

Behind The Igloo

By Bruce Hamby

Oregon's entrance in the annual Hill Military Academy indoor track meet at Portland last Friday night was a master stroke in the interests of Webfoot athletics. Naturally, as the only competing "big time" team, Colonel Bill Hayward's squad proved the greatest attraction at the large meet. And the Colonel, himself, came in for a large share of prominence when he was presented with a neat looking medal, suspended by a bright red ribbon, in honor of his work in coaching United States Olympic teams.

Bud Shoemaker, Oregon's wobbly-legged sprint star, was the one-man sensation to the 4000 Portlanders who jammed the academy's miniature Igloo. After a slow start in the University class 50-yard dash, Shoemaker turned on the steam and streaked by George Cannady; Willamette's highly-touted negro star, and other opponents to win by two yards in the fine time of 5.3 seconds. "Look at him go," breathed the onlookers as Shoemaker flashed by.

Bill Reinhart's sparkling baseball players may find themselves playing in big league atmosphere when they meet the up-and-coming University of Portland nine in Portland Saturday, April 13. Tentative plans now being pushed would put the game in Vaughn street park, home playing field of the Portland Beavers of the Coast league.

Getting back to Bill Hayward who deserves some mention as the only Webfoot coach not mentioned in wild rumors of "shifts" and "new deals".

The Oregon Alumni association of Portland is honoring Oregon's veteran coach and trainer, with a banquet at the Multnomah hotel in Portland, Thursday night, April 11. Many of Hayward's former track stars, as well as this year's, and other Webfoot coaches will join with the Portland alumni in celebrating the Colonel's 32nd year at Oregon.

Webfoot competition in spring sports—track, baseball, golf, and tennis—may be greatly lessened if the student body situation at Oregon State college is not brightened within the next week. Pitifully small student body membership, which has been lower than Oregon's ever since optional fees went in, has led to the possibility of eliminating all spring sports. And according to reliable word from Corvallis, the student body heads are not merely making threats for public consumption. The situation is acute.

Plans for a gala opening of the 1935 northern division baseball race here on Friday, April 26, are going ahead fast. Present arrangements call for the usual gathering of dignitaries to exhibit the best methods of how not to play baseball, possible broadcasting of the game, and the presence of Portland sporting writers to "cover" the game. The opponent will be Oregon State (unless the lads and lassies at Corvallis continue to spurn student activities).

Once more we push Colonel Hayward in the spotlight. The latest exploit of the Colonel, who is famous for his pranks, concerns Thomas (Norman the Mormon) Stoddard. It seems that at the re-

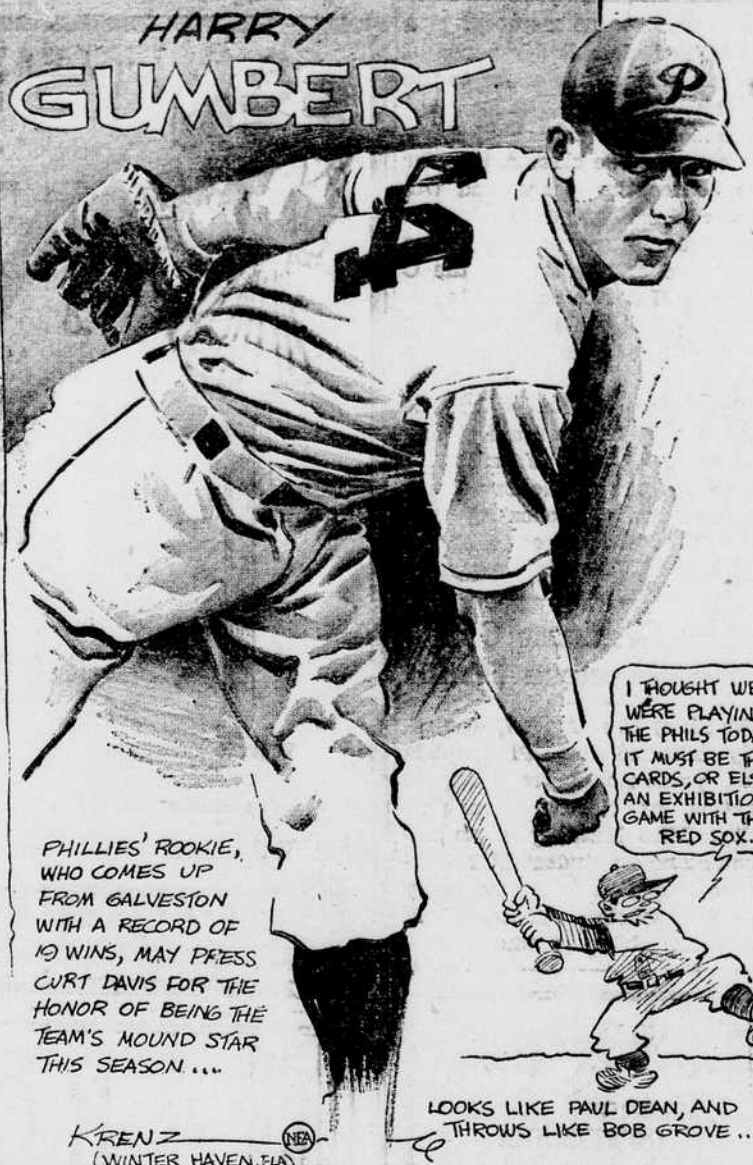
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HARRY GUMBERT
PHILLIES' ROOKIE, WHO COMES UP FROM GALVESTON WITH A RECORD OF 10 WINS, MAY PRESS CURT DAVIS FOR THE HONOR OF BEING THE TEAM'S MOUND STAR THIS SEASON...

