

Oregon Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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A Horse On The Freshman

An indignant correspondent discovers after a week's observation that the new freshmen lids are objects to evoke unqualified horror. "Those hideous green beaks that overshadow their (the freshmen's) young faces give them the most callow, untutored, naive, simple-minded, and raw expression, individually and collectively, that I have ever seen going up and down the Oregon campus," says the protest.

Without appearing to come to the defense of the new freshman headgear, the wholesale indictment of our correspondent weighs rather heavily on the first-year students. After all, virtue is not skin deep (as Horatio Alger once said), and surely a jockey's raiment of brilliant green cannot transform an otherwise intelligent countenance into one of untutored, naive, simple-mindedness.

And then, we must also remember our traditions. Oregon freshmen are supposed to be naive and simple-minded. In the early days of the University, freshmen fought for the privilege of wearing their green caps—not knowing, of course, what the caps made them look like. When they found out they immediately began fighting the other way. But by that time the course of tradition had begun, and freshmen, caught in its inevitable flow, were life-sentenced to the wearing of green lids. (For who is there so base as to break a sacred tradition!)

In search of a more respectable appearance, each incoming freshman class trimmed away a portion of their green lids. By last year they had come to look so nearly like human beings that the Order of the "O" (great upholders of Oregon traditions, albeit they took it upon themselves) decided there must be a stop. Presto, the age-old cap.

Faint not away, fair correspondent, at the appearance of our freshmen. Callowness is a virtue in the very young; and to appear simple-minded is to keep faith with a very old tradition of our school. If our freshmen look like unhorsed jockeys, smile and think how they would look at Epsom Downs or Belmont, facing the barrier. Their lot and our lot is hard to bear, but it is for their good. Naive and untutored, our freshmen must look as they are. It has been said.

The President Speaks

We note in Friday's Emerald an account of the final address of Dr. Arnold Bennett Hall to the freshmen. Dr. Hall in his last talk to the entering students emphasized the necessity of appreciation of the beautiful in nature and the desirability of picking the romance and adventure out of life, elevating it above the sordidness with which we inevitably come in contact.

Somehow we always envy the freshmen their opportunity to spend two, three, or more hours the first of fall term listening to Dr. Hall as he gives them the very cream of his rich experience in living and the result of his wide and deeply intelligent observations. We feel that our president is a man whose remarkable and many capacities are not fully appreciated by the students whom he guides. If the freshmen only knew it, they are being given a superb opportunity to get an insight into the personality and character of a man recognized throughout the country as an educator of outstanding ability which they likely will not have often again.

Dr. Hall is an unusually busy man. The encumbering duties of an executive position he fulfills with extreme care and thought, and in addition devotes much of his time to the ideal of continued progress of the University. No labor union can make his an eight-hour day, and it is obvious that he can have little time for personal contact with the 3000 men and women on the campus.

We consider that the freshman class is distinctly and highly favored when the president spends several hours with them exclusively.

In answer to a questionnaire 28 per cent of the freshman girls at Syracuse university admitted having been in love many times, while 10 per cent said they had been in love but once. The remaining 31 per cent who insisted they had never been in love at all will catch up in the next four years.

We admire the courage of the polyphonic choir in planning to sing "The Hymn of Praise" the day after the Oregon State game.

A passport, a railroad ticket, and a can of flit are the traveler's impedimenta in Russia, according to Dr. John H. Mueller, who has just returned from the land of the soviets.

If the egg-swallowing story in Friday's Emerald is true, another Oregon student is well on the way to fame and success. Education, what wonders are performed in thy name!

worse than any of the rest of us. But with all due desire to spare the freshmen's feelings, I have to say that these hideous green beaks that overshadow their young faces give them the most callow, untutored, naive, simple-minded, and raw expression, individually and collectively, that I have ever seen going up and down the Oregon campus.

Why do the poor things have to blight their college careers at the start by appearing with that expression forced upon them? One sees one particular freshman who fills the bill as regards a vapid countenance—and he wears that hat. Cap, then. Well, every new specimen of hat—cap, I mean—which one sees, is of course assumed to be reposing upon the brow of the same vapid sort of mutt. I beg to state, with tears in my eyes, that this impression is false. The Oregon freshmen are NOT any muttier than any other freshmen. They just look that way. And is it their fault? No, it is not. It is the fault of those horrible, ferocious, vile, excessively lousy lids.

Can nothing be done? If whoever did this thing to our youth refuses to revoke the ruling, I recommend to the freshmen a few quiet moments with a pair of scissors. At least they could transform those objects to the innocent green dots the freshmen wore last year. A far, far better thing for humanity—speaking for myself, a year's view of those phenomena will cause me to lose my mind with a loud shout.

OFFENDED DIGNITY



LEMON
 PALOOKA

Round about the campus . . .
 wonder where Howard Nachtmann picked up that terrible red necktie . . . did Larry Fisher ever try posing for a collar advertisement? . . . frosh with their green caps look cockier than ever . . . when do "libe steps" start? . . . is it just imagination—or do the girls look prettier this year? . . . Little Irvin of the Vigilance committee, the cynic, says that's because they have more of themselves covered up . . . Dagmar Hauggen, the new Kappa siren, running to a German class . . . Siren doesn't mean she's a scream, either . . . Jim Blair looking his usual handsome self . . . what kind of car is that wreck Julius Rehall drives around? . . . Is that where the sophomore class funds went? . . . Now, now, Julius—bad boy! . . . the senior bench . . . For benefit of the frosh—the

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CAMPUS CALENDAR

Music group of Philomelete will meet Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Kappa Delta house. Program. All girls interested invited.

Independent Men living off the campus are invited to attend the first meeting of the Oregon Yeomen, independent men's club, Monday evening at 7:15 at the "Y" hut. Freshmen are especially welcome. Discussion of the year's plans will be in order.

Prose and Poetry of Philomelete will not meet Sunday afternoon, but a special hour will be held from 9 to 10 Wednesday evening at the Kappa Delta house.

Travel Group Will Fete Women at Tea Sunday

Travel group of Philomelete, a new section of the hobby organization, will entertain with a tea Sunday for girls who are interested in foreign lands.

Miss Nella Roster, A. W. S. foreign scholar on the campus, will tell her impressions of Florence, Italy.

The affair, which will be at 4 o'clock, is to be at the home of Miss Eula Duke, 1471 Villard, one of the sponsors for the group.

Oregon Seal can't swim and it isn't an animal . . . Art building and Virginia Stafford . . . Claire Meisel looking brutal . . . McClure hall . . . Charlie Barr looking intellectual . . . Helen Althous playing with test tubes . . . Maxine Moore wrestling with biochemistry . . . Out behind McClure . . . the Emerald copy room . . . O-O-O-h! what terrible language . . . Just Jessie Steele again . . . Friendly hall . . . when will the waterbagging season open . . . Over at the Ad building . . . Ralph David looking debonaire and dangerous . . . out in the air again . . . here comes Betty Williams . . . what's she thinking so hard about now? . . . up by the Woman's building . . . There's Russ Cutler crippling some of his pupils in the Sigma Delta Psi class . . . Paul Lafferly kicking a football . . . beautiful punt . . . Don Stevenson broad jumping . . . Thelma Nelson conferring with Thornton Gale . . . wonder what the theme is for the new Oregon . . . Alyce Cook making puns . . . paper puns—tearable . . . Charlie Foster and Gordon Corson . . . suppose they could pass their swimming tests? . . . back to the editorial rooms . . . My these editors have hard-boiled looks at times . . .

And then there's the guy that put glue in his girl's lipstick. What-a-man!



This campus should never be a cold one with all the fir trees on it.

Yesterday we let you read a near tragedy. Today we present a real one. Now don't say that we didn't lead up to it.

A REAL TRAGEDY

Amanuella Frumenti, one of the most feared of Chicago's gangsters, was a real friend of Michael Kikenny, a huge cop whose size-twelve feet furnished him a good understanding of the criminal ways.

Nothing was stranger than the friendship of these two. The one who had let daylight into the bodies of countless rival gunmen; and he who upheld the long arm of the law. In Chicago the arm of the law is so weak it needs some one to hold it up.

Anyway, for close onto five years the strange friendship pursued, during which time Amanu-

ella shot three crooks for dropping pineapples on Michael's head. Not that he feared they would hurt Michael, but because it riled his sensitive nature to see so much good explosive going to waste on a solid Irish skull. Michael three times sprung Amanuella from the "jug" to which he had been confined by over-zealous officials.

Truly did they love each other, even as brothers. But an ugly snake raised its head in their little Paradise. Amanuella, due to his long association with the criminal brotherhood, began to supplant the name of Michael with that of "Bull." This was a title which



Michael hated from the depths of his soul. He begged his friend to desist but it had become second nature with Amanuella.

"Amanuella," he said one day, "if you don't quit using that phrase, 'o. k. bull,' I shall have to get hard with you."

"O. K., Bull," Amanuella had replied blithely and skipped out to do a little back-racketeering.

Michael fingered his gun thoughtfully. It was evident that flesh and blood could stand no more. A fortunate thing happened—Amanuella was obliged to leave town suddenly. The old friendship came back and Michael accompanied his friend to the dock.

"Amanuella," he said with a sudden surge of feeling, "how can I get in touch with you? Should I telegraph or cable?"

Amanuella thought, "Oh, cable," he decided.

Michael pulled out his gun and shot him then and the little story was ended.



The editor says

This column's bad—I've only done As I was bade

And tried to write Some lightsome humor And voice a bit Of campus rumor

I'm a frazzled wreck, I'll pass to bliss If I try to do Any more of this.

Plans for Cosmopolitan Club Reception Complete

Invitations Will Be Sent Out Next Week

Plans for the yearly reception given by members of the Cosmopolitan club were made Wednesday afternoon at the first executive council meeting of the club held in the Y. W. C. A. bungalow. The reception, which will be held at the International house, is given for students and faculty who have expressed an interest in the group, which is composed of guest and American students. Invitations will be issued next week.

Committees appointed for the reception are: Ruth Griffin, chairman of the entertainment committee; Dorothy Foote, chairman of the invitation committee; and Lois Greenwood, chairman of the refreshment committee.

In the receiving line will be Eleanor Jane Ballantyne, president; Bobby Robinson, vice-president; Max Pulido, treasurer; Dorothy Foote, secretary; and King Chow, custodian.

Further plans for the club will be made at the next executive council meeting to be held at the Y. W. bungalow, Wednesday evening at 9 o'clock.

Englishman Sees Greater Chance Here for Student

We here at Oregon may find it hard to scrape up enough money to enter the University, but we have more opportunity to do so than do students in Europe, in the opinion of Guy Wernham, special student enrolled in the University. "My first impression of America," Wernham said, "was the fact that there is a much greater possibility of becoming educated here than in England, especially for the poorer people.

"The depression in Europe is a depression. In fact, that was my main reason for coming to this country. There is hardly any work to do in London. It is so much worse there than here in America."

Wernham was born in England and spent most of his life in London, where he worked on several London newspapers. However, he is not planning to be a journalist but is more interested in teaching biology or French.

"One thing about America," Wernham went on, "is that the people are so much more friendly and easier to talk to than those in England. They are easier to approach and are not as aloof as Englishmen.

"I also think that it is cleaner here than in England, but perhaps that is because it is a bigger and more open country."

As he rose to leave the room he repeated, "It is so much easier to get an education here."

The tall young Englishman was married last year in Paris to Mary Fitch, a former student of the University of Oregon and a member of Kappa Alpha Theta.

PRESS BOX

(Continued from Page One)

ing much newspaper publicity here, and is regarded by writers as a dangerous threat.

As no new developments have turned up in the case of the eligibility of Joe Lillard of the Oregon football team, it looks like Joe is going to be on hand for the rest of the games of the Webfoot season. All the howl and hubbub about the aforementioned player merely proves the fact that publicity is not such a good work horse after all. Do you think for a minute that if Joe had been some little two-by-four halfback that any question would have been even thought of as to his eligibility? Not by a long shot! It takes the headlines and the limelight to bring up something like that. A

boy is good, therefore there must be something wrong with him. Some time ago this same question came up—originating in California and reporting that Paul Schissler of Oregon State and Jimmy Phelan of Washington both would have something to say on the right of "Happy Joe" to play inter-collegiate football—and to their credit, they both denied it emphatically. But the fact remains that someone in authority started the rumor or else Jonathan Butler, purely an observer, would not have taken such an intense and first hand interest in the case. Question: Who's behind it? * * *

GLASS HOUSES

We'll drop the question now for the time being, although we might say that the situation is very much like the person that lived in the glass house. Perhaps if all the boys on the coast that received payment for playing semi-professional baseball were brought to task, there would be no football games because of a shortage of players. It may seem out of place to quote Scripture in a sport column of this nature, but an extremely appropriate one comes to my mind as very fitting for the occasion—"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone"—and thereupon ten conference schools stood with their hands in their pockets.

"I also think that it is cleaner here than in England, but perhaps that is because it is a bigger and more open country."

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LOUSY LIDS

To the Editor:
 After viewing for one whole week the exceptionally awful collection of freshmen parading the campus, I have come to the con-

clusion that they are not really that way—it is their hats. Could one catch a freshman in an un-hatted condition—it has been done—maybe he would turn out to be a fairly decent-looking mortal, no