

# What Ails the Oregon Men?

## Campus Women Express Grievances Over Faults Of Thoughtless Males

By Marge Petsch

"The time has come," the walrus said, "to speak of many things." Of shoes, of ships, of sealing wax, of cabbages and kings, he went on to add. At this particular moment we wish that we could be a bit of old sealing wax, or maybe an old shoe, chopped up and flavored with sherry. Or maybe even a walrus. For the subject in hand is "men," and our comments are in response to a general feeling of revolt among Oregon women.

Now none of the members of the staff of the women's page being so bold as to claim any superior understanding of men and their faults, it was finally decided that a large group of women would be canvassed as to their personal opinions in the matter. We first contemplated the use of the name of each person interviewed, but inasmuch as all the statements were not complimentary, this was finally discarded as a "bad idea."

Yes, we say that a revolt is in the offing, among campus women. Surely nothing short of that would compensate for an opinion which claimed that "Oregon men are spoiled. They are spoiled by girls who are afraid, because of the over supply of women, that they will never date again."

Another statement spells a revolution when a girl said, "Oregon men lack brains and breeding, especially the latter."

Still another woman said, "Oregon men are utterly devoid of polish. Does a woman get flowers except about once a year or at her funeral?" She asked us, but she beat us to the answer when she fairly belittled, "NO!"

Still in a desperate effort to find one member of the fair sex who would say that men were at least passing fair, we questioned another girl, who had a rather sublime and promising look in her eye. "Men on the Oregon campus?" she asked, the sublime look suddenly vanishing, and in its place appearing what looked to us like either the last stages of dyspepsia or perhaps a bad case of falling eyebrows. It was a very severe expression, and she finally sputtered, "Oregon men! Huh! They're not men, certainly not gentlemen. They're ignorant schoolboys."

We were discouraged. We even thought of asking a married woman what she thought, but decided that that was going a little too far. In the nick of time, however, whom should we meet but a girl who was an optimist. At least she sounded like one, compared with the disparaging remarks which had been heaped upon the opposite sex by all and sundry. She said, rather benignly, "Why, they are all right. I think the women are largely to blame for many of their faults."

And then we turned right

## Sloppy Sentimentality --- or Just Common Sense?

Why is it that when a man or woman faces death our sympathies are instinctively aroused? Why is it that we pity a man infinitely more when his shoulders are loaded with crime than sometimes when he has committed only a misdemeanor? It is probably due to the fact that everyone has a tendency to take the part of the under dog when fate has turned against him.

Surely it would seem that we have heard enough of late about Bruno Hauptmann. And it would seem, likewise, that to rehash the matter, even though from a woman's point of view would be superfluous. But the comment seems to us appropriate because women need to be frankly spoken to at this time. It is at this state in a man's trial that, on our lips is the word "horrible," but in our hearts is a silent prayer that his life will not be taken.

It is so easy to understand this impulse. We have learned to know Bruno Hauptmann. Reporters have given us not always a view of a murderer, but of a man, a very human man who must sit in a chair and relive every scene of a crime which he may or may not have committed. He must see the expressions on the faces of Col. and Mrs. Lindbergh, and he must repeat the crime, if he be guilty, a million times. And because he is of a stoic, German race, he must keep his emotions locked within him, and consequently be called cold, hard, and unresponsive. These are the touching little word-picture features we are served.

Yet, we know Bruno Hauptmann now, and in a way he is almost an acquaintance. We watch his face grow thinner and somehow we almost know the mental torment through which he has been going. And yet we almost regret the fact that we do know so much about him. We haven't any liking for the man, but we're sorry that he has had to undergo so much publicity. There have been other murderers, other baby killers, other criminals who only got two or three stories for a crime just as great. Yet, because he has been accused of kidnaping the child of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, he must undergo twice the agony. In a way, we think it unfair.