Smart, But Too Slow

By Howard Kessler

EMERALD Foreign Correspondent
MADRID — He was a beefy bull-voiced Spanish-American taxi driver, and he wanted to know if Roosevelt was going to build a Nicaraguan canal.

"Because if she goes through I leave this place pretty quick," and he prefixed the "quick" with a couple of words emphasizing the celerity with which he would emigrate.

I was forced to acknowledge my ignorance of any such venture, adding suggestively that I also knew very little of Spain, as two weeks before I had not planned to include this republic in my itinerary. (A small item in a newspaper changed my mind. It was headed "Current Rates of Exchange.")

"Would you have the time or the inclination to enlighten me a little?" I asked.

"Me, I got plenty of both. Get in the car."

Our first overtures were the time honored ones that have paved the way for most of the world's greatest discussions.

"Frio," commented Fernandez, rubbing his hands briskly.

"Mucho frio," I reaffirmed and having dispensed with this vital preliminary, we were away.

"So you don't like Spain?"

Fernandez Hisses

Fernandez made a hissing noise, and drew up his anchors.

"Listen," he said. "You see just ahead the Puerta del Sol, hey? The big square of Madrid, like Times Square in New York, see?"

I nodded. At this moment the Puerta del Sol was flooded with the evening traffic of a city with a million population. "Now look at those—(censored; let us substitute "pedestrians") walking down the center of the street like they got a lease on the countree."

They were there, as he said, hundreds of them strolling up, down, and across the main thoroughfare with a nonchalance that would have been suicidal in any large American city. Motorists blasted their way, foot by foot, to the deafening and dreadful din of a holocaust of hooting horns, while dozens of sleepy-eyed policemen lolled contentedly about, apparently oblivious to the pogrom being perpetrated on the traffic lights.

The queer element of the scene was that no one betrayed the slightest impatience and there was every indication that such procedure was directly within the normal course of events.

"Smart, But Too Slow"

"Now what the—?" What can you do with a people like that, hey? No wonder Spain never gets no place! Smart, but too slow, that's what they say about the Spaniard, and right, si, exactly right. You can get a million dollars in ten minutes at an American bank, but here, he spat disgustedly, "here you wait all day for ten pesetas. And what do they do, mi amigo, when they get a little money? Do they buy something and try to double it? No, no, they put it away and when they get enough they retire, take it easy, and sleep all day."

Fernandez was noncommittal on the present form of government. He shrugged his shoulders. "We get it, so what can we do about it?" But I touched another sore spot. "Taxes!" he growled. "Augh! Taxes, taxes; tax this, tax that, tax everything. That's why we got so few automobiles. You know (I didn't) there are only 51,000 in Madrid. Just 1 to 20 people, while in the States you got 1 to every 4. A car that you can get for \$800 over there, we pay \$2,000 for. Then there's a tax on tires, on gasoline. They still give us free air. Is it any wonder there are so many ox carts on the road. Anyhow you got to figure in the country there aren't nearly so many cars in proportion as here." I could vouch for the last statement. During the 450-mile trip to Madrid from Vigo in a fish truck we passed barely three dozen automobiles, mostly transports at that. Incidentally, 80 per cent of the cars in Spain are American-made.

