

Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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American undergraduates are the most conservative folk in the world if any strange theory in morals or politics becomes noised abroad, the American student opposes to it the one time-honored weapon of the undergraduate from Aristophanes down,—burlesque.—William Lyon Phelps.

Simulating the Sedulous Ape

After viewing representative student writings from fifteen colleges, Wilbert Snow, associate professor of English at Connecticut Wesleyan university and author of two books of poetry, has come to the conclusion that "students still learn to write by playing the part of the 'sedulous ape.'"
This must be a rather disconcerting opinion for the budding creative writers in the universities, but Mr. Snow's statement, appearing in the New Student, is well fortified by 300 pages of college writing contained in the book, "Young Pegasus."
His criticism that student-writers still "dream of a splendor far away from the campus" is aimed at the undergraduate imagination that wanders far afield, in strange places, and deals not at all with matters within the experience and knowledge of the authors.
The same criticism was made by the editors of Harpers last summer after a literary contest that drew contributions from more than one hundred institutions. This was a far more representative group than was included in Professor Snow's survey, but the conclusions were very much the same.
It is not to be taken that the young authors are lacking in talent. This they seem to have in surprising measure. The complaint is lodged against the use, or rather misuse, of this ability in constructing ambitious and far-fetched plots that come to the authors second-hand.
For instance we read this of Walter D. Edmonds, Jr., whose work makes up the largest part of the Harvard allotment, which in turn takes up nearly half the book:
"He has a headlong energy, undisciplined as yet, and an astonishing versatility. He goes in for 'strong' plots, writing of such things as the birth of a child to a tramp's hussy in a hay-loft—a theme he apparently knows little about. He will accomplish more when he aims to do less."
In general, though, the men turned toward Poe and Conrad, but the women—
The women were content with nothing less than the emancipated darning of the modern realists. To quote Professor Snow:
"Three illegitimate-child stories almost in a row, all from girls' colleges, are impressive, and might be, to some, alarming were it not for the vague outside college walls."
As a sidelight on outside influence, perhaps, it is mentioned that one of these stories was Sherwood Anderson's "Dark Laughter" lifted almost bodily and abbreviated for short story purposes, with an ending different from the original in that it was far more heartless.
Then comes the unchanging Middle West. Here again the spirit of realism has left its mark, but it is of a tamer variety, tending toward the work of Ruth Suckow.
The small section devoted to poetry shows clearly that the undergraduate has substituted as models Frost, Sandburg, Amy Lowell and Edna Millay for the once popular Omar, Longfellow and Tennyson. Simple lyrics were very few in number.
So it is with most of the work of the student-writers. Impressed deeply with the modern spirit in writing, and no less deeply by the works of modern authors, they are ambitiously reaching out far beyond the college walls in search of—they know not what.
Perhaps the time will come, and

Professor Snow thinks it will, when the students will stay at home and write of things with which they are acquainted. He assures his readers that the undergraduate authors are nearer the campus now than they were ten years ago. This means either that the college writers of ten years ago let their imaginations fly immeasurable miles from home, or the life of the colleges is moving more in the direction of life outside the walls. Perhaps both theories are correct.
So with the university authors homeward bound, carrying with them "a saving sense of humor," Professor Snow sees the stirring of an "Elizabethan promise of better things."
Doubt may justly be expressed about the saving sense of humor. That, it seems more likely, belongs to Mr. Snow, and not to the disciples of Sherwood Anderson et al. The college writers are in deadly earnest.
Again we may question the desirability of confining the budding authors to their limited world which allows little free play to the imagination. Imaginary realism may make as good literature, and as true, as writings based on actual experience. But give these men and women time. All too soon they will come to the point where they will modify their writings in the light of life as they see it. Let them try their wings. They may at last develop style.
But the change may come and it may be best that it come soon. Yet after all, at the present rate of emancipation, the undergraduate writers may remain stationary where they now are and within ten years they will probably find themselves quite in style in their own environment.

Lo, the Noble Vanishing American

Students who have just lived through a campaign that resulted in the retention of Oregon's symbolic name for its athletic teams, will probably read with heartfelt interest the accompanying discussion of a similar topic.
This time the problem takes on the aspect of an international affair, and besides it is probably of special interest to students of politics, economics, biology, and business administration and allied arts.
We take it, bodily, from the Daily of McGill university, Montreal.
A small storm of indignation has been caused among Americans living in England by the fact that four American Indian heads have been placed over the doors and windows of the new American embassy in London. The objection appears to be that the heads are not symbolic of the country whose London representatives are to be housed in the building under criticism.
Our American friends in England evidently fear that an Indian over the door of their Embassy gives a wrong impression of their country. The popular conception of the United States in Europe, due no doubt to the industrious propaganda of their Wild West films, is that of a land of wild Indians and desperadoes, and though the architect who is responsible for the design is an American, it is even spoken of as an insult to the United States.
The Indian has never been sufficiently recognized as a national type. He has been managed, controlled, capitalized and exploited, but the fact that he was at one time Lord of the country has been conveniently forgotten. Americans do not like to be reminded that their country is so new in culture and importance that less than fifty years ago much of it was still inhabited by the Indian only and the Red Man was a factor to be reckoned with.
It is one matter to carry a facsimile of an Indian's head on a coin, but quite a different matter

