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The Oregon Daily Emerald, official student publication of the University of Oregon, Eugene, published daily during the college year, except during the winter holidays, examination periods, all of December and all of March except the first three days. Entered in the postoffice at Eugene, Oregon, as second-class matter. Subscription rates, \$2.50 a year.

BE AT THE STATION AT 7:00! THE Green warriors will early this morning be home from the battlefield of Troy, a bit battered and perhaps disheartened at the disastrous results of their invasion into the land of El Trojan.

It has been easy to cheer Oregon's football team this fall, with its astonishing record of eight straight victories without defeat or tie—it's always easy to hall the victorious combatant, as he comes home dragging at his chariot wheels the spoils of triumph. But it's not so easy to cheer the vanquished warrior, for fairweather friends will desert the victim of fortune's ill favor as rats desert a sinking ship.

The faith of Oregon's student body is not of the fairweather variety, and we'll wager that today's early morning rally will be as heavily attended and the cheering will be as spontaneously wholehearted as in any rally this fall. For Oregon knows that it will have few more chances to greet the greatest team in Oregon history—that a setback at the hands of the mighty Trojans is not a calamity, but a reverse that had to be expected in the course of an exceptionally successful season.

Oregon has offered no alibis and has needed none. Every team strikes an occasional day when its plays don't click, when circumstances combine to make the most desperate and stubborn resistance crack. Every team in the conference has had such days. It was just Oregon's turn.

And even in defeat the Oregon team was a constant threat, a charging, hard-hitting outfit that made more first downs than the winning Trojans.

This morning Oregon rooters have an opportunity to show that their loyalty is as strong as ever, that they are proud of their gridiron representatives, and are confident of their ability to come back next Thursday with a showing against St. Mary's that will amaze the southerners and wipe out the sting of Saturday's defeat.

Be at the station this morning, and give our scrapping players a roaring welcome that will let them know every Oregon student is behind them and just as proud of them as ever before.

THE RAMS BOW TO THE BEAVERS AS many Oregon students were gathered around the radios at 11 o'clock Saturday morning as at 2 o'clock that afternoon—for out of the ether were coming welcome sound waves telling how Oregon State's orange-clad footballers were administering a sound thrashing to the Fordham Rams, darlings of New York football fans.

As many knuckles were tightly clenched in Eugene as in Corvallis when doughty "Tar" Schwammel, Beaver booter, prepared the scenes for his history-making place kick from the 37-yard line.

From every fraternity, sorority and hall on this campus went up an involuntary shout of delight when the announcer cried "The kick is good!" And

there was another yelp of relief and delight when the closing gun ended the game with the Beavers still safely in the lead.

It's an odd sort of rivalry, this Oregon-Oregon State competitiveness. Pitted against one another on the athletic field, we are the most implacable of foes; but when one or the other is pitted against an outsider, the sympathies are all with the sister institution. The University, whose great team suffered defeat, takes pride in the victory of another great Oregon team, and extends its congratulations.

JUDAS IN UNIFORM TWO Portland policemen are awaiting hearing on the charge of shaking down for twenty dollars a man they found driving while intoxicated.

If the men are proved guilty, they will be suspended or discharged from service.

The amazing thing about the case is that both men have been found guilty of similar charges before, and have crawled back under the fence both times. One of them was discharged in 1925 for not arresting a bootlegger whom he visited, and the other was suspended in 1930 when he snook down a bootlegger for fifty dollars and appropriated his cargo.

But—the first man was on the job again in less than three months, while the second was restored to position in six days by the mayor.

Now they have been caught again in the same vile act of extorting money by use of their position. And if found guilty their wrists will be soundly slapped by discharge.

How is such a thing possible? In peace time, an employee found stealing money from the firm is not only discharged but subjected to long prison sentence. In war, a soldier found giving help to the enemy, or deserting his cause, is shot.

If the police hold no more responsibility to society than soldiers, our sense of social values is badly warped. These men are guilty of betraying the public. We are constantly at war with crime, and accepting that fact, we can see no possible answer to the problem but to adopt military discipline, military punishment, and military stringency in the treatment of our front-line forces, the police.

How can we fight crime with a sword that is broken off at the hilt? How can we expect to bring order when the guardians of the peace are worse than non-active, since we are lulled to false security by our faith in them?

There is only one answer to these questions—We can't. But we can fight crime with the proper weapon: a strong police force under a set of rules with teeth in them, and honest men to hold them in line.

If the temperature falls to 70 next Saturday in southern California, the Trojans will indeed be singing "Stormy Weather."

The University of Pittsburgh has been placed in one tall skyscraper. That's our idea of real higher education.

