

From Where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

Offstage noises at the Canoe Fete Saturday night provided two of the funniest spots of the evening — though unrehearsed and unpremeditated.

The first occurred as the commentator was introducing the Chinese float. The script, describing a Chinese garden, spoke of it as "hushed with ancient silence." Just at this auspicious moment, an outbound freight came clanging along the track, and as the announcer read: "The melody—the soft, distant chiming of temple bells"—the train whistle blasted out in two brass-throated throats.

Sound effects by Southern Pacific!

Next diversion came as the winning Russian float appeared through the curtain. On it was a huge white horse, with Catherine the Great—more familiarly known as Helen Labbe—astride its huge girth.

As the horse appeared, a well-organized "rooting" section somewhere up in the stands burst out with "Hi ho—Silver!" in a remarkably fine imitation of the radio announcer's voice who features on that program.

It didn't go so well with the dignity of the float, nor with the impressive strains of the Russian anthem the orchestra was playing, but it was funny.

Comes it near the time for graduation, and in the hearts of several seniors is a tremor for fear the great day will come, and they will discover they have flunked that 2-hour pipe, or forgotten to make up a needed incomplete, with the result that they'll be receiving their degree, as ex-columnist Bob Pollock once put it, in the post office this summer.

Alice Toots, who has been feeling such tremors, says she has a mental picture of herself, black-robed and serious, going through the graduation exercises, and finally arriving on the platform to receive her diploma. In imagination she can see the potentate who hands out the diplomas thumbing them frantically through the pile looking for hers, in desperation opening them all up to see if her name is one, and finally, with an unhappy sigh, announcing, "Nope, nothing here for you!"

In the Mail

RECOGNITION

To the Editor:

I just read in the press this morning of the recognition that the Oregon Emerald has received in being accorded one of the "pacemaker" ratings for college papers in the United States and I want to congratulate you and your staff on this fine honor. It is splendid to know that the University of Oregon newspaper has received this distinctive rating and you are to be complimented on your achievement.

With all good wishes for continued success, I am

Sincerely yours,

Earl Snell,

Secretary of State.

A Vermont pastor went fishing on Sunday. Proceedings to reprimand him for his violation of the Sabbath day were dropped—after it was discovered that he caught eight fish.

Oregon Emerald

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An Expensive Penny, If Saved

TONIGHT the Portland school board is meeting in the Rose City. A Portland school board meeting ordinarily isn't anything for the campus to get up in arms about but this one may change the immediate future of Oregon basketball and baseball.

For Portland is definitely in the field for the services of one Howard Hobson, University mentor of both these sports. And the Portland school board, searching for a director of athletics, has already bid more than \$500 higher than the figure offered by the athletic activities board for those services.

Despite the proffered increase in pay, the terms of this contract would probably have to be pretty attractive to lure Coach Hobson away from Oregon just now. For one thing, there are other bids for his services. Stanford liked the type of ball the galloping Webfoots fired at Luisetti and his mates and the southern school would not be at all adverse to adding Coach Hobson to its staff.

BASKETBALL all over the nation is looking up. Significantly, Oregon goes east next winter to meet some of the best teams in the nation. The Hobson brand of casaba should attract further juicy offers of lucrative coaching positions, for next year's Ducks will give any team a good game and conquer some of the best of them. From the business standpoint, as well as from the angle of advancement as a coach, the dapper Oregon head man might do worse than sit tight.

It seems evident that, even if he turn down the Portland contract tonight, Coach Hobson is not scheduled to remain with the University for long—not unless some adjustment is made in this matter of salary.

The athletic board saw fit to increase that salary after the basketball team this year annexed the northern division championship. Considering the record which Coach Hobson

Please Show Invitations at the Gate

THE popular Oregonian sports column edited by L. H. Gregory Monday contained a reference to hard-working Head Football Coach Tex Oliver which might be taken as derogatory to that gentleman.

Coach Oliver seems entirely justified in position that spring football is no time for scouting. The wiry Webfoot mentor has been doing a fine job with his squad, seems definitely to have the support of his men, and certainly demonstrated a new kind of morale on the bench last Saturday. His work has been such as to inspire commendation, not censure.

Stepping into the coast conference next season for the first time, Oliver is going to present a football routine which is new. Anyone in a position demanding impartiality, as does that of Mr. Gregory, ought to be more than willing to see the Duck leader extended every advantage. After all, he's facing a stiff, uphill pull—and if he wants to take advantage of every element of surprise, that's certainly his privilege.

MR. Gregory has twice mentioned Lon Stiner's "unintentional faux pas." He bemoans, in his usual graceful style, the fact that the OSC coach will now have to cancel his "plan for press box scouting seats and tea for Tex" next Saturday.