to have one over the door of the nation's building in a foreign country. These ultra-American critics would no doubt prefer to have an eagle over the door post. Have not the great nations of all time been represented by eagles? Persia, Egypt, Rome, Prussia, Germany, Austria and the Russian Empire all had an eagle as their symbol. The king of birds is therefore a much more attractive emblem for these big-Americans than is the savage Indian.
As a matter of fact Americans have no cause to be ashamed of their nation's Indian ancestry. We have been learning in the past few years that there is still a great deal that the Indians can teach the white man. The noble Red Man is a much more beautiful and romantic symbol of America than the eagle.

Diversions On a Penny Whistle

Plato's American Republic
By DOUGLOS WOODRUFF
A few years ago the author of this pungent satire was an undergraduate at Oxford University where he delighted the audiences of the Union debating society with his deft and polished aphorisms. Then he went forth on a voyage of discovery with two debating companions and his peregrinations led him through the length and breadth of the land called America, where dwell a curious people who "pay a most special and devout worship to a strange god whom they call Progress."
The young Mr. Woodruff found much to amaze and astound him, some things that he approved, and others that he shrank from as pitifully materialistic. His observations and impressions are woven together in this little volume in an entertaining Socratic dialogue, in which are found Lysis and Agathon and Phaelon, conversing with Socrates who has just returned from a lecturing tour among the "barbarians." As the "barbarians," we find ourselves ruthlessly stripped of our coating of respectability within which we are Social Reformers and Practical Idealists, and exposed as a nation of fact-worshippers and dollar-seekers, bowed down beneath the energetic combination of manufacturers and preachers—and women.
We pay homage to the mystic Sacred Number, expressed in statistical studies, percentages, card-souls are twisted and cramped by an unreasonable tyrant, whose title is Public Opinion, or the Opinion of the Majority, and he is the offspring of Propaganda. All of us can read, but few of us think, so that we look to see what our neighbors are thinking and we hasten to enroll ourselves under the standard of the majority. We make laws that we say are a good thing for the country, an especially the poor (they are with us always), who are the workers and must be Efficient, and deny ourselves publicly the amenities of life which can be purchased by the rich.
Somewhere we have heard that Knowledge is Power, and we desire Power, but we think that Knowledge consists of Information. Vaguely we believe that when we have acquired Information, we shall act both wisely and well. Always, always, another title for Material Prosperity.
Truly, the indictment is severe. But Mr. Woodruff should not blame America. America is but the present and most pronounced embodiment of a new era which has followed the industrial revolution. She is but the symbol, the typical form, of the age of rampant materialism, superstition and garrulity. We are foundlings in an arid wilderness, clutching at phantoms, boasting of small advances and yet (a fact which Mr. Woodruff ignores), babbling and gibbering in loud voices because we are afraid to examine into the wretchedness of our plight. But we also are many of the peoples of other countries, although we are still the leaders in industrial Progress.
Mr. Woodruff belongs to a different generation probably the eighteenth century. He is not an optimist. He fails to see the tour struggles for adjustment in the new age may yet produce a world in which men can combine "living" with "working."
We wonder how much of his material he drew from Oregon.
W. P. M.

Students Vacation At Campus Infirmary

One unfortunate Sigma Chi freshman, Willard Williams, developed a case of chicken pox just before Thanksgiving and so, contrary to expectations, the infirmary was not vacant during vacation and Willard did not spend his vacation at home. Jack Jones and Lillian Povey, appendicitis cases, were transferred from the hospitals during the week and made a total of three students to vacation at the infirmary.



The SEVEN SEERS

"I THINK I SHALL HAVE A WONDERFUL TRIP" SHE REMARKED AS HER HEEL CAUGHT ON THE CURB.

A Chi O called up last night and asked who this freshman by the name of Ben Dover is that she has been hearing so much about.



HOT?

"A fireman lost his job last night."
"What happened?"
"There was an alarm and he started out for the Sigma Chi house."

FOLKS WE CAN CONSCIENTIOUSLY KILL:

The mob of twenty who bring the package from home up to our room.
"Did you stay over to study?"
"I stayed over."

Now somebody is complaining that our Beauty Contest won't decide which fellow is the Adonis of the school but who is the one that rates most with all the women. No chance for the life-termers!

