

# Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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Day Editor This Issue—Elaine Crawford  
 Night Editor This Issue—Joe Freck  
 Assistant Night Editors—Myron Griffin  
 Glenn Gall

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1928

## But the Grown-ups Keep Their Dolls

A MEDLEY of interpretations, all with the same refrain of "what's wrong with the colleges?" continue to be featured in all the leading periodicals. Panaceas, antidotes, and nostrums ad nauseam are offered for the diseases of these institutions. But relatively slight attention is paid to the deep-rooted causes of their indisposition.

Correct procedure in this instance, by analogy again, would be to dispassionately diagnose the affliction by its symptoms and determine the real source of the difficulty which a sort of educational leech is too prone to merely accept as an organic imperfection of the college itself.

Too rarely is the obvious fact considered that students who enter the ivied portals are nothing more or less than the sum of their experiences—that is, educationally. Formal procedure as a rule begins with the grade school and continues in the high school. But in some cases a previous preparation is given. This is true at Porterville, California, whence comes this news item:

"A no-doll edict has been handed down in the Olive street school here for kindergarten pupils with the observation that 'playing mother' during sessions has diverted attention from the regular class routine."

"Playing mother," we take it, is much too vital, too closely linked with living, too much fun ever to be educational. There is another institution we have in mind where children are taught through play, and their progress is remarkable. But we desist that school, by human teaching, pays the penalties of heresy against the tenets of formal methodology.

"What's wrong with the colleges?" we might reply, the kindergarten. There it is that blighting academicism creates the first breach between knowledge and intelligence. And as long as pupils remain receptive, a progressive system widens the breach.

College students, however, have the advantage over the kindergarten pupils. They have learned to enliven the presentation of the dead past with the lamented extra-curriculum activities. They refuse to take their dollies home.

## A Live Ghost From the Past

SINCE we are nothing if not appreciative, we have become accustomed to constructing memorials

to the memory of such persons and things as have aroused our esteem. In fact, the custom is so well entrenched in our mode of life that to see a monument which testifies to the excellence of this or of that person is to assume that he has departed this world and that his spirit is communing with the great of past ages.

In the light of such a condition, witness the latest achievement in memorial symbolism. Recent news dispatches from Hanover town in the state of New Hampshire, the seat of Dartmouth College, tell of a gift of \$1,000,000 which has made possible the erection of a fine new library at the college. Atop the beautiful colonial tower of the library is a faithful replica of a rum cask, complete even to copper hoops.

Needless to say, many a New Englander has been aroused to protest against the seeming sacrilege of including a rum cask in a memorial to the Puritans who laid the foundation of the college. They see in it a protest against prohibition; a badge which brands the institution as the very den of iniquity and sin which many believe the modern college to be. Besides, what, if any, is the esthetic value of an imitation rum cask?

Happily enough, there is a reason for this unusual form of memorial. When Eleazar Wheelock, revered as the founder of Dartmouth, bought the land on which the college was started in 1769, he drove a shrewd bargain with the Indians of the neighborhood and secured the land in exchange for 500 gallons of grade "A" New England rum. Since rum was a recognized medium of exchange in the trade of the time, the present generation of students and faculty at Dartmouth hold that the memorial is appropriate, especially as it is said to be executed in a truly artistic manner.

True, it is quite unconventional to be so truth-telling when it comes to the matter of commemorating famous happenings of the past, but then this is said to be an unconventional age.

Again, there is the oft repeated story of wide-spread riotous living on the part of the present college generation; a tale which has many times been denied by well-qualified observers. In view of our penchant for erecting monuments to beings of the past, cannot the alarmists be made to think that the enshrined rum cask is dedicated to the memory of Denon Rum, officially exiled if not actually dead? —W. C.

## All-Campus Smoker Given by Webfoot Club Thursday Eve.

All ye men of pugnaistic and brutal natures hold yourselves ready for the big event. What? A SMOKER; Where? at the MEN'S GYM; When? THURSDAY Night. Furthermore and to-wit.

The Webfoot club invites all men of the above designation to be present in full (smoker) dress and to come at eight o'clock prepared to view some very good boxing and wrestling bouts. There will be other entertainment not forgetting the peanuts.

Four professional boxers have been secured for the main boxing bouts. The names of these glove slayers will be out tomorrow.

"Art" Rich, winner of the 112-pound championship in the recent intramural wrestling tournament, has arranged some clever tendon pulling bouts. Participants in these affairs have been selected from participants in the tournament.

## Craftsmen, Temenids Plan Annual Formal

The annual formal joint dance of the Craftsmen's Club—Temenids—will be held at the Craftsmen's club house Saturday night, February 4.

