

Virgil D. Earl

On March 8 Dean Virgil D. Earl closed his long record of service to the University of Oregon. Even as an undergraduate, he had been outstanding, both for his interest in athletics and for his scholastic ability.

One of the pages in his career that will be best remembered is that as student manager of the track team, he was responsible for hiring the late Bill Hayward, who was instrumental in leading the Oregon track teams to prominence.

For 17 years after his graduation, Dean Earl taught in high schools throughout the state. Then he returned to the University, first as a member of the physical education school faculty, then as dean of men.

It was his role as dean of men that he will be best remembered by the many people he helped guide through college. His philosophy was always to be of help to the students. Though he could be stern when the occasion arose, he was better known for his willingness to uphold the student's side of a problem.

A member of Kappa Sigma, Dean Earl had the reputation of being "best friend" to Oregon's fraternities. He was never too busy to aid, should some fraternity need anything from advice to a chaperon.

The many incidents that occurred during the long period he was dean of men will now be relegated to the field of legend, to be embellished upon by each succeeding generation of University students. There is, for instance, the time he was water-bagged by playful boys who were really aiming at the mailman. These memories will linger and mingle with those of his deeds of service in the minds of those who knew him.

Dr. Harry K. Newburn ably summed up Dean Earl's contributions when he said:

"The University of Oregon has had few friends with the long and loyal record of support given by Virgil D. Earl. Throughout his 26 years as a member of the faculty, he maintained deep devotion to duty and a willingness at all times to give his time and energies to the service of the University. He will be deeply missed by three decades of Oregon students over whose lives he exercised a profound influence and who respected him as a friend and adviser." J. G.

Out of Focus

You'd Think They'd Plan Spring Term with More Consideration

By Kirk Braun

The sweet young thing was taking it over with her roommate. "Honestly, Sal, this registering has got me down. I just don't know what to take."

The other sweet young thing was busily checking through the catalog and time schedule.

"Huh, you're not the only one. I thought I had my schedule all figured out 'til I looked at the final exam schedule and that really threw me for a loss. Did you ever see anything like it? One on Wednesday, two on Thursday and one on Friday—from 3 to 5, too."

"Gosh, that's a catastrophe! You're going to change it before you register, aren't you?"

"I should hope to tell you. I'm not going to get caught again like I did winter term. Why, I didn't get home 'til Christmas eve."

"Spring term is always the toughest. You just can't have classes in the afternoon when the weather is so nice."

"No eight o'clocks, either. It's hell to have to get up at 8 o'clock."

"Look, Sal, I've got it all figured out. To get away from here on Tuesday noon of final week, we'll have to take 9 o'clocks on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9 o'clocks on Tuesdays and Thursdays and 10 o'clocks Monday through Friday. That should be easy enough."

"Swell, let's look through the time schedule and see what's offered at those hours."

"Wait, kiddo. Two three-hour courses and two two-hour courses per week will only give us ten hours, we have to take at least 12 hours."

"How about making those Tuesday and Thursday classes three-hour courses that meet on Saturday, too?"

"Oh, no, I can't have any Saturday classes. That just ruins the weekends."

"Yeah, that's right."

"We could take something that didn't have a final exam."

"What, pray tell?"

"Well, some of the PE courses don't have finals—also some of the creative writing courses—short story writing."

"When's that meet?"

"Let's see—oh, oh, 1 or 2 on Tuesday and Thursday."

"You'd certainly think that they'd plan spring term with a little more consideration. God knows, there's so much going on during spring that it's hard enough to study as it is."

"Well, looks as though we're going to have to take an afternoon class. One o'clock isn't too bad."

"Yeah—well, my schedule's finished. Now to smile sweetly on my adviser and hope he okays it."

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Ah--Spring Term at the 'U'

Here's Some Tips on Making Most of Those Sunny Days

By Michael Callahan

Old-timers on the campus glance up at the leaden grey clouds and shrug, young freshmen dailly polish their gleaming new convertibles, and musty old professors prepare a few sparkling words on the pleasures of wine and love, for their classroom lectures.

Spring term has come to Oregon.

Now spring, to the new and innocent, is a mysterious and enchanting era that was forever being discussed during fall and winter. The older and wiser among the students simply leer and say nothing. Therefore, to ease the minds of the wondering uninitiated, this column is a primary reader in what to expect during the next few months . . . for better or otherwise. . . .

First, a whole new dictionary of terms must be learned.

"Laurelwood" and "Oakway" have nothing to do with the forest primeval—only that part of

the tree that goes into the shaft of a driver. "Tiny's" and "Maxie's," once the sanctum of the upperclass, will soon become as familiar as your own room, and probably you will be spending more time over an afternoon brew there than with the books at home.

If and when the sun ever burns through and the days become long and warmly lazy, the great Oregon sport of picnicking will open. "Fiji Meadows" and the "Playgrounds" are the best spots for a little lab work in human relations. It is the one and only lab section where books are taboo.

Next to the matter of life on campus.

Mondays' Wednesdays, and Fridays, with their heavy class schedules are written off as lost, and study table resembles a game of ping-pong played Chicago style—with you as the ball. It is a worthy (and abnormal) person who can keep a healthy balance between study and play as one bright hot day follows another.

