

# Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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is enshrined in alma mater's hall of  
fame.

Professor Push has neither time  
nor inclination for the development  
of the spirit of curiosity either in  
his students or in himself. His sys-  
tem calls for the memorization of  
statistics and not philosophical doc-  
trines. He and his students are not  
drawn together in a mutual interest  
in eternal problems.

What have eternal problems to  
do with bread-winning? The search  
for truth is too inconsequential for  
an age of standardization, and fits  
not at all into an efficiency system.  
Better prepare the students so that  
they may meet the immediate re-  
quirements of the world, and as for  
the inquiring spirit—well, let that  
develop with age or in any other  
manner.

So Professor Push stands at the  
switch and operates the university  
factory. One of his antagonists,  
Professor Stephen Leacock, of Mc-  
Gill, has explained the system with  
his remark:

"You put the money in the slot  
and out comes the degree."

And it's a good machine. Ab-  
solutely no blanks.

Unless Professor Push is re-  
placed by more stimulating teach-  
ers who can arouse the students'  
curiosities and encourage their re-  
searches, "the colleges will face  
complete metamorphosis," the Mc-  
Gill Daily believes.

Well, it's hard to tell who is to  
blame. We don't know who is re-  
sponsible for Professor Push or who  
is responsible for the too evident  
lack of student interest in the much-  
glorified search for truth.

Let us blame the machine age of  
standardization for the develop-  
ment of the unpopular efficiency  
professor, in the absence of a more  
suitable peg. And then let us blame  
Mr. Push for the general decline in  
student interest.

Now let us get rid of Professor  
Push and start all over again. We  
may not reach the medieval ideal,  
but fortunately we still have teach-  
ers who have managed somehow to  
ignore the efficiency methods.

There's hope, itself as eternal as  
truth, to solace us. In the mean-  
time, with the McGill editor, we  
utter a prayer for the early down-  
fall of Professor Push's efficiency  
dynasty. Not Professor Push of  
Montreal, Canada,—but Professor  
Push of Eugene, Oregon.

Let us swallow our offerings. The  
spark of spontaneity has got to be  
there. These things are not formu-  
lated; they grow, they evolve. Did  
you ever hear of a town meeting  
taking up the matter of nicknames  
for the boys and girls? Faculty  
members and some of the older stu-  
dents remember a more or less  
praiseworthy effort made a few  
years ago to retire the inelegant  
"pigger" from the campus. Some-  
one got \$5 in lawful money of the  
United States for suggesting "jun-  
er." Have you heard it lately? Most  
of us have almost forgotten the  
effort made a few short years ago  
to call our fellows the Pioneers.

The writer's guess is that the  
committee will make no effort to  
"select" a name for Oregon's re-  
presentatives. It, perhaps, will re-  
commend some name, perhaps two or  
three or more, and let the yell lead-  
ers and the fireplace boys and the  
campus at large try them out. With  
all the noble four-footed fur-bearing  
animals from beavers to bears ap-  
propriated by our forerunners con-  
temporaries, it's going to be a dif-  
ficult job. But what's the rush?  
Better, perhaps, wait a year or two  
and get something natural that  
rings the bell; for as sure as we  
adopt something without wearing  
qualities of tradition and interest  
and zip, it will join "Pioneers" and  
"juniors" in the limbo of lost words.

After a few months' trial of some  
seemingly desirable possibilities, it  
may be that the sports writers and  
the yell-leaders and others prin-  
cipally concerned will sift the sit-  
uation satisfactorily, and the selec-  
tion will be made. It should be as  
unanimous as "death" and "taxes."

Respectfully yours,  
GEORGE TURNBULL.

We simply can't decree these  
things and hand them out to the  
students and alumni and expect



**THE SEVEN SEERS**  
"WHAT FUR?" SAID THE  
OREGON CO-ED, AS SHE PAT-  
TERED THE O. A. C. BEAVER.

Bill Dills came down to the cam-  
pus this week for the express pur-  
pose of wishing the Seven Seers  
Beauty contest the best. Bill was  
one of the runners up for Mr. Ore-  
gon when a famed Beta came out  
ahead. Bill, however, says that  
doesn't cramp his style at all, for he  
has been rating ever since. He  
wishes to congratulate all of the  
candidates and hopes that they all  
win. But he leaves with the story  
and fable—Beauty is as beauty was.

