

Oregon Daily Emerald
University of Oregon, Eugene

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The Oregon Daily Emerald, official publication of the Associated Students of the University of Oregon, Eugene, issued daily except Sunday and Monday, during the college year. Member of the Pacific Intercollegiate Press. Entered in the postoffice at Eugene, Oregon, as second class matter. Subscription rates, \$2.50 a year. Advertising rates upon application. Phone, Manager: Office, 1886; residence, 127.

Over-Emphasis?

FOOTBALL is traveling westward. Magazines, newspapers, syndicate writers, sport editors, grant the fact. Where Princeton, Yale and Harvard once contributed practically all the members to the all-American teams, now the West is gradually coming to the fore.

Games in the Middle West and Pacific coast attract huge crowds rivaling the best turnouts of the East. Coaches are moving west. Especially is this last trend apparent since the signing of Phelan by Washington and Spears by Oregon. The West is taking its football more seriously than the Atlantic seaboard. We are tempted to say "too seriously."

A girding for a tremendous fray in the coast conference is going on. Washington's Phelan arrived in Seattle and was welcomed by a defeat-tired student body. He brought with him a coterie of all-American assistant coaches and spring practice will start with five ex-Middle West players and coaches superintending the Huskies on the gridiron.

Oregon will match Phelan's move, rumor has it, by taking Billy Reinhart and Prink Callison off varsity and freshman baseball and adding them to Spears' spring football coaching staff, raising its personnel to five. Gene Shields and John O'Brien, newly-signed, complete the list. Universities in the South are also bolstering up their coaching staffs, as if seeing the ominous war-clouds rolling up in the North.

Having five full-time coaches working daily on spring football practice seems to be adding insult to injury on those who attack the over-emphasis of football in the college. It is a salient fact that placing such importance on spring practice is a radical move. Whether the results will justify the means is problematic. Certain it is that with five full-time top-notch coaches on the job, football will cost Oregon and Washington a tidy sum this spring, what with equipment and other expenses.

Class Meetings

NINE HUNDRED students called together to endorse the lighting scheme of a dance; an entire class asked to judge whether one type of feature is preferable to another in a traditional entertainment; special meetings to approve lists of patrons and patronesses.

That too often has occurred in Villard hall and in the other buildings commonly used for class meetings. And the officers complain because the expected nine hundred dwindle to nine, because the entire class gives way to the committees in charge, because there is slight interest in the patrons. And the functions of classes are termed decadent.

When the classes learn to give complete authority in business routine to their representatives, and when the officers learn to exercise their initiative without submitting every detail to a but slightly interested class, then the offices will take on a little worth as well as glory.

Most of all, the class members will feel their interests vastly more at stake when they hold the officers responsible for results—and judge upon those results.

For Blind and Deaf

ESTABLISHMENT of a department of the University library for the blind should not be construed as a move to get more students at and more appropriations for the University. It should be, and is, primarily a progressive step toward the higher education of those permanently handicapped.

The legislature of the state of Oregon should recognize that. It has already recognized the value of such education in its maintenance of schools for the blind and deaf at the state capital. It should not confine them to the lower grades.

Nor should the University, in its call for more adequate preparation for one group of those handicapped forget the deaf. A few years ago, according to incomplete information at hand, the only college for the deaf in the country was at Washington, D. C.

No hurried steps are expected, but it would be a welcome asset to society to have higher school-

ing made possible in Oregon. Whether such aid would be granted the state college or the University is incidental, for the need is not that of the schools but of the blind and deaf.

The reason the co-eds take more time to dress than the college men is that they have to go slow around the curves.—Idaho Argonaut.

"Brains are sexless," says a woman debater for Oregon, in speaking of women in industry. Sometimes one sex or both seems brainless.

Harvard has a club called the Hasty Pudding club. They must be the boys who eat breakfast at 7:55 and make their 8 o'clocks.

A sorority back at Nebraska will offer kisses for sale at the Cornhusker carnival, we learn. It shouldn't be hard to "offer" them.

Oregon is showing better sportsmanship. When they lost both ends of the dual debate, no one booed the judge.

Oreganized Dementia

SCENARIO

SCENE I.

TIME: AUGUST

A place that looks something like a lumber yard. It is hot. You can see the heat waves rising from the docks. The hero is wandering around in a pair of high boots, wool socks, and a blazer that is buttoned up to his chin.

Villain arrives in car with top down. He wears an overcoat, a muffler, and has his cap pulled down over his ears. The heroine is in the car also. She must be warm-blooded, because she doesn't even wear a coat.

Villain—Why don't you go to college, Ned?
Hero—I guess I will, cousin Oswald.
Villain—Lend me some dough.

The hero goes to college because he likes the looks of the co-ed in the car, whom he glimpses from a distance of 50 yards.

"She must be a fine, healthy girl," he says to himself, "because she doesn't get pneumonia in this cold August weather."

SCENE II: CAMPUS

"That's the Administration building," says a sophomore to Ned, pointing from the old library to the Delta Gamma house just down the street. "You can register there."

