

From where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

"I loathe the Big Apple." Thus mutiny New York's deba against the current "truckin' " craze. The girls complain its ruining their dresses, the men say they feel foolish.

So Ruby Newman, of New York's popular Rainbow Room, has installed a Waltz Night on Mondays' to oblige the young things who would forego shaggin' and Susy-Qin' to float gracefully to the music of that most sentimental and old-fashioned of the dance tempos—the waltz.

Somehow the Big Apple does seem particularly incongruous to floating chiffons, fragile slippers, and flowers in the hair, nor does its Harlem swing seem suited to the swish of yards-around skirts. Its strenuous rhytmatics are far removed from the fragility that is coming again in fashion.

If Milady continues her present trend some of these days we may be taking up the minuet, or swinging to the intricate steps of a schottische.

Speaking of things feminine, we went a-looking at the new spring hats the other day, and are now thinking of letting our hair grow into long curls, and getting out grandmother's bustle.

Quaint is the word for the poke bonnets that herald the spring. Straw they are, with velis and posies, and they tie under the chin with flowing ribbons.

They're darn cute, but we fear they'd take some living up to.

We can't imagine bursting about the campus in these lavender and old lace creations. Somehow they reek of an atmosphere of coaches-and-fours, of Godey prints and gentlemen in tall beaver hats and stocks.

Incidentally, it has been suggested to us that we say something about the unreasonable attitude men have about hats. To a man we fear, a hat is a hat—something to keep the head warm and the ears dry.

But to a woman a hat is much, much more. It is a mood, a personality. For instance, if she would look young, fresh, demure, she wears a quaint bonnet; for pertness she dons an off-the-face hat; for sophistication a high-peaked turban.

Probably the hat looks like something out of a hashish-eater's nightmare, but to her it symbolizes a dramatization of her every-day appearance into something very new and special.

But somehow men never understand that to make herself into something exciting and different is the breath of a woman's life, so when she sweeps downstairs with a new hat on her head, pride in her face, do they make an effort to see what she meant to be when she bought the hat? They do not. Instead they probably blurt out, "For God's sake, where'd you get that hat?"

And what woman can nurse an illusion about herself after that?

Pollock's FOLLY

By BOB POLLOCK

THIS DEPARTMENT is, unfortunately, unable to vouch for the truth of the following incident but since its author was none other than Oregon's George Varoff, a gentleman of high character if there ever was one, there seems to be some grounds for belief.

It all came about because the board—we've forgotten its long and involved title, but anyway there were a lot of big shots on it—chose Arizona's Tex Oliver to inherit the moans of the University's head coaching position.

BEING A MEMBER of Phi Beta Kappa, it is only natural to presume that Victim Oliver—who may be the next to lay his bones in this coaches' graveyard—went to college at one time. From there one might logically conclude that the gentleman belonged to a fraternity.

Now it seems—according, you understand, to Varoff—that Phi Kappa Psi, Pole-vaulter Varoff's tong, sent the cadaver-to-be Mr. Oliver—a telegram congratulating him on his election. This is all right as far as it goes and it shows the eagerness with which we await our next victim.

HOWEVER THE Phi Psi made a technical error. They addressed the telegram to "Brother" Tex Oliver under the entirely erroneous conception that the lamb who is being led to the slaughter was a member of their fraternity.

This embarrassed another of the Greek boarding-houses seriously, since they had labored under the impression—since confirmed—that Coach Oliver was a member of their tong. As a matter of fact, the boys had even sent him a Western Union, referring to him as "Brother" and extending the grip—figuratively speaking—for his recent "promotion."

THEN THE VAROFF-Phi Psi rumor burst upon them. Chaos reigned. Record books were consulted. Pledges were sent scurrying for more record books. In the midst of it, the door bell rang. It was a telegram.

Opened, it read—"You're right, Brother Oliver is an SAE, member of California Epsilon. Congratulations." It must have been authentic because it came

from the Arizona SAE chapter. APPARENTLY, friends, that settles that.

But what it does not settle is why, for the Love of St. Peter and his staff of angels, an intelligent man like Phi Beta Kappa wants to leave healthy Arizona where he can win better than half of his ball games to come to the University of Oregon.

JUST LOOK at Tucson where his present post is. The town has a population of approximately 40,000, half of which are Mexicans and Indians who can't and don't want to speak or read the English language.

Maybe they parley some kind or other of United States, but we can't conceive of them as being literal enough to form a movement to get the scalp of a football coach. Of the remaining twenty thousand in the village, seven or eight thousand are confined to their beds, nine or ten thousand alternate between bed and wheel-chair and under no condition are they allowed out on rainy afternoons. And it always rains down there when they play football.

THE REST OF the population? Tex doesn't have to worry about them—they're mostly doctors caring for the sick.

However when Coach Oliver arrives in the venomous Coast league he will not only be exposed to the wiles and Machiavellian wiles of such wiles in football jerseys as Jimmy Phelan, Howard Jones, Tiny Thornhill, et al, but his material does not and cannot compare to that of huge California institutions.

