

Oregon Emerald

An Independent University Daily

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Oregon—or Washington?

WHEN Enoch Bagshaw held the football destinies of the University of Washington in his hands back in 1928, his band of gridiron stars dropped a hard-fought tussle to Oregon on the field of Multnomah stadium in Portland. Washington failed to cross the Webfoot goal line. Little was thought about that whitewashing at the time—except that it had been a magnificent exhibition.

Since that memorable date when the Oregon-Washington tilt was just another football game, many things have changed. An intense spirit of competition and display has been built up between the two institutions. Washington would rather hand out a lacing to Oregon than to defeat Southern California; Oregon would almost as soon lose to the arch-rival, Oregon State, as to how to the Husky horde.

It has come to be a "big game" in every sense of the word. Portlanders, for the most part, consider the Oregon-Washington game the foremost event of the football season. Likewise, on the alternate year, when the struggle goes to Seattle, that city makes the meeting of the two teams one of its most gala occasions. Now the winning of the annual classic is regarded as a matter of civic pride by each metropolis. The color and sportsmanship existing between the elevens and the students of the two universities have a distinct flavor that does not accompany any other intercollegiate contest in which Oregon and Washington compete.

Only one thing remains the same as in 1928—the Huskies have yet to plant their spikes in the Webfoot's scoring territory.

Today Prink Callison's fiery gridders will trot out on Multnomah field determined that the Phelan-coached phalanx shall again be repulsed outside the Oregon goal stripe. The betting now offers 10 to 9 odds that the Huskies not only will score on the Ducks, but that Washington will win.

Whether Oregon can retain its distinctive and enviable position, or whether the Husky can garner new laurels rests upon the two teams of well-trained warriors and 60 minutes of football.

An Incident Is Closed

STUDENT government scored another decisive triumph yesterday. It took only a few minutes during the meeting of the ASUO for students to display their conviction that their student leaders had acted wisely in their behalf, and to voice their confidence in the present governmental machinery provided by the constitution.

Commendation is due the students for their capable handling of a situation which might have seriously impaired the future of student control of their own affairs. Commendation is likewise due the dissenting students for their wise procedure in submitting their side of the editorship controversy to the student body.

It would have been a comparatively simple matter to have secured the 100 signers necessary to place an amendment to the constitution before the students. This action would have demanded a special election, at considerable expense to the ASUO, one week later.

Instead, however, the faction which sought the reinstatement of the former Emerald editor thoughtfully avoided only needless red tape by submitting their case in the form of a resolution directly to the students assembled.

Obviously the action against the former Emerald editor was not one of a disciplinary nature. His position as a student in the University remains the same. His rights and privileges continue to be those of any other student in the University. The uniqueness of his position is simply one of relationship of an editor with his employers. (The Emerald editor is an employee paid by the associated students.) He

serves as the editor of the newspaper which they own. In this case, as in every similar situation, he must be responsible to the will of those who own the publication.

The entire unfortunate incident has been disposed of quickly and with a minimum of dissention. The students have spoken. Again student government has proved its worth.

Greeks at Yale

THE Yale literary magazine sounded a mournful blast to many of the sons of old Eli early this week, with the publication of an eight page special section devoted to mourning the demise of the fraternity system at Yale. Each page was bordered in black, while the editors sounded a "taps" for fraternities. Many predictions of a similar nature have been made since several of the leading fraternities at Yale withdrew their charters or announced that they would elect no new members for the present.

Although the situation at Yale is hardly analogous to that of Oregon, nevertheless Greeks the nation over should await developments at Yale with a good deal of concern. There are many extenuating circumstances at the large eastern schools; many of the students are graduates and transfers with prior affiliations at other universities; there is a great deal of administrative disapproval of the fraternity system; but chiefly, the fraternities at Yale, as at many other eastern universities are merely clubs, at best eating clubs. They do not carry on the definite function of housing that Greek chapters in the west must perform.

The analogy may well be taken from the history of all social institutions. No matter what accretions of sentiment and fealty have attached themselves to the fraternity, in the economic life of a university they arose as housing units, they will flourish and support themselves under conditions wherein they are necessary, and they will wane and vanish in a milieu where their economic necessity is a thing of the past.

