

EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE OREGON DAILY EMERALD

Oregon Daily Emerald University of Oregon, Eugene

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Literati vs. Coaching

THE publishers would be happy to receive small cash amounts from those who particularly desire that an active and incisive minority paper exist on this campus.

With those words a new pseudo-critical-literary pamphlet, dubbed "Socks from Socrates" was flung upon the campus yesterday by unknown persons, paid for by money from unknown sources. The contents were mostly literary contributions which were rather good reading.

True to their threat of being "incisive," which means sarcastic or biting, the editorial column of our self-termed "contemporary" launched into a bitter attack on alleged wastage of student funds. A few rounds of machine-gun fire were dedicated to the Emerald.

The editorial read as follows:

No, we don't know Dr. C. W. Spears, but we do know:

That the maximum salary received by deans of schools at the University of Oregon is \$4,500 per year;

That the maximum salary received by full-fledged professors at the University of Oregon is \$4,000 per year;

That notwithstanding, Dr. C. W. Spears will receive \$5,000 per year for his academic functions;

Moreover we know:

That the associated students are paying in excess of \$4,000 yearly interest on a debt of \$60,000;

That the executive council of the associated students enunciated, Coolidge-like, a policy of economy in October, 1929, on that basis abandoning plans for a lecture series;

And that now the associated students nonchalantly agree to add \$6,500 each year to Dr. C. W. Spears' 5,000 other dollars. Total \$11,500.

The editors of the Oregon Emerald have announced unanimous student approval. They mistake. We could not endorse this transaction even though the good Dr. Spears were composite of Rockne, Jones, and Warner. To pay the head coach of an academic institution within \$500 of the salary received by the president is too obviously a capitulation to the sweep of modern, perhaps, but vitiating intoxication of athletic school fervor.

We are tempted to shout "Eureka" and "A Bas" in the same breath. For the past term the Emerald has had an editorial policy which was emphatically against the overemphasis of football in the American university. The Emerald's editorial columns have not declared that Dr. Spears had "unanimous student approval" as the literati-penman suggested. It tries to reflect the true state of affairs in student life and in so doing declared that he had "enthusiastic student backing."

As to the financial side of the question (Ah, this clash between theory and cold facts, between theorists and realists), the \$11,500 was a stiff price to pay. Anything good costs money. The University would have a difficult time to find a man versatile enough to act as a health service doctor and serve as a professor of physical education for less than the \$5,000 they are paying Spears.

The A. S. U. O. paid McEwan \$5,000 out of its own pockets. It will pay Spears \$6,500. Whether he is worth more is a gamble, since results cannot be foretold. The University was also forced to raise the McEwan figure to \$5,000 but figured they were getting their money's worth by gaining the services of a skilled surgeon who will work with the health service.

But this is not a defense of high salaries for coaches. It is merely an explanation. The sock "Socks" takes at the student body and University is justifiable—but it does not represent the opinion of the students as a whole. Most students were little interested whether the coach cost \$6,000 or \$12,000 so long as they got a good one.

At last word, the collection box for another issue of "Socks" is still open.

"The boy or girl who comes to college and has not the moral strength to stand up for the ideals he or she has been taught at home, but hauls down his or her colors, does not deserve a place on a college campus."—President Alfred T. Hughes, Hamline university.

An eastern college paper has barred cigarette ads from its columns. And, we'll venture, 4,009 students quit smoking.

Students Want Grades

LESS than six months after it had abolished its grading system at the request of students, Oberlin college has again established grading.

Though students were informed only whether they were passing or failing, discontent grew steadily at the Ohio institution, for the faculty secretly kept marks for their own use. The best way, students said, was to have no grades at all.

Oregon, too, has a large number of students who would immediately, they themselves say, perform wonders scholastically if only they were not graded. Grades are not their goal at all, but knowledge. "In Germany, now, but . . . ah!" Why, even classes are wrong. Should a university be like a penal institution?

Oberlin's reversal might be, if those Oregon idealists could see it so, a prophecy of such conditions on the campus. For if the faculty knew what the students were doing, what would be the use of it all? Let the world judge by its treatment of the graduates. Surely that would be the best test of worth.

