Oregon Daily Emerald

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Brawn Plus Brains

TRADITIONS, we have divided into two categories: those that have a real reason for being and are worthy of preservation—albeit, not by paddling—and those that are worthless and not worth lifting a finger to cherish.

In the first group, we think, falls the traditional award of a blanket to those athletes who, in addition to earning three letters in a major sport, achieve the comparatively rare athletic distinction of gaining an academic degree.

In this day of high-powered, big-time, subsidized college athletics the existence of this tradition, reminding varsity exponents of brawn and bone that the first purpose of the University is after all education, is well worth upholding.

Nevertheless, that tradition was well on the road to extinction before the executive council took stock of it and decided to reaffirm it in the new by-laws to the ASUO constitution. Athletes were being awarded the coveted blankets whether or not they had achieved the academic requirements, in total disregard of the original ideals.

* * *

THERE ARE in the University today athletes who have no intention of ever graduating, who are here merely to win whatever distinction they can from the athletic reputation they gain on the teams of the school and, as a side-line, to enjoy what they can of the social delights of campus life. In the light of University ideals, they are not a very admirable group, despite their brawn.

There are, on the other hand, athletes who, besides distinguishing themselves on the playing fields, apply themselves to securing an education. Striving for a healthy balance of brawn and brain, they are truly worthy of admiration. Whether they are in the minority on the campuses of today, we hesitate to declare. It is, however, rather fitting that they should be given some extra recognition of ther attainments. That is the purpose of the blankets.

And the action of the executive in bringing blanket awards back in line with their original intent is well taken.

Not the Only Solution

IF THE CHANGES in women's rushing rules which have been put before the pan-hellenic council are not accepted, no other methods or systems of "reform" in sorority rushing are to be considered this year.

The changes now under consideration, which would schedule the rushing period in advance of the University's one-week orientation period—they are now conducted at the same time—has the approval of the administration. They see the advantage of reducing the strain on the freshmen girls of participating in both programs, both of which are heavy ones. This is not, however, the only reason behind administration support of the program.

Because the dorms are filled with returning students and girls who do not intend to pledge, women rushees have in the past taken up residence in the two down-town hotels. Were they to arrive a week earlier, they could be housed in the halls.

* * *

FROM THE UNIVERSITY'S point of view, this would have several advantages. It would profit from the use of the dormitories for an additional week; it could also better fulfill its first phase of the long task which it sets for itself as guardian of feminine morals. For the girls, there would be less walking in keeping rushing dates.

While the University keeps its women's dorms full for another week thereby losing not at all, the girls are shelling out hard cash for another week at the University—unless, of course the administration intends to extend the facilities of the halls without charge.

Reduction of the distance the girl rushees would have to walk in keeping their engagement would seem to be the major advantage to be gained by the proposed plan which is not offset by a corresponding loss. It has been said that a rainy rush week would be truly a tragedy under the present system.

* * *

IN SO FAR as the University's responsibility as policeman of coed action is concerned, there would be little if any gain. Stricter supervision of hours might be kept in the dorms but morality does not vary with the hour of the evening, nor does living in a dorm give one a greater feeling of righteousness. Again the administration would seem to be merely asking itself for additional trouble, and the proposed amendment would put coeds into sorority environments a week earlier in their tender youths. Although the new plan is commendable as an effort to better existing conditions, its benefits are limited. It does not go far enough on the path towards a better system to justify its consideration as the sole measure of change acceptable, as the only possible alternative.

The Emerald has from time to time advocated deferred pledging. The objections to it are numerous. Even those who criticize the plan most severely are willing to admit that, on paper at least, it is the ideal system. Objections to it are generally confined to condemnation on grounds of practicability. At any rate it is worthy of consideration and deserves it when the subject of rushing is open for discussion.

Campus Comment

(The views aired in this column are not necessarily expressive of Emerald policy. Communications should be kept within a limit of 250 words. Courteous restraint should be observed in reference to personalities. No unsigned letters will be accepted.)

A VERITABLE GEM

To the Editor: Have observed much griping from one source and other concerning the state of the campus, its political skull-duggery and tinhorn political practices.

