

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

NOW FOR THE SEASON OF 1933

FOR THOSE in authority either to discharge Prink Callison or to tender him a three-year contract would be to let their zeal overbalance their discretion. The happy medium is to re-employ Callison for the 1933 football season. The Emerald advocates such action and urges that it be done immediately.

To extend his tenure to three years, as proposed in a Eugene newspaper yesterday, would be to the best interests of neither Callison nor the University. The Emerald believes it is unwise to tie up an individual or an organization for that length of time. The disadvantages to both have been made apparent here in the past.

In 1930, Captain McEwan literally was forced out of Oregon, the institution being forced to bear the obligations of his contract, which yet had several years to run. Two autumns later, the volition Dr. Spears left the University of his own volition, and considerable discussion subsequently arose over the terms of his contract.

Even though his team had not enjoyed the success it attained, winning half its conference games, the interests of fair play, which so dominate amateur athletics, would demand Callison's being given another season in which to prove himself. Thus the Emerald does not hesitate to urge his retention as head coach for the fall of 1933.

True it is that the campaign just drawing to a close was not without its disappointments, but allowances must be made for the fact that Callison was receiving his baptism under varsity fire. Next year most of the factors that contributed to whatever failure was sustained this season will be gone.

The principal one of these is that Callison will be more firmly established and will be better acquainted with the conditions and situations he must confront. Also he will be in a more strategic position to deal with the personnel of his team, and it will realize better the requirements of his type of football.

The Emerald believes the re-appointment of Callison as head coach will be announced in the near future. When the news comes, this paper will greet it favorably. Let us now unite back of Prink Callison and work towards a common cause—the advancement of the University of Oregon. The administration of the Emerald is ready and willing to cooperate with him in any constructive plans in which he might seek editorial assistance and support.

ONLY 17 ATTENDED

SEVENTEEN members of the senior class turned out for what seemed to be, judging by results, the most important meeting of the year. At any rate, the 17 members present decided that the class as a whole should put up \$500 to cover a deficit, if any, in the budgeting of the Oregonina this year.

There are two points that strike one immediately. First, of course, there is the deplorable fact that only 17 members of a class of approximately four hundred showed enough interest to come to the meeting. The very obvious alacrity with which students avoided the meeting is virtually indicative of the interest in student affairs. There is no use in conducting a tirade against the senior class; the fact remains that only 17 members came to class meeting.

And then, on the other hand, is there not some kind of quorum imposed on class meetings? If not, there certainly ought to be. It is incongruous that a little more than four per cent of the class should appropriate \$500 in the name of the other 96 per

cent. If there is no quorum ruling in the senior class, no one person is to blame, this time. But a ruling should certainly be made.

At any rate, it seems ridiculous to go to all the trouble of setting up an elaborate class government, electing class officers, etc., when only four per cent of the class will take advantage of it.

We conclude with a word of merited praise for the 17 who showed enough interest to attend.

AGAIN, THE R. O. T. C.

AS TIME progresses and civilization continues to look upon the perspective of a world that is just emerging from the economic chaos precipitated by the greatest war of history, compulsory military training and the future of the R. O. T. C. in the colleges of America becomes a problem of ever-increasing proportions.

Occasionally this has evolved into a matter around which considerable controversy has raged in the editorial columns of the Emerald. This paper has defended the campus R. O. T. C. unit against the specific attacks which have been made against it, not because it thinks compulsory military training is justifiable, but simply because it could not agree with the arguments put forth by the opponents of the department.

Early next term the Emerald will take a definite stand on the merits and objections of compulsory military training. Until that time it eagerly solicits opinions and ideas on the subject. The Safety Valve column will be open to any student who cares to express himself in regard to the matter.

To start the ball rolling, the Emerald herewith prints Mark Twain's famous "War Prayer" as food for discussion. It follows:

"O Lord, our Father, our young patriots, idols of our hearts, go forth to battle—be Thou near them! With them—in spirit—we also go forth from the sweet peace of our beloved firesides to smite the foe.

"Lord or God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste to their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out rootless with their little children to wander unfriended through wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst, sport of the sun-flame of summer and icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it—for our sakes, who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet!

"We ask of one who is the Spirit of love and who is the ever faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset, and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Grant our prayer, O Lord, and Thine shall be the praise and honor and glory now and ever, Amen."—Mark Twain.

NO SCANDAL SHEET AT BERKELEY

THERE will be no scandal sheet at the University of California this fall. The "Razzberry," semi-annual publication of Pi Delta Epsilon, journalism honorary, will not make its traditional appearance. Undisclosed objections to material presented for the issue voiced by the student affairs committee, and the edition was promptly suppressed.

