

Oregon Daily Emerald Editorial Page

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EDITORIAL

Frosh Leaders

After several years of fuming around, Oregon apparently is to permit its Frosh class to elect and maintain a president with a fair vestige of dignity and respect. Several fraternities agreed to permit their frosh to accept the position, if elected, and now the deed is done.

It is eminently reasonable that the Frosh should be permitted to elect their president in peace and good will, and to carry out their business with as little molestation as possible. Of course, as Walter Malcolm, student body president, told the Frosh when he crowned them at the Mix, their function is not to run the University. They have their duties, however, and some day these are the men that, as far as student affairs are concerned, will be running the University.

The Frosh class this year will be delegated sufficient work to demand the direction of a skillful leader. Furthermore, this leader must of necessity be given ample assistance from older men who have passed through the mill of experience.

Take the frosh bonfire as an example—annually the "biggest and best." The task if carried out in a haphazard manner without adequate leadership is sufficient to flunk several of the hardest workers out of school. Given proper organization all the forces can be marshaled and the whole put up with a minimum of time and effort. True leadership among the Frosh in all their activities is essential to the production of self-respecting Oregon men and women. The University may well congratulate itself on this new attitude it has assumed towards the first year class.

Don't Be The Goat

If one might lift the veil of secrecy from house meetings in both men's and women's fraternities and halls of residence, the chances are that in nine out of ten houses sentiments somewhat as follows might be heard—

"You frosh—and you sophomores—and you juniors—and you seniors—get out on the campus and DO something. Get into football, or the manager's system, or debate work, or class committees. Get a job. The House needs the prestige. . . ." and so on for many, many minutes. All the old timers have heard it, and probably most of the frosh by this time.

Fair enough, within certain bounds. The student who takes an interest in some phase of extra-curricula work—his hobby, as it were—is on the right track. A well balanced interest in some phase of the University outside of his regular studies should provide him recreation and amusement. Student activities, like a good many other things, are good medicine if not taken in too great doses.

Led on by the bait of campus publicity many students are prone to forget the prime reason for attendance at the University. Before they are aware of the fact they find themselves drenched with collegiate honors—and low grades. Perhaps a siege of University probation will burst his bubble of prestige—or perhaps he will squeeze through with an Oregona full of campus honors and no education. . . . Yes, get into activities; but 'get' the activity, and don't let the activity 'get' you.

SHAKESPEARE CLASS TO BE DIVIDED SOON

Plans are being made for a division of the class in Shakespeare, which now has an enrollment of 120. It is expected there will be two sections, one of sophomores, and one of upperclassmen. Though no definite plans have been made, it is expected that Mrs. Mary Watson Barnes and Dr. Stevenson Smith will instruct the classes. The English department as a whole has had a decided increase in enrollment over last year. There are five more sections of written English this year. Last year there were 18 sections, and this year there are 23. These include the courses in report writing, magazine writing, short story, playwriting, versification, authorship, and the advanced subjects.

Send the Emerald Home

LETTERS

Answer to G. R. E.

To the Editor:
 In yesterday's Emerald G. R. E. writes at some length in behalf of "Greater Intra-Mural Sports." He bemoans the fact that last year's program reached but a small group of students, falling far below his ideal—"to have everyone actively engaged in some form of sport," all due, he claims, to a lack of emblems to be fought for.

May I say a word? It is extremely regrettable that organizations may no longer decorate their mantles with tall cups and their walls with bronze shields. They make a wonderful impression on awe-struck rushees and co-eds and are truly a powerful incentive to the athletes of the house to give their all for the old fraternity, with the gang lustily developing lung power from the sidelines. The athletes need the exercise and the gang needs the lung power for the big games.

As many houses required all underclassmen, who already were taking three hours of some sport each week at the gymnasium, to go out for intra-mural athletics, the system most assuredly brought out more contestants.

