

W. S. C. Considers Two Oregon Men

Hobson or Westergren is Possible Mentor

Chances that the Washington State College basketball team will be coached by an ex-Oregon star next year are two out of three, according to reports received here recently. Algot K. Westergren and Howard Hobson are the two Oregon men, who, with Dick Munson, Seattle high school coach, are being considered to succeed Carl Schluderman.



Choice between the three is expected within the next week, probably on April 21, says the communication.

Westergren graduated last year, after having for three times been chosen on the all-Oregon mythical quintet. He was characterized by Bill Reinhart, Webfoot coach as "the best man in the conference last season." He played guard all three years. Hobson was a forward, playing his last year in 1926. He, too, was one of the outstanding players of the circuit, and when graduated was thoroughly grounded in the principles of play.

It has been known for several months that Westergren was considered for that position in addition to a number of others of lesser importance. However, information that the field had narrowed down to a trio was received here only this week. Both ex-Oregon men have been coaching since graduation, Hobson at Kelso high, and Westergren as assistant to Reinhart.

Munson, is coaching at Ballard high school in Seattle, where he has made an excellent record.

Italian Magazine

Sent to Art Library
By Avarad Fairbanks

An Italian magazine depicting the art of medieval Italy has just been received at the library of the school of architecture and allied arts from Avarad Fairbanks, former head of the sculpture department of that school. Mr. Fairbanks, who is in Florence, Italy, at the present time on a Guggenheim Foundation fellowship, sent the magazine to the school through Ellis F. Lawrence, dean.

Beautifully illustrated with plates of such art subjects as painting, sculpture, architecture, and the crafts, and printed entirely in Italian, the magazine will be of great interest to the students, Dean Lawrence believes.

Mr. Fairbanks now has a commission under way for a new foundation in Vancouver, Washington, and he will also do the war memorial to be erected at Camp Lewis, Vancouver, Washington, Dean Lawrence stated. The sculptor was at the University of Oregon for seven years before he went to Florence to study last summer.

Classified Ads

LOST—Large black Scheaffer pen. Finder please call 928. Reward for its return. ap13-14

LOST—Jewelled Sigma Chi pin between 13th and 15th on Alder. Please call 565 or 2452-R. apr14

LOST—Gold ring with red stone and gold crest on stone. Liberal reward. Finder please call 2613-Y.

Last Day
Matinee Today, 2 P. M.

Olive Borden
Neil Hamilton
Marie Dressler
in

The JOY GIRL

From the Saturday Evening Post
Story by May Edgington

Comedy Aesop Fables

Colonial THEATRE

'How Dry I Am!' Chatters Pretzel, Campus Squirrel, As It Rains

Collegians may worry and scold and fret in scowling looks at the spasmodic wet when it's spring. They needs must hats and slickers don and in some cases put galoshes on, or get a soaking.

... and a lot more might be said of that. Burst of sunshine and all the University turns out of doors. The weather comes mildly to this campus and a warm night on the millrace is bettered a thousand times by the tonic of a lingering April shower. But rain has inconvenience to those impatient souls who look with yearning to the tennis courts, baseball diamond or cinder track, canoe trail or open road. "Aw, the devil!" the most impatient explodes. Which is probably natural. But he goes back to his books again. Which is a good thing.

The magnolias by the Deady-Library walk have announced spring and heaven on the campus, and doing their bit, have shed their blossoms to have them raked up by the gardeners. The lilacs on the same walk, the laurestimus by the library, the maples and cottonwoods here and there, the cherry trees around President Hall's residence and in other spots thrive with fragrance and beauty. Winter is gone; there is no doubt about that!

But rain, and the umbrellas open and slickers rustle and galoshes slosh.

