

Oregon Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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Oregon Northwest Champion

THEY'RE singing the praises of Dr. Clarence W. Spears and his fighting band of Webfoots with renewed fervor over the state following Saturday's Homecoming clash, when the Oregon eleven held a more potentially powerful Oregon State team to a 0-0 tie on Hayward field.

Says L. H. Gregory, sports editor of the Oregonian: "What Oregon has done this season is certainly a triumph of coaching. Who expected Doc Spears to get that far with a lineup which included seven sophomores or men in their first varsity season? ... Oregon wins the Northwest championship for 1931, regardless of what befalls the Webfoots in their remaining two games of a very hard schedule."

Of the Webfoot-Beaver game, the Eugene Register-Guard comments editorially: "It was a magnificent contest between two fine rivals. Oregon can be proud of the team that has fought its way to the top through a heart-breaking schedule. It isn't powered for championship, but it has those qualities of spirit and intelligence which make a team great against odds."

Oregon, an untried sophomore squad, holds the mythical Northwest crown. If the Webfoots bowl over the Uclians, Oregon will be in a tie with Stanford for second place in the coast conference. Let's go, Doc. Let's go, Webfoots.

Needed -- A Break

"LET'S give the band a break" is the plea of one of John Stehn's 72 pep dispensers who missed out on grandstand seats at the game Saturday, got caught in the sudden storm in the first half, and saw the rest of the game from a step in the muddy aisles. Our correspondent's lament brought no little investigation on our part, for the Oregon band ranks high in our estimation and we are interested in its welfare.

For the lack of grandstand seats the bandsmen have their fellow students to blame. The graduate manager's office set aside, as usual, an ample number of seats in one corner of the co-ed section. Ushers and rally committee workers, limited in number, held the seats for the band for some time, but were unable to stem the tide of co-ed rooters when they started a concerted rush for the reserved section. Men rooters had usurped part of the co-ed section, and the girls saw nothing else to do but make a dash for the vacant seats.

Perhaps there were fewer seats saved for students at Saturday's game, although the section looked to be the same size as usual. However, some students stood in the aisles and others in the rear of the grandstand. The seats on the track might as well have never been there for as vantage points from which to see a football game they offered nothing.

Yes, the band did take a beating and we hope Saturday's experience will never be repeated. Men who devote their time to building up the remarkably fine organization Oregon has should not be subjected to such neglect by their fellow students.

WITH OTHER EDITORS

CRUSADING COLLEGIANS

What would happen if the editors of The Emerald at the University of Oregon, or The Barometer at Oregon State college, were to demand an investigation of professionalism in college football, threaten to expose it?

That very thing seems to be happening in the East. Reed Harris, editor of The Columbia Spectator, has denounced professionalism, offered to testify against it. He has not been lynched!

Strange as it may seem, he has had tenders of support from the editors of The Cornell Sun, The Daily Pennsylvanian, The Daily Princetonian, The Yale News. Student opinion in those schools is reported to be badly split.

Is it an omen?
 It isn't so much "professionalism" as it is hypocrisy that degrades prevailing collegiate athletic practice. There isn't anything more wrong in paying a young man to play halfback or hurl the discus than there is in

handing him a fat cash prize for proficiency in debate or writing blank verse—if the athlete is also a bona fide student, trying to earn an education, willing to justify the assumption that a college after all has some scholarly purpose.

The danger in any form of organized hypocrisy is that it always leads to more hypocrisies. In athletics the danger of prevailing practice is that it kills the spirit of the sport.

What would be the effect on next season's football schedules if all schools were to agree honor bright to tell how they are paying various athletes, how much they are paying each one and what he is doing in the way of scholarship to warrant the assumption that he is a student in good faith?

Some people say the college spirit is getting jaded. (We saw no evidence yesterday.) Mightn't it be a good thing for college sportsmanship to get back to the first rule of sportsmanship which is, Tell the Truth?—Eugene Register-Guard.

LEMON PALOOKA

OKAY, SON, YOU JUST HAND THE OLD MAN THAT BOTTLE OF BICARB AND A BUSHEL OF ASPIRIN, AND WE'RE ALL SET.

Here we show a genuwyne erl painting of the celebration on the Oregon campus of that quaint old biblical custom, the feast of the Hangover.

AND SO IT GOES; BACK TO EARTH AGAIN AFTER A BIG WEEK END, AND IS LITTLE IRWIN'S FACE RED?—!!