Ned carries suitcases around campus for a while trying to find a place to register. Students are too busy going to classes to pay much attention to him, but he finally succeeds in locating Ad building, which is hid behind a couple of bushes.

"I've absolutely no reason at all for doing this," says Oswald to the heroine. "I guess I'm just wicked, that's all. I want you to make a monkey out of my cousin."

"I'll do 'er," says the heroine, and she does, causing him to receive a world-record padding of 50 swats on the library steps for busting some traditions.

But Ned can make a fiddle sound like a melodious troupe of syncopating cats, the audience is led to believe. He loves to go out in the brush in the middle of the night like the campus prowler to play it. It consoles his temperament. The heroine cries every time she hears him play.

One evening she leans out of the sorority house window, and with a romantic gesture, inflates her little lungs and blows her handkerchief at him from off her hand. The dainty thing travels halfway across the big yard and nestles in the grass, where he picks it up and gallops off with it.

Although the heroine doesn't know it, because Oswald takes all the credit, Ned saves her from drowning in the mill race, and helps her girl friend resuscitate her by laying her on her back and pulling off one of her stockings. As was mentioned before, Oswald is wicked.

For that reason, he has it in for Tom, one of the star track men. The dean of men, who has a wild, scared look in his sad, handsome face when he advises undergraduates, owns a big glass marble of which he is very fond. Oswald swipes this marble and plants Tom's pocketbook at the scene of the robbery.

Tom is placed on probation, but because of the fact that Tom could make Lowry, who couldn't do any better than 9.4 in the 100, and Prendergast, who stumbled the distance in 10 flat, look like a couple of plow horses, Ned feels that it is his duty to get the marble from Oswald and take the blame himself, so that Oregon would have a chance in the big meet. It is hard to tell how the meet comes out, but it's a cinch that the campus thinks Ned is a snake.

"Yep, Ned," says Oswald as he climbs on the train after confessing to his heinous deeds, and after Ned has identified himself as the Prowling Fiddler by playing a sorrowful piece at a women's tea-party to which the heroine has invited him, "I'm going up in the hills and jump in a buzz saw. Maybe it'll make me act like you do. Remember, my dear cousin, always be kind, truthful, virtuous, and above all, study hard. I'm glad you won the girl."

Ned doesn't kiss the heroine, but maybe he will some day.

Life is Like That---

By Nels Nelson



Listening In
On Lectures

Women tell everything except their ages—Timothy Cloran.

Political rumors are very exciting and sound like the Bible truth. See if you cannot get through the next six weeks of campus life without believing more than 15 per cent of what you hear—especially if it charges crooked action on the part of people you had previously thought pretty decent.—Dean Allen.

Michael Mueller
Paints Portrait

Vice-president Barker's Daughter Pictured

A portrait of Barbara Barker, daughter of Burt Brown Barker, vice-president of the University.

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THE ANCHORAGE

A Photograph



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Emerald Corner for Notables

Editor's Note: The Emerald is publishing weekly an article on some prominent student on the Oregon campus. This is the second of the series.

"HELLO, central! Give me 2480." Tom Stoddard was on the phone. Tom Stoddard, the student body president. The person on the other end of the line answered. "Can I speak to Doc Robnett?" he asked. "Hello, Doc. How about a handball game? Okay? Fine." He hung up.

What's wrong with calling up the assistant graduate manager for a handball game? Nothing. No, sir, not even when he's sitting in the room next to you, not three feet on the other side of the plaster.

Lest this give the readers the wrong impression, let us state that Tom Stoddard is not usually inclined to labor-saving devices such as this.

Big wide grin and neatly parted hair, Stoddard would compare favorably with any past student body presidents in a beauty contest, sponsored by the Emerald or any other paper.

Stoddard's rise from the ranks began when he "spotted" shanties and fences for the frosh bonfire when he was a freshman. That was the first year they held the bonfire on the butte and Stoddard got a cold reception in his first attempt at student activities—the mercury was way, way down and riding a truck was no fun.

Since then he has been on any number of campus committees and this year is vice-president of Phi Delta Theta as well as student prexy.



TOM STODDARD

"All my relatives have been lumbermen as far back as I can trace," he declared, and was just launching into a laudatory account of Modoc Point, where he lives summers, when we left.

CAMPUS BULLETIN

Members of pre-legal exposition class—meet Monday and Wednesday at 8 p. m. in 105 Oregon. Class as usual Monday.

Amphibian and varsity swimming—practices today from 12 to 12:30, and from 2:45 to 3:15 this afternoon in the pool of Gerlinger hall.

Drama group—Sunday, March 9. Philometele Drama group to meet in the women's room of Gerlinger hall at 5 o'clock.

Philometele initiation—Sunday.

The Ambler

MARY ELLISON learning to dance . . . RUTH HOLMES and BETH CROCKER, acting as chief cooks and bottle washers in the household arts department . . . TRUMAN RUNYAN all hopped up over no econ quiz . . . MARION KEEP collecting a big bet from ROBERT ALLEN . . . MARION FROST the center of an admiring throng of women . . . CAL WHITMAN playing bridge in College Side . . . BOB HOLMES looking for his great Dane.

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