The present system has this serious disadvantage: there is so little incentive for anyone to enter intra-mural sports except those who play for the sheer joy of the game, and this, according to American college standards, is a very poor reason. To win is the thing—and the larger the stakes the better. Let there by all means be a score or so of cups each year, with brass, copper and tin shields for second, third and fourth places.

A. K.

Gone Are the Days

Re.
 Intramural sports, as per communication in the Emerald Tuesday signed by G. R. E. Things of the past, ghosts of older days, this intramural sports idea. Some of us still have a hazy memory of 500 or 600 men, the sum total of men in the University, who loved their alma mater, who worked for her, who fought for her, who gloried in her every achievement or dispaired but still hoped at her every defeat.

Awards for intramural sports? Yes, a cup or plaque. But the big thing was Oregon. During basketball season everyone thought basketball, and as many as could played it—in the spring the same was true of track and baseball. Even football drew its following of sandlot talent, and intramural football games, though not so extensive because of the number of men required, were quite common. "Seven Seers Column." Like a lyric rainbow knight I shouldered the crusading honor of championing, with enviable success, a poetry column last year. Vainly Lemmy Ghosters and others shot jealous arrows of criticism at the impenetrable armor of my triumphant popularity. (I crave praise and publicity). O ye, who lament the passing of the great campus poetry, I bid ye weep your tears for the "Seven Seers." Poetry must not enter this year's Emerald for that would outrage Eddie's journalistic ethics.

Honestly, I can't bear, without blushing inferiority, to share the Seven Seers' remarkable pointlessness, naughty, naughty petticoat punning. I don't have enough cash to hire Martha Ranny Henley to teach me tricks.

Now, I am taking a literary revenge for I am jealous because I have not been elected to the Seven Seers because I can't play magic—that will be the magic revelation.

W. E. K.

Theatres

COLONIAL—Agnes Ayres, in "Her Market Value."

HELLIG—Western Vaudeville, five acts. Jimmy Audry in "The Ambassador."

REX—Last day—"Wings of Youth," with Madge Bellamy and Robert Cain.

McDONALD—"The Teaser," with Laura La Plante and Pat O'Malley.

SEVEN SEERS

Beards, etc.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the glass house,
 And never the twain shall meet.

Since the explosion in Deady Hall I have not uttered a word. My main reason for the laxity is because I have been out on the sawdust pile, playing pinocle with the rest of the grid-iron boys. Coach Smith says that of all the men I have the greatest chance of making the All-American, and the credit for this must not go so much to my expert playing, but to the length and strength of my beard. When the ball is thrown in my direction I scarcely miss it, for it catches in my whiskers and prevents me from fumbling or dropping it. Then when I attempt to make a forty yard dash, my flowing beard trails behind me as I run, tripping up those men who try to tackle me. All the men as well as Dick, are counting on me to win the game with the Idaho Vandals next week.

Will you be there to root a huzzah for me?

I have noticed that many Freshmen are buying Michael Arlen's "Green Hat", thinking evidently, that it concerns the life of the youngsters in college for the first time. This belief is entirely unfounded, for the book is one of history—but mighty good history!

Many of the youngsters remain smart after the Mix, but the smartness is not in the head. Oh, no.

Since none of the campus poets have yet felt the urge to splurge, I feel it my duty to make up to some extent, that great need. For as Daniel Webster said, "What is a column without a poetix?" the answer is, of course, "Much better." As a foreword, I would say that my poetry is very true to life, and interprets those things characteristic of the modern college student. The style is quite free and the value ditto.

MUDDY SHOES

A little GIRL—
 So cute and SWEET—
 Tried to SCRAPE—
 The mud—from her—
 FEET!

BUT—the next morning one of the sisters noticed the muddy shoes, and the little girl so cute and sweet didn't have another date for several weeks—

Tuesday noon at the College Slide Inn, I and my six austere brothers suggested nominees for the weekly association into our Clan. After much straining of soup through our whiskers, the first five names were spoken for, and after solemn mastication of Jello and whipped cream, the other five were chosen. And so another ten are up before the Black Ball in the Eighth street Bowling alley tonight. Which ones will withstand the mighty onslaught, and which will topple?

