

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

PLAY IT FAIR, PLAY IT SQUARE

FOR WHEN the one great scorer comes to write against your name, he writes not that you won or lost, but how you played the game. That motto hung above the desk of William Wrigley, Jr., until he died last spring. Great leaders of industry saw it when they came before Mr. Wrigley to discuss dollars and factories and politics. Rogers Hornsby, premier batsman, looked at it when he sat in the big chair in front of Mr. Wrigley's desk and talked of baseball players and home-runs and winning pitchers.

Through numerous successful seasons it was the motto of the Chicago Cubs, one of the nation's leading baseball clubs. The ideals it expresses have been the ideals of some of the greatest athletic teams produced in America. They were the ideals of Ralph Hill at the Olympic games, of Bobby Jones in his great golf conquests, of the late great Christy Mathewson, of U. S. C. at Notre Dame last autumn, of the late Knute Rockne, of virtually every notable athlete this country has produced in the last 30 years.

And they should be the ideals of two football teams that struggle on a field 40 miles from here Saturday afternoon. Victory at any price is not victory worth fighting for, and the young men of Oregon and Oregon State college should realize that before they face the kickoff.

As the hours diminish between the present and the time when the old football rivals will square off Saturday, there is heard an ever-increasing undercurrent of evil murmurs.

You hear on one hand: "Yeh, Oregon's going to win. Callison is going to run the first few plays over Davis, and by the time Oregon gets through piling on that baby, he'll be in no shape to kick any 60-yard punts."

And you listen and you hear more: "I've got an inside tip. Oregon State can't lose. Mikulak won't last 10 minutes. Schissler has his men all ready to snap that fellow's sore knee like a toothpick."

Nice topics those, with their hint of crippling stalwart boys, possibly for life. Young men of Oregon, you don't want to win Saturday if Keith Davis, or Hal Moe, or Curly Miller, or Johnny Biancone have to be carried from that field on a stretcher to enable you to fulfill your desires.

Young men of Oregon State, victory can't mean so much to you that you will not hesitate to attain it at the expense of an injury to Bill Morgan, or Mike Mikulak, or Red Bailey, or Bunch Morse, or Stan Kostka.

What is going to take place Saturday is only a football game. It is not worth even thinking about the possible chances of getting a rival player out of the game by deliberately crippling him. When an Oregon or Oregon State man sees an adversary carried out, his reaction should be: "Too bad. This is his last big game. I'd like to see him finish it."

Sportsmanship is a wonderful thing. It is what endures when football and baseball and every other contest is ended. Men whose stiff legs never again will carry them through a crowded gridiron have

taken away from the game something no one can take away from them—sportsmanship and the will to fight fair and square.

So remember that, young men of Oregon and Oregon State. Victory to either side would be sweet as milk and honey Saturday, but victory at any price would be as tart as lime. Play a football game, both of you, and the team that plays it better will win.

A man's safety is worth more than every football game in the world. Because of that, all credit and praise to Howard Jones of Southern California for withholding Orville Mohler from further action, when that action might have meant the national title to Jones and U. S. C., but possibly death and injury to Mohler.

If there is a player on the other team whom you must drub, put on the gloves with him and do it in the gymnasium. Don't make a piled-up scrimmage, with the officials' backs turned, your secret boxing ring.

LO! THE POOR CO-ED! THE CO-EDS of Ohio State university have been insulted. Oh! How they have been insulted. All other insults are as the hill to the Matterhorn beside it. It is the grandfather of all insults, the acme of all insults since time immemorial, since Adam was roving about the Garden of Eden, since Hector was a pup—and even before then.

For the co-eds of Ohio State university have been compared unfavorably to a cow. We have never seen the cow. It may be the most beautiful and magnificent cow in all the world, the most exquisite bovine this side of salvation, but still we say the co-eds of Ohio State have been insulted.

A contest was held on their campus to select the "loveliest girl" at Ohio State. And thereby hangs a tale. Some of the young swains of Ohio State had an idea, they manipulated the balloting in various dexterous manners, and—lo! and behold!—there was elected the "loveliest girl" in Ohio State one Madine Ormsby.

Madine Ormsby happens to be a prize cow. We sympathize with the co-eds of Ohio State.

WHEN LINCOLN SAID IT

... that this government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

AND THE multitudes of delegates, alternates, and spectators at the nominating convention of "The Phantom President" rose to their feet as one, cheering till the great auditorium vibrated. No doubt it aroused the same reaction at Chicago last summer, at San Francisco, New York, St. Louis, Houston, and the many other convention cities in former years.

