

Oregon Daily Emerald
University of Oregon, Eugene

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Sports

The following editorial, printed in the New York World, sums up excellently the way many persons feel toward sports, both inside and out of college. In it we hear a slight feeling of injustice for the boys who have to work and go to school nights because they do not have the educational advantages of other young men; in it is echoed the lament of many that athletics often sacrifices mentality for the muscularity; in it the same feeling expressed that some check is needed, some definition necessary to differentiate between professional and amateur sports.

"Let us get straight on sports. If we continue to play along as we have been doing the result must be the building up of even more hypocrisy. Prohibition has done its worst, and now the tide has changed. There are millions of devotees of sports in this country, and we hope their number will increase, but we hope also that they will play games for the fun they get out of them and not for some ulterior motive.

"We hope the time will come when the boys who go to work in the daytime and to school and college between the hours of 7 and 9:30 o'clock in the evening will have even greater opportunity to play. It will help them and it will help this country. We are not going to waste any sympathy on the boys who work their way through college; they would high-hat us or throw a brickbat at us if we did. Our interest is in the confusion of thought which cannot see the difference between doing something athletically because it is a pleasant thing to do and another policy which says that because nature has given me a strong pair of legs, a deep chest or some other physical asset I must capitalize them instead of the gray matter God placed in my skull. The tragedy of the moment is that so many superb youngsters are the victims of their elders—men who are prepared to sacrifice them on the altar of personal ambition. In sports competitors give of their best, their last breath, their very heart beats, until the cinders of the track blind their eyes; they ought to give for something more than money."

A College Novelty

BENNINGTON, Vermont, the place where Revolutionary war heroes were made, will be the site for a new "ideal" college for women, builded upon the latest educational lines.

Embodied in its features will be:
1. Selective plan of admission on basis of pupil's school record.
2. Tuition fees to pay for full cost of instruction with generous scholarships for the deserving.
3. Individually prescribed work the first two years.

4. Tool courses, such as mathematics and foreign language, prescribed only for those who look forward to major work requiring their use.

The United States is gradually approaching a period when the progressive schools and scientific students of education must ally themselves more closely in the common effort to evaluate the newer methods carefully and impartially. Such a college as will be built in Vermont will emphasize individuality, direct interest, initiative and self-dependence as educational aims.

No longer will the student be required to take two or three years of college language, say French; it will do him only a minimum of good unless he expects to teach French or travel abroad—which only one out of 100 French students plan on.

The off-heard charge that colleges are mills where every student is taught the same thing, regardless of individual capabilities, is being answered by this institution. Students in college today are advised what courses to take, but after they get in those courses all are taught by the same wooden method, aimed to teach as much as possible to as many as possible and let the "devil take the slow pupil."

In the elementary and high schools, and even in smaller colleges, greater emphasis is being placed on feeding each individual pupil educational food to

the correct amount and of the correct sort so that he may get the best results. If this method is to be a forced feeding, with the sickly and the well both getting the same "hardtack," society can only expect that those who went in "sick" will come out in little better health, educationally speaking.

Colleges where the lecture system has to be employed because of the large-sized classes are only making the best of the situation. There are better methods of putting the subject matter across and getting the best results from teaching than by the lecture, but under the prevalent conditions of overcrowded colleges, it is the only thing left. Those who are alarmed to see small colleges being started up all over the country and watch with misgiving the new-born junior college movement should change their slant of looking at things and rejoice that at last education is trying to get to the individual instead of pouring the molasses of knowledge over a swarm of human flies and hoping that it will catch some.

Who's King Now?

THERE is an unusual situation down at Oregon. There sits in the Emerald editor's chair a man who is officially nothing, officially something, drawing pay for something which he isn't and not a member of something to which he legally belongs.

A conflict of appointments brought it all about. Unraveled, the difficulty takes this shape:

The man who is editor of the Emerald is automatically a member of the publications committee. Two weeks ago a new editor was appointed, to take office next fall. The publications committee was picked by George Cherry a few days later and immediately went into office, displacing the publications group of which the incumbent editor is a member.

So the editor of the Emerald today, since he holds his position from September to June, is not actually a member of the publications committee, although the constitution provides that such shall be the case.

The Gordian knot is further entangled by the fact that although the editor for the past year still writes the editorials and directs the policies, draws the pay, and bears up under the many compliments which are an editor's lot, the editor for next year holds all the political power through his affiliation with the committee.

