

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 of the Pacific Intercollegiate Press. Entered in the postoffice at Eugene, Oregon, as second class matter. Subscription rates, \$2.50 a year. Advertising rates upon application. Phone, Manager's Office, 1955; residence, 1527.

Wanted—More Traditions?

TRADITION—A belief, custom, or usage handed down from generation to generation.

THAT'S what Webster calls a "tradition"—the word over which more other words have been spent, more laws passed and spasmodically enforced than any other on the Oregon campus.

Year after year the howl goes up for or against some tradition Oregon has or wants. Abolish one and the heavens ring with the cry, "Pretty soon there won't be any traditions . . . Oregon will be a business college." At universities certain functions and material objects are classed as traditions, as well as the less animate beliefs and customs.

So the thought occurred: What traditions does Oregon still have? Is the glamor as nearly gone as alarmists picture?

Here are a few functions, beliefs, customs and usages still on the books at Oregon, prepared by our staff traditionalist:

1. Four major class dances—Informal, Glee, Prom and Ball.
2. Dime Crawls. (3) Green lids and library steps (Hark! Are those hisses?). (4) April Frolic. (5) Homecoming—week-end and dances. (6) Journalism Jamboree. (7) Canoe Fete and Junior Week-end. (8) No smoking on the campus. (9) Foreign scholars. (10) Junior shine day. (11) Open house. (12) Senior bench. (13) No stepping on seal. (14) Senior kid party. (15) "Crowning" frosh with lids. (16) No pigging at games. (17) No cords on underclassmen. (18) Senior mustaches. (19) No frosh wear tuxes. (20) Saying "hello."

Those are twenty more-or-less-traditions which still flourish on the Oregon campus. If some event like the tug-of-war or frosh "gauntlet" should be given the ax, Oregon students can dig up this list and cross one off and there will still be nineteen left.

Illegal Voting

OTHER colleges, too, seem to have their election troubles and scandals. University of Southern California last week-end voted on its student body officers and as a preventive measure against illegal voting they made use of a system of identification cards.

All students desiring to vote had to have identification cards properly filled out. They contain the name of the student, the class numeral and the college in which he is enrolled. Just how this was expected to curb students voting under someone else's name was not explained.

The most adaptable way of checking on such undesirable practices as are wont to creep into student elections seems to require the student body cards when there is any question of the identity of the would-be voter. Such a ruling was declared in order at the recent A. S. U. O. polls, but a few dishonest voters crept under the wire either by some clever subterfuge or because of laxity of voting officials in checking on cards.

Whether or not any measures will be taken to eliminate illegal voting at class elections today is not known at the time of this writing. But in the interests of honesty all the way round and a fair chance for every candidate such precautions should be taken.

Fraternity "Cowards"

THAT deferred pledging not only "works" at Stanford, but has far fewer evils than the average college man believes, is the message that one gains from an interview with a Stanford football man, who was also rushing chairman of his house for two years, printed in today's paper.

One of the outstanding arguments pointed out by this southern university man in favor of late pledging is that the time which the freshman must live in the dormitory is a period in which he can make or break himself. He is given a chance to show the stuff he is made of and not pampered and "pushed" by his fraternity into doing things

he would not ordinarily undertake and consequently in which he has little interest.

On the other hand, this man declares that unless a school had dormitory space enough to house all freshmen the value of deferred rushing may be lost.

Having gone through several years of rushing under the Stanford system, he can evaluate benefits to the fraternity and to the freshman, and he does not underestimate the value the first-year man gets out of "rowing his own boat" for three terms.

The Emerald's poll of fraternities and dormitories shows a decided feeling against deferred pledging. Ray Lyman Wilbur once told the writer that fraternities are stronger knit together than any organization he knew and yet were the "biggest cowards when it came to making changes." The secretary of interior and president of Stanford should know. He has viewed fraternities closely from the outside. He is known to be unfavorably inclined toward them, and his aim of making Stanford a graduate school is heralded as the knell of fraternities.