The committee attributed its reasons for censorship to certain disclosures of the Razzberry that were not for the best interests of the university at large. The destroying of all the editions so far printed leaves the University of California student body in a curious frame of mind. Said President R. G. Sprout: "It is my official duty to follow the recommendation of the student affairs committee regardless of my personal convictions in the matter."

Its policy, as stated by Pi Delta Epsilon, is to keep the feet of wayward students, officials, and members of the faculty solidly upon the ground. It has never been their intent to be malicious, but rather by pointing out error in conduct to better university conditions.

Several colleges have attempted suppression of the press, the Columbia university case perhaps being the most famous. Such suppression has generally been followed with nation wide criticism and protest. The freedom of the press shall not be lightly disregarded. Indignation at the University of California because of the act of the student affairs committee is natural and healthy.

Tonight the Oregon scandal sheet appears. There undoubtedly will be objection from some people who dislike seeing their names in print. It is probably true that a great number of the stories printed are nobody's business but the parties concerned. The editors of the sheet have promised that every story printed will have some foundation of truth; that the contents of the paper will be free from libel and will not give offense to the student body at large.

MUZZLING THE PRESS

BACK IN Gotham they have been having more difficulties between their student editors and college officials again. This time all publication of the C. C. N. Y. paper, the Ticker, was suspended.

The administration there ruled that all articles were to be authorized by a faculty member before publication. The editors rightfully took this as too unreasonable a ruling and closed their offices. Any newspaperman would have felt himself forced to do the same.

It is probably true that should the administration ask the editor's cooperation in printing nothing that would work to the disadvantage of the institution and his paper, it would get that cooperation.

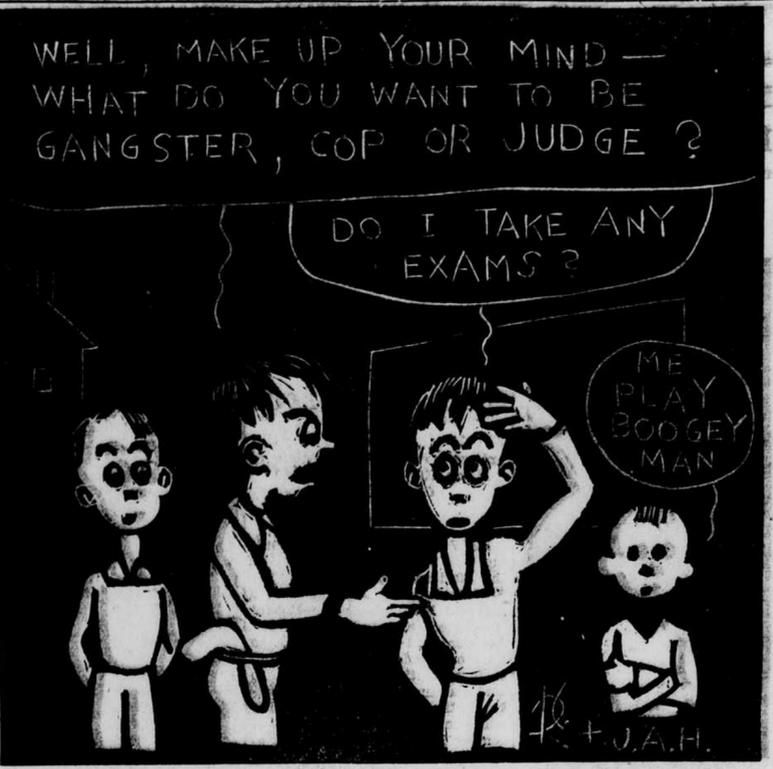
However, the newspaper must be given a free rein by the administration. Its editor must know that he is boss in the editorial rooms and that the shop will carry out his instructions. He must know that his reporters are accountable only to himself and the rules of common decency.

If, as was the case with the editor of the Columbia Spectator last year, the Ticker editor started out to expose some unhealthy condition in the educational or athletic systems or student affairs, wasn't it only right that the campus paper should point out this evil? Isn't it always better to have an insider recognize an ailment and set out to correct it than to have an outsider expose it and start an investigation or scandal?

The incident at Columbia set a precedent. The ruling at C. C. N. Y. has the appearance of an alarming sequel. A third such occurrence should be taken as a signal that university and college papers must fight for their rights as units of the great American press, the freedom of which has been one of the most fundamental principles of our country.

Better Be a Student

By KEN FERGUSON



CAMPUS CARAVAN

By DAVE WILSON

HA' ye heard of the massacre at the Colonial theatre last night? Every time one of the visiting troupe of Sioux Indians brushed against the stage curtains another red-skin bit the dust.