We found him this morning hiding his head in the glue pot, crying as though his little heart would break. If you remember, he is the one who walked down the track in front of the grandstand Saturday, with Little Morphine Annie clinging on his arm.

"OF COURSE," HE SAYS, REACHING FOR ANOTHER HANDKERCHIEF. "ANNIE AINT NO VENUS DE MILER, BUT THAT WASN'T NO EXCUSE FOR EVERYBODY YELLING 'FIGURE! FIGURE!'"

Some low-lifer slipped this into our stack of papers when we weren't looking, and the printer set it up by mistake, so in order not to waste the type, we will print it:

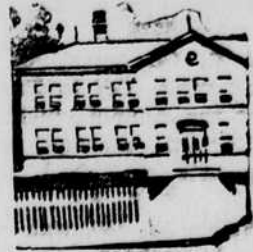
I have a nEW tYpewRiter— and it is my dELight
 i poUfnd U*onN yhe keebor?rD
 iWright, & rTe and wr9te(!?
 he shou'd use yhe tuCh systm.
 (Darn it, now he's got us doing it.)

AND TODAY, EHYL L. COHOL SENDS US HER REPORT ON STILL ANOTHER HOUSE, AND I'LL TROUBLE YOU FOR MY WATCH AND CHAIN, MR. GOLTZENHEIM.

Dear Lemon Palooka:
 This report concerns the Spree house, which, by the way is dislocated on Stealth and Spillyard streets.

I was first struck by the exterior of the house. As a matter of

fact, I struck the house as I failed to make the corner and ended up in my Bantam Austin on the driveway in the front room.



To get back to the front of the house. The crumbling walls are painted a luscious Spaa green. (The idea is not mine. I got it from one of the bros.)

From all I could gather, which was little enough, and amounted to only a few cheap knives and forks and a twenty gallon coffee urn, the members are a shy lot, and scamper quickly to their respective cages whenever a visitor is seen.

But, due to the fact that I entered through the front bay window, and caught them, as it were, by surprise, I learned a little of their habits.

Firstly they were engaged in a strange game not unlike billiards, except for the fact that the balls they used were square, were nicely ornamented with dots, and instead of propelling them with a cue, they were thrown along the playing surface, which was easily distinguished from the regular billiard table in that it had no legs. In fact, it was nothing but a blanket placed on the floor.

The players arrange themselves around the blanket on their knees and one by one, take the balls, shake them with weird incantations, and hurl them against the playing surface with a cheer.

Money is placed at various points on the playing surface and is moved from in front of one player to another, as in checkers.

They invited me to partake after awhile and I joined in their game. I was required to place money in front of me at various times and before long, I realized that my money was all gone.

Ashamed to have been so fleeced I crept out the back door and, tripping over the Alley Oop house that was lying carelessly in their back yard, I stole silently away into the night.

Yours very shrewdly,
 Ethyl L. Cohol.



This is Hank de Rat, son of the famous Cigar-face Al Cornpone. And here are some tidings to gladden your hearts and loosen your middriffs.

Hank de Rat is coming back to school again after an absence of two or three years. We expect to intercept some of his mail home and will publish all that we can get our hands on, so watch for it.

Classified Advertisements

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 10c a line for first insertion;
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LOST

WILL the party who picked up dark brown hat at Soph Informal in error please call E. Wood-in at 2820 and exchange for the right one.

LOST—Movable scale of slide-rule. Made of wood covered with white celluloid. Phone 968-J.

LOST—Between 18th street and Igloo black silk belt with brooch valued as heirloom. Call 550-W or 407.

LOST—Rhinestone earring at Homecoming dance. Phone 1516.

LOST—A small zipper purse near Villard—Phone 2840.

WANTED

TO the first young man or young lady student who brings me eleven men or women students and \$25 per month. Must start with six students. Approved housing. Mrs. O. J. Eldson, 935 Patterson. Phone 1278-W.

WANTED—Tutoring in Russian. Call 1773-R at 6 p. m.

OREGON men for part time work. See W. R. Archer, 995 Alder.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Furnished bungalow on the mill race. Four bedrooms, bath, living room, kitchen. See Mrs. Evans, 995 Alder.

MISCELLANEOUS

SHOES REPAIRED—The finest shoe repairing in Eugene, quality work, and service. All soles stitched, no nails. Campus Shoe Repair, 13th between Alder and Kincaid.