At the University of Oregon, the fraternity system is a healthy and flourishing economic organism; on the campus at Yale it is the expression of a decadent and metamorphosed phase of college existence. Greeks will do well to see that their organizations are regarded and preserved as the logical expression of a logical need, rather than as the expression of an emotional instinct subservient to the iron hand of policy.

A Husky Abused

ELSEWHERE on this page appears an editorial reprinted from the University of Washington Daily for October 11. If it were not for the serious mien in which the supposed "vandalism" was proclaimed and the indictment found against the "Oregon" culprits, such a supercilious accusation might be taken as a joke. But the editor of the wronged school passes judgment on the suspicious without sign of levity; in fact the terms are dogmatic.

We cannot answer in like humor—nor does it seem incumbent upon any spokesman of this University to plead to such a ridiculous charge. The Daily editor is to be commended, however, upon subordinating his outraged dignity to the real issue—the game. That is THE question, and the one to which a reply is in order.

Yes, Huskies, Oregon will be in Portland; not only thousands of wild-voiced rooters, but also 30 men in moleskins—30 men, led by a great coach, who will be out to win a football game.

There will be no talk of the subordination of the Husky during the past six years. These games have passed, and with them any significance that might tend to point to a winner. There will be no talk of painted bells and sidewalk. But there will be plenty of football.

We join you, Husky editor, in saying "On to Oregon," and when you get there you'll find the fight-in'est, scrappiest, hardest-to-beat bunch of "vandals" that ever won a football game from the University of Washington.

The Passing Show

Chimes and the Vandals

OREGON vandals last night defaced the University Chimes, which hold a place in Washington hearts equally only by the four white columns of the first University building.

There is only one answer to this insult hurled at University students and alumni—"On to Oregon." Every Washington student who can, should trek to Portland this week-end, by bus and plane and train and highway, to cheer the Huskies as they smash Oregon into the mud of Multnomah field.

Six lean and hungry years, the Huskies have waited for a victory over Oregon. This Saturday they must win, to wipe out the sneering taunt of those letters on the Chimes tower.

There is no need to be collegiate on rah-rah, no use in defacing the Oregon campus the way they have defiled Washington. But, the team needs help. Multnomah stadium will be jammed with 40,000 fans, and at least 30,000 will be rabid Oregon rooters. When the players are resting on the field, between quarters or during time-out, the booming yells of Oregon will thunder across the field, whipping the blood of every Webfoot gridman.

Where will the Washington rooters be? Will they be in the stands, cheering till their throats are sore, hurling defiance at the Oregon vandals, or will they be sitting in Seattle by the radio?

There is no more thrilling sight in sport than to see a swift-limbed halfback scampering down the sidelines behind perfect blocking, cutting across the last white lines for the winning touchdown; no more colorful, pulse-pounding view than 40,000 screaming spectators leaping to their feet to watch perfect play.