"Did you see, Mr. Schumacher, that Henry Ford says prosperity is coming back stronger than ever?"
 "Yes, but he still had an operation, and he's just under ether."

How to start winter term completely equipped:
 Do your Christmas shopping early. Buy dad a pair of campus cords. Get mother six cartons of cigarettes. Buy aunt a case of poker chips. Give baby-sister a study lamp. Present grandma with some pig-skin gloves, and buy grandpa half a dozen of the new plaid wool neckties.

What though the land is dark and drear, and the time be ripe for the Second Coming?—Let's fill the page with Christmas cheer, and scent the air with thoughts becoming.
 Sweet thoughts for the Yuletide . . .

Shakespeare addict: "Don't you like these iron gray skies, that brood and brood . . ."
 Business Ad Philistine: "Yeah?—Wait till you see what they hatch out!"
 Ferdie the Frosh wants to know if the new male chorus is "Post your Christmas packages early."

BOOKS

By JOHN GROSS

IT very often happens in an age or twelve new books a day that a novel, or an essay, or a poem is snowed under and remains in obscurity for some time. This is a most deplorable condition in modern publishing. American creative writing is placed on a new low level when the most edifying blurbs decorate the jackets of books, good and bad alike. Especially deplorable is the fact that when a book is dug from beneath a pile of rubbish it is too often an English critic who does the digging. Such is the case of "Penhally," by Caroline Gordon (Mrs. Allen Tate), Scribners.

I ordered the book from the publishers over a year ago, and have recommended it unreservedly since that time. Mr. Ford Madox Ford read it over a year ago and wrote "it is the best constructed novel that modern America has produced." Mrs. Tate received a Guggenheim award for this, her first novel, but it still continues to be unread, and in many communities, unheard of.

Few Americans realize that literature is being written in America today in the form of the novel, and fewer yet believe future generations will concede that the greatest literature of the age was produced by a scant half-dozen American writers. I hold this belief and point to such young American writers as Mr. Ernest Hemingway, Mr. Glenway Westcott, Miss Elizabeth Madox Roberts, and now Mrs. Allen Tate for the proof of my statement. One might include other and older writers, pioneers in American imaginative literature, but after all they are pioneers and my interest is in the present generation.

Penhally is a house, a house that stood for a hundred years, a house that has being and life endowed

with the tradition of the old South. Penhally is a house through which three generations of an old family move and prompt the action. Penhally is the vindication of a system and a mode of life. It is compressed and swiftly moving, yet at the same time the ease and leisurely spirit of the old South is maintained. That and the haunting inevitability of its theme makes for the most convincing tragedy in modern American letters.

"It is a novel, not a book of fiction nor a piece of literature of escape," Mr. Ford writes, "because it is so constructed that every word of it leads on to the appointed end. Its themes are woven and interwoven, the story progresses forward in action and back in memory so that the sort of shimmer that attaches to life attaches also to the life of the book."
 The main library now has this book. It may be found on the seven-day shelf.

market. Even the name is suggestive.

If you are in doubt as to what to give, "say it with flowers."
 Before closing, let me say that the Journalism Jam is the last good dance of the term and that to be properly garbed you should wear informal clothes of the afternoon variety . . . short skirts (and how long is short, pray?) and sleeves.

We Select for Promenade: Bruno Cuppoletti, because he sports a new brown leather jacket, made with raglan sleeves and slash pockets.

Upstage . . .

By BOB GUILD
 Little theatres have done more in this country than any single other thing to promote the welfare of drama. That's an absolute enough statement to open a few remarks. They have. The little theatre is the melting pot, the crucible, wherein tests are made, wherein the good play is discovered, the good player, and the good playwright. I'm told that the criterion one should use in judging the little theatre efforts should be broad and charitable, for one should always bear in mind the ends of the medium.

Consider me, then, being broad and charitable about the current offering of Eugene's Very Little Theatre, "Lady Frederick." This is not one of Somerset Maugham's greatest plays. He wrote it for Pauline Frederick, and as is often the result with plays written with a lead in mind, the character of the lady dominates the action. But even at that the lines are fairly good. Maugham sounds a bit Wildeish, a bit Cowardish, at times, and is concerned to some extent with being epigrammatic and brilliant. It shows.

There are several troubles with presenting this particular play in this particular place, just now. In the first place, it is a show play, and the Very Little Theatre is not a show house. It is a place to do intimate things, not a show house. There is no illusion, no dramatics; the audience is one with the actors. Even with the new seats, there is too much familiarity for this play. And in the second place, the cast is too large. Sometimes the little stage is full to crowding; the perspective is not good, people are too large on the stage.

