

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.

Mountains—Mole-hills

AFTER sitting on the edges of our collective chairs, anxiously awaiting the outburst of righteous and customary ire from Oregon State Agricultural college over the "sportsmanship" displayed at the basketball game Saturday night, the Barometer, official student opinion organ of the Corvallis school, finally came across with an editorial.

Bob Robinson was held up as an epitome of sportsmanship for not vocalizing during the game; the scoreboard was all wrong, and on top of all that the game started late—all world-crashing arguments in favor of cancelling athletic relations between O. S. A. C. and Oregon.

Here is the Barometer editorial:

HOW LONG, OH LORD, HOW LONG?

Apparently the students at the University of Oregon have no intentions of improving their conduct at athletic games when the opponent happens to be a team from this institution. Do they intend to continue with this blatant un-sportsmanship until athletic relations between the two schools becomes a thing of the past, or do they intend to sponsor a reformation program only after higher officials have deemed it advisable to sever athletic relations between the state college and the university?

Perhaps there is a feeling among Oregon students that the simpler way of combating future Oregon State teams is by not having to schedule games with those teams. If Oregon feels that any contact, even on the athletic field, would sully their spotless culture, a few more exhibitions like the one at Eugene Saturday night would certainly remove any such danger for the feeling is becoming quite mutual.

The sportsmanship shown by the Oregon students at the first basketball game of the year was simply a continuation of that which Oregon State students were forced to endure November 16 at Hayward field in Eugene. The game, scheduled to start at 8 o'clock, was held up until 18 minutes later when the Oregon team finally appeared from the locker rooms. For 18 minutes the Oregon State boys waited on the floor amid personal jeering and pugnacious wise-cracking.

The Oregon Varsity "O" men, seated directly behind the Oregon State players' bench, conducted themselves in a manner no way befitting a group of men who should understand a player's reaction to grandstand boing. However, there was at least one gentleman in that group who openly appeased the feelings of one Oregon State player as he was leaving the floor. Bobby Robinson, football star, stood out like a shining light against his teammates and admonished Buck Grayson to ignore the personal outbursts from the stand.

With their usual careful attention to details, the letters "O. S. A. C." were used on the scoreboard. Why Oregon students are so reluctant about accepting O. S. C. and Oregon State in connection with our institution is more than we can fathom. Certainly, if they were attempting to encourage a healthy rivalry the detail would not be overlooked.

The Barometer feels that any retaliation from the Oregon State student body would be decidedly bad form, but the Barometer also understands the limitations of human nature, and for that reason the student leaders at O. S. C. should not be held accountable for anything that might happen in Corvallis Friday night.

Our declaration made this fall to the effect that contests in the university city should be discouraged so long as this attitude of jacksassinity remains prevalent among the Oregon students will still be adhered to.

Any Oregon students with solutions to this colossal problem are urged to send them to the Barometer. The Emerald isn't interested. Action of rooters and team Saturday night were no different than this writer has seen at every other Oregon State-Oregon contest for the last five years—in fact, better. There was friendliness expressed in the spirit between the two rooting sections which was unlike the hostile spirit of yore.

The Order of the O, of which the writer is a member, conducted itself in a manner befitting a group of men who understand a player's reaction to grandstand boing—a player does not notice "riding" if he is interested in the game. After reading the Barometer editorial and glancing over the similar comment in the sports columns, the thought occurs that perhaps they served the Oregon State newspaper men apples in the press box—and that they must have been pretty green.

Consistency for Sports

WHETHER water polo is to be counted as a major sport and letters given for participation, as asked by a correspondent today, of course depends on the value of the arguments presented. But when those arguments are presented, it would be wise to ask for consistency in all the judgments rendered.

All sports were made major sports last year as part of the program of giving every student adequate recognition for a certain amount of play for the University. It was hoped that with the increase in number of sports rewarded that the true ideal of sports, sports for everybody, would be realized.

If water polo, fencing, boxing, and the others now unrecognized are to be denied major standing, and especially any standing at all, then last year's work has meant little. The water polo team, for example, had five intercollegiate contests last year. The fencing squad won the Northwest championship. Training for those sports was just as thoroughly undertaken as for football—students participated who could not in other sports—a wider range of activities was presented.

On the other hand, football letters were granted to those players who entered, even for a minute, in inter-sectional games. Thus the Hawaiian or Florida contests alone counted much more than a season of endeavor in water polo.

The University in a sense recognizes the sports now probationary. It provides coaches, it provides contests, it provides expense money for players, it provides equipment. But it does not provide letters. If letters are to be granted for one sport, they should be granted for others just as worthy, unless, of course, awards are to be determined as in the past by the gate receipts which each sport draws.

One-sixth of the American population is illiterate, a college professor says. It's really not that bad; he probably made his survey among college students.

Wedding cake weighs 200 pounds, a headline says. Does the bride always bake her own wedding cake?

