

Oregon Emerald

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Men must be at liberty to say in print whatever they have a mind to say, provided it wrongs no one.
—Charles Anderson Dana, New York Sun

IN WHICH WE EXPRESS THANKS

THE EDITOR of the Emerald takes this opportunity to thank the students of Oregon for their cooperation in making the presidential straw poll the success it was. That the total number voting would exceed any previous figure in campus annals was not expected, but it is a most welcome surprise.

The editor also wishes to thank those faculty members and students whose individual efforts and assistance were given cheerfully in the conducting of the poll. Without their valuable aid, the straw balloting most assuredly would not have been conducted as efficiently as it was.

It is not amiss to mention below those who cooperated so splendidly:
Eric W. Allen, dean of the school of journalism.
Robert C. Hall, superintendent of the University press.

- Ronald H. Robnett, assistant graduate manager.
- Orville Bailey
- Bob Hall
- Bill Bowerman
- Hal Short
- Johnny Marrs
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- Brian Heath
- Julian Prescott
- Neil Bush
- Johnny Yerkovich
- Rolla Reedy

When the various groups and departments can work together as well as they did yesterday it speaks volumes for the success of future student enterprises. The assistance given the Emerald by the persons mentioned herein, and also by the student-body in general, was gratifying to every member of the staff.

IOWA DEFAULTS

AND NOW comes news that the University of Iowa is defaulting its bond issue of \$630,000, floated to finance a new field house and stadium. The Hawkeyes have been having tough luck every since 1930, when they were ousted from the Big Ten conference charged with athletic recruiting beyond the rules.

Iowa hasn't won a conference game since 1929. In fact, it hasn't even scored on a conference opponent since that time. No wonder it is having trouble in liquidating bonds for a football stadium.

Iowa elevens of the past have had their share of Big Ten honors. There were, for instance, the great unbeaten elevens of 1921 and 1922. Coming down to more recent times, Iowa has been among the topnotchers although not unbeaten.

But Iowa again expects to lead the Big Ten

A Decade Ago

From Sunday Emerald
October 28, 1922

For the Brave and Strong
The Portland division of the art department has almost tripled its number of students — jumping from 11 to 30—inspite of the fact that its classes are held at night and up four flights of stairs in

conference. Under a new coach, the Ossie Solem, who is serving his first year after his success at Drake, the Hawkeyes are re-pointing for a conference victory.

Iowa isn't asking for sympathy. A bondholder's protective committee has been formed to work out some feasible reorganization of the college's finances. They have found in their own efforts the solution of their difficulties.

Football at Oregon usually pays. Last year the season cleared more than twenty-five thousand dollars. As a matter of fact, it pays for the rest of the student program—basketball, swimming, baseball, and track, none of which break even. Besides the Emerald and the Oregon, football is the only major activity that makes its own way.

It is doubtful whether the present season will be as profitable. Although statistics are not available, it is probable that the profits will be much less. Fortunately, we don't have a huge bond issue to be met and amortized.

THE OTHER FELLOW'S SIDE

TWO STUDENTS, cigarettes poking out of the corners of their mouths, were collaborating in the reading of a metropolitan newspaper. A headline caught their eye. Its words they repeated aloud: "Legion commander thanks boy scouts." Openly they scoffed. "Boy Scouts!" they derided. "A fine bunch of goody-goodyies they are."

These shrewd and astute critics then directed their attention to the sports section. A name caught their eye. "Humph! Schissler. There's a big washout. I hope he loses his job this year."

Further remarks of the pair were avoided as being unnecessary.

Comment in the order of the above is not typical of Oregon students, for which we may be thankful, but it is indicative of a certain bigoted class. Toleration for what the other fellow does, for what he represents, and for what he wants to do is a quality some of us must learn.

When one thinks of it, the idea of a couple of callow young fellows scoffing at an organization that has done more for boys than virtually any other on the face of the earth is little short of ridiculous. The Legion commander whom they referred to was carrying the Stars and Stripes over seas when they were in knee pants, so, there again, do their remarks lose what little strength they might have possessed.

To those who know Mr. Schissler the thought of someone deliberately expressing the wish that he lose his job does not sit well. He has a family; he has obligations. The young men who hoped for his downfall showed neither sympathy nor intelligence in their discussion.

Remember the other fellow. There's always his side to every question. Think it all over before you express yourself. Lincoln said: "The man who will not investigate both sides of a question is dishonest."

JOURNEY'S END

DISEASED in body and sick of mind, Dr. Simon Strusse Baker, one-time president of Washington and Jefferson college, ousted because of student disagreements, went upon Quail hill in the center of his old campus, gun in hand, one night a short time ago, and never came back.

