

From where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

The sepulchral quiet of the upper division reading room was broken rudely Sunday afternoon by the sound of thunderous and enthusiastic snoring from somewhere in the room. Dignified upperclassmen giggled, stared to see who the happy sleeper was, but his identity remains a mystery.

Members of the freshman class were enlightened during a recent meeting when Alan Kahn, swarthy freshman, rose during the heat of controversy and announced with firmness and conviction—"I am not a member of any fraternity or a sorority..." Laughter momentarily halted his further exposition.

Unhappy was the fate last Friday night of three Sigma Chi's, Chuck Eaton, Mel Rooney, and a third who, unknown, must remain anonymous. The trio happened to be sitting at the table in the College Side under which Newt keeps his supply of "stubbies."

With mischief in their hearts, the three happy boys reached under the seat, brought up bottle after bottle of the brew, downed it with great secrecy, delighted over the fact that they had stolen a march on unknowing Newt.

Disillusionment and sorrow came soon, however, for Newt had been watching all the time and after all that trouble, the boys had to pay anyway. And for the whole case, too.

The Alpha Phis were pretty mad last weekend. It seems that one of the girls had a friend who was a news cameraman. This friend busied himself at the game, like a good friend should, taking shots of the girls, but when the pictures came out in the papers, no Alpha Phis were to be found, and all those flashing smiles were wasted.

Hilarity and happy fun reigned at the extremely original "Foo" dance of the law school lotharios Friday night, held, of all places, at the fairgrounds. During the intermission a horse show was presented by Dean Wayne L. Morse and the faculty. Dark-haired Belle of the law school Reva Hens, who had never been on a horse before in her life, was boosted, in fear and trembling, upon the back of one of the parading Dobbins and trundled about.

Plugs and show horses were displayed alike with happy democracy, and a fine time was had by all, if we may be permitted to coin a phrase.

After the dance a serenade was held about which, we hear, the less said the better. Amazing and delightful to us is the exuberance and youthful high spirits of the usually studious law school students when they do go out to have fun.

Strange Land

By WERNER ASENDORF
German Exchange Student

IT SEEMS NECESSARY to defend the girls against girls on this campus. Amazed and startled, I read the different and many articles about coeds, all of which seemed to put the modern "susies" in a tough spot. Types were designed of them and charm was denied them. I can't understand it. Why do male and female writers blame the girls so much? Did it ever occur to the male writer that the blame is to be put on the men, that they, by pooh-poohing at the coeds, cut their own throats? Or did it so happen that some better competitor had cut the throat of the writer just before he sat down to write his article. Here now may it be said "by the voice of experience": Girls are what men want them to be.

If they are off the pedestal, men have torn them down and it is no use for them to climb up again.

Some cracks have been made by me too. All right, who doesn't like to make cracks at girls just to show his superiority? But you girls shouldn't make cracks at yourselves. Crack at the men. You have all the beauty, all the loveliness, all the charm there is, in yourself—and if it doesn't appear on the outside, blame the men who ask you for dates.

THAT'S THAT. And now for the friendly poke. Yes, American girls are "typified." Maybe more than European girls. But what of it? You are smartly dressed. You wear pretty hats. You know how to do your hair. You sometimes don't know how to apply the drug-store facilities. . . I said sometimes.

You are in fact perfect products of the Americanization process. You have a very high level of civilization as a foundation for your cultivation.

Don't stop now. Make today the starting point of your self-education. Let the smart sayings be your tools but not your inside. Develop your inside.

And if you don't get ahead, blame those men who want your lipstick and not your soul.

TERSE TALES for Tiny Tots

Or stories for the young college students—literary efforts from nowhere about any where.

By JOHN VALLEAU

(Note: Author Valleau declares any similarity between the name of his hero, Moratz, and that of Terse Tales steadiest contributor, Moritz Thomsen, is entirely coincidental. Thomsen last week made a similar assertion—that the tragic story of John the reformer who came to be known as Scruppy was in no way a reference to John Valleau, although, oddly, Scruppy's remains were (in the tale) shipped to his home in San Diego—which is also the home of today's contributor. Since both men seem ambitious to write The Great American Psychological Novel, their testimony can obviously be, to a great extent, disregarded.)

