

# From where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

Outstanding hen party of the school year is the annual Coed Capers—a party where women may frolic and gambol happily unobserved—supposedly—by the male of the species.

Now for some reason this frivolous affair has a great attraction for said males. Thursday's party proved an attraction for a group of great, big intrepid football players, though why these stout fellows should seek such a frivolous pastime is hard to see.

But so they did, and a group of them gathered around the portals, sacred for the night to campus womanhood, and even dressed up in the silliest-looking costumes to worm their precarious way past formidable senior cops.

Very attractive was Bob Stone, dressed daintily in a blue calico gown and large bonnet. Lipsticked and rouged with lavish hand, he was really darn pretty, and we don't mind saying so. Several other males in various feminine garb also appeared, among them a black-gowned mystery man dubbed by the cops, for some obscure reason, "Susy-Q."

Scorning these obvious guises, three or four lettermen, among them Denny Donovan and Paul Rowe, haunted the doors waiting their chance to burst in. While the cops were upstairs

doing their stunt this long-awaited opportunity came, and in they burst full force, their football training coming in right handy.

Shrill cries filled the air as bloodthirsty females descended upon the hardy band. Denny Donovan, shirt and sweater torn off, red-faced and panting, lay kicking and squirming on the floor, surrounded by a mob of females in a very nasty mood indeed.

Lashing about him right manfully, Donovan managed to get to his feet, scuttle to the door, make a dash for the steps. And there were his little friends, busily engaged in drubbing the Senior Cops, who weren't such mean scappers themselves. One of the frenzied women pushed us downstairs, screaming "You've got a paddle. Go get 'em!" Very unladylike.

When the fray was finally over, and the last burly man pushed out of the door, bruised and battered cops gathered sorrowfully about, nursing twisted arms, bumped heads, and nasty tempers.

General consensus of opinion was that the men at Oregon are no gentlemen, and it was generally granted that chivalry was just one of those things.

Gleefully crowded the battered Donovan—"I never had so much fun in my life—or had so many clothes torn off!"

# Pollock's FOLLY

By BOB POLLOCK

IT IS ALMOST the invariable custom of this department to look down its nose at anything and everything with which it comes in contact. Humanity—or at least the portions of it we meet—doesn't assay very high in our opinion—as a general thing.

Thursday, friends, we went to the assembly. This is something we have never done since the time we were an underclassman and had the paddle applied when we missed one. And we heard a fellow speak. As speeches go it was all right. He used two dollar words but even without the dictionary we got what he was driving at.

THE FELLOW DOING the talking was Dr. Donald Erb, Oregon new president. He's a young sort of a lad and maybe doesn't know our reputation. We are—or Dick Strite of the Register-Guard thinks so, anyway—a "hell hole for coaches." What Richard does not say is that we are also a hell hole for presidents. We make 'em and we break 'em and we don't fool with any of them very long.

We're tough, we are. IT WAS EVIDENT before young Mr. Erb finished his discourse that he had the students behind him. We all got up and

cheered him as if he were giving us our social security now instead of forty years hence. He sounded like a decent sort, and unless he does something very bad to make us doubt him, we'll probably be for him all the time he's here.

It may be the students who get football coaches thrown out, but it's quite another group that greases the skids for a proxy. We wouldn't think of calling them by name, because after all we do go to school here. And we want to keep on going to school here.

ANYWAY, IT isn't the alumni, though of course they have something to say about it; and it isn't the townspeople, and it isn't any mythical "lumber baron" who is supposed to control the University.

If we went any further we'd be telling you. Anyway—if Oregon's new president gets this group behind him—and keeps them there—he'll probably still be president of the University of Oregon when our children are registering for the first time.

If he doesn't—well, good jobs are hard to get with this recession and all and maybe he'd be wiser to stick to Stanford where he's sure of the monthly salary check.

