

Oregon Daily Emerald
University of Oregon, Eugene

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them or what opportunities it was offering them for self-advancement. Columbia university in New York also reports such a condition, which they call "city sophistication."

Such supreme indifference is hard to understand at a university like Oregon where two-thirds of the student body turns out for elections every May.

Group Lockstep

STANDARDIZATION which professors, or indeed some professors, try to force upon their classes, recasting the student mind in the mold of the professorial wisdom, is not the only restriction which the "free-thinker" or the "stubborn ignoramus" finds in university classes.

There is as truly a group lock-step, and who-soever would break the links which bind him to the society in which he finds himself is subject to a censure fully as great and far more vindictive than even the ablest Ph.D. or plain instructor could deliver. This offshoot, to change the metaphor entirely, from the tree of knowledge, as well as being pruned by the gardener is likely to be crowded into the shade by its companion limbs.

What a class does, or a fraternity, or a club, or a society, or Society, is as likely to be used as a perfect model to which all members must adhere, as the model set up by any university professor.

In either case, it usually works out, the revolting member of society and the doubting student is each elevated or silenced according to his persistence and vocal power.

A dollar an hour was paid to students at Columbia university who would drink coffee continuously for four hours and submit to scientific tests of the effects that coffee had upon them. A fellow would only have to drink 4,381,499 cups to work his way through college.

This sunny weather is welcome. Most of the co-eds leave those funny-looking berets at home.

Oregonized Dementia

Dear papa,
One of de surprising things about dis dem is dat de skoit here looks about de same as dey do back in Chi, only dey acts different.
One of de dames in me class says to me: "Youse is so manly, Mr. De Rat."

I suppose most guys is manly, papa, so I didn't say nuttin, but dis skoit kep on talkin about someting or udder. She aint bad lookin, but dat line she slings is de berries.



"Youse has got a far away look in your lamps," she says. "Won't youse come to our formal dis week-end?"

Formals is hops, papa, I found dat out later. "Sure," I says. "Where is dis ting?"
Dis skoit lives wit a bunch of udders in a brick boarding house. It's a swell dump. When I got dere de party was already started.

"I wanna see de skoit wid de bug eyes and de colly brindle hair," I says to de goil at de door. I guess I musta surprised her because she opened her mouth and didn't say nuttin. Just den I seen me broad comin down de stairs, so I busts in anyway.

"Come on, baby," I says, "lets git out on de grease and start de wolks."
Funny ting, papa, I never noticed it before, but she's got a complexion like a gole fish. I guess she was a little excited.

So I grabs her and we starts across de floor. Youse would tink, papa, dat dese univoisity punks would have loined how to dance, but I guess dey aint had de chance an de experience dat I has. Most of dese guys is just loinin, I guess, dat's why dey has to go so slow.

"Youse hang onto me, baby," I whispers in me goil's ear, "an we'll give dese boids a exhibition."
She sticks her hands agin me an begins to shove. I guess she was afraid she wouldn't be able to git de hang to me steps. I knowed, however, dat she had de makins of a good dancer, so I encouraged her by grabbin her aroun' de waiste and jumpin in de air an toinin aroun just so she could see how easy it was.

"What do youse mean by comin to dis dance in dat sweater?" she says.
"I'll take it off as soon as I git hot," I says.

"I didn't suppose youse would want me to come here in me shoit-sleeves."
"Dis is a formal," she says. "Look at de udders."

You know, papa, it was kinda dark in dere, but when dey toined on de lights at de end of de dance, I seen what de skoit was talkin about. Every nug in de room had on a bullet-proof shoit, just like Tony Gerotti's gang wears on election day.



No wonder me goil was excited. If I'd have known it was dis kind of party I'd brung me gat. But dey don't frame your little son, papa. Not me.

Everybody got kinda sour looks on deir faces. I knew den dat dey was gonna start someting. A coupla mugs comes toward me wit deir hands in deir pockets, so I busted up de chandelier wid a chair, and crowned de bunny nearest de door wit a big bowl of lemon juice dey had dere, an dived over de flower pots tru de window.

A narrow squeak, papa, but I've loined me lesson.

Your loving son,
Hank De Rat.

One Fr'a Penny

By Guilfin

GUILFIN FABLE THE TWELFTH

About the little boy who grew up and came to college—

When he was just a little fellow, about five, his mother called him to her and talked to him. She told him about smoking, and pool halls, and gambling, and bad companions. And then he grew up, came to college, and joined the fraternity just up the row . . . that one with the tennis courts. It was the worst mistake he ever made in his life.

The tennis courts are the best feature about that gang, and they have become desecrated to the extent that they are used for basketball, and touch football, and catch. They built the courts in a burst of confidence when they got their new house, and just weren't able to persuade any of the tong members to fake lessons, so that they could play on them.

But the tennis courts aren't all, of course. They have a lovely house, with a lot of windows and things. The trouble seems to be that they just can't seem to get anybody to live in it. Anyone that counts, anyway.

This is awfully short, isn't it? I'm sorry. I really would like to say a lot about this bunch, but gosh, you just can't. If they had anyone, or could do anything, believe me . . . I'd tell you. The truth is, they just barely exist, and that's why this is so short.