His health was charged when the suicide was investigated, but back of that superficial excuse, there lies as pathetic a history as ever was unraveled on the annals of American education.

Dr. Baker was forced to resign the presidency in 1931 because of student agitation against the strictness with which he dealt with the athletic side of school life and his attempts to raise the dress standard by forbidding corduroy trousers, and the like. He was an educator of the old school. He knew but little of the modern methods of educational training. To him the students were individuals who were enrolled to learn. A strong, stubborn, resolute character, he went down to defeat at the hands of the moderns he knew not how to handle.

He resigned from the presidency with these pathetic words from the lips of an old man . . . broken: "I have tried to win their friendship, but I have been unsuccessful. Sometimes I think the fault is mine. . . . I hope my resignation will benefit the college."

And a year later an old man walked once again on the slopes of Quail hill. . . . He had been sacrificed on the altar of modernity . . . long years of trying, only trying . . . and then a bullet in the head and a sodden corpse by the side of the ditch on Quail hill.

CLASS DESPOTISM

WITH THE school year well under way, class appointments are already being handed out and class projects begun. The spoils system, a seemingly inevitable consequence of political line-ups, is functioning as usual. But undesirable as this system is, it could be greatly abbreviated if the class presidents considered their fellow officers as a cabinet, with which they could consult when major appointments were to be made.

Instead, the president assumes the entire responsibility in most cases and the vice-president, secretary, and treasurer sit by with folded hands.

This matter of choosing competent people for executive positions is a difficult one, as any class proxy will readily admit. Wouldn't it be a welcome boon to him to have advice from his fellow officers on appointments to be made? Not only would it give the other officers something to do, but it would tap a much larger portion of the student-body for good material. Four students and their friends and acquaintances would form a considerably larger quorum than the president alone and his friends.

Provision for such cabinet meetings should be made a part of class by-laws, or at least a hard and fast traditional rule, that presidents would be obliged to obey.

the Labbe building which borders Chinatown.

The old press box at Hayward field has been torn out and a new one built on top of the grand stand, where nothing can obstruct the view, and equipped with a telephone. The old one was below the president's box.

Be Independent!
All girls not living in organized houses of residence are invited to the Oregon club party at the Bun-

Excess Baggage

By KEN FERGUSON



CAMPUS CARAVAN

By DAVE WILSON

WELL, well, tonight comes what we've been anticipating for more than a month, that grand and glorious institution known as "Open House." We'll call it "O. H." for short, and of course that's open to obvious misinterpretation.

Promptly at 7 every man's tong will swing into action along the sorority front, shaking hands with blurred faces that wind out of living rooms through dining rooms into kitchens. Taps will sound at 12:15. Send no flowers.

"Why, of course every student will participate."
But you'd betted get to the theatres for the first show if you want to avoid the rush. Taylor's, College Side, Cottage, Toastwich and Green Parrot managers report that extra helpers will be ready to handle the rush of business during the evening. A few people are expected to resort to the library for sanctuary from the merry-go-round.

May we offer a few suggestions to first year men who are innocent enough to look forward to O. H. with pleasant anticipation?

How To Be Happy at Open House
(1) Before starting, fill a knapsack with spirits of ammonia, corn plasters, adhesive tape, cotton wads, mercurochrome, a carton of cigarettes and a shoe-shining kit. Strap the knapsack firmly across the back.

(2) Always be at the rear of the entering line. If you're lucky

the reception line will break up before you get to it.
(3) If you must go down the line, pronounce your name to the housemother slowly and distinctly. If you've got a name that can easily be transposed to an embarrassing sound, call yourself "Mr. Jones," or, better still, "Mr. Zilch." For instance, if your name is Hitchcock or . . . well, maybe we'd better not give any examples. Just use discretion.

(4) To really enjoy the evening, pick out the first alluring stranger you see amongst the co-eds and spend the rest of the evening getting acquainted with her. This is an age of specialization. A girl on hand is worth six in the next house.

(5) Better still . . . stay home.

It's really not fair to stage O. H. the night before the visiting Dad's arrive. Just try to convince dad that that morning-after daze is the result of anything legitimate.

News drifts in from various colleges about the sins of scalawags who pose as fraternity brothers from another chapter and then walk off with everything portable, from cash to clothes, without leaving forwarding addresses.

We hope that some of these criminals call on the local tongs. They'd be stripped of everything they owned or had acquired before they'd been in the house an hour.

