

Oregon Emerald

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The Campus Comes of Age

DEAN Earl was on certain ground when he told questioning fathers last weekend that Hell week on the Oregon campus is a thing of the past. It is as passe as that other symbol of the collegiate flask era, the coon-skin coat.

Hell week suffered its final throes last year when two or three benighted fraternities put their neophytes through an ignominious session of paddling, millracing and the various other trimmings of the archaic institution. This year, although the deep, whispered secrecy that surrounds fraternal mummery may keep us in the dark, no instance of hard-handed pre-initiation has been reported. Pledges are now prepared for membership only in a spiritual and ritualistic fashion.

THE demise of Hell week didn't come about through administrative edict; it came at the fraternities' own volition. Of course there were sensational points to be scored against it: millracing led to several cases of pneumonia, resulting in death in at least one instance, and paddling in the vicinity of the delicate sacral projection of the spine injured many a hapless neophyte.

But the fear of doing physical harm to their freshmen was not the main reason why fraternities all over the country did away with Hell week. It was something larger, something that an expose of isolated injustices would never have brought about. Perhaps it is best expressed in saying that American universities have gone through a period of adolescence. Now they are coming of age.

From Basel, Switzerland, a week or so ago, Ralph Cathey, well-known student of the University, wrote us his most striking observation in the attitude of the European student. "In the United States," said Ralph, "students think it's smart to be dumb. In Europe they think it's smart to be smart."

CATHEY'S estimate of the American student might have been more fair if it had been applied to the Joe College of pre-depression days. The characterization still holds to some extent, but the grounds for it are fast disappearing.

Experience with the depression has left American college students with a hard-boiled point of view. Students have had to fight harder for an education. Some fought their way through the depression's depths. Others were compelled to stay out of school until their fortunes turned. At any rate circumstances have led them to scrap many of the vacant frivolities of campus life and have given them a deeper scholastic intent. Hell week was an expression of that old sappy frivolity, and as such it has been dispensed with, we hope never to be revived.

The student today takes things apart and tries to find a core of reason. Indeed the American campus is coming of age.

Small Margin, Big Turnover

JESSE Owens, ebony lightning that he is, can step the sprint distances just about as fast as any living human. But Jesse, who seems a cinch to win the Sullivan trophy for the year's outstanding athlete, wouldn't have a ghost of a show against a crack 440-yard relay team.

Not even old Ave Brundage and his Olympic committee would ask Owens to run against a good relay squad, no matter how many shekels (for the committee) were involved.

FOOTBALL teams aren't individuals, but they are made up of individuals and human capacity is limited on the football field as well as on the track.

The "team" which California used against Oregon in Berkeley stadium last Saturday didn't have enough units to qualify as a relay team—for Coach Stub Allison could find only three batches of the boys to put in there to do or die for the Golden Bear.

We're not crying. Oregon did her best, except for a few fumbles, but Cal put a great team on the field last Saturday. In fact, she put on three great teams.

FOR innocent Oregonians, who don't get a chance to see one of the big teams perform in their own yard except once in a foggy

moon, one thing was a little puzzling. It was difficult to figure out why Allison didn't throw in eleven more men from his bench army when Vallejo and his third string mates began to slow down after three or four minutes in the game. Perhaps Stub can't afford to have the lads lose a year of playing eligibility.

No matter what you believe about football players' board and tuition, the professional leagues have at least one thing on the "amateurs." To cut expense and even the game up so the people will come out to see their contests, the pros have limited their squads to 22 men.

Baseball, through a grueling season, has long used a player limit, usually about 25. This reduces expense, eliminates the dead weight, enables the spectators to know the "names and numbers of all the players" and puts the teams on a fairer basis.

IN the round-robin conference schedule Oregon plays seven other major Pacific college teams. Oregon state is still to be tackled. Three of those teams, one of which must go to the Rose Bowl on New Year's day, could score only one touchdown or less on the Webfoots. Oregon played them all even and lost on breaks and fumbles.

It was a different story when the Ducks faced the mass battery of big guns presented by the other two teams, USC and Cal. USC rolled up a big score against Oregon after being held until the fourth quarter. Cal scored with less than a minute to play in the first half on two beautifully executed passes which netted her 76 yards, then failed to score in the third quarter but ran wild as replacements outdistanced Oregon's tired team in the final minutes of the game.