You appear to be greatly concerned over this. The ASUO executive committee seemed to think a corrective measure was necessary. Members of the feminine political ranks make much of it. To me it is all quite simple, so simple that I too feel that you should be ENLIGHTENED by my plan to correct the situation.

The need for it is self-explanatory (or is it).

The plan:

1. Eliminate all committees for campus activities, all student body and women's student offices, all class dance committees, all class officers.

2. Add another $10 to the salaries of student activities manager, dean of women, and dean of men.

3. Amalgamate the three offices into a Triumvirate Supreme, giving them broad dictatorial powers.

4. Start a referendum movement to make it a capital offense for anyone to appoint, name, induce, or coerce any person to act, work, or signifiy a desire to work on any student committee. (This will make it absolutely imperative for all the members of the Triumvirate to do the work themselves as well as eliminating all committees.

5. Lastly, after the youths registered in the University have been adjusted to the changed conditions, liquidate all student and campus activities and the triumvirate in one fell swoop . . . and THEN LET'S SETTLE DOWN AND GO TO COLLEGE.

Virtues of the plan are innumerable, refutation is impossible. In a phrase, it is the acme of perfection, a veritable gem amongst reform movements; but to you I give it free gratis.

Yours for a more peachy college life,
WLT.

Hungry Ducks

(Continued from page one)

players were forced to commit 43 fouls against only 25 by Oregon to stop the Duck scoring machine.

Loss of the second contest has been attributed in part to Oregon's failure to convert gift shots. Work during the last two weeks has greatly improved that phase of shooting.

In the remaining two drills before the team departs for Seattle, Hobby plans on stressing the team's offensive play and general shooting.

Change in Maneuvers

It means a change for the scoring maneuvers Oregon used against Slats Gill's Staters. Against the Orangemen, the Webfoots faced a zone defense. Washington utilizes a man-for-man.

Last night the jubilant Ducks bombarded the basket for a full hour, and then raced through a short hard scrimmage against a team of freshmen and varsity reserves.

Coach Hobson yesterday announced his squad in perfect physical shape for the week's activities with the exception of Wally Johansen and Slim Wintermute who have been hampered by slight colds. Wintermute got a lay-off last night.

U of O Orchestra

(Continued from page one)

piano concerto in D-minor, with Robert Garretson at the piano, was played with exceptional skill and beauty. Mr. Garretson's skilled and talented fingers were precise and sure. The orchestra accompanied him with technique worthy of professionals.

Borodin's "Dance of the Archers," a wild, romantic melody, concluded the program.

Phil Irwin of KGW was the announcer, and Merton Bories and Clark Sanders technicians.

Copies of Old Oregon Free at Alumni Office

A few copies of the February issue of Old Oregon, which came off the presses last week, are still available free to interested people calling at the alumni office, according to Editor Clair Johnson.

The magazine this month is dedicated to the University medical school, which is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary.

The cover again features a special infra-red photography shot by George Godfrey. This time an unusual effect of the law school building is shown.

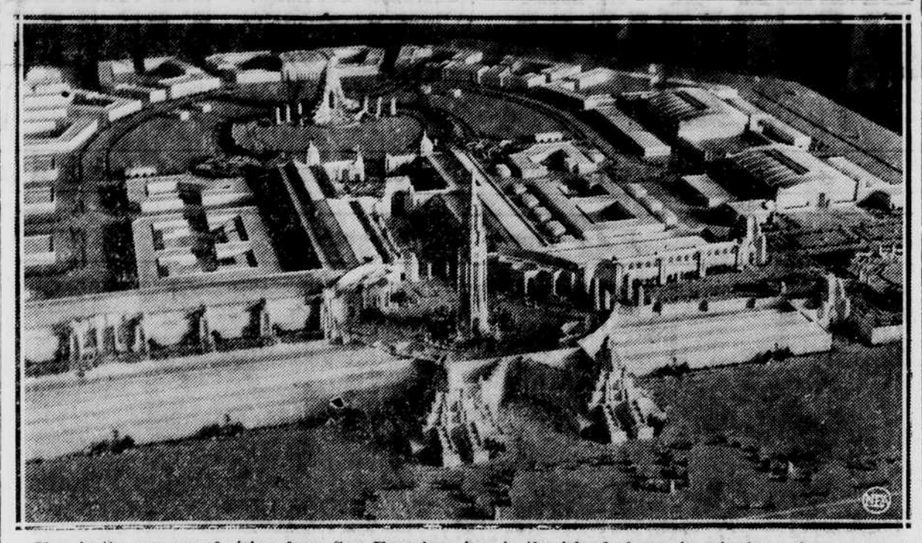
Poetry Contest

(Continued from page one)

list their choice with him as soon as possible.