# PUBLIC PROPERTY

Editor's note: Last night the public got a badly-dazed Pollock's version of what happened at those lewd Coed Capers, ranking in all-time second only to Junior Vaudeville of other days. Tonight Miss Igoe advances her version of the affair, although we didn't think that Pollock looked like Dennis Donovan, even in a kimono. It's time the truth was known. This is the story The Emerald got from an unbiased and impartial third columnist, Paul Deutschmann, retold in our own simple words.)

By L. M. Columnist trouble again. It is nothing unusual when one of our star columnists comes in and takes a poke at us—sigh—we're used to it. But now they have started beating each other.

Thursday the curtains parted and in pours Pollock. Only for some time we did not recognize the lad, as Polly is always one to advocate Arrow collars and gentlemanly demeanor, especially when the gentlemen of the press are in town. But this night poor Bob looks like Topsy or an Iriquois Indian squaw. He is ragged, stumbling, and off-color.

Pollock pulls himself together—since he does not have much on—and lurches for his

chair. As he begins to pour forth his incoherent tale, he runs one hand across his brow and it's only then we ascertain his identity, for the poor boy had been dyed, no less.

It soon becomes apparent that he has been beaten. As the sad story surges forth, other of our writers are involved. Now, we didn't raise our columnists to join a goon squad. But it seems Miss Igoe, usually a gentle soul without a single idea in her tiny head, has gone CIO and is picketing Gerlinger hall with a vengeance.

She sees Pollock, it seems, delivering a keg of AFL beer to the coed capers. For some strange reason he is wearing a Japanese kimono and Miss Igoe is also pro-Chinese—in fact, she is thinking of throwing away all her silk stockings.

The combination is too much, although we've always requested our columnists to restrain their radical beliefs at all times. Being an Irish CIO Pro-Chinese picket, she starts belaying Pollock with tongue and she-lahgah. She literally goes berserk.

As a result Pollock cannot pound the proper keys on his typewriter and the story he tells in his column is not consistent with fact.

Tomorrow Pollock will no

# Oregon Emerald

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The Oregon Daily Emerald, official student publication of the University of Oregon, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays and final examination periods. Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

Editorial Board: Darrel Ellis, Bill Peace, Margaret Ray, Edwin Robbins, Al Dickhart, Kenneth Kirtley, Bernadine Bowman.

## An Even Break

WITH the arrival of Tex Oliver to the campus Sunday, all three of Oregon's outside coaching candidates will have visited Eugene, ostensibly to be interviewed by the athletic activities board.

While visiting the board, these men have also, at the ASUO's expense, made it a point to see numerous influential alumni around the state.

Meanwhile, Oregon's own Gene Shields stays in Eugene. The board members all know Gene. The opposition to his selection as coach is centered, if board members are heeding outside pressure as they say, in the alumni groups. But Shields has not had a fair chance

to state his cause (since he has abandoned his position as a faithful and silent subordinate) to the interested alumni who live outside of Eugene. He has been tied to his job in the physical education department—and besides, these tours take money.

SINCE it is make or break with Shields on the basis of reported, supposedly, alumni position or support, it seems only right that he be given the same chance to influence those alumni as have the other three candidates.

In all fairness, why not give Shields a leave-of-absence, an expense account, and send him on a tour before a final decision is reached?

## The Mitt and Mat Club's Dilemma

OREGON'S Mitt and Mat club won coveted recognition to represent the University and to compete as a minor sports team last night but a condition appended to the executive council's approval left the club with its problems only partially solved.

Since the recent ASUO reorganization, no admission has been charged for ASUO members at athletic contests or other events involving University teams or receiving associated student support. In keeping with this policy the executive council granted the right to represent the University with the stipulation that it not charge ASUO members at any smokers or meets it shall stage.

There is no appropriation in this year's budget to provide for the financing of the team as the University's other activities are

financed. There seems little likelihood of obtaining funds this year to support the team from that source.

THE club had planned on charging a twenty-five cent student admission to pay for its three home meets, the first of which is with Oregon State college January 28. It costs \$25 to erect the ring in McArthur court for each meet. Other expenses especially while the club is getting started, increase the event cost to about \$45.

