

# EDITORIAL AND FEATURE PAGE OF THE OREGON DAILY EMERALD

## Oregon DAILY Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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### With a Bouquet of Violets

Tired but happy, Oregon's "Wandering Webfoots" are home again. And is the campus glad to see them back? Yesterday's mammoth rally was a sure sign of that.

The campus set a new high mark for rally spirit when Doc Spears and his warriors, who left their heel prints deep in New York university's violet flower bed, stepped off the train yesterday. It was a welcoming celebration entered into by students and townspeople alike, and one which Oregon's backers will have to go far to beat this year or for a few to come.

We are proud of Doc Spears and the triumphant showing he and his men made in New York. We are proud, too, of the fine display of spirit given by the campus. If the two combine again November 14 there will be no stopping Oregon in the Homecoming game.

### The Great Male Rebellion

CO-EDS at the University of Washington were questioned last week on their willingness to forego taxis, and corsages, and food while dating during the current depression. The answers on the whole bode ill for the male collegians of Washington.

One girl of campus prominence said in reply to questions that she would "rather stay at home and listen to the radio" than ride with a date on a street car. Another remarks that street cars remind her of hitch-hiking. Any number would rather stay at home than date in such a fashion. While corsages were considered necessity by a very few, several found that eating was an essential item in a good evening. Some few felt it collegiate and quite the thing to ride in street cars in formal clothes.

To the co-eds of Washington, and elsewhere, who find they would "rather stay at home and listen to the radio" instead of dating on a street car, let us issue a warning: the great male rebellion may be only days in the offing! Rumblings of discontent have been heard at various times from college men. Men are finding that "gallant" may be synonymous with "sucker." Within the past week a "50-50" club has been organized by the men at the University of Southern California. This group, composed of the best men dates of the U. S. C. campus, agrees to take dates only on the understanding that the girls will foot half the bill. Men at other colleges are rapidly adopting the new idea.

With such clear indications of the modern trend, the proud co-eds of Washington might well take heed. It may not be long until the street car will be the one means of escape from home and the radio—and the street car does have other things than movement to command it over the radio. And the beauty who places riding in a street car in the same category with hitch-hiking may soon find herself on the street corner with her male escort hailing passing motorists with a swing of the hand and a "ride, mister?"

### The King Is Dead--

THE King is dead—but there is no other to reign in his stead.

There was only one King, the fine German police dog known to every student on the campus. King, who went to classes in the law school; King, who wagged a friendly greeting as students hurried along Eleventh; King, who helped carriers deliver Emeralds every morning.

King is dead—shot as he and another pup barked at a goat tethered on a vacant lot near the campus. A double-barreled shotgun in the hands of the goat's owner took King's life. There was no warning to King's master that the dog was bothering anything. No warning to anyone. Just a shot in the early morning hours.

King is dead, and the campus mourns. A man who has killed a dog has killed the best friend of a fellow-man.

Humor has gone to all sorts of trouble on this continent to demonstrate that few things can be laughed out of existence.—Thomas Beer.

Communism can be a menace to capitalism only if capitalism cannot solve its problem.—Dr. Herbert von Beckerath.

Emancipation of women and lack of manners is not the same thing.—Queen Marie.



Here's your medicine, children—

it's darn ya!

Drooling down the campus: Hen-

rietta Steinke huddling up the

main drag with a brawny male.

... Those big Hanson mugs stum-

pling over their dogs in war...

These Frosh football hulks with

their skinned beaks...

Esther Hayden impressing her per-

son some poor goof...

Jessie Steele, looking for her man...

Parks Hitchcock, the fresh dazzle,

plugging doggedly away at his

twyepatter...

Max Adams looking huge...

Brian Minnaugh evoking pep...

Thornton Shaw acting perturbed...

George Godfrey doing nothing.

\* \* \*

We can't help but wondering—

wicked thought—if the extra "S"

in Stephenson Smith's monicker

stands for Sam.

\* \* \*

... and another whack at Stevie

... we unerstan that he has

publicly admitted for the first

time, that he has been fogging

around in the dark...

Now don't

take us wrong...

it merely seems

that a gnat socked him in the eye

(the lil' meanie) while he was

driving to Portland t'other day...

and the old peeper doesn't work

so good nowadays.

\* \* \*



Oh! these nassy old freshmen!

... If taint one thing it's another

first the walk-out...

and now the brutes daub the Senior

Bench (yeah! We senior do it!)

with green paint...

and thereby hangs a tail.

Last night, Bob Allen...

unexpectedly penetrating his permanent daze...

realized for the first

time that he now had a legitimate

right to park on the revered bench

... so he arose suddenly...

letting the Gamma Phi slide from

his lap...

and mashed daddy

to perform the dirty deed.

Arriving...

he strode debonairly

up...

visioning the culmination

of a long-held dream...

slyly planted himself on the bench...

arose suddenly in consternation...

poor child, he has to be cleaned

up now...

pardon us...

has to have his cords cleaned...

green paint clings so affectionately.

\* \* \*

Yeah! We had a Rally!...

and a Rally dance...

(Yass! we can really dance)

... or if you don't like that...

there was rally a lotta noise...

some cars will back-fir...

and some won't...

ours wouldn't...

nobody could find

the team...

nice deception on

their part...

musta been another

trick play.

\* \* \*

The other night we were initiat-

ed into the deep dark mysteries

of Cream de Menthe, and its com-

plementary mixtures.

We were well

on the road to a slick pun

about cream from de menthed

cows, but the idea fizzled.

\* \* \*

Take a look at the pronoun that

began that last sentence. That's

what the French editor termed the "Editorial oui."

\* \* \*

RHODES SCHOLAR ACTED

AS PARK TOURIST PILOT

(Continued from Page One)

"and as I expect to enter the dip-

lomatic service it would be great

to go there, although I don't en-

tertain too many hopes of mak-

ing it."

Frank reads "all the time" and

especially likes American fiction.

In sports he prefers football, al-

though he is only a "little guy."

At Springfield he played on the

first string.

Frank is an enthusiast for

mountain climbing. If he has any

hobby at all, he claims, that's it.

His love for the outdoors led him

to accept the summer job in Gla-

cier park.

"Once during that summer," he

said, "everyone was excited over

a rumor that Mr. Hoover" was

coming for a visit. When the

long awaited "Mr. Hoover" did ar-

rive he disappointed us all by turn-

ing out to be not President Hoover</