Tuesdays and Thursdays are given over to the sun-worshippers. This includes such sports as water-slagging, hosing, and driving slowly down sorority row

checking the bathing suit previews.

Friday evenings and Saturdays (except for those slow enough to be stuck with Saturday classes) are dedicated to the lighter things in life. Eugene's drive-in theater, opened late last summer, should do a booming business with closed convertibles. The few local swimming pools will be swamped by day and night, and the town eateries will sell out their stocks of beer and sandwiches as the weekly parade of campus cars heads out to the cool picnic spots.

Lastly, reckoning with education.

Spring term at Oregon provides a truly liberal education but one that is not apt to earn grades or hours. Therefore, this parting advice to the newcomers. Next winter term, go into isolation with your books and shun the pleasures of a fire and a blonde on a snowy evening. Dedicate yourself to the almighty GPA, and bolster it safely.

Then, when spring rolls around again, you too will be an older and wiser student and entitled to a few leers.

Wild Notes

Victor, Capitol Enter Slow-Disc Field

By FRED YOUNG

In order to boot our readership from its present 97 per cent to around 100 per cent we'll start

mentioning names around the quadrangle in a systematic fashion. Today's best bets are Norma Aalvik and Aileen Zutavern. Chances are you'll find your own in here so

keep reading! Victor and Capitol have adopted similar long-playing records of their own which are dissimilar to Columbia's slow-moving discs. Admiral and Scott-Farnsworth are the only two radios thus far which are able to play the three present types of commercial records: the conventional 78 rpm, the Columbia 33 rpm, and the new Victor-Capitol doughnut of 45 turns a minute.

Victor has perfected a special playing unit for its 7-inch record with the 1½ inch hole in the center. Instead, of one long performance on each record as Columbia features, the Victor changer takes three seconds between its shorter playing records. Advance reports say that in comparison the Victor idea is the better and its performance and reproduction are better. However, we'll shortly be able to see for ourselves.

An unexplored spot for most Portlanders is McElroy's ballroom. With a past reputation of sorry music and dingy atmosphere, we'd venture to say it's been remodeled into the best ballroom in the northwest. No commercial—just a red-hot tip.

The greatest on "records that will sell" this month is Ray Gilbert's Columbia offering of "Pin-Stripe Pants" a funny novelty plus a sharp vocal by the fellow who wrote the tune.

Billy Eckstine exhibits his exacting tone control and rumbling vibrato on National releases of "Fools Rush In," "Caravan," and "Blue Moon." It's the best thing put on wax by any male vocalist these days.

Mel Torme also renders "Blue Moon" on a new Capitol record. The "Fog" receives good support from an orchestra directed by ex-Kenton arranger Pete Rugolo.

Benny Goodman debuts his new band on Capitol with "Un-

dercurrent Blues" which is short on blues, long on the bop. Ex-kentonia Eddie Bert's trombone and the improving Doug Mettome's trumpet are featured along with the leader's jazzy clarinet. Easy going ensemble bop backed by Buddy Greco's ballading about "Somebody Marguerite." Greco, who also plays very much piano with BG, leans toward the modern Eckstine-Sarah Vaughn song style and is one of the most in-

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From Other Editors

(From Duquesne Duke)

Few college students any longer appear interested in knowledge for knowledge's sake, or learning for cultural and self-satisfying purposes. The great specialization urge has invaded the college mind, discrediting the once ideal liberal education.

Many students now, are concerned only with studies pertinent to what they consider their 'monetary majors.' Any required subject, not particularly relevant to their chosen fields, but necessary for the most limited kind of rounded education, meets with an angry chorus of, "What do we have to take this for." Employing thought on these boring essentials, becomes more distasteful and laborious as the years pass.

Education for these is but a means to an end; an end composed of a diploma secured job and satisfactory wages.

A good example of this type of specialized thinking, occurred recently in a philosophy class. At the time, the respective merits and failings of Spinoza, Kant, and Hegel were being discussed. The instructor then proceeded to point out the fallacies in the philosophers' idealist tendencies towards sense-knowledge.

One of our many specialists, thoroughly annoyed with this "absurd waste of time," cried indignantly, "If all these guys are wrong, why do we bother with them at all. Why not just study the ones that are right and save a lot of time and trouble."

These "short-cutters" to knowledge are merely putting in time, time which they resentfully admit is necessary to secure that most sought after "by all"—the diploma.

The dollar sign is undoubtedly an important insignia, and unfortunately governs our physical lives, but it should not dictate to the mind. The mind should govern the dollar, not the dollar the mind.

In later years, when the body becomes old and worn, worldly riches can no longer be appreciated, and their value diminishes greatly. The man, whose entire life had been wrapped and around a farthing's whims may, then experience discouragement and despair. Money, which had occupied the greatest part of his mind for decades, will no longer seem important, and he can only wait for death with that disillusioned, vacuous thing, which might have been filled with soul-satisfying, indestructible knowledge.

Consider your set of values wisely and well. Perhaps, you will have to live with them for quite some time.—Duquesne Duke.

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