## Tour

(Continued from page one)

merous scenes from England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Enclosed in McCroskey's letter to Coach Horner is an editorial clipped from a Manila newspaper at the time of the Oregon debate with the University of the Philippines. The paper commends the Oregon men for spirit and pluck in making the trip around the world and wishes them success in their forthcoming contests. There is also enclosed an illustrated article, giving pictures of the debaters of the two universities.



"TELL ME, WHERE IS OUR NEW DORM AT?" SAID THE JANITOR, AND HIS BROOM SHOOK WITH LAUGHTER.



## The Vagabond

(The lectures on today's calendar have been selected for their general appeal. Everyone is welcome.)

"Rise of the Medieval Romance," by Associate Prof. S. Stephenson Smith. Class—Medieval Literature. 206 Villard, 8 a. m.

"From Pineapples to Pohohoe Lava," by Dr. Warren D. Smith. Class—General Geology. 101 Condon, 9 a. m.

"Can Mental Abilities Be Measured?" by Assistant Prof. Howard R. Taylor. Class—Beginning Psychology. 108 Villard, a. m.

"Nostrums and Quackery," by Assistant Prof. Delbert Oberseuffer. Class—Personal Health. 121 Woman's building, 1 p. m.

"Franco-Prussian War," by Prof. Walter C. Barnes. Class—Modern Europe. 110 Johnson, 2 p. m.

Lowden Funnier, singer in a campus orchestra, who was recently presented with a silver loving cup by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Radio Listeners. In Mr. Funnier's two years of broadcasting he refused to sing "My Blue Heaven" and "Among My Souvenirs" more than once every six weeks. He was highly commended on his excellent sportsmanship.

## FABLE

"Now here's the key to my car."

"What a close race," said the Scotchman as he fell off the dock at the Anchorage.



She: "The poor little fleas—do you know what happens to them?"  
 Her: "No, what?"  
 She: "They all go to the dogs."

## AFTER 7:30 OR THE PADDLE DID NOT FALL

Vernon Arnett was out, of that there was no doubt for at 9 o'clock to her he said "good night." They heard his voice and had no choice but to believe it in that light. Down he was called and out was bawled, but all he said was this, "I did not go last night I know. I did not see my Miss." It seems he took Marion's pocketbook and in his pocket put it. She called him up; she wished to sup; to S. P. T. she foot it. From the porch above he spoke his love and he dropped the money. She had to go to eat and so, he said "good night Honey."



LINDY RECEIVES WARM WELCOME IN CHICAGO

SHRAPNEL FIELD, Chicago, Feb. 1.—(Special)—Amid a barrage of pistol and machine gun bullets, the Spirit of St. Louis landed here at 4:37, after its hop from Minneapolis. Lindy, as he stepped from his plane, said Will Rogers is right—Chicago is hard to locate from the air because of pistol smoke.

The Col. was immediately rushed by the marines to the English section of the library, where he was concealed. Foresight of Mayor Thompson in ordering ammunition shops closed for the afternoon is credited with keeping the deaths down to a few thousand.

A short time ago a headline in the Oregonian said a noted seer was under arrest. His name was Alexander. We wish to announce that there is nobody on the staff by that name, and that the Oregonian may find itself sued for libel.



IT TAKES THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT TO FURNISH EXCITEMENT FOR THE CAMPUS. DR. ERNST HAS A HAIRCUT.

The blond senior with the coffee-stained mustache says if a man wears a hat he isn't necessarily getting uncollegiate. He may just be getting bald.

Gretchen wants to know why they don't make cereal out of the grain of wood. Poor Gretchen. She must never have tasted prepared breakfast foods.

"FAMOUS LAST WORDS  
 "I'm not laughing at you!"

SEVEN SEERS



## The Campus Stroller



## Observes

By J. L. W.

THAT someone should inform the weather man of the advent of spring as typified by the renewed watery condition of the millrace.

THAT an ad running in the Emerald offers a free meal to the first one presenting it at the restaurant advertised, and

THAT we've been up at 5 o'clock four mornings straight, but somebody beat us to it every time.

THAT chemistry laboratories should be isolated as is the music building, and not built in conjunction with others buildings, so that the pernicious odors emanating therefrom make life almost unbearable for those not inured to them.

THAT the name of the man who takes an intense interest in a girl about three weeks before her house formal is Legion—and also Mud!

THAT since insanity has become the surefire alibi of criminals, it is to be expected that some of the hundred or so who have not paid their fees will enter that plea.

THAT around the fireplace of their sons' fraternity, a group of dads declared Saturday night that while college is reputed to have "gone to the dogs," they could tell some stories of their sophomore days that would make good fuel for the fire in any scandal-mongering minister's remarks.