The past editor, according to constitutional requirement, has made out a list of awards and salaries to be paid to workers on the paper this year. This recommendation goes to the publications committee, upon which sits the editor for next year. Truly, the times are out of joint. Perhaps the incongruous arrangement as it now stands might be avoided by not putting the recently appointed publications committee in force until the following fall. It might be remedied by making the editor-elect the real editor for the last month of school, such a system as is used at Oregon State college.

For the benefit of those who think college students terribly sophisticated let us cite Washington, where fraternities indulge in donut horseshoes and touch football.

A bunco artist was exposed by a University professor the other day. How about exposing some professors as bunco artists also?

This is not spring weather; it's more like arctic well weather.

Editorial Shavings

Four hundred and seventy-three girls voted for the 12:30 rule on week-ends and 13 voted for 12:15 closing hour. We'd like to get a look at those 13.—Daily Nebraskan.

About this time of year graduating seniors begin to wonder whether food handed out by charitable institutions is as good as what they get at college.—O. S. C. Barometer.

"Petting," says a leader of an intercollegiate club, "is passing out." On the other hand, the early census returns show 222 more inhabitants in Paw Paw.—Michigan Daily.

Nowadays a man can follow any course he wants so long as he has the green fee.—Fullerton Torch.

The Collegiate Pulse

THE ART OF CONVERSATION
(Columbia Missourian)

Not so long ago American terseness was such a common thing and so generally accepted that even the humorous magazines noticed it. Congressmen were objects of wonder mainly because they could talk so much and accomplish so little. Women who ranted and raved were occasionally avoided and labeled as gabby nuisances.

Modern observers say we have all joined in this worship of the Great God Gab. We produce automobiles, safety pins, bathtubs and college graduates mechanically by the tens of thousands. Now we are producing our conversation on the same mass production basis. It is charged. Soon, others predict, we will improve the quality of our conversation. Tens of millions of citizens, if we may believe our advertisements, are learning salesmanship, French, and how to make the politer forms of conversation, through correspondence courses.

Americans, surely, are in need of an art of conversation. Invariably visitors remark, "Delightful people, Americans, but they do not know how to talk."

Because of this, it is pointed out, there arises our "ferocious hospitality" which leads to rushing the visitor from place to place and tiring him to death without really talking to him.

Attention is called to our lack of great orators. No Cicero lives now. Bryan is dead. There are no successful Daniel Websters, if we exclude Senator Borah. Debators in schools are trained to voice opinion selected for them. The whole nation stumbles in the dark when it must converse intelligently.



It appears that one of the gallant 3,000 has contributed something of a highly intellectual nature. Whether it's in blank verse or not we haven't yet determined. Here it is, anyway:

INSULT
"A Pollyanna critic!"
Because I laughed at what bored me—

Bettered to have suffered
At the irritation of it all—
To have joined the ranks of
young critiques,
Sipped tea—felt pain at the in
sufferably prosaic—
Later—drunk and sexy—
Lost myself in a long hang-over.



But having felt the super-triteness
Of such young modernity,
I laughed, instead
Of abusing my aesthetic sense.
That laughter brought me in-
sult—
But—from one at whom I
laughed.

—E. M.

Deep, huh?

BUT LOOK—the following is an advance story we swiped from the publicity department. It wasn't to have been printed until next year some time, but here it is in all its gorgeous details:

Margaret Muncy couldn't keep from having a sophisticated air if she wanted to, but with her long bob she has a naughty look that is a bit naive . . . very, very expressive.

With long hair Mary Caniparoli had a deep melancholy look (like some heroine out of a story book). With it down on her neck, she has the same look, but with a difference, if you know what I mean.

So important has this bobbing problem become again, that the Emerald looked up some statistics on the subject. Dorothy Teepe, who is the Junior Prom queen, has long, wavy brown hair.

Of the four girls who are to be her attendants, all are brunettes with either curly or wavy hair. Janice Strickland and Lorena Wilson wear theirs long. Margarita Hay and Orpha Ager have theirs in long bobs.

Of the other 13 who ran, only one confessed to straight hair (although I dare say that if we could see them as God does, a lot more would have it versa vice). Five have bobbed hair, and only three, out of all those 18 who ran, are blonde.

So it seems that, although it is becoming increasingly popular, men still prefer their maidens to be sweet, demure, and long-haired (it is true . . . women still dress for the attention of the sterner sex).

Although they prefer blondes, women remember that "they marry brunettes," and let the gold die with the baby clothes.

Curly add to that fetching, coquettish look and make the "come hither" in the eye more noticeable. (From one who knows.)

WE REITERATE:
"This is too much."

Do You Know?

Heilig theater tickets are offered for the best contributions to this column each week.