DOESN'T MISTER Oliver know that here he has to win three-fourths of his games, attend church on a Sunday, and smile courteously at the alums when they boot him in the breeches? Doesn't he realize that, unless he pulls all-Americans out of his hat, the boys will be forming "Oust Oliver" movements within a year?

This department removes its battered cheapeau to Mr. Oliver—a gentleman with intestinal fortitude if not good judgment.

Oh, yes—We wish him well. We really do.

Public Discussion Group Will Speak

The University public discussion group will travel to Portland Monday where they will present "The Labor Problem" to the chamber of commerce.

Students making the trip will be Louis Rotenberg, Kessler Cannon, Howard Kessler, and Zane Kemler. W. A. Dahlberg is the professor in charge of the symposium.

The same program was presented last week at Silverton.

Dorothy Louise Johnson, violinist, and Dorothy Davis, pianist, will accompany the speakers to present entertainment.

Tex Oliver's Appointment Heralds New Deal in University Gridiron Technique

Oregon Football Turns a Corner

THE answer to the aluminum's prayer—that's Gerald A. (Tex) Oliver.

For alumni support and alumni backing brings Oregon's new coach to the University campus to tutor the gridiron lads in the fine points of football. Alumni, along with most others involved, want a new and interesting type of football at Eugene—"We don't care so much if they lose now and then if they look good losing," seems to sum up the general attitude. And Coach Oliver's contract, when he puts his signature on it and it is accepted by the state board, ought to be about as near to a guarantee for interesting football as any school could want.

THE tall, lean Texas man with the infectious grin who made so many friends and supporters in his short two days in Eugene doesn't give a whoop for the first downs. As he told the board at his recent interview, he's willing to let the other team push the ball around in mid-field, three and four yards at a crack. Every play or every series of plays he runs is designed to score a touchdown and he's had a great deal of success, not strangely, with his "score the most points" system.

Coach Oliver ought to be the shot in the arm Oregon football has needed for years. He has indicated he will plan a few changes in the style of the team but will largely use formations long seen in the coast conference and at Oregon. But otherwise his whole outlook is different.

Supporters of Tex Oliver in his campaign for the position of head coach who agitated for him both personally and because he is an "outside," non-alumni man have stressed the fact that Oregon has had little success in recent years with a conservative type of game which has become almost exclusively "Oregon football." Not since the days of another army man, Captain McEwan, have crowds been snapped out of their seats in Hayward stadium with sensational passes, end runs, quick kicks, and long runs. Oregon has played for three yards to the down for years, sometimes successfully but usually not colorfully.

The first game Oregon played here under McEwan has become almost a legend among football fans. Oregon got the ball quick and the first play was a long, beautifully-executed pass. Oregon fans haven't seen much of that kind of ball for years and they are hungry for a taste of the spectator-pleasing game once more.

THE contract, as extended to Oliver, contains a three-year provision. Whether the state board will grant more than a one-year commitment is still in question but the central system's directors have never failed to extend or renew a coach's contract sent to it

by the president. The athletic activities board has indicated, thus, its willingness to extend contracts to the new head coach for at least two subsequent years.

Coach Oliver has studied football in its every phase and has been closely connected with the coast conference for years. It should not take him long to get his bearings but it seems only fair that he be given a three-year try.

This year's and next year's team is, of course, just about picked already so far as Oliver is concerned. It will be at least one and possibly two years before his work around the state and outside the state in interesting high school players in coming to Oregon begins to show up on the field.

THERE seems every reason to believe that Oliver will be successful in his "contact" work among students and alumni. His appointment had the approval of a great many influential men and Coach Oliver exhibited his powerful personality, centered around a slow, broad-mouthed smile while here. He seems the kind of a fellow who could talk an extra piece of pie out of a training table waitress.

In at least one other way, the coming of Tex Oliver to Oregon heralds a pleasant change. Oliver firmly believes that football is a game—that it should be a game which the players want to play and which the spectators and students are eager to watch and support.

One reason for Oliver's popularity and success at Arizona was the detailed program he followed to encourage spectator interest and encourage enthusiasm in his student body. Football backing at the southern school increased 200 to 300 per cent during Oliver's five years as head coach.

FROM the standpoint of the University and the school of physical education, Oregon is fortunate in its choice of a coach, for the new head man is an educator as well as a coach. His abilities in the intellectual line do not stop at the coaching of "smart" football. Although his favorite topic is the gridiron sport—that ought to be meat for the sports writers—he can hold his own in any faculty group no matter what the topic.

There can be no doubt about Oliver's capabilities, even in this ultra-tough league, the "closed" coast conference. If he receives the proper support, Oregon football is going to be on the upgrade. Oliver is the sort of fellow who can win and hold that support.

Granting Oliver comes to Oregon, he gives up his chance to play Notre Dame in 1940. But three years is a long time away. It's not impossible that 1939 will see Oregon's "vowing sophomores," then seniors, making a New Year's day trip to Pasadena. Which ought to be fair exchange.

