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On "Getting By"

It's not a question of whether we win or lose but how we play the game. That's what counts.

Someway or other we managed to pilfer an unwary hour from our daily schedule to see the picture, "If Winter Comes." The hero in this picture played the game and played it squarely, even though everything seemed to be against him.

There are more ways than one of getting through this University. Despite the tightened standards it is still possible for one to obtain a degree without the amount of effort that should be made.

Obtaining favoritism from week-kneed professors, cleverness rather than facts in examination papers and "cribbing" are the methods used by some students in every institution.

When they "get-by" with it they think they have won; but the joke—and it is a pathetic, hollow joke—is that they haven't. They have made someone pay for an education which they didn't get. They got their diploma. A diploma, earned fairly, means much to the holder. A diploma taken after four years of scheming and slipping through should be valued at minus nothing.

In future years the present student generation will be the leaders of our state and national life. Habits formed here will stay with those who have them. Those who have slipped through here will have to find an "easy way" then.

The sun-set hour of graduation day is one time to take stock and figure whether one has really won and the sun-set hour of the day of the final spurt in life's great struggle is another. At both times it will be satisfying to look back and, forgetting any small successes or failures, to feel that playing the game as it should be played was the real victory after all.

Hours and Diplomas

We are here to get an education, and it seems to be all done up for us in neat parcel-packages. One hundred and eighty six hours traded for a diploma, and everyone satisfied.

We believe in progress, and some of us in what we call the scientific theory of evolution. We are optimistic because we believe in the accomplishment of all things, at least all things "humanly possible" through industry.

To know what we know, not to bother about what we don't know, to commit ourselves definitely to all things of our interest; to be always on one side of the fence or the other, is not that enough? To have great faith in one's friends and to detest one's enemies, knowing where one stands, and remaining un baffled by life is pleasant. So we have our motion picture heroes who are "sons of the divine" and our villains who are "sons of the evil one." Perhaps it is best so!

But to sit on the fence of non-committance, to be not too sure of anything and everything, to laugh in the face of life with its crushing capital "L," and to die with a smile on our lips—is this youth or is it age?

Earl Goes East to Search for Coach

(Continued from page one)

which Earl is working, is its recommendation that he be sent east. It is through this body that the recommendations turned in by Earl will finally come to the executive council.

Case is not expected to accompany the athletic director during all that remains of the journey, but may come back to the west from Philadelphia. So far nothing that

could be construed as a recommendation for any of the coaches has come from either of the men who are representing Oregon in the east, regardless of reports to the contrary.

Earl has written back that he has found several coaches whom he believes are high-powered men who could take hold of the situation at Oregon and bring about very gratifying results. But the executive council is as much in doubt as to who will be Oregon's next coach as it was before Virgil Earl left Eugene.

Literary Gossip

by PAT MORRISSETTE

A brick wall of the Delta Upsilon house at the University of Syracuse is being torn down in hopes of recovering an unpublished manuscript of Stephen Crane. Young Steve lost it behind the wall after "leaving it hang around the house."

And that takes up right up to the Edison Marshall contest. Isn't it funny that the assumption always is that the winning story is the best? Almost reminds us of a beauty contest.

Booth Tarkington's latest novel is due "out" this month. Conrad took three years for "The Rover," while Tarkington's book, "The Midlander," seems to be almost following "Alice Adams." The distance, however, is entirely respectable. The title sounds like another of these "gentlemen from Indiana," but after "Alice Adams" it would be crude even to suspect it.

William S. "Big Bill" Hart has presented the University with a copy of his novel "A Lighter of Flames." It's all about Patrick Henry. "This satisfies a desire which I have long had," says Bill, in the preface. And at that, he ought not to be very well satisfied. A few lines from the climax will show the subliminal heights which Mr. Hart reaches in his novel: "Dear heart," said the young man, gently, "The bitter waters of unrequited love are near to swamping us both." (This sure sounds like a mill race scene.) It is rather heartless to realize that one paragraph of Patrick Henry is worth more than poor Bill's novel celebrating his existence. The book is illustrated by those frippish, sentimental types that James Montgomery Flagg loves to draw.

"The Rise of the Universities," by Charles H. Haskin, is among the books recently acquired by the library. "A university," says the professor, "would be a very comfortable place if it were not for the students." (To the student this sort of aphorism is like a minis-

ter's collar. It looks best back-side-around.)

Zane Grey's new novel, "The Call of the Canyon," will be leading the best sellers next month. A barber once told us that Mr. Grey was the greatest of living authors. We did not deny that he was living.

Edwin Arlington Robinson's new narrative poem, "The Man Who Died Twice," is also due. All the critics will be sincerely enthusiastic, even though the poem only varies Robinson's thematic obsession.

Floyd Dell, with his publisher, has called in his latest novel, "Janet Marsh" from the book-sellers. There will be no further sales of the book. The campus remembers the novel being hailed as "having arrived." (Its quiet reception was not so notable.) Dell's action comes as a result of a temporary injunction against the sale of the book in Chicago. This Hecht affair has been of very doubtful value to contemporary movements in literature. Dell believes the book to be of less value than "Moon-Calf" and "Briary Bush." There is no reason why the thing should be removed from the rent collection. And it probably will not be.

HEILIG

"The Common Law," the famous Robert W. Chambers novel, has been done into pictures by the Selznick company and will be shown at the Heilig theater for four days commencing Monday.

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