IF the eight-team setup is going to accomplish its purpose and provide a tight, fast football loop on the coast comparable to the Big Ten, a readjustment has to be made somewhere.

Oregon teams can hold their own, this year or any other year, with anyone on the coast as far as fight and football is concerned. The Oregon team Saturday had a dangerous, sparkling offensive. It held the hard-hitting Bottari and his mates of the moment for four downs on the one-yard line. On the next play, after one of the best lines on this coast came off the field completely exhausted, Cal men walked through a tissue-paper front wall to swarm about the punting Gammon and block his kick for the score they couldn't push 36 inches in four downs to get.

HAD Cal had only 25 men eligible to play, it might have been a different story. For one thing, some of those boys on the Cal bench might have trekked north to cloister themselves in the Oregon green in order to get their crack at grid fame.

Limiting the number of freshmen Allison could use against the jaded men of Callison would inject an element of fairness into a game already stacked for the team of the larger school.

Before the Oregon-Cal game, Cal's Ramblers played the Stanford "Goofs" sixty minutes of football, and first-class football at that.

One of the boys who played a large part in the defeat of Oregon and of USC, little "Mushy" Pollack, started the season with these same Ramblers. Were the men eligible to play limited to 25, men like Pollack could still be able to make the rise to the varsity, for the eligible list could be changed for every game.

CAL'S coach had more than a hundred football men at his finger tips that afternoon. Oregon's mentor had 28 men, four of whom were injured and unable to play a full game, all tired by a long trip into a heavy, oppressive, and warm climate.

That may be football, but "it simply isn't cricket."

There are other reasons for limiting the size of the squad. They include the matter of finances mentioned above. It would also relieve the strain on sports writers and announcers. One announcer talking full speed might have been able to straighten out the substitutions in the last half of Saturday's game.

Also, sports writers could quit getting soused Saturday night in an endeavor to forget that some coach had double-crossed them by letting some unknown from the "third" string "star." For how can a writer pick a starting and starting lineup when six or seven equally good left halfbacks or right ends are chafing at the bit on the sidelines?

Tune 'er Out...

By BOB POLLOCK

Well, it's Wednesday again, and so what. So outside of Friday, this is probably the best radio night of the week... we hate to mention it, but the Hit Parade is still on... KGW at 7... the bloomin' music-mangler they call an orchestra still makes us ill... but the occasional vocalist is not bad.

Use a little extra juice on the set and stick your scone a trifle closer to the speaker and try for KGO at 8:30 tonight for five minutes of Rachel Carley, who used to—and may still—warble on the fast-moving Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Nice Parisian accent, and a voice that almost restores our faith in our wine-garbling neighbors, the French.

We're telling you in advance. George Washington, the very busy man who fathered our nation, once signed a confession to a murder the thing was written in French, and George had spent most of his youth at cherry trees and so couldn't read it... the Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world, was sold for junk to a dealer who got himself 900 camels in a contest the company was sponsoring and packed it off... it was, however, ultimately rescued... all this dope you can find out on the Strange As It Seems program, Friday, 7:30 on KOIN.

A new singer, Tony Martin who had a top rating in "Sing Baby Sing," will decorate the George Burns - Gracie Allen program starting November 25... he replaces Jimmy Newell, who, it is to be suspected, was canned... the publicity says that "Newell leaves the series to devote all his time to picture work" which is just a nice way of saying that he's slipping... they never leave while the public still cries for 'em.

Now to cheat the Emerald ad staff: Anybody wishing to give a destitute youth transportation to the Oregon-OSC massacre, address this department. All letters confidential. Women preferred.

Ex-UO Prof

(Continued from page one) superb printing and has been sent out to all members of the Book-of-the-Month club as a book dividend.

Two weeks ago Dr. Bates' "Story of the Supreme Court" appeared at book stores. This work, is a spirited, lively, and dramatic story of the supreme court from its beginnings down to last year's important New Deal decisions. Dr. Bates cites many hundred leading cases, but weaves them into his story in such a way that the lay reader can see the point at issue.