But those are only moments. Moments in which women, who's sympathies are more easily aroused than those of men, are thinking of Bruno Hauptmann as we would a poor, trapped animal. Over and above those humanitarian instincts we must see Hauptmann in an entirely different light. We must see him as a man who has perhaps evaded the law for two years, who has not yet been found guilty, but upon whom suspicion lies heavily. We must see him as Mrs. Lindbergh must see him, as the possible killer of her child.

Someone has claimed that the death was by accident. But there is something cheap and cowardly about a man who will steal a child in the first place, and women ought to remember this. If the kidnaper has an ounce of human kindness within him such actions would be beyond the line of conception. Under the Lindbergh kidnaping law, 31 out of our last 31 kidnapings have been solved and punished, and surely if the Lindbergh kidnaper were to be definitely identified, sentiment and leniency could find no place in the outcome. Purely vicious people have been treated too long as merely "psychological cases."

The court has not yet decided about Bruno Hauptmann, but if it does find him guilty, women would do just as well to bury sympathies, thereby aiding in a material way toward making the United States safe for their own children.

## Coeds Wear Smart Clothes While Relaxing

Playtime was here last weekend in truth, what with banquets and Phi Theta dances. We watched and saw what people were wearing while playing, away from the routine of classes and duties.

Marygolde Hardison whirled past at the Phi Theta dance, a flash of green crepe and silver metallic trim. Tiny Violet Riddles-barger, a flame of red with huge black velvet shoulder bows. Chry-santhe Nickachou, extremely modern-istic in white crepe, a short cape worn around the front leaving the back bare, in striking contrast to her olive skin and black hair. June Yates, blonde hair piled high, wearing pale pink with silver beading adding the necessary touches.

And then the banquet: Mrs. Eric W. Allen, poised and attentive, in a black dinner dress ornamented with brilliant shoulder clips. Mrs. W. F. G. Thatcher, smart in black velvet dress and hat with touches of silver lame. Mrs. George Turnbull appropriately gowned in a square-necked, sleeveless dress of black, worn with sparkling crystals. Mrs. W. J. Kerr in red, with matching hat.

Two tone shade combinations are springy to the nth degree, says Jane Allen in a resume of spring showings in Portland. Buttons and flowers, too, are being used even more profusely for hat and dress trimmings.

Funny, we saw both items illustrated on a visiting editor's wife at the banquet Friday evening—powder blue crepe frock, cut on the bias with a fitted front, the square neckline outlined in velvet flowers of a deeper blue hue.

Students were numerous in attendance at the aforementioned banquet. Through the haze of smoke we spied Velma McIntyre in bright red; Ruth McClain in a green cutwork topped dress; Francis Hardy, looking most chic, in a black frock topped with a yoke of light colored lace; Signe Rasmussen in black velvet with crystal buttons and silver slippers.

We don't know whether Marge Petsch was playing when we saw her shoveling snow last week but she did look slick. Yellow sweaters are so flattering to rosy red cheeks and dark hair. We know the yellow sweater was pretty, but we don't know whether Marge was cleaning walks before or after her recent editorial on the women's page concerning good sportsmanship among sorority pledges.

