

Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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Another Kind of Bluff

CAN WE not in this one instance compare all institutions of higher learning with the business or trade school. Students who matriculate in these schools have one very admirable quality. They have a desire to learn all about something which they possibly do not know anything about, and are willing to admit that they do not. Here is where they differ from a great many college and university students; particularly different are those who have had a taste of "real life," preferably in their chosen field—and as seems to be the rule, the smaller the dose, the worse the case.

It is not interesting, in fact, absolutely boring, to sit in the class room among a group of students whose purpose is to benefit from the instruction given and instead have to listen to the rantings of one member who thinks he knows more about it than the instructor. Maybe his ideas are right, maybe they are just the incorrect conceptions of his observation. But the result is not encouraging, neither is it courteous, and the time consumed is a real material loss.

Professors appreciate originality. They encourage it. But if more students could acquire the attitude of the business college or trade school student, compare their instructor's ideas with their own before announcing to the world that they disagree, there would be fewer dumb arguments in the class room. In other words, a few moments spent in self-reflection are worth far more than hours spent in trying to convince someone else of his poor judgment.

And to get at the bottom of it all. There is a tendency in choosing subjects in lieu of the grade. You will hear it often. "I think I can get a better grade in that subject because I know a little bit more about it." And the student goes on to class, probably without getting his assignment, for the very same reason. He knows a little bit about it, and just because he knows a little bit about it and not quite enough he tries to cover up his ignorance by engaging the professor in an argument.

We would that more students of this type would practice the inferiority complex at times—place themselves on a level with the other students who desire to possess the knowledge which they are trying to bluff possession of. But away with the specimens who register in classes to flout their knowledge before their fellow-classesmen and who have no idea that they will derive any benefit therefrom. He has lost sight of the real purpose of the institution, to give knowledge where knowledge is needed. And more power to the one who takes a course because he knows nothing about it and desires to remedy his situation.

Where We Sympathize

THAT Open House has brought its problems both in increasing number and degree is unquestioned. Last year sentiment seemed so great against it that the annual trek over sorority lawns came well-nigh to being abolished altogether. It seemed that the number of houses had increased to such a large extent that a pleasant evening jaunt had turned into a cross-country run.

Disgruntled and Footsore, writing in today's Emerald, have a just complaint. To determine that, we have only to look back to the traditional purpose of Open House. The evening round of dances was promoted primarily to acquaint freshmen with upperclassmen, and especially, men with women. The men's dormitory is designed to house freshmen and sophomores. We may assume that over half the population is first-year—that the average is less than five terms. Surely these are to be considered first in arranging a schedule.

Such has not been the case. Instead, two large units are placed together while small fraternities need not struggle for dances. Sixty freshmen vie for places where twenty pledges choose their partners.

Disgruntled and Footsore, we sympathize—but also a word to you. You cannot have that for which you make no effort. The dormitories have long been cringing and self-effacing. When you speak, when you demand, then be assured that you will be heard.

Let's Use Football Signals

THIS is a sad, sad song, played on an old broken-down cornet by a guy who sat out in the grandstand at the Willamette game and wondered what all the shouting was about.

Every so often someone would make a social error and the referee would pace off from five to fifteen yards in the wrong direction as a penalty.

No doubt the referee had the best intentions in the world, but anyone can tell you that even the best are sometimes misunderstood. Each spectator had his own version about what the penalty was for, but no one seemed to know.

This fall a code of football signals was arranged for the referees to use to explain decisions, but thus far only one has been put into practice—that of raising both hands over the head for a touchdown. The signals were designed to make the game more interesting for the spectators and use of them would help clear up a lot of decisions such as offside, holding, foul or interference.

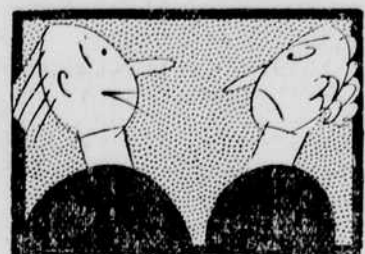
To call a college man not liberal is as insulting as to call him yellow, declares an eastern college president. That puts a lot of Scotchmen in the Mongolian race.



Now that open house is closed we notice the Friendly hall boys getting around with their noses in the air. That's all right, I had my arms around a Chi Delt too.

So many men died of exhaustion getting down to the Delta Zetas Saturday night that the girls were forced to call on the Alpha hall boys to keep up appearances. Pinky Mitchell was the only fraternity man on the campus to visit both the D. Zs. and Tri Delt. Most of the boys just rang the doorbell of the new D Z house and left their cards with regrets.

FRATERNITY VODVIL



Ted O.—I've got a cowardly shirt.
 Don W.—How's that?
 Ted—Oh, it's got a frayed cuff.

Social note: 500 bottles of horse liniment were delivered to sorority houses after open house. (Names on request.)

LADY LOU



She calls the boy friend "Froggy" because he's full of hops.

OPEN HOUSE HANGOVER



House president—My Gawd, girls, line up, there goes the doorbell. Oh, I forgot, this isn't

INFAMOUS EPITAPHS

Here lie the bones of "Best Man" McGrew.
 Who was hit in the head with a bridal shoe.

LEMON TODDY ILLITERARY SECTION



From afar comes the tiny rain drop.
 An infinitesimal bit
 Of those airy clouds above.
 It glides through the air
 Like a meteor, and goes
 Right down my neck.

—K. W.

Note—The Lemon Toddy illiterary section will publish all sense and nonsense received so if no else prints your stuff, try us.

THE TRUTH OF THE INNER THOUGHTS AT OPEN HOUSE



The House Mother: Good thing I'm around here. These boys would surely tear things up if there wasn't a chaperone around.

The House President: Hope the head of this bunch loses his whistle, they're the best bunch through yet. Well, all things come to he who waits.

The Visiting President: Wonder if there isn't some way we can slug up on the time and stay here a little longer. "D—you freshman, don't you try to cut in on me!"

One of the Sisters: Gosh, can't this fellow dance on his own feet? A couple more like this and I won't even be able to crawl. Thank goodness that boy with the pretty necktie is going to cut in.

Frater: This bunch is worth the walk to dance with. Wonder if I'd be missed if I stuck around here for a couple of more tries?

Orchestra: Wonder if we have time for half a cigarette before the next bunch is ready to dance?

All (after finish): Thank goodness, that's over!
 —C. C.

Campus Forum

All communications to the editor will not be printed if they exceed 200 words in length. They must be written on one side of the paper only.

MORE ON LINDY DEBATE

Dear Editor:
 I do not like to drag out discussions in the letter columns of publications, but I do feel called upon to make one further statement to clarify R. C. in his interpretation of my letter. There is not one picture of Lindbergh in my entire house, so far as I know, and yet I respect and admire the man the same as R. C. claims that he does. I, however, go R. C. one better, because I admire Lindbergh as a student. People do not achieve and continue to hold high positions of trust and responsibility in this world unless they are worthy.

But all this is aside from what I was finding fault with in my previous letter. I objected to an associate editor who, in his column, hinted that Will Rogers had set himself up as a philosopher and that he had gained a position in the esteem of the public of which he is not really worthy, and who also made a statement to the effect that Lindbergh had, in the associate editor's opinion, greatly lowered his prestige by accepting an honorary degree.

I am not opposed to individual expression of opinion. A person writing a column in a paper, which is supposed to represent almost three-thousand students, is entitled to freedom of expression (always within limits, of course) of his opinions as long as he does not offend the majority of his constituents. He should not be surprised, however, if people express their opinions on the same or similar subjects from time to time in letters to the editor which is their only method of obtaining an audience among the same readers. The columnist still has the advantage and no one objects to that.

As for Clara Bow, John Gilbert, or Babe Ruth, I am very open minded. If the time ever comes when they are awarded honorary degrees, I shall content myself with the thought that they are worthy of the degree or of what an honorary degree means at that time. I think a person is entitled to whatever he can secure in open, above-board, and honest methods.

Sincerely,
 N. S. N.

To the Editor:

At the freshman inaugural between the halves of the game last Saturday, some brilliant young sophomore proved to be well supplied with the commodity familiarly known as "hen fruit," and used it to what he termed "good advantage." With an aim that really did him compliment, he managed to splatter the back of some unsuspecting yearling with the luscious, streaming inside of an egg. Several more were hurled, but with no such deadly accuracy.

The young person in the stands then proceeded to make it known to all in the vicinity that the new

plan of initiation did not instill in the frosh the proper "college spirit," and bemoaned the fact of the coming decay of Oregon's student body, football team and even its place in the ranks of higher learning.

At the same time, he was enthralled with the idea that he was doing his bit to uphold the traditions of "college spirit" by displaying his marksmanship to the assembled crowd.

Perhaps a word to the wise is sufficient.

V. K.

To the Editor:—

Why the discrimination against the men's dormitory again in the Open House held Saturday night? Last year the committee on schedules placed the separate units together to crowd on each other's heels and mess up the program. This year the same stunt was pulled.

Is it because the dormitories are not of the socially elect, or is it because the campus does not as yet understand that there are six dormitories housed under one roof, each having a membership of from forty to fifty-five?

—Disgruntled and Footsore.

OREGON GRADUATE SINGS IN NEW YORK

Arthur Johnson, former Oregon student, was presented last Tuesday in a vocal recital in Town Hall, New York City.

Mr. Johnson, whose tenor voice has won widespread recognition for him in the Pacific Northwest, was a leader in musical and dramatic work at Oregon. After graduation he devoted himself to music, studying with Gio Tyler Gaglieri and Hartridge Whipp. He made his debut in 1925 with the MacDowell club in Portland, and since appeared many times in Portland before going east.

NORMAN WILLETT SECURES POSITION

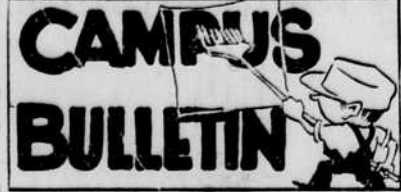
Norman J. Willett, who was expected to return to the university as a graduate assistant in chemistry, has now gone to Chicago, where he has accepted a permanent position in the research department of the American Can company. This company is the largest of its kind in the country, and in addition to supplying tin cans to many canneries, it gives service in solving problems relating to canning.

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ADVERTISING SOLICITORS—There will be a meeting of the solicitors at the business office at 7 o'clock sharp. Very important.

Y. M. C. A. CABINET meeting at 4:15 this afternoon at the Hut. Very important.

ORDER OF THE O meeting today at 3 o'clock in the Men's gym. President will be elected. Everyone will be there.

OPEN MEETING of the Cosmopolitan Club Tuesday evening at 7:30 in the Y. M. C. A. hut. Refreshments and speeches. Everyone invited.

PI DELTA PHI will hold a combined luncheon and business meeting this noon at the Anchorage.

SIGMA DELTA CHI important business meeting in 104 Journalism, 7:30 this evening. A year's program will be mapped out, a delegate to the national convention will be elected and plans for the Journalism Jam will be discussed.

VESPERS AT FIVE THIS AFTERNOON

"Five o'clocks"—Y. W. C. A. vespers will take their place on the campus calendar for the year this afternoon when initial services will be held at the bungalow. Daphne Hughes, director of vespers this year will be in charge. The services will mark the first appearance of the new vesper

TRADITIONS ARE SHOT!

—but not the one, that the best place to have lunch or dinner is at

The Anchorage

chorus, chosen last week by Charlotte Brosius. Members follow: First soprano, Dorothy Dupuis, Gladys Mack, Marjorie Condit, Naomi Cobb, Betty Stimpson, Esther Frost.

Second soprano: Elaine Wheeler, Harriett Mattheck, Helen Overman, Helen Copple, Madeline Brodie.

Alto: Beryl Harrah, Katherine Perigo, Helen Schaal. The chorus is asked to report for practice and vespers at four o'clock this afternoon.

All students on the campus are invited to attend the "five o'clocks" and to take advantage of the opportunity for a few moments of quiet and meditation. In addition to music there will be brief scripture readings.

SEVEN NEW BOOKS ADDED TO SHELVES

Seven new books have been placed on the shelves of the university library during the last week. The titles have been posted on the bulletin board at the circulation desk, as follows:

- "The Art of Straight Thinking," by Edwin Leavitt Clarke.
- "The Patriot," by Alfred Neumann.
- "The American Omen," by Garet Garrett.
- "The Story of Oriental Philosophy," by L. Adams Beck.
- "The Incredible Marquis," by Hervert S. Gorman.
- "Possible Worlds," by J. B. S. Haldane.
- "La Fayette," by Brand Whitlock.



HOW FASHIONS CHANGE
 In 1899—Shall we join the ladies?

In 1929—Where the hell's my woman?—Cornell Widow.

"Has Harry traveled much?"
 "Has he! He's been to half the places on his suitcase labels!"—College Humor.

Sandy (noting price tag on antlers in window): Gee, man! Them's awful dear.
 Bystander: Watcha think they was offa, a giraffe?—Reserve Red Cat.

Co-ed (at end of quarter): Now that you have kissed me, Professor, what do you think?
 Prof.: You'll fail. I need you in my class next quarter.—Ohio State Sun Dial.

"Holy gee, Pop," said Clarence, "first I saw a lady animal trainer and then I saw her dancing bear."
 —Ala. Rammer-Jammer.

Tough Ike: Let's pitch pennies.
 Angel Boy: What, gamble with real money?
 Tough Ike: No, just with pennies.—Pitt. Panther.

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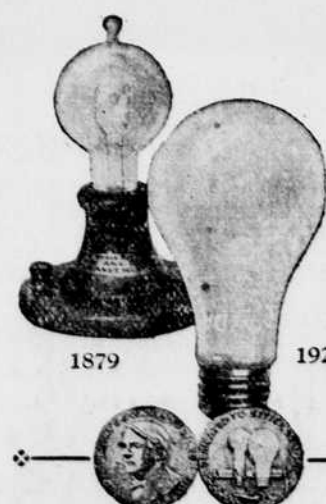
From an engraving of the time in Harper's Weekly

Autumn of '79

WHILE Yale and Princeton were battling to a tie at Hoboken, New Jersey, a small group of scientists, directed by Thomas A. Edison, was busy at Menlo Park, only a few miles away. On October 21, their work resulted in the first practical incandescent lamp.

Few realized what fifty years would mean to both electric lighting and football. The handful who watched Yale and Princeton then has grown to tens of thousands to-day. And the lamp that glowed for forty hours in Edison's little laboratory made possible to-day's billions of candle power of electric light. In honor of the pioneer achievement, and of lighting progress, the nation this year observes Light's Golden Jubilee.

Much of this progress in lighting has been the achievement of college-trained men employed by General Electric.



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