It isn't the heat, it's the humility.

In the Board's Hands THE state board of higher education has decided to hold a called meeting in Portland next Friday to consider its obvious problems. By that time Chancellor William Jasper Kerr will be home from his speaking engagements in Chicago. All members of the state board have agreed to be present for this decisive occasion.

It is a time for everybody—legislators, partisans, and those directly concerned in recent controversies—to leave matters in the board's hands. The members of the board are familiar with every aspect of the situation. They are clothed with power to make such additional inquiries as may be required. They have authority to take whatever action is necessary. It is their responsibility to pass upon the complaints which have arisen. Unless and until they fail to restore harmony in higher education it is not for anybody to say they will fail.

There is reason to believe that the Oregon schools, instead of being in hopeless difficulties, are near the end of their troubles. Recent controversies are only the culminating and inevitable consequences of the troubles which have been going on for years. Certainly, it is no time to entertain reactionary or punitive measures. The experiment in unified operation has not yet achieved all it was intended to achieve, but, on the whole, it has been well planned, and it should receive the complete and impartial test which it deserves.

One thing should be made clear to all the people of Oregon. At no time during the recent controversies has the board's plan and the state's plan for unified and coordinated operation been challenged. On the contrary, in every division of Oregon higher education there has been a conscientious effort to make a success of the new plan. Drastic departmental and personal economies have been accepted with good cheer. Severe readjustments of teaching and researches have been made without a wail. Faculty and student morale and achievement are the best in years.

It is a time for looking forward, not backward in Oregon higher education. The issues are simple and well-defined. The next move is the board's.

still regarded as being pretty lucky.

However, Innocent Bystander's naive conception of the co-ed giving her all to the smooth collegian in the long Stutz roadster makes us wonder if he doesn't glean his lore from current collegiate movies. Look around, Barney. If you see any bloated plutocrats rolling around in their Packards, let us know!

And for an Oregon coed to go around warbling "Tell me, honey, are you making any money?" is like Diogenes looking for an honest man. And looking and looking and looking.

Enough of this claptrap! On to lingerie and form-fitting girdles. Mannequin recommends the bullet-proof vest, and shatter-proof specs as what the well-dressed collegian will be wearing this season. As for you, Clark, back to your dirt-digging!

Let's get our premise straight to start with: B. Clark first deplores feminine follies and then denounces Oregon men as "a pretty sad bunch, also." This leaves him safely on the fence, bless his little heart, with a contemptuous eye for the only two sexes we can possibly think of.

This "coolie coal-passer" gag has gone past all bounds. The in-

ference was, what does B. Clark know about a coolie's morals, anyway? Maybe the coolie is being misunderstood. And what will such damning slurs do to harmonious Near East relations?

In spite of B. Clark's abortive efforts to misconstrue the (alleged) rebuttal, we made it fairly plain that the "battle of the sexes" as Barney decorously puts it, is really a fifty-fifty proposition—not only here, but everywhere. The gals who date the "broke collegian" back him up—no condemnation of the men implied. And the gal in the big blue roadster is

The Minute Men

By STANLEY ROBE



College on \$20 a Year in 1892!

W. B. DILLARD, Lane county clerk, smiled reminiscently at the reporter. "Sure," he said, "I went through the University of Oregon on \$20 a year. Of course, I brought my food in from the ranch and my folks owned the house where we batched so my rent was free, but that \$20 bought all my books, a suit of clothes, a pair of shoes, and what was left was my spending money.

A small cookstove also furnished heat and twice a year we hauled wood to town to furnish fuel for it. We all took turns at splitting the day's supply of fire wood. "There were a bunch of other fellows living on the top floor of the Anchorage in about the same manner. Homer Angell was there. You know him. He's been president of the Alumni association and is now an attorney in Portland. M. M. Scarborough lived with us for a while. He is now a doctor and chairman of the Massachusetts board of health. Then there are A. B. Waltz, now a minister, Charley Gilbert, and John Edmundson, who played football under Cal Young.

"Recreation? Well, there was always that six-mile walk once or twice a week for supplies. Then there were the Laurean and Philogean literary societies which held rousing debates once a week and fought intensely over school poli-

Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

"MAE WEST" CHESSMAN, book Buddha of the Emerald, is holding out on her readers. Ned Simpson walked into the library the other day and Peggy whisked the book she was reading into her chair and sat on it, blushing a bright crimson. To date her readers have had no report on the volume. We are assured by competent observers that her blush alone rivaled in candle-power the one she produced last year when she walked into the swimming pool room in Gerlinger on men's night.

