

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. Member, United Press News Service. Member of Pacific Intercollegiate Press. Entered in the postoffice at Eugene, Oregon, as second-class matter. Subscription rates, \$2.50 per year. Advertising rates upon application. Residence phone, editor, 721; manager, 2799. Business office phone, 1995.

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1928.

Our Self-Conscious Bow To The Editors

A PHENOMENON observed on the campus about the time of the Oregon Newspaper Conference each year is that the air turns densely blue around the journalism shack. Today's day, and the Emerald hastens to assure the campus that the atmospheric transformation arises, not from the overflow of editorial anathema, but from the tips of comrades cigars. For the guiding spirits of the Oregon press are now assembling here to check ideas and compare notes concerning the things of newspaperdom.

In greeting its luster fellows of the state, the Emerald feels some diffidence. We remember the profane amusement of a veteran of the old school who, in some way or another, had been rung in on a journalism conference of the modern stamp. He was tolerantly contemptuous when, on entering the assembly room, he found the chair on the dais scarcely filled with a green young stripling. But when the beardless neophyte opened the meeting with a thinly piping falsetto, "Fellow journalists . . ." the hardy old news-office pirate renounced his calling and foreswore all things of the fourth estate forever.

So if greetings are dispensed with, there remains little for us to contribute. We need hardly remind members of the conference that the shack is theirs to use as they will during their stay. They already feel as much at home here as the attendants at eight o'clock classes. And if they don't they have only to call out loudly for Elbert Bede or Hal Hess to pilot them around.

Which reminds us, in parting, that it is the Emerald's solemn obligation to the upstate editors to warn them against the forecasted machinations of alleged political aspirants. Concrete evidence of any such abuses—protracted handshakes and the like—of this partisan truce will be substantially rewarded by the Emerald and the culprits will be exposed at tonight's banquet.

Casting An Eye Over Social Liberties

AS a result of action taken by the Women's Council of Stanford University, the Palo Alto institution now has one of the most

liberal set of rules governing social hours there is to be found in any of the universities of the country. The new rules include a 1:30 limit for Friday and Saturday nights; that men be permitted to remain in women's houses until 1:30 on week-end nights; and that two or more Stanford women may enter a fraternity house without being accompanied by a chaperone, as previously required.

The operation of the new code will be watched with interest by other colleges and universities along the coast. It is to be expected that students on other campuses will begin to make demands for greater liberties. "If Stanford can have late hours, why can't we?" they will argue.

There have been mutterings of discontent over the moderately liberal rules that apply here at Oregon. The rules that govern the presence of patrons and patronesses at house dances, especially the informal which is arranged at the last minute, are often violated. Many such dances are given during the year by small groups remaining on the campus for over a holiday or a week-end when the majority of the students have gone to Portland for a football game. Congenial chaperones are frequently difficult to secure at such times and the students take chances on "getting by" with fewer than the required number or none at all.

That the "lockout" hour should be extended somewhat is the stand taken by others. Such a change would be welcome, at least so as to give a bit more leeway on the nights of all-campus functions, so that it would be possible for all who wished to do so might enjoy the dance to an end.

A demand for changes should not be made, however, without consideration of other factors besides those of increased pleasure. Is what we want most always the best for us? Would the benefits of increased liberties offset the unfavorable storm of criticism which is certain to arise when changes of such a nature are made? What would be the effect of later hours on general student health?

Today's mutterings will some day take the form of a formal demand for action. In the meantime it will be well to try and see the official viewpoint as well as that of the students.

—W. C.

Track

(Continued from page one)

Tau, are Overstreet, Sigma Chi, Ross, Theta Chi, and McKitrick, Phi Sigma Kappa. Nevertheless, Hayward is certain that any of the other entries are perfectly capable of upsetting the dope, and copping the lead. Other runners are R. Overstreet, Beta, Manning, Independent, and Barnes, Sigma Chi.

The 45 yard dash will see a group of men who have never run together before. The present record is 56 seconds, and the following men are out to better that time: Ross, Theta Chi; Pearson, Kappa Sig; Standard, Sigma Nu; Rutherford, Delta; and Anderson, Phi.

Officials are requested to report to Bill Hayward's office at about 6:45 tonight, in order to get their badges and oath of office, without which no one will be admitted to the floor. Those chosen are as follows:

Judges of the finish—Don Beelar, student body president; Freddy West, chairman of the finance committee; Ronald McCright, junior on the executive council; and Art

Anderson, chairman of the building committee.

Starter—Bill Hayward.
Judges of the jumps—Herb Socolofsky, vice president of the student body; Eddie Martin, member of the building committee; and Joe McKeown, member of the student council.

Judges of the shot—Beryl Hodgen, 1927 football captain; and Roland Davis, member of the student council.

Announcer—Bob Warner, yell king.

Clerk of the course—George Shade, manager of football.

Marshal—Hal Harden, Sigma Nu; and Harry Wood, Phi Delta.

Timer—Bill Hayward.

Press—Chan Brown.

Assembly

(Continued from page one) his friend has become an international authority on astronomy.

Maldon Horton presented two vocal solos, "Call Me No More," by Cadman, and one of a group of "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes." Rev. F. G. Jennings, pastor of the Episcopal church of Eugene, read the invocation. Dean John Straub presided and introduced the speaker.



OREGON SCANDAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

Published daily at the University by A. Miracle, after strict censorship.

Member Clothes Press, Ez-Press, and Re-Press. Least wires.

Exclusive re-print rights granted College Humor.