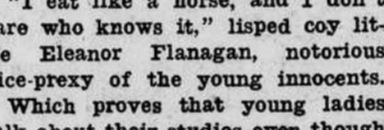
Next to the deep sea diver trying to light a match, the most pathetic figure we know of is the guy who gets sick at his stomach in a sorority house.

Prof: "Why are you wandering about the room, Carter?"
Carter: "I'm a roving center."



INTELLIGENCIA CONVERSE

"Puff, Puff," panted the Coos Bay Limited as it struggled over damp and rusty rails with its heartbreaking load of one-two-three-seven four Thetas on board. And the eaves dripper learned many beauty hints enroute.
"I never eat," confided Margaret Stauff.
"I eat like a horse, and I don't care who knows it," lisped coy little Eleanor Flanagan, notorious vice-prexy of the young innocents.
Which proves that young ladies talk about their studies even though they're leaving them for the weekend.



BLUE HAT—PASSING SHOW.

BY STEVENSON SMITH.
"Are you going to the dogs?" said the roommate of the man who had been pigging a girl who had a shedding fur coat.

WHAT, SOUP AGAIN?

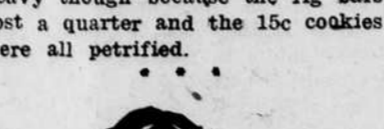
"How about some soup," said the Alpha Chi cook as she turned on the water faucet.

Oh, yes, folks, this just goes to show that one never knows what kind of people you are likely to meet on trains.

The President of the Freshman class, mind you, was found passing the fruit basket up and down the train as it was hastening him back to his flock of Black Sheep. It didn't get over heavy though because the fig bars cost a quarter and the 15c cookies were all petrified.

SAVE THE STUBS PLEASE.

SEVEN SEERS



SEVEN SEERS

"One hamburggrow!"—yells Edward Taylor—and by the time he runs over from ye hovel of Sic'em nu he is able to have his dinner already and waiting for him. (News and not publicity.)



CAMPUS Bulletin

Amphibians: Meet as usual tonight.
The Lincoln Wirt lecture which was to have been held in Villard hall tonight has been cancelled due to the concert of the Russian Choir.
Theta Sigma Phi: Meeting at Anchorage 12:00 o'clock today.
Cosmopolitan club: All American representatives meet in the Y. M. C. A. hut at five o'clock today.
High School conference director: Important meeting today, 4 o'clock at 105 Journalism building.
Orchesus meeting at 7:15 Wednesday evening at usual place. Promptness desired.

Football

(Continued from page one)
met off to anybody when it comes to playing football. Bert has played three years and more than held his own every one of them. Yet he is unmentioned, while a field goal kicker gets all-American.
Dallas Ward, the O. A. C. left end, played his position almost perfectly all fall, but he only weighs 160 pounds, and how can a man hold his own on an all-star team at such a puny weight? Parkhill, the big bruiser who plays end for Washington State, works about as hard as any end we've seen this year, but he gets nary a mention. Why? The Pullman newspaper doesn't cut much frozen water in the journalistic field.
Spiedel, the Cougar left tackle, is another hombre who could make a lot of ball clubs; Sody Owings, Idaho captain and fullback, looks just as good for all practical purposes as some of his highly rated brothers; Billy Kelly scores touchdowns at random for Montana, and so on. Kelly has forced some recognition, but it is of a desultory nature, given in the spirit of "Now you ought to be satisfied."

Four Bouts Curtain Raiser Yesterday on Intramural Wrestling

Three falls and a decision marked yesterday's matches in donut wrestling.
George Lienkaemper, Friendly hall, threw Burton, Alpha Beta Chi. McGee, Kappa Sigma, won a judges' decision over Corbett.

Of Course

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Theaters

McDonald: Second day: Mary Roberts Rinehart's spine-chilling, breath taking, rib tickling mystery-farce, "The Bat," with all star cast; Sharky Moore and the Merry-Macks in "Hula Knights," a south sea serenade, with Harriett Miller, world's smallest Charleston stepper, on the stage, tonight at nine; special scenic, "Menace of the Alps," and International news events.
Coming—Gilda Gray in "Aloma of the South Seas," an alluring romance of the tropical isles of love; Saturday football matinee; Notre Dame-U. S. C. football classic play for play on the gridgraph in conjunction with feature picture and music.

Former University Instructors Receive Distinctive Positions

Word has been received by Dean George Rebec, of the graduate school, and head of the philosophy department, that Dr. Ernest S. Bates, formerly in the philosophy department here, has been appointed a member of the permanent editorial group of the "Saturday Review." The "Review" is regarded, according to Dr. Rebec, as one of the foremost critical American magazines.
The Emerald recently carried a story of the appointment of Dr. Bates as a member of the editorial staff of the New Dictionary of National Biography. He is at present in Europe, where he feels that his work can be carried on almost as effectively as though he were in this country; but he will doubtless return to New York in the not remote future.

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