But the fact remains that the world does not hand a problem to a graduate and judge him upon his answer. First it asks whether he can handle hard problems at all.

Subconsciously then, these pass-or-fail apostles seem to want to hide from that preliminary test. "Choose us by our feet, for they have carried us this far," they paraphrase the old myth.

Niord, the tale tells us, chosen for his wondrous feet, was the god of winds.

Literature on Downgrade?

PUBLICATION of Varsity Weekly Suddenly Stops.

"Monthly Literary Magazine Suspends Publication. Lack of Student Support Held Reason."

Every week or so headlines like those appear in the daily collegiate press. From Maine to the Pacific college literary magazines are finding the row too hard to hoe and are giving up the ghost.

Several times in the past Oregon has tried it. Literary pamphlets and humorous periodicals have been put out. But not for long. Lack of student interest, difficulty in getting advertising, and a paucity of subscriptions brought the cloud-flying poets back to the earthly realization that money makes the mare go.

Whether students are less literary-minded than in previous days is not the main question. Rather, it seems to revolve around the inability of college writers and editors to give the student the same amount and quality of entertaining and thought-provoking literature that they can get by purchasing a nationally known and circulated magazine. School spirit stops short of charity when it comes to spending money.

It is nice for a college to have such an organ of high-brow expression, but the students do not want them. If they did, they'd buy them.

"Athletics breeding race of giants"—headline. Does that mean we have to cut out dancing?

Oreganized Dementia

DR. CONFUZUS' cave-mate, a nameless old man who has discovered a pre-historic library out on the Amazon, has submitted a document from which the OREGANIZED DEMENTIA staff has translated the following three-part serial. The ancient Eugene folk used to tell it to their children more than a million years ago.

It was practically impossible to translate verbatim.

OKOO PULLS FAUX PAS

Story Telling of How a Young Lover Puts Skids Under Villain.
(Tense Drama in Three Parts)

PART I

Okoo lived when people stone-axed beasts for clothing, long before the world was any good. He was a fine man, nearly perfect, in fact. But he was insane, bugs, idiotic over one thing—Toitus.

That wasn't his pet pterodactyl, either. No. It was the girl he would marry if a last drop of blood stuck with him. She was horrible to look at; but in those days man had no sense of beauty.

Commits Self

"Sacred!" said Okoo in his best pre-historic French. "Love me, O maid. My heart is thine. See I wallow in thy footsteps."

"I'll have none of you," she said coyly. "You ain't fit."

"Toitus," whined he, "I got good teeth. That's something."

Toitus Critical

"But you are yellow," said Toitus with her cursed inhuman smirk, "you cur."

"Oh! Oh! Please don't. I think I'm brave."

"Kill Buvo then. He insulted me once. He said I wasn't no lady. With that I might like you more."

"Milady, it shall be."

Stars Lost

As usual that noon, the sunshine drowned out the starlight. Buvo was outside his grass hut gorging himself upon maggots. He was very large of frame, and when he swelled his enormous chest at the approach of Okoo, the latter sweat.

Buvo Betrays Emotion

"What want you?" sourly demanded Buvo, his emotions betrayed by the food oozing from his clenched fist.

"Toitus," shivered Okoo in reply. "Toitus—Toitus—"

"Otherwise. She ain't no more here than nothing," said Buvo in his characteristically poor grammar. "I'll choke you if you don't leave. Nay—Wait."

(Isn't this stupendous? Wait and see what happens tomorrow.)

Where U. of O. Summer School Goes



Both travel and study will be offered students by the University of Oregon next summer, when the summer session ship will make the trip to Hawaii and return, with ample time there for both work and play.

Classes will be held at the University of Hawaii and Punahou campus. Left to right, above, Hawaii hall, at the University of Hawaii in Honolulu; and one of the buildings of the historic Punahou campus, the oldest educational institution west of the Rocky mountains. Below, the library that summer session students will use at the University of Hawaii. Extra curricula activities at the Hawaiian summer session may include a few hula lessons.

campus. "The — Babies are the Best." (More alliteration!) Oregon women just can't resist 'em! They break dates, give back other pins, sell their souls, do anything to rate a — date, dance, dinner, or ride. There's something about the —'s. They're the best, you know, my dear.

The house is not a bad house. It shows signs of dissipation, but all in all it's not a bad house. In fact it was a helluva good house when beer was just right. The only trouble being that most of the fellows preferred to have a room in the basement instead of one of the choice apartments upstairs. However, a little bad luck and indiscretion removed the charms of the lower floor, and the fellows all live upstairs now.

The —'s have what is known as a well-balanced group of members, if you please. Their athletes may not always take trips, and their political candidates may not always win, but nevertheless, well-balanced is the word, and they'll stick to it. Of course, they have plenty of Don Juans, and even (and this is a novelty) even a Lord Byron, we hear.

Come, now, one and all, summon up your collegialism, get out your raccoon coats, wiggle that hand, wag that head, wink, give three rousing rah-rah-rah's and join in that good old chorus:

"— is the best."

—SEZ YOU!!

Four fraternity houses at O. S. C. were recently robbed of an aggregate of about \$800 worth of personal property. The Phi Delta Theta, Alpha Sigma Chi, Sigma Nu, and Theta Delta Nu houses were the sufferers.

The most characteristic trait of this gang of mill-race boys is a certain gesture of the hand. The fingers are stretched wide and the hand is wiggled from the wrist in a rather semi-circular motion. This is accompanied by a wagging of the head and a knowing wink. It may mean almost anything, but usually implies nothing in particular, which is indeed characteristic of the organization. (Neither a beau geste, nor a shanghai gesture!)

And women! Haven't you ever heard about the — sweethearts? Well, they are the pick of the

FORUM

MAN HELD A SENIOR

To the Editor:
Yesterday's communication has an element of justice in it—but only after the following facts are considered, facts which should have been investigated before criticism was made.

Dean Hugh Biggs, Dr. James H. Gilbert, A. S. U. O. President Tom Stoddard, all consider the man appointed a senior. If campus usage and approval count, then the appointee is a senior.

He is in his fourth year. Unless he be counted a senior this year, according to a decision made last spring, he will jump from junior to no class at all.

The appointment was delayed until all the rest of the directorate could meet to decide on the man. The office was considered most important. The contested appointee was the choice of the entire directorate because of his success in advertising and merchandising, his originality, his membership in Alpha Delta Sigma, advertising honorary, Guild hall play advertising campaign work and his practical work on the Coldex index advertisements.

To save embarrassing the appointee, who is excellently qualified, it seems to me the writer should have consulted the administration or myself before blaring half-truths.

—Day Foster.

Barred From Pan-Hellenic

To the Editor:
A student of the University of Oregon finds herself in an embar-

enough persons benefited to justify the change?

—Ruth Newman.

KFAB at Lincoln Nebraska is broadcasting an interfraternity song contest sponsored by the organizations of the University of Nebraska.

Northwestern university has joined the list of colleges and universities having aviation in their curricula.

Next Sunday
11:00 A. M.

"Moral Chaos Today—
Cause and Cure"

What is our moral authority?
When do we find moral freedom?
Is the younger generation becoming more moral?

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCH
Where Christian Liberalism
Is Preached



The Smart Pieces in Jewelry This Winter

include dainty lustreful jewelry of pearls, crystals, amethysts, corals, cornelians, as well as jade and turquoise sets. There are also Peking pieces that make very attractive bits for the formal dress.

Feminine frocks for evening wear are very subtly added to with these individual jewelry settings. Rings, necklaces, bracelets and pins are among the selection.

Oriental Art Shop

Off Eugene Hotel Lobby



ENGLISH TOFFEE

That delicious crisp, crunching toffee—made with toasted almonds—and has that rich butter taste . . . also the genuine English chewing toffee. You'll like them.

WALORA CANDIES

851 East 13th Avenue

GRILLE DANCE

Lee-Duke's Campus Band

Friday and Saturday Nights

LEE-DUKE'S CAFE

Phone 549 for Reservations

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Tuxedos

\$35

Remember, that formal attire is either all right or it's all wrong . . . there is no middle ground! And now that "happy days are here again," you'll want to be going places and doing things . . . but first let's be sure everything's all right.

Come in.

Wade Bros.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

The O 2952-W
Phone Lunch