A list of the approved selections may be secured at the speech department, the dramatics department or at the reference library.

The San Francisco of 1939



Now in the process of rising from San Francisco bay is the island shown in minature above—a scale model of the setting for the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition. Behind the entrance gate in the foreground is the central tower, nearly 400 feet high. Back of the tower, through a court, is the fountain of youth, with a lagoon as part of its decorative motif. Exhibit places are shown as they will be placed to celebrate the completion of the world's two largest bridges—the Golden Gate and the bay bridge span.

BLACK MENACE

By
H. RIDEM RAGGED
EPISODE NINE

(What Has Gone Before: Two innocent persons have met death at the hands of the Black Menace, whose identity is not even suspected by the police. Tom Masters, Emerald reporter, in keeping with his love of mystery, has vowed to track the Black Menace down.)

——— "A Slight Mistake" ———

Stars were out and the glow of a great ghastly moon hanging low in the heavens bathed the marble headstones in shimmering light. Grotesque shadows crept and danced on the ground. The air was crisp and faraway sounds drifting on the night told that it was late.

"I won't go another step, Tom Masters. If you'd told me what you had in mind, I wouldn't have accepted your invitation to come."

Honey Lorraine sat down under the low-hanging limbs of a squat fir tree and drew her mouth up in a pout.

"I haven't said what I had in mind, have I, Honey?" Tom laughed.

"No, but I'm beginning to have my suspicions, and if you're planning what I think you are——"

"You said you wouldn't ask any questions."

"Wel-l-l-l," Honey drawled, still keeping her pout, "I never expected anything like this."

"Oh, c'mon, Honey. We're just wasting time." There was a metallic clank as Tom laid a shovel down on the gravel road which was originally built for the convenience of undertaker's caravans. He leaned over and tugged at her arms.

"No, no, I won't. You'll have to go alone," she protested feebly.

"What a lot of racket you people are making—can't you find some private place to do your arguing?" The voice came from close by on the opposite side of the tree; it was unmistakably feminine—and provoked. Honey jumped to her feet and flung her arms about Tom's neck.

"Wha-what was that, Tom?" she stammered, genuine fear in her voice. Tom smiled.

"Well, that's one mystery I have no intentions of investigating," he muttered to himself. Then to the trembling young woman who was draped on his neck, "I'm afraid we are imposing on someone, dear."

"OOooohhh———" Honey's eyes opened wide in amazement and she gradually untwined her arms from their amorous embrace.

Tom picked up his shovel, took Honey's hand, and made off through the gleaming gravestones toward a remote section of the cemetery. With her eyes constantly turning in the direction from which they had come, Honey stumbled along after him.

"This is it." Tom stopped beside a grave around which was much fresh dirt. He looked up and read aloud the inscription on a towering white marble obelisk. "Colonel B. V. D. Brophy. Died February——"

"Oh, Tom, you can't do it!" Honey pleaded.

"I've got to, Honey. It'll mean catching the black menace if I find out what I think I will."

Honey whimpered a little as she saw him turn over the first spadeful of dirt.

* * *

(CURSES! MY TIME IS UP. MORE LATER.)

Hop's SKIPS & JUMPS

By ORVAL HOPKINS

ONE of my pet peeves, as if anybody cares, is the type of journalist who puts over-emphasis (in his own mind) by the use of capitals, like THIS. He, or she (Elsie Robinson, for instance), starts out in a very benevolent mood of an evening or morning edition and pretty soon WHIPS out with a word that is SUPPOSED to make everybody sit up and take notice. But NOBODY ever does.