## Swivel Chairs or High Chairs

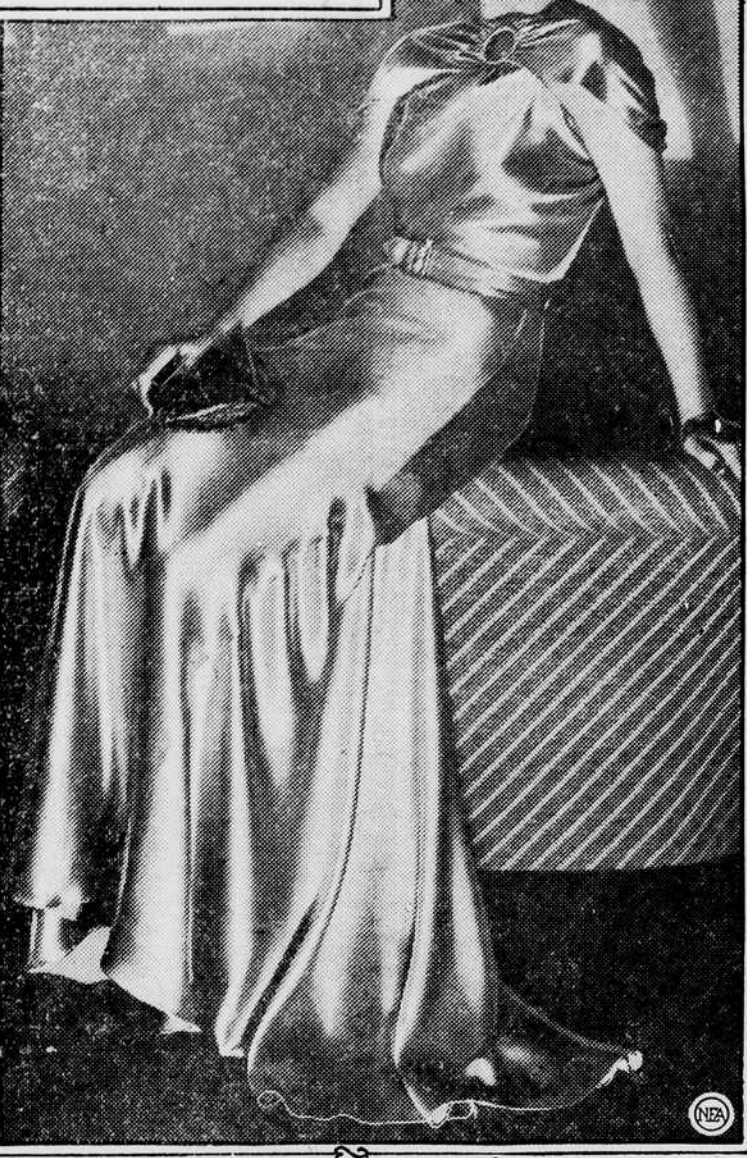
With this term offering a series of lectures on love and marriage given by the A.S.U.O., the coeds of the University find themselves in the center of a question which probably "is, has been, and will be" one of the main interests of all women.

There was the time, back in the days of family washing and red flannels, when the daughter's sole and avowed aim in life was to fall in love, get married, and have more daughters to fall in love and get married. It was along about 14 years that she learned to crochet the fine linen, darn the woolen socks, and make the steaming buckwheat cakes which would make her sharp competition for the best housewife in Kilhamie county. It was about 16 years that, dancing the Virginia Reel in her first white dress at the Christmas ball, she began to cast her eyes for a prospective life partner.

And if, by the mature age of 18, she had not yet found someone for whom she was willing to devote her future to making strawberry preserves and mending clothes, people generally classified her as a misfit and an "old maid"—and her family strove valiantly to conceal her failure in life.

That was long ago. It was more recently that the feminine contingent swung the other way. The day is not far past when first career and the symbol of a Carrie Nation supplanted the accomplishment of buckwheat cakes and fine crocheting. At that time a future of work became the loudly acclaimed ideal of American womanhood—and an ordinary married life was only a last resort.

## Skull-Cap Hat Is Held On By Brow Band



To wear with a regal looking, gold satin gown that features a shirred neckline and a collar which dips down to form cap sleeves, Jean King makes a stunning evening hat of cloth of silver. It fits the head, skull-cap fashion, across the back and is held in place by a decorative band of self material that sweeps across the brow.

and marriage in fear of being branded as having failed to achieve anything or better—or having regressed to that dreaded term "old-fashioned." There have been those who felt that being an intelligent wife and mother is vastly inferior to wielding a gavel in the legislature or pounding out copy in a newspaper office. And even some who considered "wanting to get married" a sign of childishness or inferiority.

We have passed beyond the feminist attitude. It was a contradiction of natural tendencies — so

# Winter Formals on Horizon

## Think It Will Rain Today? White Shoes OK

Out came the sun warm and bright a couple of days ago. Homeward we rushed to take off heavy coats and sweaters and to get last year's white (?) shoes out of the back of the closet. Today out comes kleenex and cough syrup as we wonder where in the world we managed to get such a terrible cold "without any reason whatsoever."