Eleanor Norblad, Pi Phi fullback, was walking down the drag with a friend the other night, trailed by our No. 4 spy, and was heard to remark that, "I'm not wearing a pin now, but I will be this spring, as soon as my mad moment gets his." This looks like a bad case of counting your chickens before they are hatched. (We are very sorry, Eleanor, but if you did not have the unpleasant habit of screaming loudly every time a Pi Phi breaks into this column we would not have printed this).

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: Every good American loves good clean sport, and the finest tribute that can be paid any individual in a contest is the statement that he showed good sportsmanship. Sir Thomas Lipton, though he lost to the Americans in every yachting race, was loved the world over for no finer sportsman ever lived. We have prided ourselves that we have kept our baseball and our college athletics clean. Due to this fact they are largely attended. I went to Portland last Saturday

to see a clean college contest. I arrived about 1 p. m. at the stadium and took my place in line two blocks back from the ticket booth. The announcer was directing the crowd through the megaphone and telling the prices of admission. General admission was \$1.00 plus 10 cents tax for standing room only. So far so good. As I moved forward in line I

was continually met by "scalpers" who were selling their tickets to the eager fans who feared they might be denied witnessing the contest. In some instances three times the regular price of admission was obtained. This did not look so good, for "scalping" is prohibited at many of our larger institutions. I excused this practice that day, as never before had a crowd been so large that the stadium would not accommodate it.

Finally I reached the ticket booth with \$1.10 in my hand ready to secure my ticket but was told I must pay \$1.50. I had come a long way to see that game and I had stood a long time in line to get to the ticket booth. Should I refuse to pay and go back? I did not, to my discredit. I paid

Miss Crane, Romance languages specialist, produced the following gem of advice, which she offered to her classes: "If you want to hear some good French, see the Worst Woman in Paris."

"Tsk, tsk, and from a faculty member, too!"

OGDEN GNASHES "The Kappa tong Can do no wrong!"

"And she looked so friendly, too!"

Headline from the Emerald:

FOR RELIEF OF "RECURRING" PAINS FREE SAMPLE—SEND COUPON Johnson & Johnson NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. Send me a FREE sample of Kalm's. Name: Address:

the money and went in but the thought would not down. I had been gypped, and under the directing management of our two highest institutions of learning, I was not alone in this feeling for I heard a number comment on it. This thought took off the edge of enthusiasm for the game for me. For, reasoned I, the team can be no better than its management. Poor sportsmanship, to say the least. Kill the love of true sportsmanship and you kill your college games.

Very truly yours, JOE MARTY. P. S. I challenge you to publish the gist of this letter and if you do, would you please send me a copy for it would warm my heart to know that others feel as I do about this.

WAA HEALTH WEEK OPENED FOR WOMEN

(Continued from Page One) Prof. Mabel A. Wood of the home economics department. The Alden cup will be awarded to the house having the best menu at the all-campus tea which is scheduled for Friday afternoon at the Women's building.

Lance Hart of the art department and Mrs. Lucy Perkins, Alpha Delta Pi house mother, have been appointed to be the judges of the poster contest. A two weeks' pass to the McDonald theater is being awarded as first prize for the best poster submitted.

A variety of sports is being offered in the sports participation contest. A prize will be awarded to the house having the largest number of women participating in sports during health week. The program of sports for today is: mass meeting of P. E. club, 4-4:30; Amphibian exhibition 4:30-5; social swim, 5-6.

CAMPUS CALENDAR

(Continued from Page One) Committee heads of W. A. A. Health week meet tonight at 7:15 in Social room, Gerlinger hall. All society reporters will meet

Emerald of the Air

AFTER a fast program of comedy and accordiansia by Hank Roberts, Earl Bucknum, and Sam Seal, the Emerald-of-the-Air broadcast slows down to a trot with 15 minutes of news reading. (The trot is symbolic of the march of time; hence a news broadcast). You may hear all that's fit to read in the line of news flashes and reports, edits (editorials to you), et al., by dialing KORE at 4:30 this afternoon. Why don'tcha tune in sometime? Anytime!

in managing editor's office at 7 o'clock sharp tonight. Important that all be present.

Short Pan Xenia meeting at 4:30 today in 107 Commerce. All members urged to be present.

Phi Chi Theta meeting today at 4:30 in 106 Commerce. Bring \$5 dues.

Hermian club seminar at 9 tonight in social room, Gerlinger hall. Anyone interested may attend.

