

Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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Unsigned comment in this column is written by the editor. Full responsibility is assumed by the editor for all editorial opinion.

A GOOD cause needs not to be patronized by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute. — Sir Thomas Browne.

It May Be So, But Why?

LIFE is a series of petty annoyances and peccadillos. One of these annoyances will be found in the communication column today.

It is in the form of an ultimatum, demanding that the Emerald, if it agrees with the correspondent's views on traditions, cease its attacks on freshman rules. Fortunately for us the writer grants some choice in the matter of agreement.

There are traditions and traditions, some good and some bad. Most of those in existence on this campus are inoffensive and, contrary to the writer's implications, concern us not in the least. The Emerald has objected, still objects and shall continue to object to the silly and unreasonable rules governing freshmen.

Our correspondent summons all history to prove his contention that non-conformists have been and should be punished. Unfortunately, those persons who have chosen to do their own thinking have indeed suffered, but, fortunately for mankind, men have continued to defy the accepted standards that the writer vigorously defends. We have had progress in spite of the worshippers of "the rules set down by their forefathers."

The communicant, besides taking too much for granted in his assumption that we are quarreling with all the customs that he defends with words that seem to come straight from the heart, gives no arguments to reinforce his acceptance of "traditions" as necessary and valuable.

He does not hesitate to answer his own questions by mere assertions, leaving it to us, we suppose, to accept his opinions as infallible. He goes no further beyond insisting that "traditions are advantageous" and that "an upperclassman . . . is entitled to some special consideration." Are freshmen not entitled to some consideration other than that supplied by vigilantes? Does the writer sincerely believe that all freshmen need disciplining simply because they are freshmen? Why are all these traditions so worthwhile?

Happily, the communication closes with these words: "If I am all 'wet,' I offer an apology for my humble effort. If on the other hand I am correct in my writing, I demand that the attacks on our traditions which have been put forth by the editor of the Emerald, shall cease."

Exercising our prerogative, we

Communications

An Ultimatum

For or against? For some reason or other this subject of traditions has leaped to the front again. It seems as though every so often, a new personage comes to the light with an ancient doctrine.

This is not the first time that this immortal subject has blossomed forth; nor will it be the last. Some will always be discontented. As for myself, I strongly favor traditions until a satisfactory substitute is formulated. To aid the critics of our present system, and in an attempt to be to the point, I desire to put forth some of the questions which come to my mind when the

choose to agree with only the first part of this statement. With dripping fingers we accept our correspondent's apology.

Why Students Don't Think

(Washington Cardinal)

COLLEGE students don't think because they don't have time to decide what to think about.

Their eternal hurry worries them. Perhaps that is thinking.

A student may leave a philosophy class with excellent intentions of examining himself as to whether he is idealist or materialist. He barely gets his pipe lit and his feet on the table when he must attend a history class to analyze the causes of the panic of 1873. This incentive has scarcely set him off on a fruitful tangent when he must hear an English lecture and appreciate the beauty of Keat's verse.

So his mind has no opportunity to develop original ideas along any real lines. The boy who can choose one subject to work upon in this meager time is a rare individualist. He usually becomes so proud of his intellect that he lets his hair grow and does not wash his hands. Then he flunks out of college for forgetting to go to classes and write topics.

Even in this precious period before sleeping at night constructive thinking is disrupted by a recalcitrant idea. The question is barely launched to one's inner self: "Are our activities more than a waste of time?" when a late English theme or a neglected telephone call is remembered.

A college student doesn't think. He only frets.

"I Can Because I Think I Can"

(Daily Princetonian)

OUR Dormitory room hasn't been clean since the old janitor went to Europe. The new janitor thinks he's doing us such a big favor just to make our bed that he won't even consider using a mop or dust cloth.

We ushered him in the other day ledge, wall-molding, and picture frame. He said, Yes that was dust. We suggested that he do a little work, as the old janitor had done.

He said that was why the old janitor went to Europe. He had worked so hard he had to go back to Italy to recover.

We showed the new janitor a cobweb in the corner of the ceiling, telling him in a properly grieved tone of voice that it was the first one that we had ever seen in the room; What was he going to do about it?

He said he'd have to set a trap for the spider.

We told him that the trouble with him was he was too intelligent to do any work.

He said, Exactly so, some day he was going to get his Ph. D. and join the faculty.

abolishment of traditions is advocated.

Should the freshmen be disciplined for disobeying or ignoring rules set down by their fore-runners? In all past ages, in spite of well meaning monarchs, reformers, apostles and disciples, what method has been proven more practical, more fruitful, than that of punishment for the defiance of the accepted standards in vogue at the time of the transgression?

Now arises the question are traditions advantageous? Traditions should be accepted for two purposes: disciplining and training. If a better means of establishing discipline can be presented, I would be most happy to hear it. It would necessarily be something worth while to every one. If a fairer and more effective manner of training



These bright scarfs from the Alladdin shop that the girls are wearing remind me of an old red tablecloth that my grandmother used to use every wash day.

An old timer is a person who can remember when a week passed by without some kind of benefit for the proposed Fine Arts building.

Did you know that the champion tobacco spitter of the world was attending school here at the University of Oregon? Sure thing. He's none other than Lyle Laughlin, Alpha Beta Chi junior. Lyle won the championship at a fair in Princeton with the record of 27 feet. He not only has distance but his accuracy is alarming. It would take your breath away to see the way he can place his shots and make allowance for wind and other adverse weather conditions.

Bill Hayward: "How are the joints now?"

Frosh Track Man: "I don't know. I'm on the study table now and can't get out."