FABLE THE THIRTEENTH

And about the little girl who grew up and came to college—

Her mother talked to her, too, about men, and smoking, and pool halls, and things. She really impressed her, too, and then the little girl grew up and came to college, and joined a sorority, that one across from the grain barn

that holds all the farmers. And that was quite a mistake, in itself.

The house is a funny looking thing. They built it out of red brick, and then they built a funny little fence around the roof, for some reason or other. The fence ruined it, and it was obviously an afterthought, sort of tacked on, like one's hat when one is in a hurry.

And the girls . . . Maybe they were an afterthought, too, or something of the sort. The little girl's mother warned her about men, and then she came down here and joined what would be called a harem in Turkey. They just dote on big, brawny he-men. . . . I suspect them of building across from that grain barn with a purpose.

There was a time when they had what is called a balanced group. In fact, one of their ballasts is still there. She is the girl that speaks to every man on the campus. But the rest of them have deteriorated into a type house . . . the type that you just can't see, and that you hardly hear at any time. In fact, they're not so hot.

Reports from the National Student federation show that students of the United States manage to earn approximately \$26,000,000 a year. The industrious eds and co-eds are said to do anything from taking little tots out for Sunday nics to counting milk bottles on doorsteps for statistic bureaus.

CLASSIFIED ADS

PIANO JAZZ—Popular songs immediately; beginners or advanced; twelve-lesson course. Waterman System. Leonard J. Edgerton, manager. Call Studio 1672-W over Laraway's Music Store, 972 Willamette St. tf

LOST—A gold Gruen wrist watch with gold wrist band. Lost at men's gym. Finder please return to Emerald office and receive \$10 reward.

DO you want your dancing lessons advertised? Call George Colder McFarland. Phone 129.

CAMPUS BULLETIN

Dime Crawl—Susan Campbell hall will be at the men's dormitory between 6:30 and 7:30 tonight for the Dime Crawl.

Oregon Knight—banquet tonight at 6 o'clock at the Anchorage, in place of regular meeting today.

Frosh debaters—against Albany college on March 11 will be Merl Liles and John H. King, affirmative; and Cecil Espy and Gordon A. Day, negative.

Sophomore women—majors and minors in physical education, who want trunks and jerseys, must turn in their measurements to Johnny Young by today noon.

Amphibian and varsity—practices for the triangular meet will be as follows: Wednesday, 2 o'clock; Thursday, 4 and 5; Friday, 2; Saturday, 2:45, and Monday at 2 o'clock. Girls trying out should get in one practice a day until Tuesday.

International relations—group of Philomelete will have a short and very important meeting in the women's lounge of Gerlinger hall tomorrow evening at 7:30. Everyone please be there.

Dean Scherwing's group—on spiritual relations will meet today at 5 o'clock at the Y. W. bungalow.

Frosh men debaters—are required to attend the men's varsity debate with O. S. C. tonight.

Frosh men's squad—meeting at 7

DR. J. E. WETHERBEE
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Office Phone 1601
Residence 1230-M
801-2-3 Miner Bldg.
Eugene, Oregon

"Bruncheon"
It's New
That's the new word for a bite of food inhaled between breakfast and the luncheon. It's most popular between 9 and 11 a. m. at
THE ANCHORAGE

p. m. Thursday, in room 2 of Friendly hall. Albany teams will go through their entire debate, giving rebuttal speeches, for practice and demonstration.

Students interested—in the social work interviews call in room 112 of Johnson hall.

PLEDGING ANNOUNCEMENT
Alpha Chi Omega announces

the pledging of Elsie Burk, of San Mateo, California.

Junior Week-end directorate—will meet in Journalism building at 7:30 this evening. Important that all attend.

Introductory Speech course members—are requested to attend the men's varsity debate with O. S. C. at 7:45 this evening at Guild hall.

THE beauty of the new silhouette demands exquisite simplicity of line and color adaptation. Of course it will come from . . .
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and
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Featuring New Spring Styles and
Helena Rubinstein Beauty Preparations
Miss Sartain
Of London
Personal Representative of Helena Rubinstein Will Be in Charge of This Event.
Make-up and Apparel for These Types
Will Be Featured.
Blonde—Titan—Brunette
Youth to Middle Age
Sports to Evening Wear
AUDITORIUM TODAY—4 P. M.

Announcement!
Beginning Monday, March 3rd,
The Aladdin Gift Shop
Will Have Its
Annual Spring Sale.
ALADDIN GIFT SHOP
41 10th Ave. West
EUGENE

SOW NOW
for bigger BUSINESS
ZUCKERMAN SERVICE
Illustrated Sales Ideas
Free at
Oregon Daily Emerald
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"Meinholtz, the Times Wants You . . ."
FRED E. MEINHOLTZ of the New York Times sat in his home on Long Island, listening-in on a radio press dispatch from the Byrd expedition. Someone on the Times staff wanted to reach Meinholtz on his home phone. And quickly! But the receiver there happened to be off the hook.
Radio science was equal to the occasion. The Times radio operator sent a request to the fur-clad operator at the other end of the world. And Meinholtz was quickly made aware of the situation by a radio message from Antarctica saying: "Meinholtz, the Times wants you to hang up your receiver so that they can call you on the telephone."
Radio and research are among the many lines of work in which college-trained men are engaged at General Electric, where they also receive further technical and business training.
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK