

Oregon Emerald

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Oregon

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tired workmen of Portland and it sounds silly as all heck, but we think it's a meaty idea nonetheless. Let's give it to old Gyp.

Maybe we should fall back on the old tried-and-true argument about the value of student support to the team when they are in there fighting their hearts out for the ol' alma mater.

What we're driving at is this. Every student who can possibly tear himself away from Shakespeare, Schopenhauer and James Thurber should go to Portland for the UCLA game tomorrow, whether to hearten the Rose City's flagging workers or to give the team the support it deserves.

Little White Lies

NOW that the hue and cry has died down, proponents of optional military training can console themselves, for they are in no worse position than they were before their unsuccessful initiative bill.

Reassurance has come from Colonel E. V. D. Murphy, commandant, that "as in the past, this department will accept withdrawal from cadets on the basis of conscientious objection, religious belief or conflict with employment and class schedules."

THERE is a large group of students who oppose compulsory military training "just because they don't want to take it," others "because it has no academic value," and others "because it involves an unfair discrimination against university students to be singled out for such training." Objectors on these grounds will have to continue a hypocritical counterfeiting of conscientious objection—but that, why that's a mere nothing.

A little hypocrisy isn't so much out of place in a liberal institution. And such little white lies won't be recorded in heaven.

Campus Comment

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Yours for a greater 1937 season.
David Compton.

TSK! TSK! TSK!

To Mr. Joseph Smith: Shame on you, Mr. Smith! The only person who attempts to defend your band in its present sorry plight gets a kick in the pants for his trouble. And in addition you voice grave doubts as to my intelligence! That makes me mad, because it is a privilege heretofore accorded only to myself.

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You insist that band equipment is poor, that support is lacking, and in all, that everyone is picking on the poor band.

I say, you could make the most of a poor situation. You might, at least, wear your complete uniforms, ratty as they are. I noticed at Portland that some of you were without caps. You might polish the battered instruments you own. You might wear uniform footgear. You might march off the field instead of slouching off as you did at the Washington game.

You claim you are the best band musicians on the coast. I say, why not capitalize on your abilities. Give dances, concerts, anything to raise funds, and I'm sure you'll find us backing you. Get the authority to buy new uniforms and drill to your heart's content.

Your martyr attitude makes me sick. The band should be the first to make a progressive move and the last to say "die." You want to place the responsibility on other shoulders and have already admitted defeat.

You can't be the bunch of ninnies you seem to be, because you have passed the University entrance exams, and that takes a certain amount of intelligence. You're not helpless. Do something yourself.

Vic Dallaire.

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official student publication of the University of Oregon, Eugene, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, examination periods, the fifth day of December to January 4, except January 4 to 12, and March 5 to March 22, March 22 to March 30. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rate, \$2.50 a year.

The Oregon Daily Emerald will not be responsible for returning unsolicited manuscripts. Public letters should not be more than 300 words in length and should be accompanied by the writer's full name and address which will be withheld if requested. All communications are subject to the discretion of the editors. Anonymous letters will be discarded.

All advertising matter, regular or classified, is to be sent to the ASUO offices on University street between 11th and 13th avenues.

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Dad's No Mind-Reader

OREGON Dads coming to the campus a week hence for the tenth annual Dad's Day celebration are promised a real weekend by Barney Hall, chairman of the committee working in preparation for the event.

Chief attraction, of course, will be the opportunity for Dads to see their sons and daughters in the University environment, to see how their young-hopefuls are taking advantage of the learning of which the parental purse avails them. Dads could hardly choose a better time to make this visit, for, with midterms out of the way, John and Jane will have plenty of time to steer them around.

THE "little big game" between the University frosh and the Oregon State rooks, on the program for Friday night, promises to be a real thriller. Oregon's football hopes for the next few years are tied up in the frosh, and those hopes have certainly soared the last few weeks in the performance of the yearlings have turned in. The frosh always play a bang-up, wide-open game, free from the cautiousness that marks varsity ball.

And then there is the banquet. Usually a banquet is nothing to rave about—a dry mouthful of stringy roast beef, a dry speech, a mouthful of potatoes cooled in the meantime, another long, dry speech, etc., etc. But Dad's day banquets are traditionally of another sort. There'll be 300 or so chickens cooked to a turn. Um, um, um. And the speeches will be short and snappy. Fine food and conviviality.

But you and you and you—WILL YOUR DAD BE THERE? Not unless you invite him. He's no mind-reader, for gosh sakes! Well, don't just stand there. Sit down and write him!

Help Beat the Bruins

WE imagine, although it may not be a strongly-founded conceit, that to the spectator much of the pleasure and excitement of a football game originates in the spirit with which a lusty corps of student rooters imbues the contest.

Of course we must give the players some small degree of credit, but they don't furnish any more than 99 per cent of the entertainment value. Think how valuable, on the other hand, must be the presence of a gay, cheering throng of collegians. Think how thrillingly juvenating they must be to the metropolitan worker who seeks recreation in attending the game.

WORD this thought another way and say that students have a duty to the poor

Tune 'er Out...

By BOB POLLOCK

Tonight a show we, in our austere dignity, have ignored up to the present, but which is too good to leave out... it's the House of Melody with Meredith Willson's orchestra and will be found on KGW at 9:30—barring unexpected schedule changes.

Our precocious children: a little girl, age approximately five years, studying with rapt interest the pictures in one of our filthier illustrated weeklies in a local drug store... kids like that should be kept home... we had to wait five minutes to get at the magazine.

Yesterday we told you a few things that were wrong with Oregon's blowhards, the band. Today a few suggestions: 1. Put the boys under the supervision of the military department. At present, they're tossed hither and yon with ASUO, the music department, and the ROTC taking them at different terms. 2. Arrange to give band members credit in either the music or the military departments. And don't OK this credit unless they learn how to drill so they can present at least a few formations. 3. Save up a little cash and get 'em uniforms that look a little like the outfit that an organ grinder's monkey wears. Good outfits cost about \$60 so this may take a little time, but should be worth it in the end. 4. For somebody's sweet sake, buy 'em some music other than "Mighty Oregon" and the two marches they hammer out on the slightest provocation. And then, "you'll have a band, my son."

Example of the hokey press agents deluge radio columnists with: "A tribute to the eloquence of Ken Carpenter, NBC announcer on Kraft Music Hall is contained in a letter received this week."

According to the letter, Carpenter's commercial on behalf of Kraft cheese was so appealing that a mouse in the writer's home was so carried away he deliberately caught himself in a cheese-less trap. Ugh, cheese is right!

And the slogan now stands "As Maine goes—so goes Vermont"...

Campus Calendar

The Eugene Hockey club meets this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

In the infirmary today are: Laverne Littleton, Edgar Wulzen, Betty Brady, Arlene Heath, Betty Paske, Jean Rawson, Helen Jones, Irwin Breckwach, Bob Piper, Emilio Ocampo, Douglas Milne, Harry Hodes, Pat Cassidy, Winston Alford, and Warren Gill.

Scabbard and Blade will hold their formal pledging banquet at the Del Rey cafe Sunday evening at 6 o'clock.

Executive committee will hold a short but important meeting this afternoon at 4:00 in the educational activities department.

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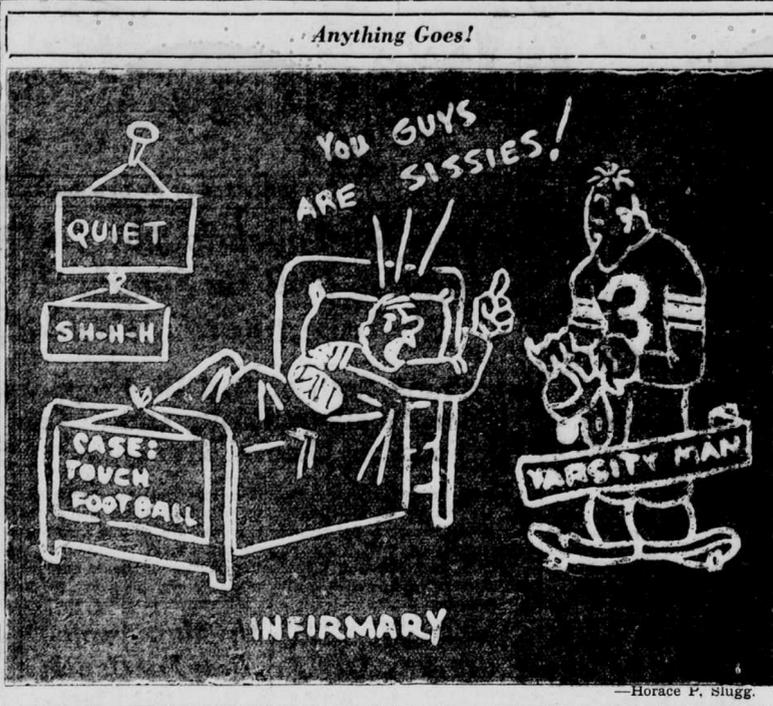
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Frosh Girls Frigid as Film Stars, Dater Finds

By JOHN PINK

After many futile attempts, I have come to the very definite conclusion that for a freshmen fellow to try and date one of these freshmen girls is like the American drivers trying to beat Tuzio Nuvolari (call him Tony) in the Vanderbilt road race. You get what I mean. It's no dice. Might as well try to date Garbo, Dietrich, or Edna Mae Oliver.

I haven't always held this cynical attitude. No Suh. During the first couple weeks of school I looked upon their creamy complexions (six bits a jar) and their well-groomed hair (one buck per time) with a great deal of interest, thinking that this college was going to be peachy.

So with high spirits and happy mien, one day, I approached one of these Kampus Kweenes (K as in dumbell English) and asked for a date. Just like that, I didn't want to marry the gal but to hear her go on you'd think that I'd proposed to the whole family—including her Aunt Hattie, the one that hasn't seen a man for forty years.

She arched a hairline eyebrow, bared her perfect biceps and shot at me, "How many years have you played football, are you a class prexy, are you a Friar, etc."

She was certainly afflicted with that very prevalent disease among freshmen gals—Biggus Shottittus. So I staggered away from that skirish reeling like an old grad at Homecoming. I thought, "Buck up, my lad, You just drew a tough one that time. They're not all like that."

As usual I was wrong. I approached fifty other gals and here is a tabulated record of the results: 45 cut me shorter than a college man's hair in the summer-time; 2 asked me why I didn't find some nice high school girl; 1 said, "You're too young yet, son"; 1 gave me a radiant smile (but I found out later that there was a big football player, with shoulders on him like a truck, standing behind me.)

That's even a worse average than the Ducks have in their passing attack. I still wasn't defeated—me and the optimists—so I sent out ten special operatives or G-men (as in gal, get it) and all my previous finding were verified with one exception. One dope got a date—but in looking up his family record I found that he had two brothers on the varsity team, was a cousin of Davy Davis, and Clark Gable was his uncle.

So I think I will buzz over and see my senior gal friend.

The size of your brain, scientists say, is just about two-thirds that of your head.

Travel Adds

(Continued from page one)

the eighteenth centuries was contrasted to that of the hurried buildings of the nineteenth century, in Mrs. Allen's talk. The old, durable construction won the esteem of the Americans, whereas the new buildings of recent style and origin were too much the replicas of American nineteenth century architecture.

As an example of a real European house, Mrs. Allen told of the home of Honore Willson Morrow, a college friend of hers who is a well-known writer of novels and articles. Mrs. Morrow's home is in the southern part of England near Devon, and was built about 1290. Expert workmen were hired to patch the stone walls, repair the ships' timbers which were the beams, and lay a new thatched roof of wheat sheaves.

Great praise was expressed by Mrs. Allen for the super-modern highways and forests found in Ger-

Freshman Faux Pas

(Note: Today begins Freshman Faux Pas, a regular feature on amusing mistakes in word usage made by freshmen. Numerous books and articles have been written on such misunderstanding of words by grade school students, but, as instructors find, college students make similar ridiculous errors.)

Five industrious freshmen gave a great variety of meanings to the word "inculcate" as follows:

The wheat was incucate.
He will incucate bad weather for Christmas.
It was an incucate of his manner.
He is incucate for the job. His manner were incucate.
"Incucate" means to instill or implant upon the wind by frequent repetitions or admonitions. It ranks in the first 14,000 of Thorndike's 20,000 words used most frequently in the English language.

many. The roadways are constructed for speed and safety principles. Crossings are avoided by having them run overhead or underneath the main road. The forests are planned so that they prevent the greatest beauty and convenience to the public, she said.

Mrs. Allen's talk was followed by a question and answer forum, after which refreshments were served.

A banquet was held at the Anchorage earlier in the evening for members, pledges, and alumni of Theta Sigma Phi, national journalism honorary for women.

'Bury the Dead'

(Continued from page one)

next week's observance of peace week.

Tickets are now on sale by the council at the YMCA and YWCA, the Westminster house, and at McMorrin and Washburne's, for the two final performances next week.

The play is directed by Otilie Turnbull Seyboit, head of the drama department, with sets and lighting by Horace W. Robinson.

Here's to the seven temptations of man—six drinks and a woman.
No man works at TAYLOR'S, adv.

Cousin Judedial

Company coming from Boston... Aunt Sophia, Jebediah! Eva runs to Aunt Betty's to tell her the news. Josh hitches the colt to the double-seated chaise. Jerusha puts the kettle on; Obed tallows up his shoes. The family's slick and ready now for Cousin Jebediah... "coming sixty miles—think of it!—in only eight hours." Slick and ready for the latest Boston news... "A glass thing with a chimney that lights a whole room—called a lamp!"

Gone now forever—those Jebediah days. Fast trains do away with the excitement of an approach. Aunt Betty owns a telephone; Josh drives a car; Jerusha pours dinner, cooked, out of cans; Obed thinks nothing of jumping into brand-new shoes.

Advertisements make the difference. They've urged convenience upon you till you're old-fashioned not to enjoy. Radios, refrigerators, breakfast foods—they've talked about them all. So spread the news that they are easy for you to get. Every day the advertisements tell of new improvements; tell of a number of things you might not like to miss if you know about them.

Read Emerald Advertisements They're News

ORTHOGON LENSES and Ful-Vue frames gives you clear vision to the very edge.

Ask for

ORTHOGON LENSES

ELLA C. MEADE OPTOMETRIST
14 W. 8th

The wise old bird says:

"The tasty bite that hits you right, can be found at the COLLEGE SIDE INN"

NEWT SMITH, Owner