Dr. Bates obtained his A.B. degree of the University of Michigan and his Ph.D. from Columbia. Before coming to Oregon he was instructor in English at Columbia, and at the University of Arizona.

In 1915 he was added to the Unitutor in English, later was an English professor, and before leaving University of Oregon faculty as a linguist was a professor of philosophy.

Dr. Bates is at present conducting forums in Portland for the United States Bureau of Education. Since leaving the University, Dr. Bates has taught in a number of summer sessions here and in Portland.

Annual Battle

(Continued from page one) posing elevens line up for their own private feud.

In view of this traditional rivalry, bolstered by the usual uncanny Webfoot knack of downing the Beavers at times least expected, the Oregon campus will present a scene of desolation on the day of the game after students have trekked en masse to the Corvallis battle front.

Final Rally Organized school spirit will come to the fore on Friday night when a final biggest-of-the-year rally will be held. Plans completed by the rally committee yesterday call for a serpentine and noise parade through the men's living organizations as the opening event of the evening's celebration. The serpentine will pick up recruits as it goes and will end at the vacant lot, Fourteenth and Kincaid, where a bonfire rally will take the spotlight.

The bonfire rally will consist of Oregon yells, pep speakers, music by the Oregon band and, as a grand finale, the burning in effigy of an unknown something or somebody—the identity of which was not divulged by the rally committee.

Rally Dance at Park Following the rally fire Willamette park is sponsoring a rally

The Thinking Read

By HOWARD KESSLER

At last. A freshman who has read a book. And a recent book at that.

Bruce Eddy finds "John Dawn" by Robert P. Coffin, a trifle disappointing, but nevertheless a smooth-reading novel of New England coast life.

"I was expecting the book to be like Kenneth Arnold's work, and I wanted more sail sea tales. However, it is an easily read novel, concerned with three generations of an Atlantic seaboard family named Dawn. There isn't a great deal of historical background, but there is a story to tell, and a cycle to be completed."

THIS is Book week. We haven't much to say about it except to point out the truth of this column head. Thinking people do read.

Thursday at 4, in alumni hall of Gerlinger there will be a "Book Week Tea" for lovers of the printed page.

BLOND, handsome David Wilson would like to handle the lights in the play "Petticoat Fever" by Mark Reed.

This play has been a Broadway hit, a Very Little Theater presentation last spring, and a movie. Remember it? The Aurora Boracalis are the background, the action centers around a young man who hasn't seen a woman for quite some time.

"The funniest play I ever read," says Wilson. "The humor is spontaneous, fantastic, the action is fast."

Milton Pilleffe, University Theatrical, took the lead in the VLT production; Robert Montgomery starred in the movie.

FIFTY books most often recommended by 1,638 students; 50 books most often recommended by English professors; put them together and you get 10 books in common.

Most of the faculty books are classics. The students are partial to contemporaries. Halliburton even rates with them.

QUEENLY Dorothy Dill enjoyed tremendously "I Am the Fox," by Van Etten.

"A new and fascinating style is used. It would take me an hour to adequately explain it, but as simply as possible it is a series of episodes which show the effects on a girl of her past life in her making of decisions.

"The character studies are exceptionally well done. There is no plot, but as a psychological study of a girl this is tops with me."

Title of the book the result of a male and female watching a fox hunt. Male reaction: pleasure at the kill. Female reaction: abhorrence. Says the girl, "You see, I am the fox."

EXPRESS and Stagecoach days in California," by Oscar O. Winther, University grad of '25, was yesterday received at the library. Winther is now a history prof at Stanford, majored in that subject on this campus.

As usual when an alumnus turns out a work, the University has two copies, one for circulation, one autographed copy for the files.

KEEN young instructor Kenneth Ghent liked "Sailors of Cattara," a play by Friedrich Wolf.

"A problem play. War-weary sailors determine to adopt a resolution that hostilities must cease. A sort of union of soldiers against war.

"Not particularly strong, but interesting from the social standpoint. The movement fails, but the author predicts its ultimate victory."

dance, assisted by the Oregon rally committee.

"Beat OSC" stickers are now available at the University Co-op and from members of the rally committee at 5c apiece. Besides putting them on automobile windshields, students are pasting them on notebooks, raincoats, and windows.

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Oregon Emerald

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Campus Calendar

Confined in the infirmary are: Peggy Hayward, Gayle Meyer, Carlene Scott, Muriel Nicholas, Jean Rawson, Robert Marquis, Lee Allen, John Strickler, Dennis Donovan, and Gerald Allen.

Colonel Thomas M. Robins of the United States Army corps of engineers and divisional engineer in charge of the Bonneville project, will speak at the second of the popular science lecture series in 105 McClure Wednesday evening at 7:30. All students, faculty members and townspeople are invited.

Phi Mu Epsilon, mathematics honorary, will hold a get-together dinner tonight at 6 in the Del Rey cafe. Each member is urged to bring a guest.

Order of O will meet today at noon in the Kappa Sigma house.

Master Dance meeting tonight at 7:30 in Gerlinger hall. All members please be on time.

German Honorary will meet tonight at 6 in the Del Rey cafe. It is important that all members be present.

Alpha Delta Sigma meets Thursday, November 19, for luncheon at the College Side at 12 o'clock.

The business administration library will be closed at 1 p.m. on Saturday, November 21. Books may be taken out at 11:30 a.m.

All sorority pledge class presidents, and presidents of freshmen from the girls' dormitories and cooperative houses are to attend a dessert meeting Thursday night, November 19, at 7 o'clock at Dean Schwingler's home, 1096 E. 20th.

The Social Etiquette group of the YWCA will meet tonight in the Y bungalow at 8:30. Mrs. Gordon of the Gordon dress shop will lead the discussion.

SPEAKS IN PORTLAND Philip A. Parsons, head of the sociology department, went to Portland Tuesday to speak before a group of social workers, on "Urban Sociology." He is expected to return Wednesday.

Get a shake at TAYLOR'S.—ad.

Professional Guide

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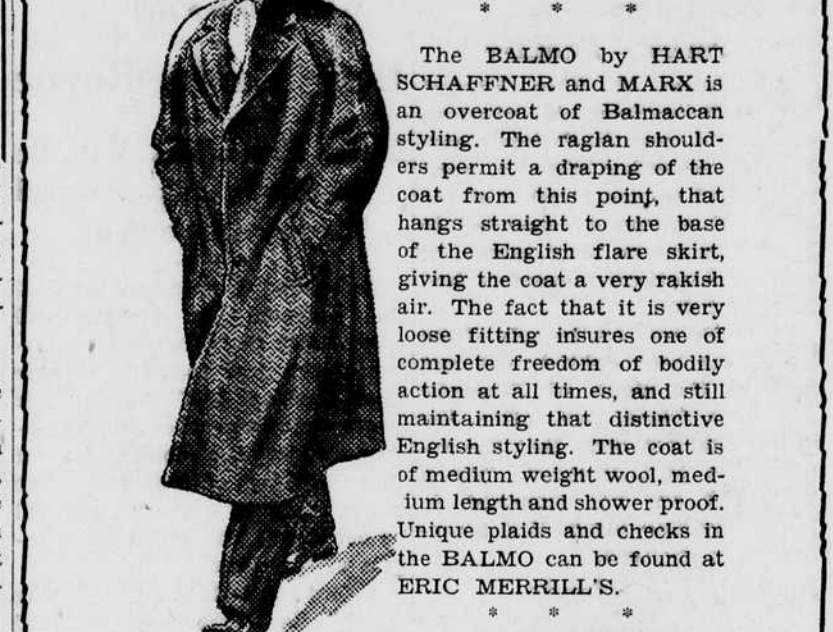
Sam Tyler

Doctor of Optometry
(Eyesight Specialist)
Phone 620 for Appointment
921 Willamette Street

ALONG FASHION ROW

New in campus footwear is the PLATEAU LAST shoe, shown by GRAHAMS. This shoe has a built up toe which has made a name for itself as the pacer in footwear.

The shoe is semi-ankle fashioned with a crepe sole insuring a maximum degree of foot comfort. The shoe is just the thing for wet weather as it has a water-proof leather upper. The shoe is heavily stitched throughout, and not a single nail is used in its construction, thus saving the foot much discomfort.



The BALMO by HART SCHAFFNER and MARX is an overcoat of Balmain styling. The raglan shoulders permit a draping of the coat from this point, that hangs straight to the base of the English flare skirt, giving the coat a very rakish air. The fact that it is very loose fitting insures one of complete freedom of bodily action at all times, and still maintaining that distinctive English styling. The coat is of medium weight wool, medium length and shower proof. Unique plaids and checks in the BALMO can be found at ERIC MERRILL'S.

McMORRAN and WASH-BURNE'S are featuring Indian Weavers neckwear by the OSWEGER-NECKWEAR COMPANY. The beautiful colorings of the ties are very interesting because they are extremely uncommon in woools. The definite bright shades of many basic colors are very outstanding. The wool being non-crushable gives them added wear along with that rugged appearance. These fine fabrics are also used for very attractive mufflers.

Ed, California's Playboy, Stanton, Phi Psi, is sporting the new MCGREGOR SUORT-SHIRT. A heavy wool shirt of vivid plaids and checks that is O. K. for the very informal campus wear. With this, one would be correct in wearing one of the MCGREGOR or BOTANY mufflers in patterns to match the shirts or BOTANY ties that are the best thing in the tie world, the muffler to be worn ascot fashion. PAUL D. GREENE has both the shirt and mufflers and will be more than glad to help you pick out an interesting, if not striking combination.

THE SPY-NAL COLUMN—"just a little personal scandal" by your old pal Thru (thru the keyhole).

"Just like in the movies," proving that chivalry is not dead—two Alpha Phi poppas, veddy tired of it all, hired a cab and accordion, complete with musician, and went a-serenadin'. In response to this heart stirring sentiment, D. D. chairman Barney Hall is quoted as saying, "Our next year's program will include gondolas on the mill race. Father is never wrong." Later in the yawning, moved, no doubt, by the "hands across the sea" spirit, these same gentlemen put through a call to England, asking to speak to "anyone." After inquiring the time, they poured into the Londoner's delighted (?) ears a merry ditty. Tune? Fifty-eight dollars. My daughter! My duets!... Gibbering frantically, my man Friday stepped from the train; paper dolls in one hand, scissors in the other. After many hours of patient questioning he blurted out disordered fragments of information on the soul-shaking ordeal... Kappa's June Brown and Edith Shuey, Alpha Phi's Carmen Curry and Doris Reed, chaperoned by half the Phi Psi house... Pullman porter catching boat for Ethiopia on arrival in Portland... Sleep no more, Mathews and Reum have murdered sleep, or at least half drowned it... Everybody filled to the brim with good spirits, or wishing he were... Bill March a-huntin' June Brown and Hallowe'en some weeks past. TSK. TSK... Mob scene in S. F.: Oregon gal loses gold earring just outside Circus Bar of ultra-ultra Hotel Fairmount, way up thar on Nob Hill. Search party started by formally bedecked but wobbly gent and quickly swells to alarming proportions—earing found in pants cuff of lady's escort. A top-hatted and tailed crowd left looking rather silly over the whole thing... Peninsula Panic: Defenseless San Jose's traffic tied in a knot which took the harassed constabulary an hour to untangle. Police retaliate by throwing offenders into the city's sombre-hued panel delivery for a one-way ride to the city hall. Feeling deeply their ignominy, Eugene's pride and joy reversed the charges, putting the aforementioned arms of the law in their own Black Maria and driving madly to precinct headquarters. Sometime later, passers-by released the officers who attracted attention by beating apologetically on the walls of the pinch-buggy. Anyway that's what Cal gets for beating us... Keep Your Seats Folks: Comes Saturday, Comes OSC game, comes the revolution... Sur-reptitiously—WMS.

Reames Names

(Continued from page one) pha Epsilon voted to abolish the practice. Evils of the pre-initiation week do exist, Reames stated, although not in the same degree for various houses.

"There is a lot to be said for and against hell week," Reames explained. "The dads dislike the violent methods that have been used in some cases. There is a lot of merit in what they say, but as far as hell week goes, there will probably be a lot of opposition raised against efforts to completely abolish it."

The attitude of University officials is that although the practice has been partially banned, complete eradication is advisable. Many fraternities are instructed by their national organizations to refrain from initiation hazing. Nevertheless the custom, either in mild or aggravated form, is still in existence on the campus.