The Era of Moratz was roughly from September, 1936, to December, 1937.

Moratz wasn't large, physically; he was just impressive. No human mind capable of receiving stimuli and forming mental responses could have failed to respond intensely if somewhat confusedly to the sight of his sturdy body, swathed always in clothes where were an unfortunate hybrid of Esquire's striking unattractiveness and the most conservative English traditions. He paid fabulous sums to achieve this acme of unimpressiveness.

But of course it was his Mind (capital M used advisedly) which was the most intriguing and unpredictable element of his makeup. Moratz read, and read, and read. His books were delivered on the large flat-cars ordinarily used, in this great Northwest, for the transportation of logs. Proust, and Nietzsche, and Saki and Mann. Those around him always knew what he had been reading last—he became a Hemingway addict and his conversation became unintelligibly stream-of-consciousness-ish, and he answered every question with the ambiguous statement: "You are all a lost generation Gertrude Stein in conversation." He succumbed to Faulkner and every person and object immediately became phallic. He scorned almost everything, and each time some unwary soul mentioned a new campus interest, it was so slashingly satirized that the poor young boor slunk off in humiliation.

Moratz was, even the dullest of campus sluggards could perceive, an Intellectual.

Now of course every student had heard of Intellectuals, but none

A Matter of Policy

WHATEVER comes of the case of the missing drum majoreess, there should be no reflection upon the character and ability of Miss Mary Ellen Williams, baton twirler deluxe, who offered her services to Bandmaster John Stehn for the Washington State game in Portland Saturday and who was not allowed to perform.

Miss Williams' failure to appear was not of her own choice. Although the administration and Dean of Women Hazel P. Schwering frowned upon her leading the band, both sources of official disapproval have made clear that it was a matter of University policy and not of personal discrimination.

The band performed well at Portland without the services of Miss Williams. Musically, it gave one of its finest performances in years. In the field it lacked color. In part this was caused by the drab uniforms which it has little chance of shedding for some time—it was also attributable to lack of a colorful leading figure.

Director Stehn is apparently convinced that he has at last found the solution to this problem in a capable drum majoreess. His "find" is a capable showman and willing to perform. The ASUO paid her way and that of a recognized University chaperone to Portland and has expressed its willingness to buy her a uniform. Because she is qualified in every way, she could lead the band without subjecting the University to accusations of exploiting its womanhood.

Nevertheless, Director Stehn's band will go leaderless.

THE AWS council, asked for an opinion in the case, last week voiced its disapproval. Council members declared, however, that they did not feel that its ruling should be binding and that they believed it did not have jurisdiction.

So, putting aside personal convictions as to whether or not the duties of a drum majoreess are "proper" or any less legitimate than those of girls in other activities, the matter is squarely one of University policy.

As such it goes far deeper than the question at hand.

It illustrates a policy of extreme sensitiveness to possible criticism, a "treading on eggs" attitude which is highly regrettable when found in an institution attempting to maintain high standards—yes—but also liberal ideals.

The University, with a progressive repu-

tation of far-looking and broadminded educational policy, has built up an enviable reputation as a liberal educational unit. I Throughout the entire United States it has the name of being abreast of the times in policy and thought. It is this kind of a reputation which strengthens its position and increases its prestige.

This extreme self-consciousness to criticism is making inroads in its standing in its own state, however.

NO policy can ever please every taxpayer, every father and mother, every citizen.

The policy of taking initiative out of student hands and of handling the power thus usurped to avoid all possibility of unfavorable comment has been justified on the grounds that the University must protect its enrollment and avoid irritating the more reactionary groups.

This policy doesn't seem sound. Reactionary groups are not as numerous as those believing a university should act within reason as an independent institution. This seems the best basis on which to conduct a college. If it cannot survive on this basis in the long run, education is a degenerate failure, its definition and aims defeated by the conditions under which it must labor.