If the club can survive this year there will undoubtedly be a provision for its financial support in the 1939 budget, for both of the sports it represents are worthy of help. For this year, it seems to face a hopeless dilemma unless outside financial assistance can be arranged.

## Strange Land

By WERNER ASENDORF  
(German Exchange Student)

IN ALL CAPITALS all over the world newspaper men meet diplomats or their "stooges" at night and the diplomat gets some political information from the "ace correspondent" and the newshawk may get the so-much-yearned-for scoop for his paper. A political reporter may be called a politician, and as often a diplomat. Is he necessary?

One of the speakers of the current Oregon Press conference, Harry N. Crain, city editor of the Salem Capital Journal, proved to be one of those sharp-witted and yet honest intellectuals who makes one feel that the reader gets close to the real thing if he depends on the inside information of such a man. Why should the boss of a big advertising power or some political boss censor the newspaper man in order to put a smokescreen of propaganda before the public?

Authoritatively governed countries assure their people that the newspapers should not make politics. Their task should be to interpret politics. That's a fact. The editor has to act accordingly.

doubt succumb from his injuries and Miss Igoe will go to Salem to enroll for a life course in sculpturing at the penitentiary.

And it is too bad, too. For they had both counted on these two charmed days with the Oregon publishers. Where they are both going they will not need jobs and the climate will be so warm they will not even need Japanese bathrobes.

Ah, if they had only stuck to beatings. We can take it.

But do you think that this makes him stop "thinking on his feet"?

Wait until his memoirs get published.

THE SPEECH OF ARTHUR PERRY on "Trials and Tribulations of Column Writing" made one listener remark that "if his column is half as good as his speech, it must be splendid." His little talk showed to me, who comes from where "Ye Smudge Pot" does not exist, that a column here is perhaps more effective in changing habits and faults than "orders" to do this and that in other countries.

Unless, of course, a columnist expresses too much of his personal grief and miscomfort, which I have noticed columnists sometimes do.

THE REVEREND ARTHUR R. JONES, who left the pulpit for the newspaper and who believes that this country here, "the back-country," is more likely to foster honesty, friendliness and goodwill, has fully expressed the conviction of this writer, to whom this conference seems to mark another milestone in the direction of such a goal.

## In the Mail

### A CHANGED MIND?

To the Editor: I have not been in favor of the grading plan proposed by Dr. Warren D. Smith, head of the department of geology and geography. It seemed unfair to place a student who is just be-

low honors in the same division as a class-mate who just missed being flunked. But I've noticed points that should be taken into consideration.

Why just this morning in lit class I began to feel in favor of the proposed plan. Our prof is one of the best lecturers on philosophy, and we were studying that great student of life, "Milton." The problem this morning was to distinguish between good and evil, and our able prof had thoroughly explained both. He had used, as he always does, illustrations to make more clear the great works of literature, which were written so that only those who had experienced the hardships of life could understand.

One example of evil was, "The evil person is like the small boy that looks in the back of the book for answers." Then the quiz came, and we had to distinguish the difference between good and evil. The way some of the students started to cheat, in telling us not to be evil, was pitiful.

Another test came in accounting that day. Such glorified cheating I never before have seen. They were upperclassmen too, and it makes it tough on the other fellows when the grades come out on a curve. But I guess they didn't know what we thought of them.

In the discussion that naturally came up later we talked of a class in which students were required to write an essay question on a certain problem under

## Maybe 'Rabbit' Had a Lesson

CONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously, the athletic activities board has, in "favoring" its choice to four men who are on the upgrade.

Every candidate mentioned seriously has established a reputation for doing a great deal with the materials and opportunities offered him. All of them seem to be, although it is possible some of the four may have reached the limit of their capacities, bound for bigger things, here or some place else. Not one is a major league coach on the down grade and struggling to hang on a while longer in the fast circuit. The greatest asset of each of the four is his potentialities—and, because this is true, the choice of any of them is such a gamble.