The reason for this particular style of writing, it seems to Me, is that the person either hasn't the TIME or hasn't the INTELLECT to think of a way in which to get his points across and so resorts to THIS method. At one time or other maybe this was a good idea, I don't know. Maybe the writer HAD thought somethings out and it was SO terrific and he wanted to be so SURE that everybody would get it that he put it in great big LETTERS.

You don't find this sort of thing, thank de lawd, so much among men as among the WOMEN. The answer probably is that women FALL for that stuff much easier than men do. There used to be a woman editor on a weekly paper in my home town. And she had a feature which she'd grind out every Thursday, giving ADVICE to the young folks out and around and using just no END of capital letters.

So every once in a while some guy who writes for a college paper will pop up with something like that. It happens mostly in the editorials and often you can wake yourself up by just reading along and suddenly one of these words in CAPS will jump up from the page and BOP you.

* * *

NOW that I'm about it I may as well air another beef about journalists. This one is the guy who refers to himself as "we." Possibly it's the Lindbergh influence. Originally I suppose it was intended as a means of getting away from what Pegler calls the perpendicular pronoun. But just like anything else it got so old it didn't mean anything and every one-shot writer in the country adopted it.

It is obvious that to use the "I" all the time, sentence after sentence, day in and day out, is a practice which soon becomes distasteful. But just because it is changed to a "we" doesn't make the reference to the writer's self any more obscure. The "we" lads don't fool anybody and if they have their names at the top of the thing why shouldn't they say "I"?

* * *

THERE still being some white space here before me,, I'll pass one on to you from Winnifred Van Etten's "I Am the Fox." It went something like this (I lost the note I had on it): He thought he knew so much, but he didn't even know enough to know he didn't know much.

THE 4th Estate

Disgusted is ADPi Geraldine Jean Thayer. Recently platinum, quick-change artist Thayer decided to go red head on a vacation visit to the parental home. Filled with glory of her resolution, she strode to nearest drug store, ordered what are conceived to be the proper ingredients.

Hairdresser Thayer used stuff as per directions, let hirsute decoration dry, prepared for the unveiling. It came, but the red hair had not. Platinum Thayer was now Brownet Thayer. Hair very pretty but not possessing allure of abandoned silver locks nor of anticipated titian curls. Disappointed was AD Pi Thayer.

Added to ranks of best quipsters—in opinions of the 4th Estate editors—is Smoky Whitefield, blues-burbling, hip-weaving singer, entertainer with Gus Meyers. Dusky Smoke was sitting in the early evening with blond pal in pal's car. Acquaintance of fair-haired lad stops for moment, chats, then—stirred by movement in car—queries, "Say, is there somebody with you?" . . . Jokester Whitefield establishes reputation with, "Yeah, I'm here . . . but I don't show up so well after six o'clock."

Best-loved Shack professor George Turnbull inadvertently spilled this one. Journalist Turnbull was one-time managing ed of Washington daily. Newspaperman Turnbull had not watch, despite Phi Beta key for chain. Sole time-keeping instrument was battered, bewildered alarm clock which, after several unset months, was 8 hours, 35 minutes fast. Mathematician Turnbull could tell time, visitors were confused.

Pi Phi ad inserted in premier 4th Estate had far-reaching effect . . . Betty Baker, Pi Phi, immediately got O. A. O.—One and Only—ring from Roger Currier, Annapolis . . . So many in Pi Phi blockhouse, chapter is considering purchase of fire-proof vault for safe-keeping . . .

Key for courage this day goes to editor who printed following Unt-presser yarn from Los Angeles. Story tells of L. A. florist who set up tree in front yard, labeled same "Canine Rest-Room." Business, U. P. declared, was excellent.

Seniors can't find you at Taylor's

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South American

(Continued from page one)

not merely in business, but also in the intangible values through better mutual understanding such as can be attained by a better mastery of Spanish in this country and of English there."

In closing the interview, Pinedo was asked the reason for his selection of the Oregon art school, he said, "I chose the University of Oregon school of architecture because I was told that it is the best on the coast; and I am convinced that it is one of the very best in the country."

Pinedo is now enroute to Philadelphia where he has the position of chancellor of the consulate of Peru which corresponds to a vice-consul here.