

OREGON EMERALD

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Jet-Propelled Rumors

Spectator speculations concerning the University's athletic set-up are no longer just flying around the campus; they are jet-propelled. And from their general direction it is possible to make a few observations which seem within the bounds of reason.

It seems reasonable to predict that the name of Oregon's new football coach will be announced by President Newburn sometime this month, possibly within two or three weeks. The new head mentor will need time to get settled in his post, tour the interested alumni groups around the state to pass inspection, meet last fall's gridiron squad and give the varsity players a chance to decide whether or not they want to turn out for practice spring term.

Conjectures about the pressure groups most influential in the selection of the coach are mostly wishful-thinking. Drum-beaters won't find a sympathetic listener in Oregon's chief executive. Dr. Newburn, with the approval of the much-discussed athletic board, will make the decisions. And Dr. Newburn is one man on this campus who knows what he wants and what he believes is best for this University. Even the rumor-mongers will accede to that.

Athletic Director

The possibility that the present athletic board will not have too much to say in the final selection of the coach is not too remote. Reliable sources close to the president's office have it that Dr. Newburn has been toying with a plan to appoint a director of athletics who will take over most of the duties heretofore assigned to the athletic board.

If this is the case, what will be the fate of the athletic board? Chances are the present set-up will be completely revised. A new board may be appointed to serve in an advisory capacity to the athletic director. Considering the state-wide criticism which has been directed toward the present board, it would not be unreasonable to presume that Dr. Newburn will liquidate this board before the new coach is chosen.

The appointment of a director of athletics would be a wise move on the part of the president. It is only logical that an individual who knows athletics well should be in charge of their administration on this campus. Advisory boards have their place, it is true, especially from the standpoint of the students who want and should have something to say about the athletic set-up on this campus. However, athletics covers a number of complex affairs which need to be handled by an executive.

Anse Cornell?

Anse Cornell, University athletic manager since June, 1936, has been mentioned as a possible choice for the directorship. Cornell certainly should be considered; he has many supporters throughout the state who believe his service to the University is worthy of such a position.

In answer to an Emerald query Monday, Cornell said he could make no statements on whether or not he would accept such an appointment. It would depend on "conditions," he said.

The necessity for a director is recognized. But if alumni and students are not given an equal voice on his advisory board, both groups will yowl. Since alumni support and perpetuate athletics, and students are the indispensable pawn on the board, it is only fair that both groups should be given equitable consideration by the big man behind the big desk in Johnson hall.

Academic Garbage

There should be great rejoicing in the streets this morning after students read in today's Emerald that the rather Quixotic exam schedule followed last term has rightfully been relegated to the academic garbage heap. The schedule committee's approval of a revised system, embodying substantially the principles the Emerald advocated at mid-term last fall, will doubtless come as a relief to students and professors alike who came out of exam week with bad digestion and ugly dispositions.

While the Emerald still takes its traditionally dim view of final examinations as a measure of achievement, we do feel that the new system of finals that are, indeed, finals, is the only way to use the system, if it must be used.

Many professors base the term's grade, largely on the final examination; others give as many as three through the term—all announced in advance so as to allow the eager beaver to sit up all night memorizing names and dates to match up with the liberal revolutions of nineteenth-century Europe. To our mind such systems fail to measure up to what we fondly call "education." A set of bare facts, learned over black coffee in the wee hours, can be forgotten over black coffee the hour after the exam.

Our experience has been set that in the "humanities" courses—history, political science, literature, philosophy—quizzes are few and far between, and usually announced well in advance. At the risk of being lynched and tubbed in front of one of the campus beaneries, we submit that the hated "pop quiz" is the only true measure of progress. A final exam, then, might be used to round out the term and counted as perhaps 40 percent of the term grade.

Workers Arise!

There have always been people who prided themselves on sitting on the sidelines, watching the world go by, and criticizing loudly the things they saw. Seldom have these people exerted enough ambition to climb off the bench and get into the scrap. Usually they have been the prompters in the audience, eager to advise the actors on the stage.

Tonight the students who were interested enough in the Emerald last term to write critical letters to the editor will be given an opportunity to get off the bench and help correct those shortcomings. There will be a meeting for potential Emerald staff members at 7:30 in 104 Journalism.

Let those students who criticized our proofreaders enlist for regular night duty at the press, for long hours of headline setting and black hands and broken fingernails. Let those who commented that campus coverage was incomplete, volunteer to cover a beat as a reporter and take a turn at getting stories out of professors who would rather not talk.

The Emerald can be a lot of fun—and a good newspaper, too. We believe that those who objected to certain aspects of the Emerald last fall should be only too glad to jump on the bandwagon and get to work. You bet!

Primer for Freshmen



—From Kent State University, Ohio.