The first "choker" collar came in with the consulate and was worn with a tie that resembles a diploma. These choker collars would be practical for any man with an emotional temperament because he would be forced to control himself. When the Little Corporal was at the height of his glory, a white collar and tie were

A tie is a soft, narrow strip of wool or silk cut on the bias and knotted at the throat. That is my definition. Webster's is a little better, but I never realized how difficult such a description would be until I delved back into the history of the tie . . . and it's a lurid history, to be sure.

The family tree of the necktie can be traced back to the Elizabethan era. Now the tie's distant progenitor bears about as much relationship to the modern variety as a gorilla bears to some of our athletic friends, as it was a wide ruff, starched and fluted. The ruff's immediate descendant was the jabot of Louis Fourteenth.

Picture a dashing gallant with long curls, a blue ribbon tied in a serene bow under his stern chin, a ruffle of lace cascading over his manly bosom.

During the days of Louis the Fifteenth, the lace cravat reached the height of its magnificence. Under the regime of the sixteenth Louis the cravat was knotted in a soft flowing bow, the ends lace bordered. The pleated jabot came into being during the last days of this same Louis.

The first influence of the French

Callison, with his steady head and sure passing, is a big asset at center, and his two years of experience will help bolster the teams in the coming battle with the Vandals.

A ceremony adopting alumni of colleges of other states into the Oregon fold will take place between halves of the Homecoming Oregon-W. S. C. football game on Hayward field.

The first influence of the French

It appears he became infatuated with a Portland barmaid while attending R. O. T. C. camp this summer. Did pretty well, too. Thought he might learn the trade.

Somebody wants to know who's getting the best end of the present Parker Favier-Mary Lou Patrick bout. So would we.

A guy we know
Is Denzil Page
He never tries
To act his age.

The boys up at the Chi Psi lodge are all giving Jim Wells a great deal of sympathy on his wisdom tooth. Wells doesn't like it. Howls a lot. Says if his grades don't show a lot more wisdom he'll send it back.

The latest Gilbert Parker story: It appears little Mandolin and the inimitable Brooke were seen walking down the railroad between Westfir and Oakridge about a week ago. Wouldn't say which way they were going, either.

We hear Grant Thummel, the SPT "rollercoaster man" has had his summer suit dyed brown. A seasonal change, we suppose.

Washington Bystander

By KIRKE SIMPSON
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 27—(AP)—It sounds a bit premature to talk about presidential nomination possibilities of 1936 before the 1932 election is held.

There are elements about the current campaign, however, that project that question into the picture.

Take the Republican 1932 ticket of Hoover and Curtis, for example.

Should Mr. Hoover be returned to the White House, the anti-third term bogey would tend to eliminate him even if he desired to carry on.

If defeated this year, it would be against precedent generally should he run again, although his age in 1936—62—would not bar him and although the rule had an exception in the case of Grover Cleveland.

So far as Vice President Curtis is concerned, his years weigh against him. He will be 76 in 1936—a consideration that might have serious weight should his candidacy be proposed at that time.

Future activities of both Governor Roosevelt and Speaker Garner

nor Roosevelt and Speaker Garner

nor Roosevelt and Speaker Garner

Moonbeams

By PARKS (TOMMY) HITCHCOCK

WELL, we see where the senior class treasurer, (Mr. Stryker to you and you and you) was seen over at Sue the other eve doing a little peaching on the same old ground. What Ho!

Some observant soul was passing by the large plate glass windows of Montgomery Ward and Co. the other day when they spotted Ed Lesch gazing intently at a dignified suit of long woolen under wear. Seemed pretty interested, too. Which reminds us, it is getting cold.

A friend of ours informs us that Bill Morgan was seen cutting capers on that same ferry up at Astoria upon which the redoubtable Stan Brooke and the famous Robber Miller worked this summer. Popular rowboat.

A mug we know
Is Sterling Boyd
He's always seen
But never hoed.

Which reminds us of the summer exploits of Teddy Bear Robb.

SO MUCH can be gained from these undergraduate years. Campus leadership. Classroom scholarship. Lifelong friendships. Energy and health are important assets for the man who would get the most from these years.

Too often constipation is permitted to sap health and undermine vitality. It can become a serious handicap.

A delicious cereal will overcome this condition. Two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN will promote regular habits. ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk," vitamin B and iron. Ask that it be served at your fraternity house or campus restaurant.

The most popular ready-to-eat cereals served in the dining-rooms of American colleges, eating clubs and fraternities are made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. They include Kellogg's Corn Flakes, PEP Bran Flakes, Rice Krispies, Wheat Krumbles, and Kellogg's WHOLE WHEAT Biscuit. Also Kaffee Hag Coffee—real coffee that lets you sleep.

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