

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

WASHINGTON CO-OP ON THE SPOT

A STUDENT committee, backed by the Washington Daily and officers of the A. S. U. W., is conducting an investigation of the Washington co-op store. The student committee charges that students have had to pay unfair and irregular prices on books and other merchandise. During the investigation the co-ops of other institutions will be studied as well as the office management of the local store.

If Washington wishes to know how the business is carried on successfully at other colleges, we would suggest a study of the Oregon co-op system. Here we receive our textbooks practically at cost, yet the store is able to return a handsome profit on its other merchandise. This in spite of the competition of surrounding businesses. Prices charged for books are practically always the same as the publisher's wholesale list price.

Every student at Oregon is part of the University co-op. He takes a direct part in the election of the board of directors and an indirect part in the formation of their policies. If any student is dissatisfied with the way the store is being run, he is perfectly privileged to bring his allegations and evidence before the annual meeting.

We congratulate the Washington student body on their courage in facing a crucial situation. While we don't believe that in most cases such drastic action is necessary, student government is always justified in carrying on any investigation that it deems necessary.

Generally satisfactory adjustments can be made without the necessity of involving the whole college in scandal. Occasionally the real situation is misunderstood by the campus. The Washington store may charge its prices because of the necessity of meeting overhead and other expenditures. The exact nature of the charges have not been made public.

When actual injustice is done, however, we are glad to see that student government can air its own linen. Sometimes strong political factions are able to dictate policies over a long period of time. When these policies become corrupt or inefficient, it is the prerogative of the students not only to demand an investigation, but dismissal of the offenders. We await with interest publication of the investigating committee's report.

INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL! WHAT?

AT Stanford, generally recognized as one of the nation's notable universities, they are conducting an intramural football program and having a bully time doing so. The young undergraduates are so enthusiastic in the contesting of these encounters that the excitement and color rival that of varsity games. There are numerous other colleges in the country besides Stanford busily engaged in staging intramural football games, but the Palo Alto school is a prime example, both because it is so relatively close to Oregon and because its program is so wide in its scope.

Every male student at Stanford has an opportunity to play football. Those able to make neither the varsity nor govt squads can participate in intramural competition. Freshmen can try out for the freshman team; if they can't climb the grade there, it is their prerogative to change to the intramural league.

Intramural football here at Oregon would be a welcome innovation. The reasons are obvious. You can't operate a successful football club if you permit only those who shoot below 75 to play. Neither can football be a complete success if only the top-notchers can compete. Intramural football here, not between houses and halls, necessarily, but between the classes, would attract at least five times as many as now take part in varsity football. Certainly it would be of immeasurable value to

the football coaches. Right now on the varsity bench there are boys figuratively eating their hearts out because they don't play. Wouldn't it help both them and the coach if they could get into an intramural game once or twice a week? What coach wouldn't welcome a system that would enable him to watch virtually every athletically-inclined boy in school show his stuff on the football field? He would be certain to note more than one varsity prospect in action.

The vicarious pleasure obtained watching a football spectacle from the stands has its value, but to the boys who love the game itself, nothing ever will replace the thrill and zest of actual competition. We realize that the adoption of an intramural football program would encounter considerable difficulties, not the least of which would be finances, but it is worthwhile thinking over carefully.

Should regulation football be thought too rough and bruising for intramural requirements, there always is the possibility of "touchball." It does not need the elaborate protective equipment necessary for regulation football, yet it is a game of action and skill.

'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

WE look with sympathy and toleration upon the young man who thinks his toy train is the Overland limited. In the same manner we regard the little girl who plays with dolls. The identical applies to our attitude towards the children who sit up Christmas eve waiting for Santa Claus.

These things being considered, we must arrive at the conclusion that the senior class looked at Tuesday night's freshman walkout as its component members would have done had the freshmen suddenly decided to hang their stockings by the fireplace and wait up all night for Chris Kringle.

The attitude of the seniors towards the walkout was encouraging. If next year's upper-classmen are as sagacious, freshman walkouts, which have about as much place in the life of an educational institution as a cross-country running expert in the athletic system of a state penitentiary, will be extinct.

The freshmen don't hang up their stockings any more on Christmas eve, but their method of procedure the night of their yearly walkout is deplorably similar. They go about mysteriously on tiptoes. They whisper: "We'll sneak out and nobody'll know anything about it."

Fifteen years ago those same freshmen said: "We'll sit up tonight, and nobody except Santa'll know anything about it." And the big seniors growl: "Let the kids have their fun. They think we don't know anything about it. But we'll show 'em. We'll just pay no attention and let it go at that."

