

Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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The Oregon Daily Emerald, official publication of the Associated Students of the University of Oregon, Eugene, issued daily except Sunday and Monday during the college year.

Day Editor This Issue—Dorothy Baker, Night Editor This Issue—Floyd Horn, Assistant Night Editors—Rex Tussing

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1927.

How Shall We Tell the Children?

STUDENT LIFE at Oregon seems to be just one committee after another. And the slogan of student administrators, to paraphrase the ambitious Ulysses, "committees piled on committees were all too little."

The latest plans, unfolded in today's Emerald, call for the enlistment of so many committees that the saturation point may soon be reached. Every student can then claim membership in at least one committee and peace will ensue.

The Big Brother project, to which we refer, is the outgrowth of a highly altruistic and patriotic concept. A vision of happy accord, wily-nilly, in this fine Old Oregon family engendered the idea. In all respects it is characteristic of the worship of a peculiarly ubiquitous American fetish, Service.

Big Brothers-to-be take too much for granted. By their position they assume authority and wisdom. The Emerald is frankly skeptical of the number of qualified "wholesome influences" which can be mustered for home mission duty. Evangelists of other faiths are concluding that external conformity is not the most important thing to be gained.

One of the greatest benefits that comes to the first year man is the development of hardness of character and the growth of stamina made necessary by the removal of the parental prop. A man of college age should be forming habits of self-reliance and independence of which the paternalistic plan outlined would deprive him.

The moral welfare of University students is adequately taken care of. Socially, the facilities for the organized man are sufficient. This raises the question previously broached by the Emerald, why not direct the energy where it's needed instead of encroaching on the privilege of the fraternity?

The serious flaw, as we see it, is in the inequality of opportunity for the unorganized as compared with the organized. Why not make the Independent club a real factor instead of a fly-by-night political will-o'-the-wisp?

Cynicism Should Begin at Home

MOST PEOPLE have heard, at some time or other, the old saying that a little learning is a dangerous thing. The tendency to pose as an authority when in possession of a smattering of knowledge about some subject is a fairly common

one. It is not restricted to any one class of people but is manifested by men and women from all walks of life.

Students are often found among this class of offenders. Because they have taken a course in which a matter of interest has been touched upon in passing, certain of them soon blossom forth as authorities on the subject.

As often as not, the statements which the budding sage utters with such conviction are based upon misconceptions and half-truths. Knowledge based upon half-truths is likely to lead to a warped point of view and a cynical outlook on life.

"Don't become a cheap college cynic," said Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford university, to the incoming Stanford freshmen. "Preserve your idealism and enthusiasm."

Dr. Wilbur's advice does not apply solely to freshmen, but may well be taken to heart by many older students. The college cynic is generally regarded as a student who has struck an attitude so as to attract attention to himself. The student who wishes to be known as a cynic will do well to subject himself to a searching self-examination to determine whether his cynicism is the real article or merely an affectation before exposing himself to public scrutiny.

There is something worthy of consideration in the person who remains a cynic in the light of full knowledge. But for the one who affects cynicism after the briefest of experience in the ways of life there is little more than a pitying laugh from his better informed fellows.

W. C.

Matrimonially Flunked Out

LITA GREY CHAPLIN, one of the outstanding divorcees of the season, has taken to philosophizing aloud about her three years in the marital yoke.

Marriage is like a college course. I have won my diploma. This sage observation, the early-ripened fruit of her experience, has been made available for general consumption by this public spirited woman in the New York press.

We think that we deserve a technical error. A natural enough mistake for anyone not too familiar with eight o'clocks, but which should be corrected before the Chaplin findings are embodied in the archives of educational psychology.

When a group of courses are successfully completed, a diploma is awarded. But when the subject loses its interest classes are slighted and a cryptic Dpp is recorded. There is the flaw in the analogy. It wasn't a diploma after all but only a drop, and, as everyone knows, a Dpp contributes nothing more than an F.

"alphabetical order" bug. It wouldn't be so bad if we were put to this inconvenience only occasionally. But desperate deeds have been done by bitter enders who have to buck the line like a snow-plow to get out of their eight o'clocks, hurtle across the campus in nothing flat, and scramble over every umbrella and pair of big feet in their nine o'clocks, in order to reach that miserable, misplaced, cursed, despised, leftover, unventilated, unlighted, overlooked, unlucky, ignoble, inclusively odious and specifically scaphismic back row.

And then while we perch on our inferior chairs like Vulcan chained to his rock, the professor pleads for a "little spontaneous discussion." But where's the point in trying to tell the world your bright ideas across the heads of a hundred bored students, with a sympathetic but annoyed instructor calling "louder, louder," through the intervening atmosphere? Better to just sit and think—to sit, anyhow.

Please, please, professors, can't you just reverse the alphabet in a few of your classes, and give us a chance at the good grades?

P. S.—And when they keep us after class to hand back the quiz papers—oh, boy!

A SUFFERING STUDENT.

Pledging Announcement

Alpha Beta Chi announces the pledging of Frank Learned of Portland.



A WOMAN'S SKELETON FOUND IN FRANCE WAS CLEARLY OF THE HOMO SAPIENS, ACCORDING TO PROFESSOR MUELLER. "FOR THE WOMAN HAD A DENT IN HER SKULL AS IF MADE BY A BLUNT INSTRUMENT."

Which only goes to show that man has had his turn at other than the receiving end of a rolling pin.



"That meat must have come from Pendleton after the Round-Up."

"Yes, and they forgot to take off the saddles."