A really dumb person asked today  
what happens when wrestlers get a  
head lock and lose the key.

"My, that girl surely is the live  
wire."

"Yes, everything she wears is  
charged."

We were praying for rain—with  
so many love affairs blossoming  
out, we wonder if they think it is  
still spring.

**SEVEN SEERS' BEAUTY  
CONTEST**

I THINK  
IS THE HANDSOMEST MAN  
ON THE CAMPUS.

**SEVEN SEERS**

Student body tickets will be  
necessary for the freshman game  
today.

Subscribe for the Emerald

**THE IDIOTS BALL**

Look out for the Indians,  
Flag the train,  
Battle the gale  
With might and main.

I'm the Kaiser, where's my bike?  
Stop the flood, plug up the dike.  
California cannot win.  
How many angels can sit on a pin?

I've got an elephant in my pocket,  
Baby swallowed a big sky-rocket,  
I ought to stop and I will too,  
Before I'm beat up black and blue.

Bob Mautz one day said to a jour-  
nalist, "What is the matter with the  
Emerald, no news no more—nothing  
important in it."

BOB MAUTZ

At least this issue will come up  
to expectations—Important things  
are in print this time.

**NEW TEAM NAME!**

So many bright and clever sug-  
gestions for a name for the Oregon  
team have been pouring in, the  
Seers hasten to disclose one they  
heard in the vicinity of Villard  
Hall yesterday, . . . "OREGON  
ONIONS," because the team is  
both green and strong. Or how  
about the "NON-FLUNKERS," be-  
cause they pass so much? And  
there's always the "CHAMBER-  
MAIDS," because they sweep down  
the field and have a rough line.

Here is the newest—fresh can be  
paddled by proxy, (probably be by  
the proxy).

Sigma Phi Eps are wishing Ron  
Sellers luck in paddling his own  
canoe. One night he dated—went  
up the race—current too much for  
him, so he went down stream—  
when it neared the hour of 10:30 he  
turned to return to the Anchorage  
—again the race was too much for  
him—he and date walked home  
from there—(he being a gentleman,  
walked home with the maiden)—  
An hour later he returned with two  
brothers of brawn to aid in the re-  
turn to Bailey of the canoe. Home  
at last.

"I'm going to call you atom,"  
said a Phi Delta to a Theta, "be-  
cause you are so hard to find."

Speaking of typewriters—  
The Pi Phi's have inaugurated  
the new saying, "Your just the  
type." For what? we would  
like to know.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY:

What do football men say when  
they go into a huddle?

"There goes another life," cried

the cat as it crawled out from  
under the steam roller.

Is it too cold for the ol' petting  
parties of yore—is this reason why  
everyone has so many pets about.  
Cats, Dogs, Birds and even Turtles.

"YOU'RE FIRED," ANGRILY  
YELLED THE MAN AS HE  
CLOSED THE FURNACE DOOR.

**SEVEN SEERS.**

Phil Sheridan

Abbie Green

Carl Johnson

Kenton Crane

Les Hunter

Bill Haggerty

Tim Wood

Jerry Gunther

Lester Johnson

Al Smith

Bobby Warner

Cotter Gould

Bill Kidwell

Herbert Socolof-  
sky

Walter Holt

Douglas Wilson

Boone Hendricks

Paul Luy

Jack Jones

Bill James

George Belloni

Art Larson

Lawrence Love-  
ridge

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planning to buy "Now is  
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ny "zipper" fastener, in  
gray, tan and black—like  
the picture—at \$5.00. . .  
And there's an in-between  
kind, with buckles, all-  
rubber, black, green red,  
and tan, at \$4.50.

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the zippers fast-  
eners at—  
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