Practically, it seems likely the student rather than the elder chooses the school when it comes down to the final choice—and that the student is likely to choose the up-and-coming school which offers him the best opportunity to develop under student direction and control and which will guide his development along modern lines.

IN reality but a minor issue, it seems regrettable that Oregon cannot have a drum majoreess. The problem has been likened to the one of women smoking. Opinion seems to be that the drum majoreess will come to pass "in due time."

The analogy is a poor one. In the first place, it is doubtful if any point of social conduct is involved. The baton-swinging of the drum majoreess shouldn't, in this modern age, brand her as a social outcast or a violator of good taste or womanly prerogative. If it does have any "breakdown of convention" significance, it is certainly milder than that "hot issue" of women smoking in public.

And if we must break down convention to permit it, we're a bunch of mossbacks, not the liberal Oregonians we like to think ourselves of being.

Oregon Emerald

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Use Your Own Name Please, Mr. Kennedy II

SINCE The Emerald "In the Mail" column contained a notice not long ago that "letters with obviously fictitious signatures (such as Hamilton Kennedy II seems to be) will not be accepted," a storm of protests (two) have flooded the editorial offices.

Letters from students are the most interesting and valuable feature which a college paper can present. It has always been The Emerald's aim to encourage those letters and to cultivate the spontaneous and unsolicited expression of opinion which they represent. That policy will be continued—the columns of the daily will always be open to any student who has a suggestion or an opinion to advance.

Any suggestion or opinion, that is, which is in good taste and which is offered in good faith—and to which that student is willing to sign his name or his initials.

The contributions of Hamilton Kennedy II have been interesting—even after it had been ascertained that no one of that name was enrolled in this University they were printed because of their sprightliness and value. At least two persons, however, were using the pseudonym.

The chief value in such letters is to be found in the fact their authors have some-

thing to say on matters large or small and are sincere enough in wanting to say it to write it down and mail it in. This sincerity is lost if anonymous letters and communications bearing false names are to be accepted.

NO column in The Emerald is published under a fictitious name or without the identity of its editor indicated. Even the editorials not written by the editor bear the initials of those who contribute them. It will not be the policy of the paper to in any manner hide the identity of its contributors, whether on or off the staff.

The full signature of the writer is preferred. If he wants only his initials to be published and includes a note to that effect, his wishes will be observed. But anonymous contributions cannot be accepted.

So sign your name and initials, Hamilton Junior, and let us hear from you again.

MANNA FROM HEAVEN

News reels show Chinese going about their business unperturbed by a rain of Japanese shells. They pay just about as much attention to the bombardment as the average Oregonian does to the winter rain.

In the Mail

BRING BACK HAM

To the Editor:
We, the undersigned, have read with great interest the material in a recent Emerald concerning the most loquacious and prolific of Letters-to-the-Editor writers, Hamilton Kennedy II. We have followed Mr. Kennedy's epistles very closely and are greatly disturbed to find that no more of his worth while contributions will be accepted by the Emerald.

Kennedy, no matter whether he be a figment of the imagination or an inhabitant of this world, has a message for the students of Oregon which it is shameful to stifle.

We do not doubt but what Kennedy is deeply hurt by the attitude you have taken and will not likely offer any more contributions for some time. In view of this possibility, we earnestly ask you to print any of Kennedy's letters which you have held up because of this policy.

It's men like Hamilton Kennedy that make the world go 'round—

Yours for a column by Kennedy,
Clayton Ellis,
Jim Woods,
Al Runkle,
Tom Atkinson.

was quite sure he could define the term, even mentally. Therefore hordes of common students and professors, studied intensely, and analyzed and classified by everyone. Being a good introvert, he of course demanded a single room; but within a week he found it necessary to study, read, and even sleep elsewhere, as there were never fewer than 10 open-mouthed spectators in his room.

He was followed about on the campus by several of his more persistent fans; and while he was never asked for autographs, (because it was soon known that he considered this naive, or some such definitely scurrilous adjective), his every word and remark was seized upon as a gem dropped from the lips of Intellect Incarnate.