That expression obtained immortality when Abraham Lincoln first gave it voice some three score and nine years ago on the battlefield at Gettysburg. Now it is becoming hackneyed. Every political spellbinder thinks its use gives him a common tie with its originator. Every political gathering takes it as a cue for "rah-rah boy" demonstrations.

It remained for George M. Cohan, in his production of "The Phantom President," to show how inane its use has become. Cohan's convention was a cross between a musical comedy and a medicine show. In fact, the nominee was a medicine man, chosen for his ability to get votes.

Cohan used tactics not unlike those employed in the nominating conventions of the past few campaigns. However, he went the political leaders one better by carrying the stunts to their ultimate. He made finished products of them. They were masterpieces of musical comedy chorus work.

And the queer part of it is: When Lincoln closed his great address the crowd did not cheer, it did not applaud, it did not even whisper. It stood silent in reverence. It was spellbound.

MID-TERM REVERIE

MID-TERMS and their good and bad results are just about over. On the returns of these exams hinges the studying freedom of many undergraduates this year. Because of smaller freshman classes, several women's houses have abolished study table and taken their pledges to the library or supervised study in their rooms. However, this freedom is threatened by mid-term grades. If they are good, the privileges continue. If they are low, study table and all its evils will return in full force.

The advantages of the former system are obvious. Ready access to the library during evening study periods and complete freedom to study what you will when you want to and for as long or as short a time as necessary are but a few.

It seems a pity that over-social freshmen have to violate these privileges by going out on sneak dates and sluffing their daily assignments. College students should have reached a stage of maturity where they would get their work without being driven to it by task-masters.

BEEFSTEAKS AND POLITICS

IN A WESTERN city an anti-vivisectionist organization recently convened at a beefsteak dinner, and over the remains of what once had been a perfectly-healthy steer, the kind-hearted people discussed ways and means to prevent dumb animals from being subjected to pain and torture.

This is not a jolly scene, it will be granted, but it is one equally as incongruous and paradoxical as many that confront us today. Human beings seldom take into consideration the logicalness of what they do. Pacifists ardently seek out war pictures and enjoy them; Republicans hang pictures of Democrats on their walls, and vice versa.

What a funny world, indeed, this would be if people were logical and reasoned everything they did. Why, where would politics be? And what would we say when a young fellow got \$250,000 for carrying around a pair of boxing gloves with which to buffet another young fellow for an hour. One could go on forever. It's a funny old world.

Another Press Conference

A convention of Willamette valley editors from all towns between Albany and Roseburg will meet here Friday, November 15.

Miss Lillian Tingle, superintendent of the domestic science department of all Portland schools will speak at the assembly hour November 6.

Everybody Vote! Tuesday will be a holiday. The Emerald will appear about noon election day to give the staff a half holiday.

She Was Incognito!

By KEN FERGUSON



CAMPUS CARAVAN

By DAVE WILSON

HAVE you noticed the sudden demise of Ballyhoo, Bunk, Hoey and the other family journals which thronged our newsstands last winter and spring? Apparently their hold on the public was about as frail as the ladies pictured between their covers.

In the funeral procession of the above publications some interesting rumors that they were produced for a nefarious purpose other than making money. One such idle tale is that these bright stars in the tabloid firmament were supposed to have put such magazines as "Life" out of business. "Life" goes merrily on, but if the "Police Gazette" ceased publication several months back. Evidently the new journals of visual education dragged their admirers from the wrong gallery.

On second thought, though, not-so-naughtily "Judge" went into receivership and changed owners at the height of the Ballyhoo-boom. And we'd hate to think that "Judge" was a spiritual companion of the "Police Gazette."

Well, Ballyhoo, Bunk and Hoey may have disappeared from the magazine stand, but when Congress meets again in December their circulation rises to new heights.

In a recent Emerald headline the first deck announced the winning of a high degree in mathematics

The Safety Valve

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.

Those Naughty Freshmen

To the Editor: Each year some outraged and humiliated freshman raises a protest against the method of traditions enforcement on the campus. Changes have occurred in the system but still the offending parties object most vociferously. The Order of the "O" was accused of being an inhuman group of dumb athletes when it was enforcing traditions. The present accusers state that the members of the Senior traditions enforcement committee belong in high school and so it goes: each year bringing some new lamentation on the part of the freshmen who find themselves haled up before this august body.

