

Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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Night Editor this Issue—ART SCHOENI, AHJAH WOODS

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The Executive Council Goes on a Rampage

The executive council, usually of a sagacious turn of mind, last night pulled one of the most wet-blanket and ill-advised maneuvers of its career when it rejected the proposal to establish a campus magazine.

For the last five months the most competent people available on the campus have been investigating the advisability of starting a magazine. They have sounded out opinion on the subject wherever opinion existed. While some disagreed as to the method of starting the publication, practically everyone, students and faculty alike, agreed that a need for the magazine existed.

The committee in charge drew up a plan of organization that satisfied the greatest number of persons. They provided for a magazine that would appeal to the greatest number of students; and they made their plans in accordance with the suggestions of the publications committee of the executive council. The proposition would become effective only on the condition that 1500 voluntary subscriptions might be secured. The student body would be asked for fifty cents for the two issues of the spring term, certainly not a very severe request.

And then, lo and behold, the executive council takes the matter upon its shoulders to the extent of deciding that the campus does not want the magazine, that students will not contribute to it, and generally that the affair is all wet.

The Emerald fails to see where the arguments of the executive council are effective, and believes that the council should reconsider its action. While the magazine at first might not be wholly successful, it at least would be a stepping stone to a better publication next year.

Concerning the Election Of a President

It is well known that the University is exceedingly disappointed that Dr. Chase did not see fit to accept the Oregon presidency. Dr. Chase apparently was in possession of those talents that recommended him most highly for chief executive of this institution. But since it is impossible that this man leave his present duties, Oregon might as well forget the past and start once again on the laborious process of choosing another.

Of course there's an element of embarrassment in all this business. Somewhat like the man who finds himself holding the burlap when he thought he was getting the girl. The first reaction to an affair like this is to explain, "Heaven help us! Will we EVER get a president?"

Yes, we'll get a president, but it may take some time. If the regents succeed in signing a man by the semi-centennial next fall the University may consider itself fortunate.

The University of Oregon is not the first educational institution to find itself on a long fast, presidentially speaking. Ohio State University once went a-fishing for a president and it took the Ohio trustees ten long years to find a man. Says the Ohio State Lantern, student newspaper: "The trustees cast their line into the pond of possibilities for the 10 years from 1883 until 1893. There wasn't a bite. A few tasted the bait but refused either because they did not wish to leave the home water or because they did not consider the new place well enough filled with economic sustenance." Ex-President Hayes was considered. Woodrow Wilson and William H. Taft refused the position. Wilson did not accept because "the inducements offered him were not sufficient for him to undertake the administration of the University." Taft refused because "he said his ambition was entirely judicial although he deeply appreciated the honor of such an offer." Another gentleman refused because he objected to praying in public, then one of the president's duties. Finally, after ten long years James H. Canfield, father of Dorothy Canfield Fisher, one of America's most prominent women writers, accepted the position.

Ohio State, incidentally, is one again looking for a prexy. Says the Lantern: "Today the Board of Trustees are out on another fishing expedition. They didn't say where, they didn't say when, and they didn't say how."

Oregon's patient and much suffering regents now must go out after a new man. And the Emerald suggests that they don't say where, that they don't say when, and that they don't say how. Let's just have a big surprise party one of these days with the new president as the prize package, and (we suggest to the newspapers) with as little advance ballyhooing as possible. It will make the selection much easier for the regents.

University High Loses To Eugene High 21-14

The University high school played its last game of the season Tuesday night with Eugene high school, in the men's gym, and was defeated 21-14.

The games with Eugene high school are always the most exciting for the University team because of the rivalry between the two schools. Tuesday night there was a din of rooting from the start to the finish of the game. Principal R. U. Moore, of U. H. S., says that

he has never seen such a display of school spirit and pep.

During the first half, the University high school team was nervous and missed several foul shots, and at the beginning of the last half the score was 11-11.

The boys at the University high school who will receive basketball letters this season are Ernest Powers, Walter Powers, George Wilson, Kermit Stevens, Norval Libbey, Wade Libbey and Austin Frey. These letters will be given at an assembly in the near future.

After spring vacation the campus high school will turn its attention to baseball.



This is the University mimeograph on which two careless profs have already left copies of their final exam questions. We can't resist publishing them for the benefit of students.

ECONOMICS

1. Give your opinion as to whether or not the proposed anti-toothpick law would really play any great part in our timber conservation program.

2. Discuss thoroughly the British rubber monopoly, laying special emphasis on its effect upon American manufacturers of pencils and erasers.