THE LEADER OF A JAZZ ORCHESTRA COLLAPSED THE OTHER DAY WHILE LEADING HIS ORCHESTRA.

And here we thought right along that members of an orchestra, especially the leader, were absolutely immune to their own noise!



Ima "Sports" Righter, former owner of the Emerald, who is visiting his alma mater during the newspaper conference. Ima, in speaking of the old days when he used to go to school, said he got up every morning and found his socks without any trouble and when he opened up the dresser drawer there was always a clean shirt on top and when he got to his eight o'clock the prof had assigned seats alphabetically and there were two swell looking co-eds on each side of him—Oh, we forgot to mention that Ima writes fairy stories for the NEW YORK SUN.

TODAY'S GEOGRAPHICAL ANSWER

Lena: "Let's go to a show."
"Helena, we don't wanna go to no show!" (and it started to rain as her laughter shook the clouds).

Speaking of inconsistent editors, we know of one who thinks the Hickman stories are too raw to print and yet runs a column of syndicated college humor right on his editorial page.

Gretchen told her prof that she couldn't find out a thing about the salivary glands—they're so darned secretive.



"NECK, FOR THE KNIGHT IS COMING"

"HOW TO RATE FORMALS"

...This list of remaining formals is printed by request of last minute stragglers still fishing for bids.

- Kappa Alpha Theta
- Alpha Tau Omega
- Pi Beta Phi
- Phi Sigma Kappa
- Gamma Nu
- Sigma Chi
- Chi Omega
- Alpha Gamma Delta
- Alpha Xi Delta
- Craftsman Club
- Sigma Nu
- Kappa Delta
- Delta Gamma
- Sigma Alpha Epsilon
- Alpha Beta Chi
- Theta Chi

Whatever troubles Adam had in all his daily capers; At least he never had the fear Of head-lines in the papers!



Subscriber: "Your paper is so much better than the TIMES."
Proud Editor: "Well, I'm glad to hear it. How does it excel?"
Subscriber: "It takes TWO copies of the TIMES to start my fires in the morning."

SOLICITED COMMENTS ON THE SEVEN SEERS

All I know is what I get out of the newspapers. The Seven Seers column has given me some of my best jokes on President Coolidge. Once I bust out laughing while reading your column with my mouth full of soup and almost drowned my little boy who sat across the table from me.

Yours, WILL.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"Well, Charlie, I'm leaving for Chicago in the morning."

SEVEN SEERS



The Vagabond

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

"Walpole," by Professor Donald Barnes. Class—English History. 110 Johnson, 8 a. m. and 9 a. m.

"Justification of the Leisure Class," by Assistant Prof. Donald Erb. Class—Principles of Economics. 105 Commerce, 8 a. m.

"Concepts, Belief, Proof and Reasoning Processes," by Assistant Prof. Howard R. Taylor. Class—Beginning Psychology. 108 Villard, 9 a. m.

"Origin and Meaning of the Monroe Doctrine," by Dr. R. C. Clark. Class—American Foreign Relations. 8 Commerce, 11 a. m.

Webfoot Club meeting Monday at 6 p. m. at the College Side Inn.

Sigma Delta Chi "Dutch Treat" luncheon this noon at the Anchorage. Visiting editors and members invited.

Pledges and members of the Amphi-

bian club will meet at the woman's tank this afternoon at 4:30 to pose for an Oregonian picture. All girls must be dressed in skirted bathing suits.



Theaters

REX—First day—"The Wizard," a mystery farce that makes "The Bat" and "The Gorilla" look like fairy stories with sad endings, with its barrage of laughing thrills, based on the famous mystery story of the author of "The Phantom of the Opera," and featuring Edmund Lowe, of "What Price Glory" fame, and an all-star cast; also, "Big Boy" in "Shamrock Alley"; International news events; Marion Zurcher at the organ.

HELLIG—Lon Chaney as Burke of Scotland Yard in "London After Midnight." Cast includes Marceline Day and Conrad Nagel. Freddy Holt in concert and playing the atmospheric score to the feature. The Mack Sennett presents "Run Girl Run," in technicolor. "Soaring Wings," a remarkable short feature of bird life, made in Europe. M. G. M. News.

McDONALD—Second day—Bebe Daniels in "She's a Sheik," a rollicking romantic comedy that

scorches the burning sands of the desert with love and laughter, with Richard Arlen and Wm. Powell supporting the dashing star; and, on the stage, George McMurphy and his Kollege Knights in "Araby."

K K K—Means—

KRAZY KOPY KRAWL

Campa Shoppe Feb. 21

Remember the good time you had at last year's krawl. Bigger and better this year, with excellent features and the Kollege Knights.

Let's Go! Alpha Delta Sigma Annual Krawl

"Luckies never cut my wind" says Billy Burch, Captain of N. Y. Americans' Hockey Team

"Hockey is pretty strenuous—it takes all you've got to keep on top of the old puck. I can't afford to take any chances with my physical condition. That's why I stick to Luckies. In addition to the pleasure I get from their fine flavor, they have never cut my wind to any noticeable degree. Finally, I never suffer with sudden coughing which might be very dangerous for me when there's a scramble on the ice."

Billy Burch

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

"IT'S TOASTED"

"The Cream of the Tobacco Crop" for Lucky Strikes says Tobacco Buyer

"No article can be better than its base. To produce a fine product, you must begin with fine materials. The finest of the tobacco crop, 'The Cream of the Crop' goes into LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. I know, because I buy the Tobacco for this brand with this ideal before me."

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

W. B. Boswell