"Holla, Bonita!"

My friend passed in his recital to shout "Holla, Bonita!" and a few other choice remarks I do not recall or could not translate if I did, to a passing, fair senorita.

"Friend of yours?" I asked.

Fernandez guffawed. "No, no, mi amiga, in Spain we do not wait for the formal introduction. We speak to any girl when we feel like it."

"And don't get a slap in the face?" half doubting, I asked.

Again the driver was amused. "Remember you are not in America now. Here, the man is still the boss. Try it yourself sometime. Shout, 'Holla, Bonita!' (which, of course, means 'hello, beautiful') and you will see." Well, you know what they say about Steve Brodie.

Returning to more serious conversation, Fernandez mulled over the question of unemployment, and at last conceded a point in Spain's favor. "We got 650,000 out of work here, with a total population of 25,000,000. That's just about one in 40. Not so bad. But you got to remember the pay is pretty poor. A clerk wouldn't get more than \$800 a year."

At this point a distinguished looking gentleman in formal evening dress signalled my companion.

"Big shot, eh?" I commented as I opened the door.

"You get all kinds of fellows in my line," he smiled. "Me, I drove the Prince of Wales 150 miles once."

As he started the motor I shook his hand and got in one last question.

"So you're going back to America?"

Fernandez grinned broadly and put the car in gear. "No, no, senor," he said, and, as he moved off, called over his shoulder, "I like it here."

Webfoot Nine

(Continued from page four)
Normal school. All five are right-handers.

Other players who are sure to see plenty of action in the opening games are Mark DeLaunay, regular third sacker last year; Ivan Elliott, reserve infielder; Ralph Amato, sophomore outfielder, and Stan Riordan and Dick Prouty, newcomers to the Webfoot out-fielding aggregation.

Mickey Vail, John Thomas and Bunny Butler will aid Bishop in the catching duties. Con Fury, alternate backstop last year, will not be able to compete this spring due to an operation for a football injury last term.

Following the Linfield games the Webfoots will meet the University of Portland in a home and home series the following weekend. The first tilt on Friday will be played here, while the second goes to Portland with a possibility of its being held at Vaughn street park, regular home of the Portland club of the coast league.

Oregon Dominates

(Continued from page four)
spectators. The Hill cadet teams won the trophy given to the school winning most points in the meet.

Competing against Oregon in the university and collegiate classes were Reed college, Pacific, Reed club, Linfield, Willamette, Oregon normal and Pacific college.

In Person



Vice-president Ruth, late of the Yanks, neglects his official duties long enough to pose in his new Boston uniform.

Bill Reinhart

(Continued from page four)
the campus in the fall of 1923 as freshman football coach and later that winter added the duties of

varsity basketball and baseball. His record at Oregon has been outstanding. His Webfoot basketball quintets have won two northern division titles in piling up 75 victories against 74 defeats in 12 seasons of hard fought competition. His greatest hoop teams were those of 1926 and 1927, both of which easily swept through to northern titles, only to lose in the coast playoffs.

Reinhart's hoop teams have always been noted for their colorful play, and even when not in direct running for the title have proven the best gate attractions in the northern division. This past season, when the Webfoots were way out of the running saw more than 55,000 people at the Oregon games.

More than a dozen all-star hoopsters have been named from his teams. Among them were Algot Westergren, all-coast forward; Gordon Riding and Howard Hobson, forwards; Charpes (Cap) Roberts, center; Jack (Spook) Robertson, forward; Willard Jones, 1935 northern division center, and many others.

Reinhart's baseball record has been equally outstanding. He has won three northern division titles, the last in 1934. His 1935 nine, which opens play Friday, appears to be the strongest of any he has coached.

In addition to his basketball and baseball work, Reinhart has acted as backfield coach and freshman coach in football and for the past three seasons has done a major portion of the scouting for the Webfoot grid teams.

His new duties at George Washington includes the post of head basketball coach and backfield coach in football, plus administrative work in the athletic department. The eastern job is considered a distinct promotion in coaching ranks, as George Washington is a rising school of more than 8000 students and plays in competition with outstanding eastern schools in all branches of athletics.



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