That in 1897, for the first and only time in its history, the University of Oregon conferred upon six graduating students the degree of bachelor of scientific didactics? (Didactics is defined by Webster as the art or the science of teaching.)

—R. K.

That in the Emerald of Tuesday, May 20, there was not one story that "broke over" from one page to another—i. e. no continued stories?

—H. T.

That neither the editor nor manager of the Oregon had his picture taken for the senior section of the Oregonian? (Neither was a senior.)

The freshmen at Washington-Lee had a big time at the annual freshman night, but the university treasurer is stuck with a bill of more than \$800 for the damage wrought by the yearlings in their mad capers.

Now That You've Read The Emerald

Answer These to Test Your Knowledge of Campus Current Events

- Who won a Jewett prize for a second time?
- Who plays over KORE tonight?
- Who ran to the Springfield bridge and back in 32 minutes?
- Who is going to address the class in aviation?
- What Oregon grad has been selling poetry recently?
- What is going to become of bayonets and the old R. O. T. C. uniforms?
- Who gives a recital tonight?
- What Corvallis group is going to hear Dr. Hodge?
- How many more games must Friendly hall win to clinch its series?
- Who won prizes for the recent Community Day games?

Mrs. Hearst's Fashion Monocle

(If you could see yourself, as others see you)

By C. H.

Is it the effect of Greta Garbo's "IT," and their attempt to copy it, or is it merely spring, that has made so many co-eds bob their hair?

Elsie Goddard, up at the Delta Gamma house, has given up her "crown of glory." She no longer looks a woman of the world: just sweet, young, girlish.

Loleta Jaeger, with all the stored-up dignity of past and gone Thetas, looks as if she had stopped playing the "part of the nice girl," as our own Gullfin so aptly expressed it, now that she has cut her long golden tresses.

Flavell Hayner is no longer Miss Modesty 1929, but is Miss Moderne 1930 (Ziegfeld and Follies Bergere).

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Two pledges at Minnesota who had worked far into the night for their fraternity brethren sneaked out and entered a neighboring house where they found two freshmen waxing floors. The intruders ordered them to exchange hacks, and when the latter couple obeyed, the others went home satisfied.

The Difference Between Wet Feet and Dry Feet Is

CAMPUS SHOE SHINE

"Right across from the Sigma Chi's"

Spanish Society Meets Thursday

The last meeting of La Corrida de Todos, Spanish club, which was scheduled for Wednesday evening, will be held Thursday evening at 7:30 at the Westminster house, instead.

The program for the evening, under the direction of Marvin Erickson, graduate assistant in Spanish, will consist of music and Spanish card games. Eight Spanish records, property of the Spanish department, will be played from which to learn the popular Spanish and Mexican ballads.

These records are Mi Viejo Amor (My First Love), Borrachita (Little Tippler), Chula La Manana (Mexican Morning), El Desterrado (Love's Exile), Mascarita (The Little Masquerette), Colorados (Ruby Lips), El Que a Hierro Mata (Love Unrequited), and Cleito Lindo (My Pretty Angel).

The Spanish students appointed to take charge of the tables of card games are M. E. Erickson, Willmadene Richolson, Mildred Dobbins, and Curtis Charlson.

These appointments were made by Carl J. Furr, president of the club.

All students interested in Spanish are welcome to come to this meeting, according to Mr. Furr.

Ann Baum Thrown From Frisky Horse

Ann Baum, sophomore in sociology and secretary of A. W. S., was severely shaken yesterday afternoon when she was thrown from her horse.

Examination showed, however, that no serious injury resulted, beyond minor bruises.

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Greater Oregon committee—will meet today in room 105, Johnson, at 5 o'clock.

Christian Science Organization—meets tonight at 7:30 in the Y. W. C. A. bungalow.

Phi Kappa presidents—meet at 8 o'clock today in room 105, Johnson, at 5 o'clock.

Music group—of Phi Kappa meets today at 3 at Westminster house. Girls bring instruments and music.

Tau Delta Delta—meets at noon today at the Anchorage. Everyone please be present and bring 50 cents.

Prose and Poetry group—of Phi Kappa will have an important meeting at 4 o'clock today at the Alpha Gamma Delta house.

Students interested—in the W. F. Jewett extempore prize speaking contest will please sign the list on bulletin board outside room 2, Friendly hall.

Meeting of all house representatives—for W. A. A. today at 5 in 121 Gerlinger building. Very important that each house be represented.

Phi Beta—important meeting at 4 o'clock today at Susan Campbell hall. Members plan to meet at 2015 University street at 6:30 this evening.

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