All of which tends to place Coach Oliver in an unfavorable light. It should be said in fairness to the Oregon coach that Stiner's overtures for an arrangement of dates which

has amassed in the past three years, the increase of \$500—which left his total remuneration still below the \$4000 mark—seems almost insulting.

FOR coaching, unassisted, two varsity sports, Coach Hobson receives considerable more than half as much as Football Coach Tex Oliver does for coaching one. True, football is almost a two-season sport, since spring practice has been so much extended. But football proselyters go forth with far more to offer the promising athlete than do those who lure lads to Oregon to play either basketball or baseball. When the salaries of the assistant football coaches are considered—and a comparison is made with results achieved by Oregon in these three fields of sport—the difference is out of all proportion.

Oregon's nattily-dressed and intelligent baseball and basketball mentor—Coach Hobson holds a master of arts degree—hardly seems ready for the secure position in the relatively quiet field of physical education which Portland is offering him. Too much of his future is before him in coaching for Howard Hobson to risk accepting a position, at more pay, which might turn out to be only an alley into education; despite his academic qualifications, Coach Hobson seems scarcely the sort of man who would be satisfied with teaching.

THIS assumption may be entirely wrong. The Portland position may be just the type of work Coach Hobson is looking for—but even if it is not, Oregon isn't going to hold him for long at the present terms. And letting him go would probably, in the long run, be a bit of bad business. Find a successor who could hold the Ducks in the running in the northern division of the Pacific coast conference in two major sports would probably be a long, painful, and expensive process.

would permit each man to scout the other's game were not accepted. Mr. Gregory might have discovered, from reading the announcements of the game, that "friends of the University" were invited. The hint seems fairly broad.

Furthermore, no admission was charged. The game was not a public affair, but was strictly a practice contest. And it's several months until football season.

TEX Oliver was entirely within his rights in expecting Mr. Stiner to ignore his game. Rather than being painted as the bad boy of the conference, he should be the recipient of general apologies. He's the newcomer in the league.

And, it should be remembered, the old hand now has the best of the situation. He's seen Oregon perform. Now he's forced to call off his own "press box tea." Which again seems hardly fair.

No one should give the impression that Coach Oliver is guilty of unsportsmanlike or unethical conduct. He's very business-like about this matter of football. But off the field he's as dignified and as intelligent and as polite as any other man on the faculty. He doesn't like to be called "Oliver," but prefers the more dignified "Mr. Oliver" or the familiar "Tex."

And Mr. Gregory doesn't need to worry. The way things look, both he and Mr. Stiner will see a lot of Tex and his boys next fall.

The Band Wagon

Junior weekends may come and Junior weekends may go, but there was something about the 1938 Junior weekend which must have left a good impression with the hundreds of mothers who visited the campus for the three-day celebration.

It was a record breaking turnout of mothers and other visitors, with a large, appreciative audience guaranteeing a success. But it was not the large turnout alone which places the 1938 weekend near the top of all fates. The schedule was chock full of entertainment and the campus was possessed with a fine spirit of hospitality.

It is always a pleasant task to hand out bouquets, and it is fitting to hand one to Prexy Zane Kemler and General Chairman Willie Frager for doing a good job. They drew a large crowd of visitors to the campus and put on a fine show for them.

Barney Hall had a happy idea when he decided to install the newly elected student body officers during the campus luncheon, taking advantage of the crowd which had already gathered for the impressive coronation of Queen Virginia I. The installation of ASUO officers is usually a cut and dried affair staged before a handful of ASUO members, but this time it got the 1938-39 executive council off to a good start and also provided an interesting feature to the luncheon program.

Somewhere along the line, a big bouquet should be handed Past President Barney Hall for doing a splendid job during the past year. He deserves a great deal of credit for carefully steering the ASUO along a successful course, and by avoiding all the political reefs along the way he has gained the respect of the whole campus. Barney has done a square impartial job, always dealing with the ASUO as a unit and knitting it together in fine shape to hand over to President Harry Weston.

HIGHLIGHTS OF JUNIOR WEEKEND:

Helen Labbe bravely maintaining her poise atop the white horse of the prize-winning float at the Canoe Fete, while the horse came within inches of toppling into the millrace . . . Willie Frager nearly biting the telephone in two (in glee) when he heard that his float won first place . . . Hallie Dudrey and several other Kappas being dunked unceremoniously during the campus luncheon for luring male guests into conversations . . . Helen Jepson dazzling the canoe fete spectators with her spotlight introduction . . . Jim Schriver and Jim Buck clinching the track meet for Oregon by two sensational second place finishes in their respective events Saturday . . . Queen Virginia I and her princesses nearly slipping into the race while disembarking from their beautiful queen's float . . . Sophomores and freshmen fighting it out in the traditional tug-of-war after they pulled the rope in two . . . A swimmer behind one of the floats at the Canoe Fete drawing all the attention (and laughter) of the audience by loud, underwater snorts and other antics.