3. Give a brief outline of the Coca-Cola market for the past year.

4. Advance arguments for and against the proposed tariff on Bulgarian eye-droppers.

SHAKESPEARE

1. Do you believe Brutus would have fallen on his sword even if he had worn rubber heels?

2. Discuss the dramatic conflict between King Lear and Othello in Shakespeare's "Riders of the Purple Sage."

3. Do you think Nero was in his right mind when he pushed his mother down the elevator shaft?

4. Would modern railway signals have prevented the horrible wreck in "Merchant of Venice?"



Though starting in early
To fix for the date,
This sweet little Pi Phi
Is sure to be late.

Time's going swiftly,
But why should she care?
She simply can't go
Without washing her hair!

Hours flying swiftly
Along with perfume;
She thinks she hears Jack
In the living room.

The date was for nine
But it's nearly ten;
Plenty of time
To powder again.

At last she is ready
Runs down to meet Jack,
But no sign of him
Or his Cadillac.

She answers the phone,
Thinks maybe it's Kate;
But it's Jack just reminding
"Tomorrow's our date!"

"This is getting me down,"
cried the prof as he backed off
the fire escape.

POLES WE CAN CONSCIENTIOUSLY KILL

The little shrimp who reminds the prof at the end of the period that tomorrow's lesson hasn't been assigned.

"WAS THAT MY ALARM, OR THE TEN O'CLOCKS LETTING OUT?"

KEMAL SPLASHA.

Alas, my duty is done, no longer do my sides tingle with circulation nor do I send out little waves of warmth and cheerfulness to my friends, for I have no friends now. My admirers of former days no longer linger near me or gather about me and praise me with showers of kind, caressing words. They who once loved to be near me have forgotten and now I am alone and unnoticed. Because I am only a radiator and it is Spring.

IT HAS BEEN KNOWN TO HAPPEN

A lengthy lesson
... Not prepared,
Our turn is coming
... Awfully scared,
The ringing bell
... My Gosh! We're spared!

WIPE THAT SNEER OFF YOUR FACE!

Miss Vivian Harper, Alpha Xi Delta, returned home yesterday, after spending a week in the infirmary with the influenza.

A course in book selection and evaluation will be given by Mrs. Mabel McClain at the University summer session. This course will be in addition to the other library courses which have been announced.



To J. E. Ainsworth Johnstone, Greek and Latin Man.

Dear J. E. and Old Topper:

I have a letter from some person on the campus who doesn't sign his, or her, name. And the letter reads as follows:

"Dear Jim—To settle a bet will you please print in your column if it's necessary for all successful artists, writers, and what not, to be bohemians, and if it is, must a bohemian live on an inaccessible side hill on an unpaved street with no bathtub in the house; and must the house be a shack, and must all bohemians eat in four-bit foreign restaurants with oilcloth on the tables or sometimes can they just live like other folks?"

This communication is unsigned, Ainsworth, and it sounds like a man, but the handwriting is that of a woman, and I'm going to answer it myself, and I'd like to have you inquire around wherever you might be right now and help me out on this. You see, old thing, you've been sort of branded a bohemian by the standards of our B.A. school here and I thought you would be the proper person to address in this matter.

In the first place being bohemian is just a state of mind like having brain fever or wondering when the checks you draw on the last party are coming back to haunt you.

Personally I'm certain a chap can be just as bohemian in a house with showers and bathtubs in it as he can when he has to scrub himself down with a wash rag and out of a tin hand basin.

Bohemia being a state of mind, there are an appalling number of people who couldn't be bohemian even though they lived in a made-over cow-stable because they haven't any minds to have a state about.

One of the most successful bohemians I ever met is a lad who gets \$250 month from an estate and once wrote a half page article for a Sunday newspaper about seagulls on San Francisco Bay. That's the only article he ever has written and probably will be the last one but he has a side hill "studio" and engraved letter heads giving his name, the fact that he's a "Writer for Magazines," and has labeled his shack "Pink Gables" and pays just three times as much rent as the blooming thing is worth.

He's openly and avowedly the star bohemian in captivity in the town by the Gate, and he's far happier being one than if he worked for a living, or did any work at all for that matter.

But the average fellow who may generally be regarded as a bohemian would tell you to go drown yourself in the race if you accused him of being one, and inform you with heat that he was considerably much of an American, and I hope, Ainsworth, that this is in accordance with your views and I'm not off my track.

Yours happily,
JIM



The Education Club—Meeting on Thursday night at 7:30, Education building. The speaker will be J. A. Churchill, state superintendent of public instruction.

Tryouts for varsity representative in Pacific Coast Forensic League extempore speaking contest at Pullman, Washington, on April 8, will be held Saturday morning, 10 a. m., March 13, 1926. All undergraduates who wish to compete are requested to see J. Stanley Gray, forensic coach.