But it was for only a short time that he suffered this plague of popularity, because his phonograph arrived from home. A music-maniac, he kept the infernal implement incessantly in action. The classical music, operas, and such, in which he so delighted, soon discouraged most of his public; but the full isolating powers of this instrument were realized only when he discovered the possibilities of volume. From that day on, he simply set the volume dial at the fullest peak, and his public dispersed very satisfactorily.

But a horrible thing happened. Through some weird psychological process, Moratz became convinced that the only way to savour the full flavour of Music was through this very Isolating Volume. And when he found himself entirely alone in his tiny cavern formed by the immense pyramids of books, this blasting, all-pervading Immortal Din resounded throughout the city. Although he could not read, talk, or think above the sound, and although it was absolutely impossible to distinguish one note from another (it was simply one vast Noise), still he felt in his maladjusted, inhibited, thwarted, complex-ridden soul that here, at last, he had discovered true bliss.

He had to move several times, when noise-maddened landlords finally ended up living in a trailer, about 10 miles up the McM him did not compensate for the timber-shaking phonograph. He finally ended up living in a trailer, about 10 miles up the McKenzie; and was quite well satisfied with this arrangement despite the inconvenient distance from classrooms.

But at the end of a year, Moratz began to encounter a certain difficulty in finding things to satirize. Every single factor of his environment he had long since classified as trite, naive, banal, hackneyed, platitudinous, or depressing. And one day he suddenly realized that the only thing left to scorn was his own mode of life. And so it happened that he decided the only truly intellectual and super-sophisticated life was that of common labor. So one early December midnight, in the midst of a truly Nietzschean rainstorm, he poured kerosene over his trailer and library, and, with proper symbolic rites, destroyed them.

Pollock's FOLLY

By BOB POLLOCK

THE KNIGHTS of the Blue Garter, anybody know anything about 'em? Rumor of their existence has percolated around and about until it at last drifted to this department.

According to responsible authorities, and a source that is usually considered authoritative, these so-called Knights are an organization much like the Black Legion. Unlike their illustrious predecessors, they do not torture citizens to death with fire, neither do they execute by whip or bullet.

The ends of their victims are just as painful, just as prolonged, just as horrible but they are achieved by a new addition to a long list of torture instruments which includes the Iron Maiden, the rack, the thumbscrew, and the Oregon Boot. It is, in short, the Serenade.

NIGHT MUST FALL, the movies tell us and when it does the Knights fare forth to the nearest tavern there to tune up their pipes. When night has fallen as far as it can and is about to rise they stride into the world, flushed by the repeal of

what John Barrymore called "The Blight."

Sorority row is invaded. The Knights gather 'neath a sleeping porch, listen with envy to the raucous sounds issuing therefrom and then burst forth into alleged song. The gals sleep on until the very timbers of the old chapter house groan, then wake to a world which appears to have gone mad.

TENORS, horribly cracked and never entirely whole, rend the sweet night air, baritones bellow and basses sink clear past the sub-basement. "Ah, another serenade!" the gals think joyfully. But revelation comes all too quickly. It is the Knights of the Blue Garter . . . presently the serenade fades, the gals peer forth and there are the Knights . . . truckin' . . . Suzy Cue'in . . . Shag'in . . . Big Apple'in . . .

We don't know anything about it, folks. It's just what they told us—and anyway the AOPi lassies swear to it . . . Pretty soon we'll tell their identities—and then get out our water wings and bathing suit.

And that was the last event of Moratz' career as a Webfoot.

Now? Why, true to his unflinching conviction that the life of the mind lay in the work of the hand, Moratz got a job. For eight hours a day he does odd jobs in the iron foundry in Salem, speaking to no one. And instead of a salary, he has the privilege of spending the other sixteen hours on a frail little platform in a spot entirely surrounded by the massive steam-driven machines. Everyone thinks that he must surely be deaf by now, from the thunderous roar. All night long he just stands on a little wooden platform, his face radiating ecstasy, his eyes wide with the mental orgasm produced by the noise, as he screams quotations from great authors, and waves his arms wildly as though directing the pounding, throbbing clamor.

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