Fifteen years from now those same seniors will say: "Let the children have their fun. They think we don't know anything about it. But we'll show 'em. We'll just pay no attention, and then pretend we're Santa Claus ourselves after they fall asleep." The seniors played the part of adults Tuesday night. The freshmen, trying to believe they were putting over something which they knew they weren't, were little children waiting for Santa Claus.

And you don't believe in Santa, do you, boys and girls?

A SUGGESTION ABOUT BOOKS

WITH another Book Week at hand, we naturally turn our thought to the library and its contents. Most of us turn for guidance in reading to the librarians. However, we must remember that there are members of the faculty who, although they are especially interested in their own particular field, are yet so widely read that they are inspiring and intelligent guides to students interested in reading worthwhile books.

Some of us are apt to think only of the librarians when thinking of books. It is gratifying to know that many of our professors are not only interested in assignments in their own special fields but have also taken upon themselves to be what Emerson called "Professors of Books."

A student who competed in the recent freshman reading contest paid especial tribute to one professor who from time to time mentioned books, which although they were not connected closely with the course, opened up to the freshman vistas of knowledge which might otherwise have been closed to him. We wonder if all the professors realize the great opportunities which they sometimes neglect because they are too interested in the day-to-day assignments of their classes.

MASS MUSIC PRODUCTION

EVERY Tuesday and Thursday at 9 o'clock more than two hundred students brave the long walk and the inclemency of the weather to assemble at the music building in search of cultural inspiration. Under the direction of Dean Landsbury the two hundred aspirants listen to phonograph records, organ, piano, and so forth, in an effort to note some of the things introduced in the lectures.

The name of the course is Listening Lessons. It may sound easy, and would be, if the chief requirement were only wide-open ears and an ability to sit in one position for fifty minutes. This is far from the truth. Regular examinations are given and much outside research is required.

The course is really a serious attempt to give musical background to students who have had no training at all. The appreciation of classic music in opposition to popular music is stressed. The mechanical and technical aspects of music are illustrated and explained.

There has been noted in American universities a decided lack of interest in cultural and political subjects. Students of other countries are usually leaders in appreciation of the arts and in debating political questions of the day.

It is only necessary to enter any fraternity house around dinner time to learn the musical preferences of the average Oregon student. Music of the "hotcha" type is prevalent with little or no emphasis placed on the higher forms. We do not deny this nor attempt to explain it, we merely state it as a fact.

An attempt to instill musical appreciation into two hundred people is an ambitious project, if not necessarily a successful one. It is deserving of commendation, and a great deal of sympathy for the problems facing the instructor. If the course is able to convert even ten per cent of the class, we would say that it has been more than successful. We will be rather curious to see the graduated products' reaction in the years to come. When at home alone, will he turn his radio to a symphony orchestra or still tune in on jazz?

Done Your Part?

By KEN FERGUSON

EVEN IF YOU NEVER USE THE YMCA BUILDING, DO YOU KNOW THE "Y" BRINGS WORLD FAMOUS MEN TO THE CAMPUS PROMOTES FIRESIDE FORUMS, AIDES THE NATIONAL COUNCIL, BESIDES IT—



CAMPUS CARAVAN

By DAVE WILSON

THE big trouble with freshman "walk-outs" is that the brats always come back.

Two graduates of Scottish universities have applied for fellowships at the University of Oregon. Now how in the world did the news about the Oregon men's reaction to the Y. M. C. A. finance campaign reach Edinburgh so soon?

Personality portrait—Cecil Espey, president of the senior class and director of traditions enforcement, puffing away on his pipe as he watched the Alpha Delta Sigma horseplay from the senior bench.

Which makes me think that Student Body President Bob Hall should imitate Hoover and appoint a commission to decide just what is the "campus" as far as the no-smoking tradition is concerned.

The women's debate squad is just starting work for the season, but they've got their rebuttals for every debate well in hand. Any woman's answer to any argument is "just because."

If our co-eds really want to get into the spirit of the "Holland-idea" decorations for the Sophomore informal, they'd better offer Dutch-treat on taxi fare and checking charges.

Eugene telephone operators sometimes cut in a calling line just a bit too soon. Echoes such as "—and the big bum wouldn't kick through with the money—number,

ally as logical inheritor of Wilson idealism, logical spokesman for the conceptions of the dead leader. Baker, it is recalled, spoke at Wilson's tomb in April at a memorial service incident to the gathering in Washington of the democratic national committee to lay the party groundwork of the 1932 presidential campaign.

Subsequently, as Mr. Baker's name shifted in and out of the picture in connection with the race for the democratic nomination, there arose a storm of debate over his present day attitude as to American membership in the League of Nations. Mr. Baker never entered personally into that debate. Yet he could have referred all interested persons to that April speech at Wilson's tomb had he so elected.