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An Outlet for Campus Steam
 All communications are to be addressed to the editor, Oregon Daily Emerald, and should not exceed 200 words in length. Letters must be signed, but should the writer prefer, only initials will be used. The editor maintains the right to withhold publication should he see fit.

BAND DESERVES BREAK

To the Editor:
 The A. S. U. O. has \$3,000 invested in 75 nifty new band uniforms. These suits are made of good quality cloth, but are not waterproof nor particularly suitable to wear unprotected in showers such as we had Saturday during the Oregon-O. S. C. game.

For some undetermined reason—unless it was for the sake of 75 \$2.50 seats, the band was given ground level benches out in front of the covered stands, and when the rain started, the boys were forced to retreat to the muddy aisles of the grand stand or take a good soaking.
 Each member of the band is re-

quired to turn in his student body ticket at the beginning of the season, so that it is impossible to get a reserved student seat, and after spending nearly four hours marching and playing for "the big game" of the year, he is given a seat in the open behind a bench full of players, from which he is lucky if he can see the players' heads, let alone the ball.

Our band has worked hard this year to make creditable showings. Those snappy new uniforms will look quite bedraggled after a few more times like Saturday. Let's give the band a break—they deserve it.

—A Bandsman.

CAMPUS CALENDAR

Phi Chi Theta will meet at 105 Commerce at 5 o'clock today. Very important. All members please be there.

Varsity Managers' club meeting at 6 o'clock tonight at the Fiji house. All sophomore, junior and senior managers please attend. Signed: Jack Edlefsen.

Tonqued council meeting tonight at 7:45 at the home of Marian Chapman, 768 East Sixteenth.

All women's physical education classes will meet this week, although an announcement has been made to the contrary. Any absences will be counted as a cut.

Nature group will meet tonight at the Delta Zeta house at 9 o'clock. Imperative that all members be there.

Health Week poster contest will be continued until Wednesday

noon. The prize is a two weeks' pass to the theatre, presented by the Fox McDonald.

All Y. M. C. A. workers are urged to turn in their cards at the hut as soon as possible.

Skull and Daggers will meet tonight at the Fiji house at 7:15.

Phi Delta Kappa, men's education honorary club, will hold a meeting at the Green Lantern Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock.

Freshman debate tryouts will be held in Villard hall Thursday evening, December 3.

Frederick S. Dunn, head of the Latin department, will give an illustrated address for members of the Sirians at their second closed meeting tonight at 7:30 in Oregon hall.

Phi Delta Phi will hold important business meeting at College Side tonight at 7 o'clock.

Tau Delta Delta meeting at 7 tonight in the Music building.

Y. W. C. A. Worship group will meet at 9:30 tonight in the recreation room of Susan Campbell.

Y. W. C. A. Upperclass Commission will hold an important meeting at 7 tonight at the bungalow.

Y. W. C. A. Industrial group meeting at 9 o'clock tonight at the Y bungalow.

Leila Anderson, visiting secretary of the Episcopal student organization, will lead the 5 o'clock vesper service today at the Y. W. C. A. bungalow.

Y. W. C. A. Religion group will meet at 8 tonight at the Y bungalow.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

EDITED BY ROY SHEEDY

THE INGENIOUS MRS. WOOLF

"The Waves," by Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

There is nothing new under the literary sun, say certain critics, but the distinguished English novelist, Virginia Woolf, belies their words in her latest bit of experimentation, "The Waves." Except for certain symbolical descriptions given at the beginning of each chapter, this story is told entirely through soliloquy. The plan is original in the artistic form in which it is presented if not in its essence.

The lives of half a dozen persons are described from the period of childhood to the time of death. Each tells his thoughts concerning himself, his friends, and his surroundings. The value of this style of writing lies in its power to create intimacy with the characters, and in this the writer has succeeded. What nearly causes

disaster is that one can hardly imagine a half-dozen normal people thinking even subconsciously in such poetic metaphors as do these persons.

"All Passion Spent," by V. Sackville-West, reviewed in this column last week, in which the latter writer, a close friend of Miss Woolf's, also uses the "stream of consciousness" form of writing but in more normal and intelligible fashion. "The Waves" is interesting as a piece of originality but unless you are fascinated by the workings of the subconscious mind, it is likely that you will prefer something more prosaic.

—R. S.

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