Senator says prohibition is a football. Then it should be put on a professorial basis.

Oreganized Dementia

HOW TO GET A BOOK OUT OF THE RESERVE LIBRARY BEFORE 9:30 P. M.

Slap the desk resolutely with the palm of your hand.

Regard the librarian analytically, firmly.

Saying, "Here, catch this," toss your notebook at him, or her. This is an experiment to determine whether or not the person is resourceful, trustworthy, and able to act in an emergency. Next, say:

"I want a book." Don't let them bluff you. Speak authoritatively in a tone that is not to be denied. They have lots of books.

If some hesitancy is shown, hurdle over the desk, pick your notebook up off the floor, and begin a survey of the volumes on display in the shelves. On seeing one that attracts you, jerk it from its place and glance hastily through it. Then turn to the librarian and say:



"I'll take this one." He may object. If he does, lose no time. Draw out your lead pipe and tap him vigorously, and the book is yours.

SHAME

The Dementia staff is groveling in shame for the University. A piece in the O. S. C. Barometer classes us, whether the cruel Barometer knows it or not, with the wicked inmates of the Mudberg city jail. Read this editorial clipped from the Sing Song Federal Prison Gazette and see for yourself:

OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE Associated Inmates of Mudberg City Jail:—Your ham safe-crackers seem to think that there is no such thing as good sportsmanship. All I got to say is that they won't go to heaven.

Human Nature Fierec

Last Saturday's rock-crushing contest was the first between our two hoosegows this season, and if during the next three on the schedule your uncultured hoodlums persist in boing our hammer stars, we'll break loose from our guards and say some terrible things to you—there are limits to human nature.



You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you overgrown whelps, boing at our poor, defenseless life-termers after they've gone and worked so hard to make the team.

You started off disgracing yourselves by writing S. S. P. up on your score-board, when you know very well that we are a Federal prison and that our name is Sing Song Federal Prison. Aren't you mortified? Trying to take "Federal" out of our name—of all things!

Moo Wicked Word

And when one of our men struck one of your men on the head with his hammer, all of you yelled, "Moo!"

Is that nice? What if some of our trustees do run a dairy farm? It's none of your business. We are ashamed enough of it, without having you rub it in.

Yours truly,

SLIPPERY GUS,

Editor S. F. P. Gazette,

One Fr'a Penny

By Guilfin

FABLES SEVENTH AND EIGHTH

They are the possessors of a proud antiquity and a conservative inhibition, these lads. These facts may not be very evident, but any of them will assure you it is so, if only you will ask them. And there is, after all, an evidence. The spirit of antiquity has spread itself even unto their house, which is on the verge of collapsing into the mill-race.

You'd think with all their glorious senility, (wasn't it 89 years?) something could have been produced in a fraternity way, wouldn't you? Not that it has. In fact, — is notorious for having produced general nothingness. There is a rumor that back in the dark ages there were once three activities, and even, (but I doubt this), an athlete.

They may not be active, but they get around. Oh, yes, they are well-known on the campus. They are to be seen wherever there is nothing to do . . . but they never see anyone else. How could they? Their noses have acquired such a perpetual upward slant from their "holier than thou" mental aberration that it is becoming more and more an effort to look around them. And you really couldn't expect a — to exert himself to speak to you.

As for the conservatism of the house (pawdon me, I should have said —), it is manifested in several startling ways. They have no nameplate on their door . . . (the weight would tear it from its hinges, anyway) . . . but they shout enough about themselves, in a thoroughly condescending fashion, of course, to make up for the balance of advertisement. And there are still those on the campus who believe that by calling the — one can obtain almost anything with which to assure the success of the evening. But I'm sure that's not so. A — assured me personally and confidentially that there's not a drop in the house.

So they don't drink any more, these boys. I don't know what they do. It used to be that girls would go out with them. I hear they won't any more. At least, they don't go out. Something always happens. I remember the dance that they gave with their neighbors of the "beau geste," and some of the regrettable incidents of the evening . . . but that's beside the point.

What the trouble amounts to is that they don't like to walk. And two cars isn't really enough to supply the whole group. (They have three cars, as a matter of fact, but no one is ever seen in the third except its beautiful owner). But that's nothing against them. Remember, they're conservative, and exclusive.

And every evening they go out, these conservatives, in their pajamas, down the walk, and sleep outside. It's just a quaint old custom.

They live up on a hill, but don't let that fool you—it doesn't mean anything except, perhaps, that it takes them longer to get to classes. However, it's a good excuse to hang around the College Side all afternoon, being collegiate, which is a quality they could do well to cultivate since it would be better than the quality (what would you call it?) that they have now.