## Theaters

McDONALD—Last day—"The Cohens and Kellys in Paris," a laughter filled sequel to the famous farce that rocked the world with laughter, and started the vogue for Jewish-irish comedies, with George Sidney, Vera Gordon, J. Farrell MacDonald, Kate Price, and a great cast of comedians; and, on the stage, "Kaleb," the man who knows, master mystic and seer, and his company, featuring Elma, Asiatic dancer, and Kanara, mentalist supreme, matinee and night; special ladies only souvenir matinee today at 1:30; Robert Bruce scenic, "Rough Country," musically interpreted by Frank D. C. Alexander; International news events.

REX—First day—Billie Dove in

"The Tender Hour," with Ben Lyon, love and intrigue; also Buster Brown in a pulsating romance of gay Paree, comedy; Oregon pictorial news where romance runs the gamut of emotions in one glamorous hour of events; Marion Zurcher at the organ.

## AGAIN TODAY!

Matinees Daily 2 p. m.  
 Evenings 7 & 9 p. m.

M—IMICRY  
 A—VENTURE  
 G—LAMOR  
 I—NTENSITY  
 C—OMEDY

F—ERVOR  
 L—OVE  
 A—RTISTRY  
 M—ELODRAMA  
 E—NTERTAINMENT

Ronald Colman Vilma Banky  
 THE SCREEN'S GREATEST LOVERS

# The MAGIC FLAME

On the Stage—  
 AT NINE  
 COLONIAL MALE QUARTET

Also  
 Aesop's Fables  
 Comedy  
 Curiosity

Evenings - - - 50c  
 Matinees - - - 35c  
 Children Always 10c

Colonial THEATRE



## So, This is Leap Year!

By BRIGGS

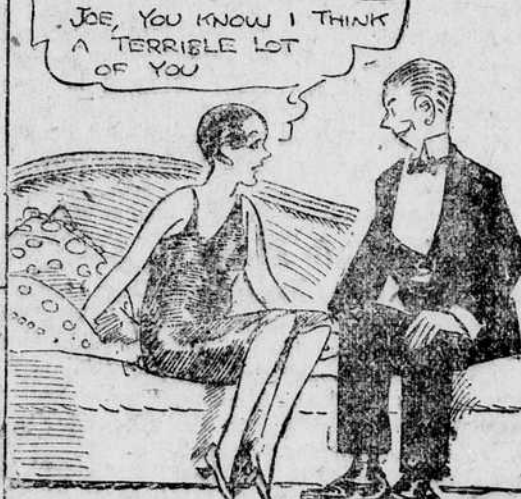
WHEN YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING ALL OF YOUR EVENINGS AND MOST OF YOUR PAY FOR THREE YEARS ON A WONDERFUL GIRL



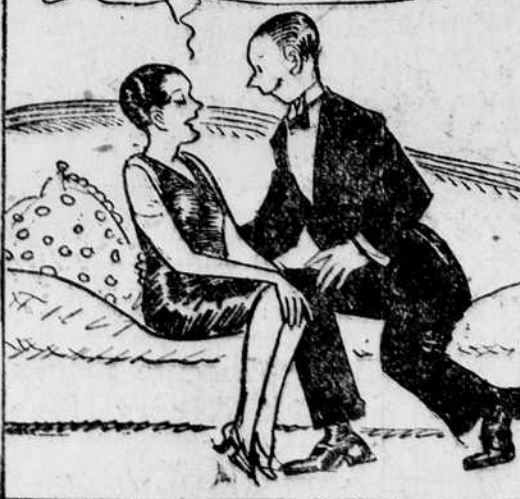
AND YOU'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO GET UP ENOUGH NERVE TO POP THE BIG QUESTION



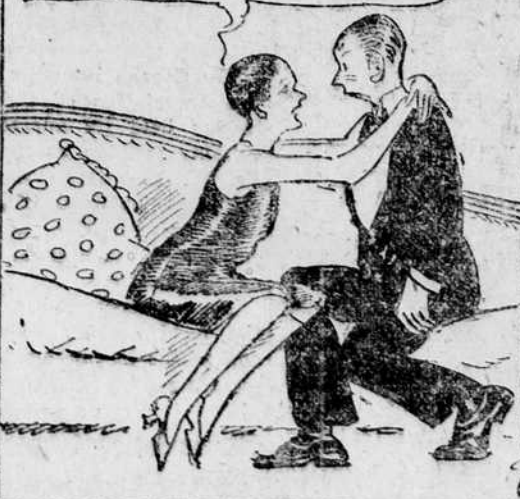
AND THEN ONE NIGHT SHE SHOWS SIGNS OF BECOMING SENTIMENTAL



AND I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK I'M TERRIBLY FORWARD IN ASKING YOU THIS



I WANT YOU TO SMOKE OLD GOLD CIGARETTES. . . . I'M FRIGHTFULLY WORRIED ABOUT THAT COUGH OF YOURS



THIS MAY BE LEAP YEAR BUT IT MEANS NOTHING IN MY SHATTERED LIFE.



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



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