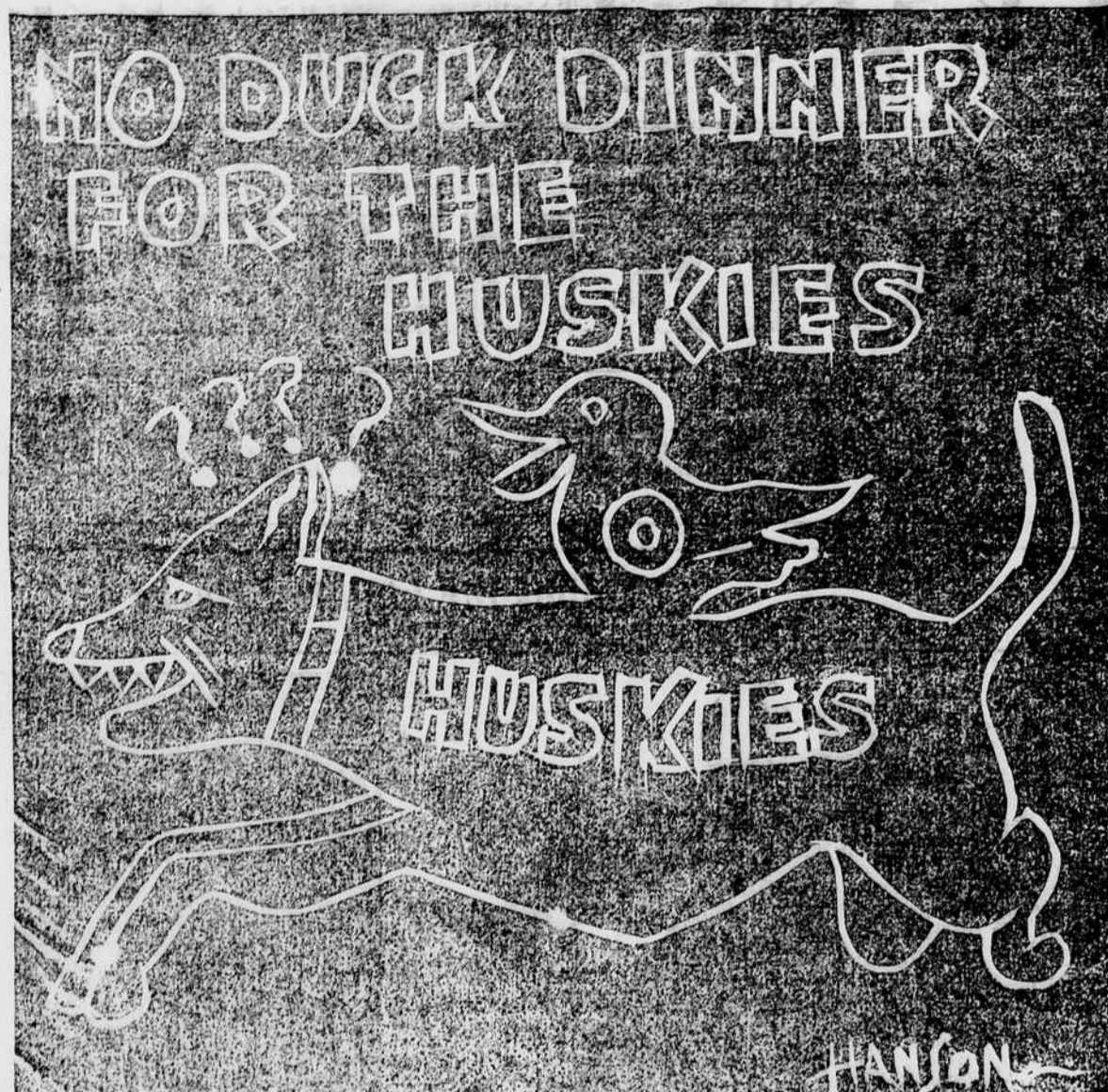
Every football fan who wants to see a thrilling spectacle, every student who wants to be able to talk about the Oregon-Washington game when he goes home, instead of avoiding it, should be in Portland Saturday.

Let's give the Huskies a fair break. Let's give them support instead of criticism. The cost is low, the game is one of the colorful highlights of your college career—if you want to, if you just try a little harder, you can come to Portland and see Washington win.

ON TO OREGON!—University of Washington Daily.

Let 'em Eat Cake

By ED HANSON



In The Days of Tarquin Superdus

By FREDERIC S. DUNN

When Pacific university surrendered Professor George Collier to become one of our first faculty, certain dispositions of live stock gratiation to Eugene. A handsome shepherd dog named Leo was bequeathed to the Matthews farm near Hillsboro, where lived a little maid unaware that she was doomed to be Mrs. Dunn. But a sorrell horse, with an oblique white stripe across his forehead, and harnessed to a dog cart, came triumphantly on to the new home and thereafter trotted the dusty streets under the highly classical sobriquet of Tarquinus Superbus.

So, generations before the advent of Professor Boynton's auto, long before others of the faculty were riding "safety" bicycles, and co-ally with Dr. Sharples' buckboard and Orin Moore's draw, old Tarq spun over the dog-fennel thoroughfares, with groceries and calico for the new estate, so remote from the town, but just across from the great gaunt quadrangle which was the campus of then.