Traditions form an integral part of the University and in later years they are recalled with a feeling of reverence and respect. How is it that eastern colleges have such a hold on their alumni? Why is it that where ever graduates of these schools congregate the Alma Mater is spoken of in hushed tones? The answer is simple. These schools are so steeped in tradition that the individual attending one of them finds himself closely bound to the institution throughout his entire lifetime. Anyone who has strolled through old Harvard Yard can appreciate and understand the hold that institution has upon its graduates. The whole basis of this reverential feeling is tradition and that

been accepted, to send an engraved invitation. These invitations should always be answered, even though the words "please answer" do not appear at the bottom of the card. In fact, invitations should always be answered unless they are for a group affair such as a tea, when plans have been made for taking care of an indefinite number.

At dances every member of an organization should make it a point to speak to the patrons and patronesses. Dances with chaperons should be claimed promptly. One of the prize stories of discourtesy is related by a faculty member who has acted as patroness for a number of affairs. Upon entering, she asked where her husband could hang his coat. "I don't know," was the reply. "I'm not on the committee."

In entertaining sorority houses at dinner this year, some of the fraternity houses are making it a practice for an upperclassman to call for the house-mother and to take her in to dinner. This is a consideration which is greatly appreciated not only by the house-mother but by the sorority.

After having had dinner at a women's living organization, every guest should make it a point to bid the house-mother goodbye. It pays. It would also be clever for men to make their adieu before being requested to do so.

But if none of you Joe-College Darlings need any of these words of wisdom, here is just one small bit of chivalry which you might indulge in: Don't come up and hit a girl on the back, kick her shoes, tweak her nose, or pinch her chin. Speaking from the feminine standpoint: we hate such familiarity. Leave us at least a vestige of dignity!

Moonbeams

By PARKS (TOMMY) HITCHCOCK

WELL, well. So they painted the "O" again. The frosh had better go on guard from now on. The old "O" looked pretty neat in that new tone of rouge. We still like the yellow better, though.

Well, we hear a couple of prominent Thetas are helping Willie Johnston and Bart Siegfried (The

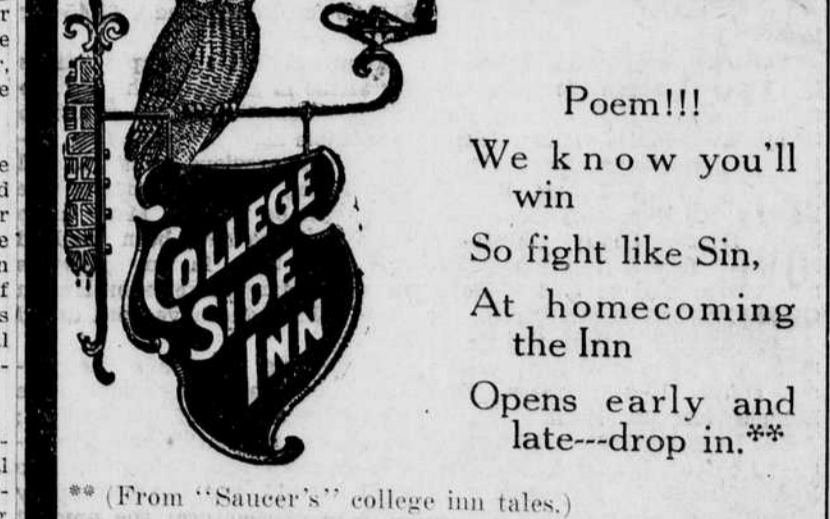
If You Study --- Elementary or Psychology or Money and Banking

Here's Great News! Each day a complete summary of the current assignment will be placed alongside of the menu. Two prospective Phi Betes (highest students in each course) will daily summarize the assignment—Dashiell, Johnson, or what have you. Come down and inhale your lessons with your coffee. Less work—better grades. Dr. Conklin and Dean Gilbert Are Invited Too! (If they've failed to prepare their lectures)

THE TOASTWICH

Next to Colonial Theatre

Back TO FIGHT FOR OREGON



Poem!!! We know you'll win So fight like Sin, At homecoming the Inn Opens early and late--drop in.**

(From "Saucer's" college inn tales.)

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Two Decades Ago

From Oregon Emerald November 2, 1912

"Green Cap" Lld Off November 18 is the date set for the first appearance of a typewritten weekly journal, "The Weekly Green Cap," published for, and presumably by freshmen.

Women get the best grades in Professor Gilbert's class in principles of economics.

Victory for Oregon over Idaho came by the narrowest of margins—3 to 0.

Neighbor Awakes With the closing of the first month of school, the faculty ban on social affairs at the University of Washington has been raised.

With Flynn punting for Yale and Felton for Harvard, it will probably be the first time in the history of college football that two left-footed kickers have opposed each other.