But there is one on the campus who is not troubled with studies when the sun comes out, nor with slickers and galoshes and hats when the dampness settles again. That one is "Pretzel," the red tree squirrel, who lives with Mrs. Pretzel in the hollow fork of a tree by the walk from Villard to Sociology. A little shower doesn't dampen his

spirits a bit, nor does it those of his relatives who are scattered over the city. But a heavy shower and he scampers with a laughing chatter to his refuge. There, if it is possible to imagine what it might look like, he spits out his cheek full of buds, calls for Mrs. Pretzel to bring him his slippers, the latest edition of the Emerald, and his trusty pipe and forgets the passing of the hours.

Sam Miceelson, the head gardener, tells many a story about Mr. and Mrs. Pretzel and their relatives in other portions of the campus and of the other little animals and the birds and insects. At night an owl hoots in a tree in front of McClure hall. In the daytime the thrushes, the robins and the many smaller feathered residents and visitors chirp and sing.

Then there are the little wood bees. Look close along the east side of the Deady-Library, walk and you will see the little mounds of freshly chewed dirt which each enterprising wood bee has thrown up around his hole under the grass. Dig up the area around one of these mounds and you will dig up a bee, which, in warm weather, is ready for stinging purposes.

But the squirrels are most amusing to study. They live mostly on the walnuts garnered from the trees back of the Administration building, Mr. Miceelson says. One day, two of them, thinking to change their diet for the good of science or just for the variety of menu, ate some buds from the top of the big cottonwood tree in front of Deady. These buds are not good eating for squirrels, and the gardener found them later, dead at the base of the tree. They were either poisoned outright or intoxicated to dizziness and killed by the fall.

High School Contest Drama Will be 'Shall We Join the Ladies?'

Too many irons in the fire! Since yesterday's Emerald—when it was announced that "Shall We Join the Ladies?" would be given on May 4 for the drama tournament guests—decisions around the drama department have been made, unmade and remade. The last and final verdict is that it will be produced. The call has been sent out for all cast members to appear at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

Due to the short time left for rehearsals on the one-act play by Barrie, Miss Wilbur thought it might be best to give "Lady Windermere's Fan" instead of the shorter drama. This plan was frustrated when it was found that the train taking the junior vodvil chorus to Portland leaves at conflicting time. Several of the cast members for "Lady Windermere's Fan" are in the vodvil, so

that it will be impossible to produce the longer play.

Work, beginning this afternoon, will have to be intensive. Miss Wilbur urges all members of the cast to appear for rehearsal today. The play will include roles taken by Jack Waldron, Milton George, Edna Assenheimer, Arthur Angleton, Dorcas May, Lawrence Shaw, Grace Gardner, Glenn Potts, Lucia Andre, Cecil Matson, Eunice Payne, Alice Gorman, Thelma Parks, and Joy Ingalls.



Dr. Royal J. Gick
Next to First Nat'l Bank, Eugene

New Arrivals From France

Wood Block Engravings—Hunting and Coach Prints
Boudoir Prints—Color Etchings with Artist's Signature
You will be interested, too, in our special line of
PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES

THE
Oriental Art Shop
On the Balcony 1026 Willamette St.

That Worried Look

—Will disappear and your car will run a great deal better if you take it and yourself on a visit to—

BRAKEL WHITE

Adams Chooses Committee Heads

Second Annual Carnival Will be April 28

Bill Adams, general chairman of the student committees in charge of the Second Annual High School Relay Carnival, has chosen the heads of his sub-committees, and preparations for the meet will begin immediately. All the high schools in the state have been invited to enter their track teams, and a large number have already signified their intention of entering the competition. The meet will be held Saturday, April 28.

Adams has received a large number of requests from the various fraternities in regard to giving them certain teams or men as guests during the carnival, but the conflicting nature of most of these requests and the impossibility of pleasing everyone has led to the adoption of a system of lottery for the disposition of the teams, as well as the selection of the temporary student managers for each squad. Each fraternity will draw one entire team for housing during the meet, and each team will draw its manager from a list of candidates for the positions.