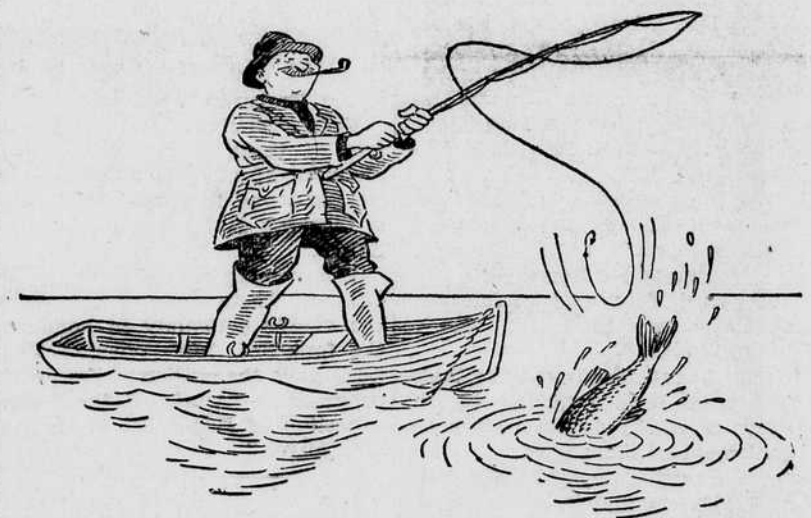
W. A. A. council meeting tonight at 7:15 in social room, Gerlinger hall.

All girls in skit for W. A. A. please be present at a rehearsal this afternoon at 5 in the women's gym.

Pot and Quill will meet tonight at 963 Ferry lane. The group announces the pledging of Joann Bond and Margaret Veness.

Prof. L. F. Henderson's talk slated tonight has been postponed under further notice.

"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"



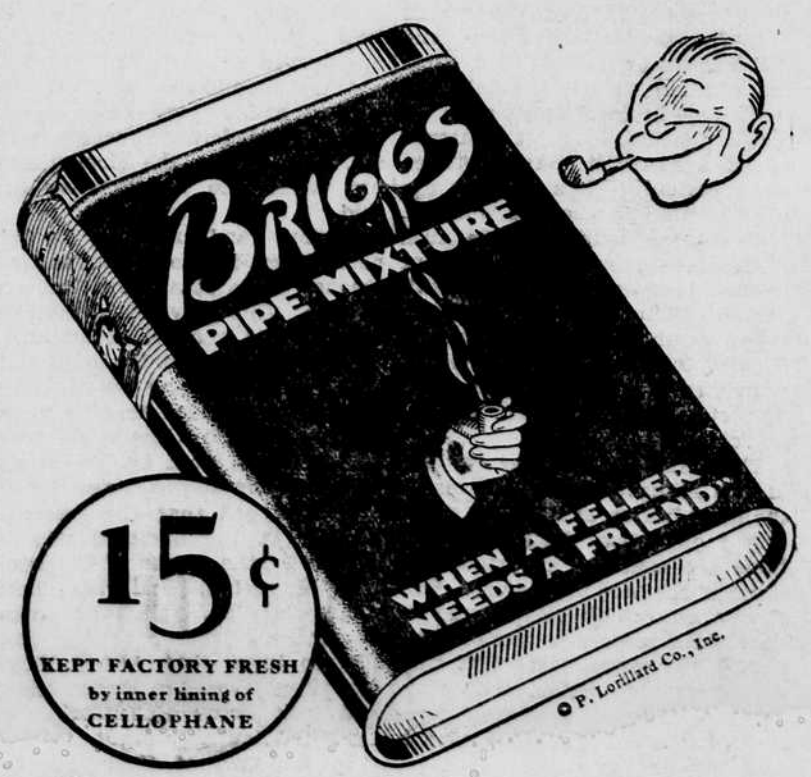
THE PIPE TOBACCO THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

Named in honor of Clare Briggs, America's most lovable cartoonist, BRIGGS Pipe Mixture appeared quietly on the market a few months ago.

It seemed to inherit the qualities of the man himself! Kindly, gentle and extra winning.

Without ballyhoo, without blare of trumpets... BRIGGS began to sell like sixty! Each smoker told another smoker, and he told still another.

BRIGGS will need no selling talk to sell you. Just try a tin and let it speak for itself!



15¢ KEPT FACTORY FRESH by inner lining of CELLOPHANE

BRIGGS Pipe Mixture is also sold in 1-pound and 1/2-pound tins... and in 1-pound Humidor Kegs.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Now is the time to choose your personal Christmas cards and those for your fraternity. The most choice cards are sold first, so make your selection while the assortment is complete. Phone Hubert Totton at 1906 for samples.

Valley Printing Co. Stationers PHONE 470 76 WEST BROADWAY