Pi Lambda Theta—Luncheon at College Side Thursday noon. Those who intend to try out for Junior Varsity should either see Bob Love immediately, or be present at the tryouts in Villard hall, next Friday and Saturday.

Men's hygiene—Those absent from classes this week call at men's gymnasium office for examination questions.

Crossroads—Meets Thursday. There will be no Order of the O meeting on the Library steps Friday.

Sophomore tryouts for April Frolic in women's gymnasium Saturday, 2 to 4 o'clock.

Daily Club meeting—7:30 in Woman's room of the Woman's Bldg. The Y. W. C. A. Discussion Group meeting which was scheduled for tonight will not be held.

Mrs. Lucile Morrow Osbold, who received her master's degree in 1920, and acted as teaching fellow in English until last June, moved to the Dalles from Portland about a month ago, according to Miss Mildred Hawes of the English department. Mrs. Osbold was married a year ago last Christmas. She is a member of Delta Gamma.



McDONALD—Second day: The picture sensation of 1926, Peggy Hopkins Joyce in "The Sky Rocket."

Harold Lloyd in a re-issue of his greatest comedy, "Never Weaken." Added attraction on the stage, "Music-Maid-Man," a beautiful thirty minute novelty presentation.

REX—Last day: The most romantic figure in America today, Mrs. Rudolph Valentino in Laura Jean Libby's "When Love Grows Cold," an intimate drama of those who try to shelter love and fame under the same roof; Clive Brook is co-starred; Roy Kahler and his "Country Store," a world of presents and a barrel of fun, nightly at 9; Century comedy, "Daredevil Daisy," with Mildred Marian; Kinogram news events; J. Clifton Emmel in musical accompaniment to the picture on the organ. Coming—Thomas Meighan in "The Man Who Found Himself."



Thursday, March 4

11:00—Assembly, musical program, Woman's building.

4:30—Meeting Freshman Girl's Commission; Y. W. Bungalow.

5:30—Y. W. C. A. mass meeting, Y. W. Bungalow.

Friday, March 5

5:00—Address by William Van Hoogstraten, conductor of the Portland symphony orchestra, music auditorium.

Saturday, March 6

Student body rummage sale, public market.

Sunday, March 7

5:30—Vesper services, music auditorium.

Teaching all the English classes in the Scappoose High School, coaching the debating team and the high school play, and having charge of sanitation and hygiene in the grammar schools is keeping Esther Stricker, '25, busy. She was an honor student in English, according to Miss Mildred Hawes of that department.

Davis is Appointed Swimming Teacher

Mr. Perry Davis of the men's physical education department, and local American Red Cross examiner has been appointed instructor in swimming and life-saving of the Lane County Boy Scouts of America.

Mr. Davis is now conducting preparatory work in life-saving at the men's gym for first class boy scouts.

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Geo. O. Goodall

Room 3, U. S. N. Bank Bldg.

ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE

Back in those good old days when the daring undergrads rode their bikes around town with their feet on the handle bars, and a race between two-wheelers was a gala event—even in those good old days Anheuser-Busch was nationally known among good fellows.

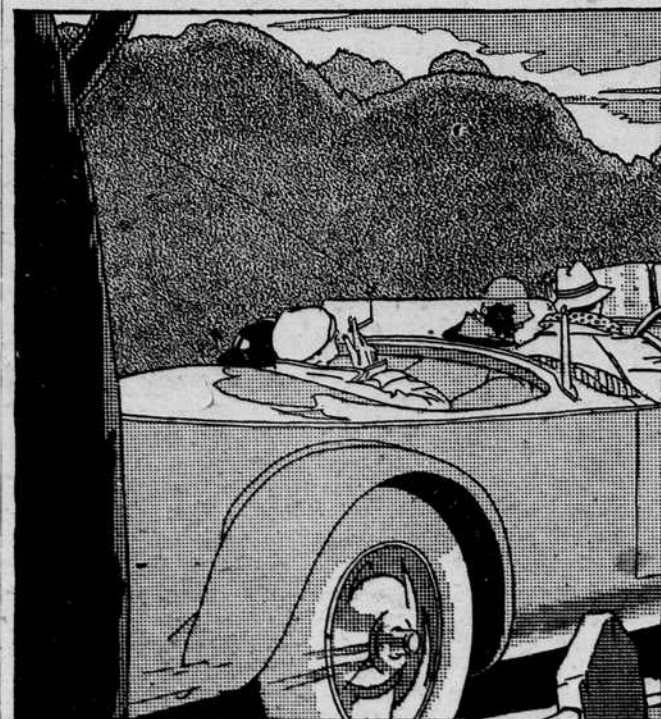
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