The earnest co-operation of the student body is needed in order to make this Relay Carnival a real success. In one sense, Oregon is again competing with her ancient rival at Corvallis, for the Aggies are also staging a state high school track meet later in the spring, and the comparative impressions that the preppers receive of the two institutions is likely to be a large factor in determining which school they will attend in the future. "It is Oregon hospitality vs. O. A. C. hospitality," said Adams, "and the Beaver brand must be the best." The committees in charge of the

Terrifying Literature in Vault Not As Bad As Students Believe

There is about the word vault, a certain terrifying sound. It echoes and reverberates with a chillness which strikes fear to the bravest hearts. One sees graves, and death and cold pale spectres of a dimly lighted past.

The library vault has its ghosts. It is Pandora's box, that harbors all that's bad. Wicked words written by wicked writers whispers from 'hot' books, that is what the vault holds, according to most university students.

So it was with trepidation and a certain anticipation of pleasure that I let myself be guided by the willing library assistant to the vault.

As soon as I became accustomed to the dark, my eyes beheld a number of musty volumes. I shuddered—afraid to gaze on the forbidden titles. Forcing my eyes to focus on a dark book in front of me I slowly read, "Pike's Arithmetic," the librarian took down the book, and showed me a chapter on "vulgar fractions," I tried to look sophisticated but I doubt that success was attained.

Next she showed that terrible piece of literature which we are all forced to read in English Survey, Malory's "Morte D'Arthur." I wondered if I should turn and flee

from these emblems of sin, but curiosity won and I stayed.

Next a bunch of Dialogues for School Children by Samuel B. Morse, was forthcoming. This little book was yellowed with age having been published in 1797, so it must have been written with an idea of pleasing the 'wild younger set' of that day.

Some more books (she seemed to be picking them worse and worse all the time) were, Mark Twain's "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court," "The Prince and the Pauper," and "The Guilded Age."

My heart sank within me, however, when she handed me that emblem of sordid reading, "The Faerie Queene" by Spenser and right afterwards Milton's "Paradise Lost."

The titles of the next three books were bad enough, Perkins' "Geometry," Briggs' "Trigonometra Britannica" and Cokers' "Arithmetic."

Well, the vault had lived up to its name. I felt a waning desire to read these books, and when she handed me a last obscene work, all the moral training I had had at home arose within me and I pushed aside the ponderous, gold-lettered volume, entitled "University of Oregon Extension Division Correspondence to Study Courses." My taste for the risque in literature is satiated.

various phases of the situation as announced by Bill are: General secretary, Dena Alm; housing committee, Paul Hunt, chairman, Russ Baker, and Jim Dezendorf; entertainment committee, John Anderson, chairman, Jack Dowsett, and Carl Nelson; accommodations, Franz Wagner, chairman, Kenneth Potts, Ralph Geyer, and Orville Bredthauer; publicity committee, Chan Brown, chairman, Ralph Martig, and Walter Norblad.

NITE CLUB
Friday
Singing and Dancing Features
Campa Shoppe

Varsity Barber Shop
We're Proud of Our Hair Cutting Ability
Near Colonial Theatre

LAST DAY
LEATRICE JOY
in
Nobody's Widow

From AVERY HOPWOOD'S clever comedy drama of matrimonial mixups.

With
CHARLES RAY
PHYLLIS HAVER
DAVID BUTLER

Comedy
Box
Prices

News
Box
Music

TODAY IS FAMILY DAY

Why Americans excel

The genius of America is restless. It is always striving to master new problems; and when new problems are solved, it advances to others. It is never satisfied.

For that reason we are constantly moving forward into new fields of discovery—insatiable, always demanding something newer, something better, something different.

Nothing demonstrates this more remarkably than the advertisements you read. They cover the entire range of human requirements—from the absolute necessities of life to the most refined luxuries. Yet they are constantly changing. This continual change means fresh material, fresh ideas, a stimulus to new endeavor.

The moment you cease to find interest in the advertisements of the offerings of industry, of commerce, of art—that moment you will begin to retrogress, and the world will slip away from you.

Reading advertisements is looking forward