Comes Answer

COMES answer from the men's gymnasium, from officials who say that cuspidors padlocked there are but fastened to the wall to keep them from being kicked about. Last week the Emerald defended student honesty, declared that padlocking of cuspidors implied suspicion of student morals.

Now comes this paltry excuse, this weak and spineless answer to the Emerald challenge. We cried, "Unlock our cuspidors," to be answered only by "The locks hold them to the wall."

Whether or not the gymnasium employees are guileless of intent to deceive, whether or not they believe that locks are necessary for mere fastenings, whether or not they can understand the affront to sensitive students who shrink before the implication of dishonesty, we do not know. But we do know that this is not the first instance.

Three and four years ago, easily within the ken of the older students on the campus, gardeners marked each shrub and tree with little stakes set among the roots, upon them their Latin names. Now no freshman can learn the name of the bush beside the sun-dial; roses bloom unknown; lonely fir trees rear themselves beside Villard.

Have these stakes been removed, we asked, for any other reason than fear of vandalism? No, is our answer. And so, no small reason we cry, "Unlock our cuspidors."

Jazz is looked down upon in Soviet Russia and has to be "bootlegged" in private homes because no self-respecting citizen will venture within earshot of that music. If their jazz is anything like the rest of the Russian music, they'd probably have their ears "shot" if they did go near it.

A Minnesota sophomore used his slide rule and figured out just how hard and far to hit a golf ball. He drew back his club, socked it, and made a hole in one. Proving that there IS some use for trig after all.

A Frenchman wrote 136 lines on the back of a postcard. He used 26,119 words. Next thing he'll be trying to engrave the Lord's Prayer on a molecule.

Wisconsin recently held a field and track meet at night. Probably the most popular event was the huddle race in the grandstand.

There ought to be a law against moons like we've had the last week-end. Of course it did not last long, which may or may not be a good thing.

"University's First Air Delegates Hop Today on Initial Lap of College Tour"—headline in Minnesota Daily. What is this, a petting marathon?

Road appropriations are big this year. Looks like it's also going to be a swell year for detours.

Eighty-five per cent of the co-eds at Washington State are working their way through college, we read. Working whom?

Editorial Shavings

All official automobiles maintained by the state in Brazil are required to use alcohol as a fuel. There's a use for confiscated hootch. The only drawback is that the cops' cars would run out of fuel every little ways.—California Tech.

The professor who says the average college student has a vocabulary of 700 words has never heard a driver of a collegiate whoopee cuss in a traffic jam.—Daily Nebraskan.

Two Farmers Injured in Warm Battle Over Party Telephone—headline. We've heard of some pretty serious rows over the telephone, but never before of actual injuries.—Daily Kansan.

There is an excuse for discussion groups. Perhaps the only way a mind can pull itself into being is by its own boot straps. Still that posture narrows the vision so much.—Montana Kaimin.

Of course every student would always like to be his own boss. But all of us can't be bachelors, you know.—Daily Nebraskan.

Then there was the man who thought the university was haunted because everyone was always talking about the school spirit.—Denver Clarion.

We endorse U. S. Royal golf balls and Fatimas; we smoke Chesterfields and play what balls we find.—Montana Kaimin.

"Hope you have a good trip," we wished the Mask and Wigger as he fell over the footlights.—Pennsylvanian.

A divorce case is just a turn of the tied.—Purdue Exponent.



Dear papa,
It's hard for me to believe dat everybody has gone nuts aroun dis place. Do youse suppose it could be me? If dey pulls off anudder week-end like dis, I guess I will be nuts. Just when I thought I was gittin nex to tings, too.

I walks out me class Friday an bumps into a bunch of mugs wit sanwiches. Papa, de univoisity foinished de whole meal dat noon. I seen everybody else eatin de stuff, so I tries it too. Dey had some stuff dey call meat loaf, but I don't know what it was made out of.

I hadn't no more dan finished wit de grub when a couple of apes pulls off me necktie an trows me into de fish pond! Dey tink dat's funny aroun here. Dere was a bull watchin de ting, an I didn't tink I'd better drag out me gat.

But if you tink dat's anything, youse had oughto seen de big scraps de had later. Dey smeared paint on each udder, papa, an trowed each udder in de canal.