For a student who has an appreciation of art there is "Wild Pilgrimage," a fascinating and unusual novel told entirely through the use of strikingly colored woodcuts.

If your love for a son is of a chaste and worshipful nature, give her Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Sonnets to the Portuguese," than which there is nothing more lovely.

If she has a sense of humor on the order of Helen Templeton's, "Thar She Blows," which is a thin little book with a bright blue cover and amusing illustrations, that would be just the thing. It's an early New Bedford whaling yarn, written and illustrated by Paul Johnston.

But if you have the kind of a mind that tries to find out how the other half lives, and if you know the recipient has a mind as low as yours, there is Peter Arno's "Favorites," and, even more salient, Steig's "Man About Town."

When it comes to the question of what a girl shall give, she usually finds herself in a quandary. To get the really masculine point of view, I interviewed Bill Russell on the subject, and here are our combined suggestions: if he possesses an automobile, a French horn (it will add eclat to even the oldest Ford); an old German beer mug, (advocated for ornamental purposes, not for use, in case Dean Earl wants to know); a leather medicine kit; a white silk evening muffler or a black and white wool scarf; a plaid silk tobacco pouch; a Florentine leather picture frame (and there is a new kind of frame now which has a mirror on the back, so that if the man gets a new girl, he can simply turn the frame around and shave).

A leather traveling kit, including a leather traveling flask, leather handkerchief case, bill fold, or cigarette case, and hand-initialed handkerchiefs in fine white linen are always acceptable.

If a girl is engaged to a man, she might give him a watch chain, dinner shirt studs, or monogrammed cuff links.

And what shall a man give a girl? Well, there are some particularly enchanting evening bags out now in brocade and in dull velvet. Street bags are best when in alligator, antelope, or kid. If she rides, a pair of pigskin gloves, a good, plain belt of pigskin and a decent riding crop, also in pigskin, would send her into ecstasies. Then there are crystal perfume bottles, delightful things, and if she smokes, a plaid silk or metal cigarette lighter and cigarette case.

I advise against giving a compact, because the choosing of cosmetics to match the complexion or the costume is an art to itself. In the purchase of perfume, always dear to the feminine heart, Cody's is a sure choice, and, if you are looking for something more expensive, Patou has a new sensation, "Invitation," on the

promenade by carol hurlburt

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 of the Emerald: I am interested in the Emerald's recent remarks on the water in the indoor fountains here. I also read with much interest the complaint written by a journalist in yesterday's Safety Valve. The school of journalism fountain is not the only one unfit to drink from. The fountain in Villard hall also is enough to discourage thirstiness at that point.
 J. F. G.

Two Decades Ago
 From Oregon Emerald
 December 3, 1912

A Real Book
 The 1914 Oregonian will sell for \$2.00, for those who pay \$1.00 in advance and \$1.00 when the book is received. If paid in the spring, the price will be \$2.50.

A balance of approximately \$300 was turned over to the student body fund as a result of the football season just ended.

Three Cheers
 Ed Bailey and Johnny Parsons were given tackle and halfback positions on Varnell's official all-Northwest team.

The dean of women at the University of Minnesota has put a ban upon the use of the word "co-ed."

Ticking the Ivories
 Through the efforts of Mu Phi Epsilon, Miss Tina Lerner, world renowned Russian pianist, is to give a free recital in Villard hall tomorrow evening.

Professor H. C. Howe will speak on "The Ins and Outs of Shakespeare Criticism" at the regular student assembly tomorrow morning.

For Men Only?
 The University of South Carolina offers a one-hour course in automobile instruction.

"Dombey and Son" is to be presented at the Eugene theatre December 6, by the University of Oregon Dramatic club.

Emerald Of the Air

The Emerald-of-the-Air offers 15 minutes of news over KORE today at 12:15.

The Journalism Jam at the Campa Shoppe tonight at 9 o'clock is featuring an Emerald-of-the-Air loudspeaker broadcast, with special emphasis on highlights of scandal and scum!

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New "cent-a-mile" one way and roundtrip fares between main line stations from Portland to Roseburg! On sale every day until December 15—good in coaches or tourist sleeping cars. And new, improved train service in the bargain.

LOOK AT THESE FARES!

Eugene to	One Way	Roundtrip
Portland	\$1.25	\$2.50
Salem	.75	1.50
Albany	.50	1.00
Corvallis	.50	1.00
Roseburg	.75	1.50

* Approximate. Some fares are slightly more and some less than 1c a mile.

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