Mr. Baker then paid tribute to Wilson's "long vision" of a new era in international relationships. That vision "was too profound and ultimate," Baker then said, to be "speedily accomplished."

Which again reminds the By-stander of the odd experience the Cleveland has had down the years since his task as war time secretary of war was put behind him. Not only has he heard himself hailed by the soldiers who commanded the armies as a great secretary, but he has also come to be recognized by his party gener-

Washington Bystander

By KIRKE SIMPSON

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—(AP) Exigencies of the campaign having led President Hoover to California to vote, for the first time there was lacking that Armistice day custom established by a decade of observance—the president's journey to lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

At first, following the interment ceremonies 11 years ago, it was presidential habit to make that visit to Arlington cemetery the occasion for a patriotic address. In later years, however, the public address has been omitted.

Yet Washington rarely lacks for fitting oratorical reminders of the significance of the day, since it is now also established custom of democrats, particularly survivors of the presidential regime of Woodrow Wilson, to pay honor to his memory at his tomb in Washington cathedral on Armistice day. This year Newton D. Baker was selected to deliver the address in that setting.

Does It Pay? It seems to be a favorite pastime of professors in schools of business to try to figure out whether or not it pays to go to college. From their reports, of course, it always pays. The most recent investigator is Prof. James C. Egbert, of the Columbia Uni-

promenade

by carol hurlburt

THAT eminently charming and personable young man, Henri the Stylist, (known to his business acquaintances as Mr. Harris), will give the co-eds "a break" so to speak, this afternoon when he makes his first formal appearance on the campus at the A. W. S. style show.

Mr. Harris young, charming, attractive, I have said, (I do not know whether or not there is a Mrs. Harris), but more than that he knows style from A to izzard; he is considered one of the foremost stylists of the Northwest. By a mere glance he is able to tell just what kind of gowns, what kind of suits, or coats or hats you should wear. And then you can say that fashion is a woman's field!

The fashion show will be held in Alumni hall from 4 to 6, the models parading against the romantic background afforded by the wide marble staircase... yes, Mr. Harris is bringing four models with him. They are the Misses Virginia Mahan, Irma Logan, Corrine Fox, and Mrs. Fox. Both Miss Fox and Miss Logan are former Oregon students. Miss Logan was graduated last year and is a member of Mortar Board.

Mr. Harris will speak on "This Thing Called Fashion" and his mannequins will wear not only campus clothes, afternoon and Sunday tea frocks, formal evening gowns, coats, hats, and accessories, but they will show the dainties and most intimate pieces of lingerie. Mrs. Fox will show mature models which are designed to be of interest to the house-mothers.

If you are interested in the sort of thing which Henri advocates, here is some information which came by special delivery from his office:

"Generally speaking... evening gowns this season follow pretty closely the Mogen Age. The cycle of years swings around tampo di waltz. Most designers are busily

engaged cutting bustles. Every one is slashing yards and yards of Lyons velvet with shears which turn, compass-like to the eightsies. "Victorian furniture is being dusted off, and here and there draperies loop like curtains over long skirts. Trains swish through "drawing rooms" and waists are tiny. Three-quarter length sleeves bare alabaster wrists and on ornate tables alabaster hands extend blanched pals for cigarette ash."

The presentation of this style show is largely due to the influence of Anne Baum, who was president of the A. W. S. last year and is now acting as merchandise adviser at Lipman and Wolfe's. During Miss Baum's last visit here, I suggested that she include a fashion showing for men as well as women, but she couldn't be prevailed upon (or perhaps it was Mr. Harris who couldn't be prevailed upon!) At any rate, I offer my sincerest sympathy to all the beau brummels of my acquaintance.

We Select for Promenade: Austin Shea, because he wears a double-breasted suit with cloth-covered buttons. We also select Richard Lewis Neuberger, because he wears a new sports suit of very rough tweed.

Very good shot—Lawrence Vail, playwright, is lost—or perhaps it's Glogauer, executive, that's lost. Vail can't find his boss, rants around the room, asking brokenly for the mogul. Comes a page, with a placard—"Mr. Glogauer is in No. 9"—more ranting. Comes a page—"Mr. Glogauer is on No. 4"—more ranting. More page—"Mr. Glogauer is on No. 6."—Explosion!

Says Playwright Vail—"Damin it, I can't stand this! I'm going to the men's room, and if Mr. Glogauer comes in, I'll be on No. 3!" Curtain on that scene.

If the scattered crowds that attend rehearsals these days are a fair criterion, people will like the play. They should. New York critics call it "the savagely, laugh- ingest, funniest, and most sarcastic dig at the exposed ribs of Hollywood" they've ever seen. I venture to say they're right. Just now it's very funny—all it needs is a little speeding up to be very savage, indeed.