Nominations for Associate Membership into the Order of Seven Seers:

The Pioneer, because he doesn't wear a slicker.

Harold Lloyd, because of "The Freshman."

Stuffy Barnett, because of his shoe-string tie, Stetson, and 75 per cent flunks.

The Goddess of Liberty, because she's all for everything, free-love, verse and thought.

Margo Vincent, because she isn't, and because she lives down by a lake and says, "Drop in sometime" to her friends.

Spike Leslie, because he doesn't take lemon in his tea or read Swinburne.

The Aggravators, because they finally came to a good school.

Georgia Benson, because she isn't in school anymore, but still keeps that school-girl complexion.

S. H. W., because he didn't handshake us.

Louise Fazenda, because she's a good example of what the modern girl is.

We might state, although this is confidential, that Ed Miller tried awfully hard to make our Tong by sticking up for us in his column next door, but as already seen, we are off hand-shaking, and that's straight.

(Signed) SAHIB ALLAH MANCU-SH.

GORDON WILSON MADE COAST SALES MANAGER

Gordon Wilson, who graduated

last spring, has been appointed sales manager for the coast section by the Real Silk Hosiery company, according to Dean E. C. Robbins of the school of business administration. Mr. Wilson, while on the football team and was prominent in dramatics.

Send the Emerald home.



"Everything's jake" when you smoke P. A.

TROUBLE'S a bubble, just as the song says. And you can stick it with the stem of your old jimmy-pipe, filled to the brim with good old Prince Albert. A remedy? It's a specific! Ask any jimmy-piper who ever butted into trouble.

Cool as the zone-of-kelvination you read about in the refrigerator ads. Sweet as the kiss of spring on a winter-weary brow. Fragrant as locust blossoms. Soothing as a cradle-song. And—P. A. can't bite your tongue or parch your throat. The Prince Albert process fixes that!

Get on the sunny side of life with a jimmy-pipe and P. A. Tie a tidy red tin to trouble. Smoke the one tobacco that's got everything you ever wished for—Prince Albert. Quicker you get going, the sooner your worries will be over. Men who thought they never could smoke a pipe are now P. A. fans. You'll be a checker leader too!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-convictener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



Look at the U. S. revenue stamp—there are TWO full ounces in every tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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Football Schedule



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON vs.

DATE	OPPONENT	PLACE	TIME
Oct. 10	*University of Idaho.....	Eugene—Hayward Field	2:15
Oct. 17	Pacific University	Eugene—Hayward Field	2:15
Oct. 24	*U. of California	Portland—M. A. A. C. Field.....	2:30
Oct. 31	Stanford University	Palo Alto	
Nov. 14	*O. A. C. (Homecoming).....	Eugene—Hayward Field	1:30
Nov. 26	*U. of Washington	Seattle—Stadium	2:00

Ticket Information

*Reserved seats to be sold for these games. Seat applications have been mailed to all Alumni on record. California game tickets to be sold by the Multnomah Club, Portland. Other game tickets, including the Oregon section at Washington game at Seattle, by the Graduate Manager, Jack Benefield, Eugene. Mail your application early. Prices, reserved seats, Idaho game, \$2.00; U. of California, O. A. C., and U. of Washington, \$2.00 and \$2.50



"SHINY SHOES"



for your best Appearance

Footwear is an important part of your wardrobe. If you would look your best let us polish your boots.

SHINE 'EM UP

"Next to Jim the Shoe Doctor"



LAST DAY

"Wings of Youth"

a drama of madcap youth and mother-love
 MADGE BELLAMY ROBERT CAIN

COMEDY — NEWS

Frosh Parade Mix
 PICTURES
 Harold Wynd
 ROMANE STUDIO
 Over Western Union