I guess dey was plenty mad by de middle of Saturday afternoon. I'm gonna keep outa dis ting! I don't want nobody to run no spear into dis baby. Yes, papa, dat's what dey done Saturday. Dey had a spear fight, but I

didn't seen nobody gittin hoit. De guys stripped down to deir underwear so de could git out of de way real quick.

Even dat wasn't enough. A couple of gangs got out on de field and took toins jumpin on each udder and kickin each udder in de face.

I'm gittin de jumps, papa. I can't sleep at night. When I meets anybody on de street or hears anybody come up behin me, I reaches for me gat. I guess you better have Gus send me dat paint sprayer of yours an a box of slugs. I ain't safe, I tell you. De lid's off aroun here, and somebody is gonna git hoit. Wish I was in Chi where the risk aint so great.

I hope dey lets youse out of de asylum soon, papa. It aint worth very much of a toim in dat place just to bump off a bank messenger. I can see dat now.

Your affectionate son,
—Hank de Rat.



TODAY'S GAMES

3:15
Alpha Upsilon-Beta.
Sigma Chi-Kappa Sig.
4:15
Sherry Ross-Friendly Hall.
Delta-Phi Psi.

Seniors who are going out—for Failing-Beekman commencement orations may obtain at the speech division office printed collections of modern collegiate orations useful in preparations for speeches.

Exposition 258—All students registered in Exposition 258 are re-

quired to be present as part of the regular class work of the term in room 105, Oregon building, for the final Wilson Jewett oratorical contest at 7:30 p. m.

Pi Lambda Theta—meeting this noon at the Anchorage. Election of officers.

Asklepiads—will meet tonight at 7:30 in Villard assembly.

Persons in vicinity—of the O. N. G. rifle range are cautioned to exercise care on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays when juniors in the R. O. T. C. are firing.

International Relations group—of Philomatele will leave the Y. W. C. A. bungalow at 4 o'clock this afternoon for Peters lodge. Every person please bring 10 cents.

Oregon Knights—meet tonight at 7:30 at room No. 4, Johnson. Business concerning initiation to be discussed.

Baseball tryouts for women—tonight at 5 o'clock. All who are out for baseball must report tonight.

Amphibian meeting—tonight. All pledges and members must be there, at 7:30 in the pool of Gerlinger hall. Very important.

Tennis teams—will be announced

Wednesday. All women who have not checked off their practices regularly see Miss Duncan today or call her at 2858-R.

Woman in Her Sphere group—will meet Sunday from 5 to 6 p. m. in Gerlinger hall.

Phi Chi Theta—meeting today at 5 in room 106, Commerce. Election of officers.

Pot and Quill—meets this evening at the home of Mary Lou Turnbull, 1010 East 20th, at 7:45.

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"MOST ENERGETIC MAN"

IN this age when everyone seems to work and play at top speed it is no easy matter to be "most energetic man" of the senior class. But good health will go a long way toward helping you carry off the title.

Shredded Wheat is a natural energy builder. These crisp delicious biscuits include all the food elements needed for

the untiring stamina that campus activities demand. They promote the clear active mind, too, that makes hard work count for something. Eat two biscuits with plenty of rich milk every morning. It will help make you a "go-getter" in no time.



SHREDDED WHEAT

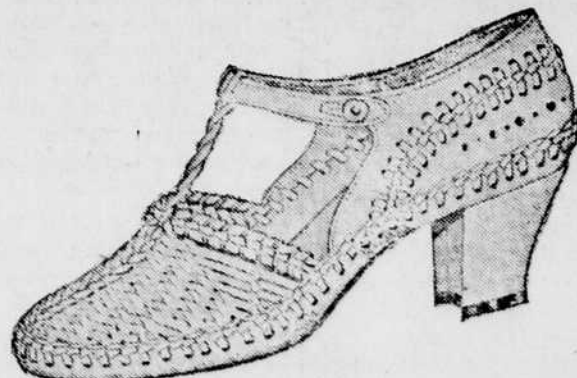
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