Well, they have a new house but that doesn't fool anybody, either. They can't quite get used to all this splendor but it's beginning to work on them—to some extent, anyway. One of their biggest boys, reddish-haired he is, has celebrated by buying a suit! Yessir—a coat and a vest and a pair of pants, all alike, too! —has several boys who are just the oddest sort of people you ever knew . . . You are walking down the campus with a member of this house tagging along beside you, and you pass some of these peculiar brethren. "Who are they? you ask. Up comes your companion's chest. "Don't you know them?" "What they do?" you ask. Your ball and chain hesitates a moment, then says, "Why—why—they write oh, gee—they're good, too." Well, these are the peculiar persons mentioned above. To be nasty, they're "half-baked adolescents educated beyond their power to assimilate."

And now we come to their athletes; or rather, their scarcity of

athletes. (This will be juicy—don't stop now.) If they didn't have any lettermen, they might excuse it by saying that they "didn't go in for that type," or something of that kind. But they have —some; just enough to justify the use of the plural. True, they have plenty of men who turn out, but they must do it for exercise, or something . . . maybe just for the love of the sport . . . something mysterious, at any rate.

Oh, yes, another thing: they have a sweet little custom up there; it's too ducky for words. They have teas every other Sunday—teas, mind you, and they invite women over and dance and play bridge and chat and just have the best time! It takes no mental wizard to look just a little farther into this, to see the real reason behind it. Unable to rate—oh well, go on from there yourself. I'm afraid I've given it away as it is.

I hope you haven't taken me wrong in this thing—I hope you haven't gathered the idea that I don't like the boys of —. Because I do. I have to. (The hell I don't!)

\*This really belongs to L. M. Thanks.

FORUM

RECOGNIZE WATER POLO

To the Editor: Water polo was placed on probation as a sport at the University last year. Since that time members of the team have been barred from intramural games because they played on the varsity team. The probation was to last for only a year.

Oregon won two of its five intercollegiate games last year, and has a schedule underway for this year. Isn't it about time that the polo team status was cleared? And isn't it about time to give letters for participation? —A Player.

WHAT DOES IT SAY?

To the Editor: The financial world may have its Babsons, the followers of sport may turn, when in doubt, to Ripley, but Allah be praised, we have our Guilfin. Who can doubt but that the Fables are inspired mas-

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DeNeffe's McDonald Theatre Bldg.

terpieces among the best analytical surveys of the world?

Perhaps their masterful description of Oregon's Greek letter fraternities (and their statements must be true) is born of careful pondering during their hours of languid lounging at the Side—perhaps this genius can be attained by assuming that bored metropolitan, air (strange how these small-town boys can attain it)—possibly it comes from countless nights of poring over the dictionary in search of the "searing" words that they use—but no matter whence it comes, or in what manner, it contains that essence of satire and wit, so unattainable by the mob.

We understand that one of the famous duo has progressed far in advance of his colleagues and must betake himself to Yale university in the near future (he told us so.) The campus will suffer immeasurably, it is true, but may Oregon's loss be Yale's gain and may his brilliant satirical pen give that university the same careful analysis of her fraternity situation. Meanwhile his eminent partner will have to struggle on alone, until a time when a new prodigy shall spring from the rubble to fill this boy philosopher's shoes. —A Humble Student.

Women are as old as they look, and men are never too old till they stop looking.

"All quiet on the Western Front" has been banned in Italy by Il Duce.

The oldest yearling is at the University of Chicago. Seventy-two years old, he obeys all the freshman traditions.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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CAMPUS BULLETIN

Kwazna meeting—tonight at 5 o'clock in Geringer hall.

Crossroads—meeting tonight at the usual place and time.

International Week directorate—meets at the hut today at 4 o'clock.

Junior and sophomore women's basketball teams—are urged to be out at 5 o'clock today.

Junior Shine day directorate—will meet for picture at 11:45 today in front of Johnson annex.

Oregana pictures—will be taken of the student body glee club, appearing in formal dress, at 9:15

In a HURRY?

It only takes a minute to drop in to the "O" Lunch and have a sandwich and a cup of coffee. None of that discouraging waiting for someone to take your order.

The O 2952-W Lunch Phone 13th & Alder Sts.

GRILLE DANCE

Lee-Duke's Campus Band

Friday Night

LEE-DUKE'S CAFE

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DeNeffe's McDonald Theatre Bldg.

PETER PAN

996 Willamette

Phone 1096

at the music auditorium after the Mu Phi Epsilon concert program. All members of the club are requested to be there at the appointed time.

Christian Science Organization—will hold its regular meeting tonight at 7:30 in the Y. W. C. A. bungalow.

Men's and women's glee clubs—will meet at the school of music auditorium at 9:15 tonight to have pictures taken.

Alpha Delta Sigma—luncheon meeting will be held tomorrow at the Anchorage. Every member is expected to be present to entertain guests attending the press conference.

"SOMETHING NEW IN DECORATIONS FOR SENIOR BALL," SAYS PATTERSON.

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Oregon Electric Railway