No. 3—Language

Ordering a ham sandwich in Paris, Cairo, or Shanghai may be somewhat difficult; but it is duck soup compared to a freshman's trouble when he first attempts to understand the higher education lingo.

He finds that his dictionary was written by those who were thinking of some other fellow or some other thing. When he starts this matter of question-asking, he finds that many strange and weird notions have been floating about. He finds, for example, that the campus is not what he had supposed it to be. He finds that the Elks minstrel show held in the college auditorium is off-campus, but that a dance held in a private country club fourteen miles away is on-campus. He finds that a student living in a private home three miles from the academic gate may be campused and a student living in a dormitory may be as free as the wind. He finds that a brick building downtown is on campus but a research lab in the science building is off-campus.

This isn't all. Oh, no! He finds that the lobby isn't a lobby but an atrium; that a curtain isn't a curtain but a cyclorama; that a radio broadcasting room isn't a broadcasting room but a workshop, that when

members of a choir wear pink nightgowns, it isn't a choir but an acappella choir; that a drum isn't a drum but a percussion instrument; that a prompter at a play isn't a prompter but a bookholder; that a class of students learning to be students is an orientation class; that finding out what is going on now is not finding out what is going on now but a study of contemporary events; that seniors don't graduate at the top of the class but graduate *magna cum laude*; that if he wants to learn the know-how in a certain field, he doesn't learn the know-how but the therapeutic technique; that people don't live in cities but in urban communities; that when a fellow is sick he doesn't go to the doctor's office but to the infirmary; that the keeper of the records is the registrar and the fellow who looks after the money is the comptroller; that you don't learn how to fix cars but you study automotive mechanics; that a small class isn't a small class but a seminar; that when you study at home you don't study at home but in absentia; that when the dean calls a man in to bawl the daylights out of him, he doesn't bawl the daylights out of him but gives him counseling service; that one doesn't study weather but meteorology; that a course of study is a

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the book of lau

By LARRY LAU

The short dapper Dr. Borus signalled for quiet. "Will the Two-World club please come to order," he asked. (Satisfied that the fist-fights had stopped, he continued), "We are gathered here to discuss some of the ills that are presently plaguing the world, and their possible remedies. Does anyone have an opening suggestion?"

A tall, gangling youth struggled to his feet. "I'm a veteran," he cried (Dr. Borus rushed over and pinned a silver medal on his cashmere) "and I wanna' know why we ain't getting no more money than we are. I was overseas for nearly six months, and somebody's sure gonna pay!"

The roar of "Huzzahs" and "Hurrahs" filled the room. "Commendable spirit," Borus soothed. "It's fellows like you that are the backbone of this great country!" (Three freshman girls swooned.)

"It seems to me," a serious-faced man spoke up, "that just itching for something isn't enough, you have to get out and scratch for it." (The crowd cheered as the veteran and the outspoken one began to trade blows.)

"Brotherly love," Borus began, ignoring the scuffle, "should animate our every thought to our fellow man. If individuals can get along using this formula, why can't nations?" (The listeners burst into prolonged cheers.)

"Dr. Borus," said a pompous ex-major, "I think racial intolerance is the basic factor denying us peace on earth. If we would realize that we are all brothers under the skin, there would be no such thing as a minority group."

Dr. Borus gave him a buss on each cheek. "What a magnificent statement! If everyone felt like you, the Negro, the Jew and the Catholic would never feel the sting of prejudice!" (The crowd cheered.)

"I thought you meant people," the pompous man snorted. He flourished his Ku Klux Klan membership card three times and flounced out amidst a great roar of "Huzzahs" and "Hears."

"I think," said a dirty faced fellow, "that housing is our biggest problem. America is the land of the free, but it has no homes for the brave. I've been living in a cave since my discharge . . . my children can't see in the daylight any more."

"Do you mean to stand up and say," shouted a bald-headed man, "that after the rigors of a four-year war, you would deny the long-suffering public the chance to relax and enjoy themselves, and pay outrageous cover charges at new night clubs and buy black market goods at new stores? Why man, you can build houses anytime! . . . Aren't you ashamed?"

The dirty faced fellow mumbled something about being sorry that he'd asked too much . . . (The crowd cheered and clapped.)

"I think we ought to declare war on Russia," bellowed a visiting congressman. "They're going to hit us with everything they've got one of these days, and by George, we ought to beat 'em to the punch!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," a one-armed boy spoke up, "but the records show that you are nearly sixty. Perhaps if there was a chance of your fighting in the next war, you'd be more anxious to seek a peaceful settlement of differences." (Everybody smiled and said "Hear!")

"Son, that's a Fascist attitude," the Congressman howled. "You're just a pawn for the big money interests, or maybe the labor groups, I don't know which . . . but that's no attitude to take!" (The audience roared their approval.)

The tall, gangling veteran, the

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