It seemed so immense and lone-some, that big Collier house, where the Chancellor now lives! There were no buildings adjacent, except the Chichester farm house, near the present home of Dr. and Mrs. Sheldon. — no streets opened, — fences and gates a-plenty, — cabages and beets in the front yard, with rows of strawberries interspersed with the fern that Dave had failed to weed out, — an incipient orchard behind, that seemed to stretch interminably on up to the Odd Fellows cemetery, — and a barn for Tarquinus Superbus. Two

decades later, when Dr. Frank Strong was president, saw me picking cherries in that same orchard, where Mary Spiller—and Hendricks—and Gerlinger halls, now stand and Tarq's former domicile had found new dignity as the University observatory.

Never did I hear a harsh or unpleasant word pass his lips. There was no thought of correction or disciplinary measures where Dr. Collier taught, for his very modesty and wholesome absence of egotism would have made a student misdeemeanor seem like crime against divinity.

Isn't it odd how little things cling in your memory? Or are they the little things? Once, I had finished the explanation of some principle, like the "center of moments," or "the velocity of light," and Dr. Collier removed his glasses, so that I caught the twinkle of his eyes and saw as well the subdued

little laughter in his shoulders, as he said, "That was very well demonstrated, Mr. Dunn,—as well as I could do it myself."

Would that the Collier ilk could be multiplied n times.

The next issue will contain "What did Emeritus Mean?"

Who Cares?

By BOB MOORE

A short resume of today's game. The Washington and Oregon teams trot out. One of the fans passes out. The teams scamper down the field. Eagle wins by a nose. He doesn't want it. He gives it back to Sulkosky of Washington.

The captains slither into the center of the field for the toss. The referee has forgotten the coin. They compromise on Simon Says Thumbs Up. Washington wins on Wiggle Waggle.

Bufkin kicks to Parke. Parke crabs to the umpire. The umpire picks up the bawl. Haggerty comes in for Washington. Micek makes a hole through center (the center's abdomen.) Haggerty looks haggard.

Time out. Pepelnjack has forgotten the signals. Muczynski rides into the game on a charley-horse.

The teams sneak into position. VanVliet makes a pass at a dame in the grandstand. Reischman makes two yards. A front yard and a back yard. "That's nothing," he said.

Callison pulls a fast one when he takes out VanVliet. Oregon is reprimanded 45 feet for making snooty remarks about the officials. Micek kicks a goal post.

Time out. Huddle. Offside. Washington scores. Oregon scores. Pepelnjack doesn't know the score. The game is over. The timekeeper shot himself in the end. The crowd goes on a tear. They tear down the grandstand. And then they tear down the stadium, and then they tear down town. It's a holy terror.

Webfoots Meet

(Continued from Page One)

year letterman. Burke played tackle last year, but was shifted to center this year and has made good.

At right guard for Oregon is Andy Hurney, a transfer from St. Martin's junior college. He weighs 196, is fast and aggressive, and he broke into the lineup at the start of the season.

Starting at left guard for the Huskies is Frank Windust. He weighs only 171, but made all-coast honors two years ago.

Bjork to Start
Del Bjork is one of last years Frosh who has made good on the variety this year. He weighs 200, and few gains are made through his part of the line at right tackle.

He is the only sophomore in the Oregon starting lineup.

At left tackle for Washington

is Chuck Bond, star of the frosh line last year. He weighs 205, the heaviest of the starting team, and is the sole Washington sophomore starting the contest.

Vince Walker, transfer from a California junior college, is starting in the place of Budd Jones, who is out with an injury. Walker is six feet, four inches tall, weighs 201, and is an excellent pass catcher. He also is a place kicker and is often called on to convert after touchdowns.

Left end for Washington is Dan Lazarovich, a reserve of last year. He has had little game experience, but has developed rapidly this year. He is tall and weighs 189.

Terjeson vs. Hornbeak
At the quarterback position for Oregon we find Ralph Terjeson, a two year veteran who is a good blocker, and strong on backing up the line. Terjeson weighs 192.

Jay Hornbeak, another two year veteran is the Washington quarterback. He is very fast and shifty, and a good passer.

Bob Parke, co-captain, and Webfoot left half, is a two year letterman, and is a real triple threat. Last year he was considered one of the best punters on the coast, and he can pass and carry the ball with fine results. He has been moved to the ball carrying position this year, and is very shifty.

Art Ahonen is one of the stars in the Washington backfield. He is starting at right half, and is one of the fastest backs on the coast. He can pass as well as run and is always a scoring threat.

