risley, Rosebraugh, Kam-

na and Hunt are monogram men available. Rosenberg, Anderson, Mautz, Keating, Kelsey, Eby and Wells will be on hand to fight for places on the team, all men of ability in their events.

Sprinters and distance men are needed to round the team out, especially second and third place men. Bill may have some dark horse stuff out, but he would welcome more aspirants for jobs on his cinder team. He has suits and track shoes aching for someone to come and get them for a scamper around the cinder oval.

The 1924 track season will mark the close of a brilliant career for Ralph Spearow, vaulter, high and broad jumper. Past track seasons have found Oregon's premier vaulter doing wonderful work in this big event. The 1924 season should be a great one for him.

Spearow's vaulting career extends over a long period of years. We can remember him vaulting over homemade paraphernalia in grammar school days over a decade ago. In high school we remember him as a good two-thirds of his school's team one year.

He has vaulted for the Multnomah club in sectional meets. He has attended national meets. Spearow vaults consistently around the 13 foot mark and has been around the world often. In many meets he has tried to break the existing record and came within a goat's eyelash of it.

In his last year of college competition he should have a wonderful season. The Olympic games in Paris are enticing bait. What would round out a great career better than crossing the Atlantic to vie with the greatest bamboo artists in the world? Spearow has an excellent chance to be Oregon's representative on the 1924 Olympic team. He is track captain this year and will be a good one.

The old guard of Andy Smith's wonder team packed their mole-skins for the last time this year, leaving Andy to fill their places, with new men. Andy may not have such powerful teams again, but we know that he's going to have a team which will have to be considered when the 1924 season gets under way.

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BOOKS

ROOTABAGA PIGEONS

After reading the "Rootabaga Stories," falling in love with the White Horse Girl and the Blue Wind Boy, travelling with Gimme-The-Ax and his children to the Rootabaga country where all the pigs wear bibs and their mothers and fathers fix them, there is scarcely a reader who can resist the impulse to read immediately upon its appearance Carl Sandburg's newest book, "The Rootabaga Pigeons."

The same whimsical magic is in the new volume, a host of new additions to the vocabulary of the fancy from the first tale which begins, "Blixie Blimber's mother was chipping hash. And the hash hatchet broke. So Blixie Blimber started downtown with fifteen cents to buy a new hash hatchet for chopping 'n.s.s.'"

Sandburg tells a story with the undercurrent of fun and archness that some grown-ups tell stories to the children when there are other grown-ups present. The stories are therefore as much fun to the older folks who read them as to the children to whom they are rare enjoyment. There is fancy more than imagination and even the intellectual can sit and chuck at "Shush Shush, The Big Buff Baaty Hen Who Laid an Egg in the Postmaster's Hat," and "Rag Bag Mamma who lived in the Village of Hatpins."

Monkeywrenches and crooked ladders have a flavorsomeness and Hatrack the Horse who reaches round and hangs his hat on a shoulderblade becomes a perfectly plausible creature in a perfectly plausible Village of Cream Puffs. It is a whole new fairy lore with a much more whimsical appeal and with a humor and fun that the average fairy lore lacks. American children must surely love the queerly illustrated fascinating volume whose covers open upon a fascinating new world.

A word must be said for the illustrators, Maud and Miska Peterham, whose work is as valuable as the stories themselves. The pictures are the sort that children would remember in great detail and love. They have just the same touch of oddity and whimsicality that the tales have and without them it would be difficult to state whether the tales would be all that they are.

A book for grown-ups and children, an achievement in fancy, rhythm and entertainment, "The Rootabaga Pigeons." And by the same man who writes so well of steel, smoke, city noise and grime. —Katherine Watson.

THE BLIND BOW BOY

Carl Van Vechten begins his last book, "The Blind Bow Boy," with a conventional dullness quite unlike him, and bores the reader with trite scene between a son just out of college and an erratic father; in which the only hint of the glinting humor to follow lies in the father's advertisement for a companion for his son, a companion whose chief requisite must be a complete absence of moral sense and participation in a public scandal at some time in his life. Harold, the son—whose strong-

est aversion in life is the coat and suit business as a means of livelihood—sets out to lead a life of luxurious leisure in his own apartment with a valet whose subtle attempts to make moral laxness easy for the boy, serve only to disgust him. Through the companion whom his father has secured, Harold meets interesting, clever and unconventional people, who do the sort of careless extravagant and unconventional things that only Van Vechten's characters do.

