

Shame on you! You shouldn't keep us waiting any longer for that four bits.

PRIZES FOR ORATORS. (Continued from Page 1.)

and \$10 in two declamation contests.

At the University of Idaho they give the Watkins \$50 medal to the interstate orator; the Heyburn prize of \$20 to the best debater in the inter-society debate; the Riddenbaugh prize of \$25 to the leader of the team against W. S. C.; the Vollmer prize of \$25 to the leader of the team against the University of Washington; the Dewey prize of \$25 to the leader of the team against the University of Oregon; the Price prize of \$50 to the best debater taking Greek and Latin; and the Borah prize of \$50 to the winners in the debate between the two interstate teams. Accordingly in these schools there is always hot competition in oratory and debate.

As opposed to this long array of prizes Oregon offers only one—the Alumnae \$20 medal to the best debater in college.

It seems to me that in building up forensics at the University, here is the place to start. A fund should be raised by an appeal to the students, the Alumnae, the faculty and the townspeople. I am sure that there may be found in the state of Oregon citizens as generous towards a worthy cause as those who have contributed in Washington and Idaho. If this scheme should be approved, a committee of debaters should be appointed by President Townsend to see what can be done towards carrying it out.

The fund having been raised I would suggest that the following prizes be given; \$25, \$15, and \$10 to the leaders, first and second colleagues respectively, of the interstate debating teams, and \$25 each to the two Varsity orators. In addition to this I think that oratorical contests should be held among the Freshmen and Sophomores. It takes experience to write a winning oration, and at present the under classmen seldom try out against the upper classmen; and in order to give the Freshmen and Sophomores experience so that they may be winning orators in their Junior and Senior years, contests should be instituted among them with prizes of about \$15 and \$10, for first and second places.

In addition to the creation of interest among the students there are other problems to be met. First, there is that of finances. Next year will be an expensive one for the debate manager, for in addition to the interstate debate, the Utah debate, and the inter-state oratorical contest will be held in Eugene. To meet this it has been wisely suggested that debate appropriation be increased. 5 per cent at the expense of the football appropriation, which seems more than sufficient. Another problem is that of the debating coach. We undoubtedly need a man who can give a large share of his time to the work and who will become a fixture in that field as the coaches at Idaho and Washington have been. This matter is of course, in the hands of the faculty and not of the students, and it is probable that some such action will be taken.

These suggestions may not appeal to all, but we must remember that a plan of some sort must be adopted to give oratory and debate a good substantial boost.

PINKHAM AND BULLDOGS. (Continued from Page 1.)

I got my first bull dog. It was with great pleasure that I saw the envy of my fellow classmates as I strolled to and from my classes. This envy, however, was not a circumstance to what I had to resist when I finally entered the university with this already famous dog.

"Dubie" was his name—and say, he was a cute little cuss! Armour's greys in the circus for graceful beauty, were as six tomato cans on

a rail fence to a star in heaven compared to little Dubie. Imagine him, a brown stalwart manly canine, with a mouth and head like that of a mountain lion, supported by a pair of shoulders similar to those of Gordon Moores, the great Oregon athlete, and his legs as slender and as well proportioned as a well bred pump handle. His body was in every way a dog model, and the pleasant sights of the day were mirrored to his brain through a soulful pair of azure blue eyes. His grit was exceeded only by his physique.

"Dubie" passed his freshman and sophomore years in college without event and finally persuaded me to let him spend his summer vacation with Arthur Van Dusen, the famous yell leader, and 1907 stunt man, at Astoria. I consented, but the day that "Dubie" told me farewell at the train was the last time we ever looked into each others' eyes. I am afraid Van didn't chaperone him carefully. He was perhaps too anxious to learn to row a boat, and lost his life, as near as we could learn, in a terrific battle with a saucy dog salmon. This, anyway, is the theory advanced by Mr. Van Dusen, his keeper, the boy whom the city by the sea proudly boasts caught fewer fish than anyone ever turned out there.

This dreadful loss struck me like a blow from Jamison, the O. A. C. tackle, and my junior year has been spent mostly in mourning his death. But one month ago, the clouds rolled by and "Prokos" entered my life. Ah, "Prokos", saintly pup, how I adore thee!

"Prokos" is yet only a boy dog. But if "Dubie" were the moon of dog ambitions, then surely "Prokos" is the sun, the dog king of the universe!

As yet there are few dogs in the university, but I hope that time will come when there will be hundreds of them. I am a firm believer in the theory that every student should own a bull dog,—if he hasn't a bull dog of his own, then he should borrow his neighbor's bulldog. But get a bull dog.

If I should awake some morning and find that I had a million dollars, owned the whole faculty and belonged to the athletic council, I would at once institute a crusade to abolish our present system of athletics, and substitute bull dog games and rows in their stead. A large pit would be excavated in Kincaid field, where I would turn the dogs loose to graze and hold their games.

I would levy a tax of \$225 on each student entering college to buy a bull dog with. Lee Hurd and Varnel Beach would have full charge of the campus bull dog agency, and Horton Nicholas would assist Bill Hayward in training the younger dogs. Cornelius Beebe would have charge of a gang of freshmen told off to water and feed the bull dogs.

Instead of student hour we would have a big bull dog parade in and around Villard hall. The junior prom would be made the occasion of choosing the best dog dancer in college, the prize to be one year's credit in college to the owner. There would be eight dances for the dogs, and six for their owners at this party. But I almost forgot the dramatic club. Instead of an organization for students, it would be turned into a club for the bull dogs, directed by Wm. Kiltz and Ben Williams.

I love football, but I love my bull dog better. Ha! we are all to the good, me and Mac and Prokos, eh?

Schwarzschild Thanks Students.

Morris Schwarzschild wishes to extend his hearty thanks to the University students for the ready assistance they gave him in carrying out stock and furniture from Schwarzschild's book store during Wednesday's fire. Everything is now back and in place, and he is ready to supply any orders for books and stationery.

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