Right Half Fast
Oregon's starting right halfback will probably be Walt Riechman, a transfer to Oregon this year. He is fairly light, weighing about 169, but is a fine blocker, and pass receiver. He broke into the starting lineup at the first of the season, and did fine work in both the Gonzaga and U.C.L.A. games.

At left half for the Washington Huskies is Burl Bufkin, a one year veteran who is a triple threat. He is the fastest man on the team, can both catch and throw passes, and his weight is 168.

Filling "Iron Mike" Mikulak's shoes this year for Oregon is Frank Micek, a one year letterman. He weighs 185, and is one of the best offensive fullbacks on the Oregon team in some time.

Opposite him for Washington is Paul Sulkosky who can crash like a real star, and is good on backing up the line. He is a two year veteran, and his weight is given as 185.

These are the men that started the last game for both teams. There are outstanding reserves on both teams who will probably see action. On the Oregon team among the reserves and almost certain to see action is Gardner Frye, two year letterman, whose back is now fully healed; Maury VanVliet, fast halfback, who was one of the stars of the Ucla game will probably break into the game as a scoring threat for the Ducks.

Probable Starting Lineup
Oregon Washington
Morse, 75 LER Markov, 63
Eagle, 81 LTR Ullin, 70
Gangon, 73 LGR Mucha, 30
Fury, 79 C Burke, 60
Hurney, 62 RGL Windust, 18
Bjork, 82 RTL Bond, 72
Walker, 64 REL Lazarevich, 58
Terjeson, 80 Q Hornbeak, 57
Parke, 44 LHR Ahonen, 6
Riechman, 24 LGR Bufkin, 10
Micek, 33 F Sulkosky, 76
Reserves:

Oregon: Lopez (21), Back (22), Pepelnjack (27), Patrick (28), McCreddie (30), Riordan (34), Lundin (38), Codding (39), Carter (41), Smith (49), Farrar (51), Oakes (53), Estes (54), Berry (61), VanVliet (65), Frye (67), Hallen (68), Bishop (75), Simpson (76), Whittaker (35).

Washington: Watrak (13), Logg (14), Radke (14), Banks (16), Flanagan (19), Hansen (20), Haines (29), Wyman (46), Rohrschieb (54), Shaper (55), Cain (62), McKenzie (64), Muczynski (68), Brougham (7), Haggerty (80).

Radio Revue

By George Y. Blikman

All the people gone away—
Sorry folks, no poem today.

We learn from Henry McLemore that the most popular English summer sport—one which enjoys more followers than cricket, is nightingale-listening-to. Nightingale-listening-to, or simply as it is known generally, consists of getting one's ears within range of a nightingale and hearing it sing.

"There are three accepted ways of playing the game. The first, which is limited almost entirely to elderly folk, calls for nothing more spirited than sitting in an arm chair in front of a radio and waiting for the broadcasting companies to bring the notes of the bird over the air. The broadcasters accomplish this by sprinkling the trees of a forest where nightingales are thought to be nesting with microphones, and keeping the air free until one cuts loose."

Another way, we learn is to read the paper. "Nightingale Notes," usually informs one where the birds can be found. But one must arrive at the spot hours ahead of time; otherwise the vantage points will be taken by other nightingale-listeners. Furthermore, the nightingale often finds the vulgar crowds repulsive and refuses to sing.

"The third, and by far the most satisfying way, is to plunge into the woods and find your own nightingale. It is hard, but success gives one a tremendous thrill.

"Too, one must have a cello, for without a cello your chances of finding a nightingale, and getting it to sing, are practically nil. First select a likely looking tree. Sit beneath it for an hour or more. This is to convince the nightingale, if there is one, that you mean no harm. Then play your cello softly. If your number has been such as to inspire confidence in the bird, he will answer, timidly at first, then in full blast.

Choice of tunes on the cello is highly important. Military marches are no good. Neither is a hi-di-ho stuff. "Roses of Picardy" is often used with success by beginners. So is "The Rose of No Man's Land." Oddly enough even veteran nightingalers have yet to succeed with "My Wild Irish Rose."

Today on the Emerald of the air Frank Evanson at the piano and Kenneth Clair with his accordian will entertain.

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