This is the first play since Hamlet, and coincidentally the cast numbers exactly the same—an even 40. There the similarity ceases. Which reminds me that Eugene O'Neill, in the new "American Spectator," advocates playing Hamlet in masks. Ever since "The Great God Brown America's premier playwright has had a weak spot for masks. He says "it exposes that queer, tangled conflict of the mind and soul of a character."

The Safety Valve

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.

To the Editor: Recently the Emerald carried an editorial concerning the activities of the so-called "Oregon Rally Committee."

At first I was somewhat skeptical, and thought the committee was receiving some undue criticism.

And then I went to the rally dance Wednesday!

After that, I don't think the editor was beyond his rights in condemning this group, because who has ever heard of a rally dance without music? This is the first time since I have been on the campus, and I've been here five years, that I have ever seen such a poor excuse of an impromptu dance.

Several hundred students gathered at the gym to celebrate the overwhelming defeat of the school grab bill, and what did they find there? Nothing but a vacant hall, and the University band puffing and banging and trying to play something that didn't sound too much like a military march.

I have no fault to find with the band, in fact I have been a member of that organization for the past three years. They played as well as could be expected under the circumstances. But in spite of what any rally committee thinks, a military band can not play dance music.

Just who fell down on the job is hard to say. Perhaps it was no one individual's fault, or perhaps there were no funds available to pay for a regular dance band. In spite of all the committee may offer as excuses, there is no real valid reason why they couldn't have had some kind of music there that would have satisfied the aesthetic desires of the student body. There are always plenty of men who will gladly donate their services for such an occasion, and almost anything would have been better than what was had Wednesday.

It seems to me that some of these white rally sweaters should be called in and put in moth balls unless those who are wearing them can show a little more spirit and cooperation with the rest of the student body.

A Band Member.

A Decade Ago

From Daily Emerald November 17, 1922

Not George? A telegram from Howard Godfrey, representative of Sigma Delta Chi at the national convention at Manhattan, Kansas, reports that the Oregon chapter ranks first in three chapters in activities.

"No salesmen in the stands" is the new rule adopted by the executive council Wednesday night.

Publicity Hound! Hammer and Coffin announces the pledging of Francis Linklater, George Godfrey, Snooks Moore, Knut Dignerson.

The first Oregon man to make a touchdown against O. A. C. gets a new \$10.00 Stetson hat from the Wade Brothers store.

Now It's Nameless Hereafter the small structure back of the administration building will be known as Rock hall, Quartz hall, Rock Crusher, and the Dump ran so close in the geologists' voting that it was decided to compromise with Rock hall.

If the Aggie football team is as confident of victory as the Corvallis publications, they have the coming battle over and settled already.

Upstage . . .

By BOB GUILD
 Musings: If the Guild theatre could seat more, more people could laugh their heads off at "Once in a Lifetime," as we did last night—Warren Gram hardly needs any make-up to play the irascible incompetent, Glogauer. He postures too convincingly, waves his hands, shouts broken German.

Very good shot—Lawrence Vail, playwright, is lost—or perhaps it's Glogauer, executive, that's lost. Vail can't find his boss, rants around the room, asking brokenly for the mogul. Comes a page, with a placard—"Mr. Glogauer is in No. 9"—more ranting. Comes a page—"Mr. Glogauer is on No. 4"—more ranting. More page—"Mr. Glogauer is on No. 6."—Explosion!

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Emerald Of the Air

The Emerald-of-the-Air brings you 15 minutes of music, featuring a trio of female voices, a piano soloist, and a saxophone ensemble of popular numbers.

Get the habit! Let's have your ear! Hotcha!

Powers Visits Campus Alfred Powers, of Portland, dean of the extension division, was a visitor on the campus yesterday. Dean Powers supervises all extension classes in all state institutions of higher education. He is also head of all correspondence work.

Graduate Seriously III Edward G. Daniel, '29, underwent an operation for the removal of a tumor November 7, at the Peter Bent Brigham hospital in Boston. Mr. Daniel did graduate work here, and for two years taught at La Grande normal school. Before his recent illness, he was engaged in graduate work at Harvard.

Grille Dance

FRIDAY NIGHT

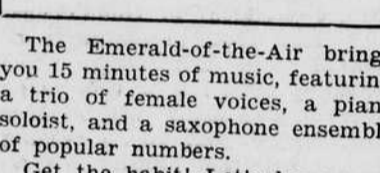
Nov. 18th

Campa Shoppe

(Formerly Coconut Grove)

---New Prices---

40c-10c-80c Couple



ABBIE GREEN

And His Band

Don't Forget

Green Parrot Table Service

in Connection

PHONE

1379 for Reservations