WHEN BETTER LIBRARIES ARE BUILT WE'LL STUDY.

Gretchen wonders if the berth

is at hand, I for one should like to hear it expounded upon.

I will dwell on a few of the traditions which are before us to the greatest extent. If we want our expanses of lawn to resemble the trail of a never tiring automatic cigarette smoking machine, we should abolish the tradition of not smoking on the campus. If some just as suitable method is proposed which will enable us to distinguish a freshman from a sophomore or upperclassman, then we should do away with the green hat. If we wish to undermine and decay a wondrous and mighty ideal of school spirit and loyalty, then I say, do not deride those who insist on "pigging" to our athletic contests. If we do not believe that an upperclassman, after at least two years of his arduous task completed, is not entitled to some special consideration, then I agree, to make the senior bench for all. Make the wearing of cords on the campus universal. If the critics believe that our lettermen should not be rewarded for the labor which we all laud by voice or action, then forbid them the block of choice seats at the contests between our team and our opponents team.

A few of the outstanding traditions have been mentioned. If I am all "wet," I offer an apology for my humble effort. If on the other hand I am correct in my writing, I demand that the attacks on our traditions which have been put forth by the editor of the Emerald, shall cease.

A. G. F.

The Oregon Hooters

Basketball season always brings to the front a certain gentry whose chief indoor sport is the booing and hooting of the opposition and the authorities. This year we have been as of yore. With a winning team that has thrown the fear of defeat into the hearts of all the opposition we find these hooters sitting in the stands howling and hissing whenever anything seems to be going against this team of ours. The referee calls them as he sees them but of course he can't see them as well as if he had been sitting in the stands and he is therefore chastized with the groans and hisses of the multitude. Our yell kings seem unable to cope with the situation. The Order of the O seems powerless. Campus tradition is not strong enough to put these people in their place. Sometimes, in the W. S. C. game for example, we sounded like a bunch of fans in a rabid big league baseball town or even like some of the crowds that back the home town high schoolers in the more vociferous sections of the state.

The O. A. C. game is always the high spot of the year for these birds. O. A. C. plays a peculiar style of game but nevertheless they have chosen that style and we have no right to yell and bellow at them to hurry along, nor need we criticize them individually for their mistakes. The Oregon basketball players have played in every conference camp this year and they can cite the differences between a courteous student body and one that is still living in the old raw meat days. The Oregon Oskey was booed into insensibility not so very long ago in a rival camp, our players have been cussed out and yelled at. They know the difference between sportsmanlike adversaries and those others. Oregon ought to be of the former type. We have a coach and a bunch of players who play the game and keep their mouths shut when decisions are made against them. If these few hundred Oregon hooters would forget their high school days, keep their mouths and hooves to themselves and join the rest in cheering a good team on to victory these would be truly glorious days in Oregon basketball.

FAN.

rates will be so high that she can't afford a sleeper when she leaves for Portland tonight.

MEANEST HOUSE MANAGER
The one who buys individual meat choppers so he can buy tough meat.



Miss Primp Likell, noted beauty specialist from Texas will address Oregon co-eds every afternoon of next week in Villard hall. Men are warned to keep away as such delicate subjects as the care of the ears and wind blown knees will be taken up in detail. Miss Likell has affected some startling cures through the use of her own medicines. Her patented "Nectarine" is a sure cure for necks that have become chapped from excessive necking. On Monday she will tell of her experiences with beauty clays on Pomeranian puppies, and the use of Glo-Co in the cure of hives. Wednesday she will tell of the dangers that follow the use of sulfuric acid on the face. Her subjects for the other days have not as yet been disclosed. This is Miss Likell's first public appearance since she strained her back lifting a co-ed's face and chin at Monmouth.

TODAY'S SMILE

As thick as carrots in a fraternity stew.

NEW ARTHUR SONG

"Arthur Any More At Home Like You?"

We hear that there is talk of closing up the Oregon State college at Corvallis. S'matter, have the chickens got the pip, or is the hoof



Phi Delta Kappa sixth anniversary meeting at Congregational church, tonight at 5 p. m.

and mouth disease loose again?

THE RESCUE

OR
THE BLEATHEART OF SIGMA CHI

A Carnegie medal for Ove McCrary, The D. G. janitor bold and darey. With one big dive the door did splinter

And mounted the neck of convict Winter.

"Hie thee hence you crooked loat. Trying to steal the little girl's goat; Give me Precious and say 'bye bye', Or you'll never get back to Sigma Chi."

As fast as lightning Winter sprinted Before the light of day had glinted. And I'll wager my soul and bet my boots That the rest of that bunch were in cahoots.

In the eyes of most co-eds sophistication depends largely upon the number of cigarettes a girl can smoke during a tea.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"I'M GLAD I MET YOU."

Pledging Announcement

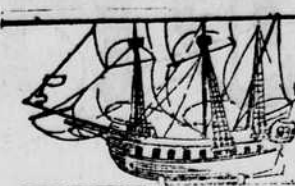
Phi Sigma Kappa announces the pledging of Karl Landstrom of Lebanon.

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Like An Old Time Coffee House

IN the good old days in England the coffee house was like a club. All the men met there and all topics were discussed with the happy companionship of a mug of beer. And the proprietor of the place extended a personal welcome to his friends.

* *

THE Anchorage is like an old time coffee house. To be sure a pot of tea and toast and orange marmalade take the place of the mug of beer but the same spirit is still there. And the Anchorage with its homey setting, its secluded tables and its outlook on the smoothness of the race seems to extend a truly personal welcome.

* *

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The Anchorage

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