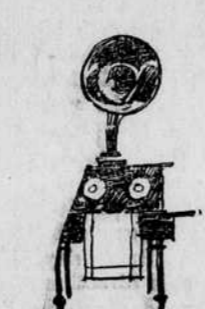
The professor with the shiny blue serge suit says the efforts of students to get books out of the library Sunday night are just about as desperate as the efforts of a Scotchman to grab the check at a restaurant.

QUESTIONNAIRE

"Who is this Obie the girls talk so much about?" "Doncha know? His last name's 'Haive'."

No Gretchen, a meadowlark is not a petting party in a vacant lot.

A day or so ago we printed an item about a Chi O being so fast she could kiss herself in a mirror and get out of the room before it had a chance to smack. One of the Chi O's must have misconstrued the item because she came around and quite angrily swore up and down that, "Our girls don't have to practice kissing."



CHI O NEWS

Last night's house meeting was progressing quite nicely when all of a sudden a little contrivance with a wiry tail and gray fur coat ran across the floor. All the girls immediately screamed and climbed to safety on chairs and benches. From their precarious positions the girls were able to continue the meeting. Only 5 calls were sent to police headquarters by neighbors who heard the screaming, but fortunately the cops didn't arrive in time to break up the meeting.

Whatever troubles Adam had while pigging fairest Eve; At least he never heard the phrase, "I've something up my sleeve."

TODAY'S GEOGRAPHICAL ANSWER:

"Who's going to get out and crank it?" "Oh, Yukon!" (and she laughed as though her little heart would break.)

Fresh Ben Dover read that the magazines of the season have arrived at the dispensary. Ben is right, only the article should have gone further and said, "of the season 1927-28."

ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE TRAGEDIES:

The "Round the World Debaters," at a school in northern Alaska, trying to uphold that parents should not send their children to college with fur coats.



This picture of Madge Normile was taken yesterday as she was practicing to sing over the radio in Portland. The gentleman at her right will be with her all of the time she is broadcasting and will act in the capacity of censor. He always stands slightly in back of her so he won't get too interestd

in her eyes and forget to censor some of the songs.

Prof. Fanity says that the difference between Noah's Ark, and Joan of Arc, is that one is made of wood and the other is Maid of Orleans.

REAL FUTILITY: Taking slow motion pictures of a championship chess match.

Physics Prof. (assigning lesson): "Start at lightning and go to thunder."

ETIQUETTE HINT: If you have to sneeze just as you lift a cup of coffee to your lips, always give the sneeze the right of way.

"Let's get down to business!" cried the coal miner as he stepped into the bucket and started down the shaft.

SEVEN SEERS

Try Emerald Classifieds



Oregon Knight meeting Wednesday night at 7:30 in the Administration building in room 110. All organizations which have no sophomore Oregon Knight appoint one and have him at the meeting. Very important. Be there. Varsity Philippiensis—Important meeting tonight at 8 o'clock at the Y. M. C. A. Sigma Delta Pi will meet Thursday, October 13, at 7:30 p. m., in the Y. W. Bungalow.

Correction—S. P. special rally train will leave Portland at 6:30 Sunday night instead of 6, as published yesterday.

Kwama—Meeting Wednesday evening at 7:15 in Woman's building. Everyone please be there. Orchestras—Meet Wednesday at 7:30. Graduate Council meets at 111 Johnson hall at 4 p. m. today. Mathematics club—Meet Thursday October 13, at 7:30, in room 1, Johnson hall. All members are urged to be present, and any

CALIFORNIA vs. OREGON

At Portland, October 15th.

Special Train

Leave Villard Hall

Friday, October 14th., 4:00 P. M.

ROUND TRIP FARE

\$3.80

Tickets at this special fare good only on trains—not on motor coaches.

Returning, special train leaves Portland

Sunday, October 16th., 6:30 P. M.

Phone 2200 for further information.

Southern Pacific

F. G. LEWIS, Ticket Agent.

And So the Day Was Utterly Ruined

By BRIGGS

Comic strip panels with dialogue: 'YOU HAVEN'T A CARE IN THE WORLD AS YOU START OUT TO SEE THE BEST TEAM THAT DEAR OLD SIWASH HAS HAD IN YEARS WIPE UP YOUR ANCIENT RIVAL', 'AND YOU HAVE A GRAND GABFEST WITH ALL THE OLD GANG YOU HAVEN'T SEEN SINCE LAST YEAR!', 'AND MIKE KENDALL GIVES YOU ODDS OF 3 TO 1, AND IT'S GRAND LARCENY TO TAKE HIS MONEY.', 'SEATS ON THE 50 YARD LINE! NOT BAD, EH!', 'LO, AL, HOW'S THE BOY?', 'GREAT DAY FOR THE GAME', 'WHY DON'T YOU EVER CALL A FELLA UP?', 'YOU'RE ON FOR A HUNDRED. THIS IS THE DAY I GET EVEN.', 'AND SIWASH SCORES A TOUCH-DOWN BEFORE THE GAME IS THREE MINUTES OLD.', 'ATTA BOY! SIWASH, SIWASH, SIWASH!', 'AND THEN YOU SUDDENLY DISCOVER YOU'VE SMOKED YOUR LAST OLD GOLD AND CAN'T GET ANY MORE TILL YOU GET BACK TO TOWN.', 'AND SO THE DAY IS UTTERLY RUINED. THIS IS THE ROTTENEST TEAM THEY EVER HAD. THEY BETTER GET A NEW COACH OR PLAY VASSAR'.

OLD GOLD The Smoother and Better Cigarette not a cough in a carload



15¢

Communication

(Continued from page one) just the kind of a little chair that jantors forget. And the tragic thing about it is that we get it in the neck from everybody. Not a professor on the premises but has been bitten by the