They are all impossibly clever and with them as a medium Van Vechten expresses his own pet philosophies and treats the reader to those wondrous landscapes with which Peter Whiffle was so replete; dizzying hodge-podges of music and art and literature and psychology and philosophy and morality; lists of paintings, compositions, French modistes, books of the year, Italian poets, Scandinavian playwrights, Hindu philosophy, Van Vechten is enamored of names.

There are one or two good interiors in the book. Van Vechten likes interiors, much as Hergesheimer does, but he is interested in the details, the bric-a-brac in the room, while Hergesheimer notes the effect of light and shade, of tones and harmonies. Van Vechten's interiors are like the advertisements of very good furniture companies in the Home Beautiful. Not that they are conventional, but they are detailed.

He is elusively and alluringly, and withal, daringly, bold in spots. His characters are often surprisingly frank; sometimes a bit nasty. There is about Van Vechten, however, the same debonair, laughing indifference that characterizes Aldous Huxley. He is never disgusting, always amusing.

His book settles nothing, arrives nowhere. Campaspe Lorillard, the most interesting character in the book, justifies this in a soliloquy in which she deprecates the attempt to present characters as progressing and changing and growing with experience. To Campaspe, and to Van Vechten, characters remain the same. Though Harold's views of life may change, Harold himself is singularly the same. Nothing he does is startlingly unexpected.

Van Vechten looks about him at life, and laughs and shrugs his shoulders and writes what he has seen, glossed over with an easy and careless cleverness. —Nancy Wilson.

MOST POPULAR BOOKS IN LIBRARY: DECEMBER

- Fiction: 1. Town and Gown, by Lyn and Lois Seyster Montross. 2. Black Oxen, by Gertrude Atherton. 3. End of House of Alard, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. 4. Janet March, by Floyd Dell. 5. Don Juan, by Ludwig Lewisohn. Non-Fiction: 1. Sarah of the Sahara, by Walter E. Traprock. 2. Studies in Classic American Literature, by D. H. Lawrence. 3. College Days, by Stephen Leacock. 4. Story of the Bible, by Hendrik Van Loon. 5. Outlines of Literature, by John Drinkwater.



STETSON Hats Style and Quality are the two essentials of a good hat, but it does not pay to buy one without the other. All Stetsons have both. STYLED FOR YOUNG MEN

Buildings Go Up in Few Hours

The wave of building activity that has been sweeping the country for the last few years has finally struck the campus and not only has the University construction department been affected by it, but the architectural department itself has for a while laid away its pencils and paint brushes and has launched itself into a program of construction work.

Fire halls, libraries, cathedrals and other such magnificent structures which formerly have taken months if not years to build are here constructed in a few hours. The work is simple; first the student takes out his plans, gorgeously inked and colored, and then with a few thin boards or shingles he builds the framework for his building. After this the finishing in stucco is begun by the wrapping of a package of clay and its working up into a pliable mass. The wooden frame work is now covered with the clay and, after a few hours of molding and smearing, lo and behold, an architectural masterpiece stands before you.

The architectural students are required to make models of their finished plans and are given the choice of building them of clay or cardboard. Some very good work is being turned out by the artists, the buildings being to scale and following the plans closely.

RADIO PLAYERS ORGANIZE AT PULLMAN

Washington State College—(By P. I. N. S.)—The first venture of its kind in the west and one of the few in the United States is being launched on the Washington State campus with the organization of the radio players, by Professor M. L. Daggy, head of the dramatics department. A group of about 20 students in dramatics will be chosen as charter members of the new club, which will give plays over the college broadcaster, K F A E.

U. OF W. REGISTRATION ON INCREASE

Registration figures at the University of Washington for the winter quarter show a considerable gain over the enrollment for the preceding quarter as well as the corresponding quarter last year. Early figures in registration give 4337

students enrolled and it is estimated that the final total will be well over 5,000. About 500 students dropped out at the end of the last term, but their places are more than filled by the return of old students, those transferring from other col-

leges and entering freshman. Speedy registration was in order on the Washington campus at the beginning of this term, one student establishing a record of 15 minutes.

For January Birthdays



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Advertisement for the movie 'His Children's Children' at The Castle. Features a large dollar sign graphic and lists the cast: BEBE DANIELS, DOROTHY MACKAILL, JAMES RENNIE, GEORGE FAWCETT. Includes showtimes and location information.