Every year about this time the same old story happens over and over again. In a sudden mood of benevolence and good nature winter lets the sun have complete control for a couple of days or so just in order that it may get in practice for the later days to come. Right away we get excited and attempt to drag, shove, and push poor spring onto the campus long before her season.

All we needed was to plunge into the millrace and come out with an acute attack of chills or to jitter around the tennis court with chattering teeth and numb fingers at 7 o'clock one morning to convince us that maybe spring was far from being here yet. Even the ping pong table which we got out of the basement and put on the terrace would be so much more fun if maybe we might kind of put it in the house.

Now that we have learned our lesson we firmly resolve to abandon all ideas of spring for at least another month and a half and to accept winter for its entire season. What is that? It's sunshining again! Wait a minute until we take off our coat and get on our white shoes. Isn't it wonderful? We'll be almost anything that this is going to be one of those unusual years when spring comes way early.

It is an indication of the advance of our times when women find positions in the world, and still discuss the art of homemaking.

"Jelly," in southern Louisiana, is a colloquialism for an extra-fat woman.

## Coed Capers, Order of O Lettermen's Limp Slated In Events of This Week

The annual Coed Capers and the Order of the O Lettermen's Limp vie for first honors on the campus social calendar this week. The annual party for all women on the campus will take place tonight in Gerlinger hall from 7 to 10. An evening full of dancing, stunts and varied festivities is promised by Mary McCracken, general chairman.

Each class will offer a stunt, for which a prize will be offered. Awards will also be made for outstanding and clever costumes.

The dance Saturday evening is an all-campus affair sponsored by Oregon athletes. An "athletic extravaganza" idea will be carried out in the decorating of Gerlinger hall. Arne Lindgren is general chairman.

ice sponsored by Portland alumni of the fraternity. With a representative from the chapters at Oregon State college and the University of Washington he was put through a special service at the Masonic temple in Portland.

The entire Delta Tau Delta chapter attended the ritual.

Inspector to Visit Julia Riser, national inspector for Alpha Gamma Delta, will arrive on the campus this weekend to pay an annual visit at the local chapter house.

E. C. Mills Visits Here—Mrs. E. C. Mills of New York who is general manager of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers visited Eugene Wednesday enroute to San Francisco. While here he visited his niece, Ruth Stolar.

Visits at Home—Jean Ackerson returned to the campus Sunday after spending the weekend at her home in Portland.

Drives to California—Paul Reichman drove to his home in Montague, California, Wednesday and expects to return within a day or so.

Visitor of Tri Delt—Mrs. J. E. Olinger is a guest of Delta Delta Delta. She is visiting her daughter, Violet, who is ill in the Pacific hospital following an operation for appendicitis. Her condition is reported to be improved.

## On the air —

MONDAY	WEDNESDAY	SATURDAY
LUCREZIA BORI	LILY PONS	ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS		
6 P. M. (P. T.) — COLUMBIA NETWORK		



A section of the department where Chesterfield tobaccos are blended and cross-blended.

### Just what is meant by cross-blending tobaccos . . . and how does it make a cigarette milder and taste better . . .

Well, in blending you take two or more tobaccos and mix them together—a rather simple process. But cross-blending goes a step further . . .

IN making Chesterfields we take Bright tobacco from Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida. We take Burley tobacco from Kentucky and Tennessee, and tobacco from Southern Maryland.

Then in addition to these home-grown tobaccos we take tobacco grown in Turkey and Greece.

We balance these mild, ripe home-grown tobaccos with the right amounts and the right kinds of

aromatic Turkish. Then, instead of just mixing the tobaccos together, we blend and cross-blend them so that all the different flavors go together into one full flavor—the Chesterfield taste that so many smokers like.

Cross-blending tobaccos as it is done in Chesterfields gives the cigarette a pleasing taste and aroma—they're mild and yet They Satisfy.