AT present the athletic activities board is cautiously marking time and trying to get a personal line on each of the men involved. It should do this with an open mind, both as a group and as a body of individuals.

Wednesday and Thursday diminutive James Bradshaw, head coach at Fresno State Teachers' college and one of Oregon's four "coming" candidates, was on the campus, interviewing individuals and meeting with the board.

Attempting to keep an open mind and at the same time not prejudicing our former stand—which, open mind or no open mind, still seems the most logical—in favor of Gene Shields, it is easy to see why this man Brad-

shaw belongs in this group of "coming" coaches.

Dynamic, enthusiastic, and hot for the job, the "Rabbit," as he is called, has been very successful at Fresno and knows the "why" of his success. More than material is behind Fresno's wins of the last two years, for out-weighed always and often out-classed, the Teachers have played smart and spirited ball. Bradshaw believes he knows how to coach that type of ball and to inspire that spirit.

ONE thing at least Oregon can learn from Bradshaw. Perhaps it is football's application of the sun state's "chamber of commerce spirit". But, whether Bradshaw ever directs an Oregon team, he has left a bit of advice behind him, partly spoken and partly implied, which should be heeded.

That is that the season isn't over when the ineligibleities are counted and the proselytizing is done. Important as material is, fire, training, and brains, plus the will to play football and play it to win, often permit the team which is weakest on paper to come out victorious in the end.

It's a healthy condition when all concerned realize that the coast conference is a tough league and it's commendable that we are not "victory mad" at Oregon as are some schools. But in acquiring those virtues we may have lost sight of the fact that it pays to keep trying and that a smart team usually can give a stronger opponent an awful afternoon if it plays heads up ball. Bradshaw hasn't.

## More On Press Conference

By GEORGE TURNBULL

(Continued from page one)

Settlement of the Portland strike on the day the conference opened kept away two managing editors of Portland papers—Palmer Hoyt of the Oregonian and Donald J. Sterling of the Journal. Both were rather busy at home getting out their first papers in five days.

A confident speaker was Arthur J. Jones of the Condon Globe-Times. He took his prepared address out of his pocket, folded it up and put it back again, saying he thought he'd just talk. He was a former minister of eight years' pulpit experience, and he had no trouble getting his stuff across.

When Mr. Jones spoke of jumping from the ministry to the newspaper business, someone observed that such a jump was really a pole vault. Adelaide V. Lake, whose faithful and interesting paper on women in Oregon journalism was a feature of the morning session, is a former Eugene girl who is still a member of Eugene's business community, being partner in a marble works. She was editor of the Oregonian in her senior year in the University.

Another editor of the Oregonian who was an interested listener Friday afternoon was Mrs. Robert K. Allen (Velma Farnham), who accompanied her husband, a former Emerald managing editor and editor of "Old Oregon" and now assistant to C. L. (Ted) Baum on the Oregon Journal promotion staff.

Right alongside the Allens was Vinton H. Hall, managing editor of the Oregon Motorist, Portland. Vint was editor of the Emerald in 1930-31 and is one of the donors of a plaque given each year to the most outstanding member of the Emerald staff.

Some more Oregon dads noted at the conference were Merle R. Chessman, editor of the Astorian-Budget, and father of Peggy Chessman Lucas, and Lars Bladine, publisher of the McMinnville Telephone Register, whose son Phil is a journalism student at Oregon.

President A. E. Voorhies of the conference, publisher of the Grants Pass Courier, also is an Oregon dad. His son, Earle E. Voorhies, is a journalism school graduate of 1922.

Alene Phillips, of Salem, assistant to the secretary of state,

study, at every meeting of the class. The problems were known beforehand, so in order to get a better grade some students brought to class, already written out, a masterpiece of writing. Then those who were honest were unfortunately the Ds and Fs.

Cheating is "evil" to all concerned, and if it can be corrected by the new grading plan, I only want to say, "You've got what it takes, go to it."

G.A.L.

Gas up at Pomeroy's.—adv.