SIDE SHOW

Edited by . . .

Bill Cummings, Campus
Paul Deutschmann, National

Campus

Oregon's athletic board picked a powerhouse in the coaching field when they decided upon Tex Oliver Thursday night, and despite rumors that Tex may not accept the bid, the preliminaries he is taking before signing on the dotted line are plainly red-tape procedure which should not develop into a serious "hitch." Oliver is being cautious, that's all. He has indicated a strong desire to become Oregon's head coach, and his latest communication from the Horn Toad university carried with it every intention of accepting the offer.

News that Gene Shields has indicated that he may resign from Oregon's coaching staff if Oliver accepts arouses deep interest among the students, because Shields is considered not only a great asset to Oregon football, but also a genial, likable person whom the students would greatly miss. If Oliver does refuse to sign the three-year contract, Shields may be boosted into the head coach berth, according to the athletic board. This is a consolation to the many Shields supporters who were disappointed at the selection of Tex Oliver. These supporters will be even more deeply disappointed if Gene resigns from the staff. All of which brings up the question of whom Oliver would select to round out his staff of assistants.

A WORD TO THE BOARD OF HIGHER EDUCATION: Don't raise the tuition, unless it is absolutely impossible to raise the funds by other means. The fact that students should be asked to carry "their share" of the burden is not argument enough to warrant the increase.

National

When imperialism was the keynote of the western world, "manifest destiny" was a recognized national philosophy. Every great country felt that imperialistic expansion was logical, right, and unavoidable.

Now that these nations have grown out of this stage of development, they look with horror at the "aggression" of Japan in China. People have given up "manifest destiny," the "white man's burden," and other things that would have made the Nipponese more "right" in the eyes of the world fifty years ago.

Consideration of the past of the Island empire of the East, however, reveals that she is now in a stage of development similar to that of the other countries when they were younger. And a survey of present Japanese convictions reveal that this policy is exactly what is mov-

ing the efficient, yellow men across China's plains.

Evidence of this Japanese attitude is found in cultural, political, and personal trends. In the first bracket, a study of the Nipponese emperor deification reaches back to the time when the world was being formed. Significantly, especially for the Japanese, their island was the first bit of land to emerge from the chaos, and its first inhabitants, ancestors of mild, bespectacled Hirohito, were gods.

The cultural aspects are far reaching and cannot be treated at great length here. Another well-known custom, however, may be briefly mentioned. This is hara-kiri, suicide rite of the Samurai, the hereditary fighting men of more than a thousand years. Hara-kiri is an intrinsic part of the warrior's code of these Samurai, known as Bushido.

This cult is almost completely incompatible with western ideas in that it calls for blind service to the celestial emperor, complete obedience at all times, and willingness to step out of the picture with a gory but methodical hara-kiri ceremony in case of any violation of the code.

Results of such a code are far-reaching. It makes for a superlative military, giving an imperialistic state the wherewithal to go on its path of expansion.

Politically Japan is perfectly set up to work out her "manifest destiny." Power is divided between the army, the navy, and the business class. The common people may murmur (to themselves) but every decree of those who speak for the emperor is law. Tempering views of elder statesmen, who

On Confidence and the Use of Words

CURSES! Foiled again.

A thorough-going reader of Emerald editorials has nailed us to the cross for a grammatical error. It is always encouraging to find a thorough reader of edits, but, underlined in pencil, our most recent grammatical travesty now stares forth for all to see in undeniable print on the shack bulletin board. Oh, the ignomy of it all!

But, in our ignorance and haste, we must maintain our confidence and press on. You know, confidence is a great thing. It's surprising what it will sometimes do for people. It keeps them backing themselves in the darkest hour of their need.

'In This Corner—'

AFTER many years during which there has been little boxing and wrestling competition between Oregon and Oregon State college, boxers from the two schools will rub gloves and wrestlers will go to the mat once more in McArthur court tonight.

Organizing as the Oregon Mitt and Mat club, ring enthusiasts have this year made a concerted drive to reinstate the two sports and have apparently conquered the first obstacles successfully.

Tonight the Oregon men will be representing the University. The match is an ASUO sponsored event but there will be a charge of 25 cents to associated student members, 40 cents to others. The athletic board decided to permit the nominal charge to student body members, not usually permitted, because there was no provision in this year's budget for

SOMEONE, and we don't remember who except that it wasn't our Uncle Ezra, once expressed in really convincing form his confidence in his ability to use words correctly. While we can't be quite so extreme in following his doctrine, the thought's there.

Proud of his grammatical knowledge, this intellectual modestly remarked: "I never made but one error in grammar and the moment I done it I seen it."

With this glowing example of the power of confidence before us, we stand corrected. We'll never say "different than" again—not until next time.

boxing and wrestling and it costs around \$10 to stage a match.

STRANGELY enough, Robin Reed, well-known a few years back, was indirectly the cause of the downfall of wrestling, at least, at Oregon.

For years Oregon had strong teams. Then OSC brought in Reed, an Olympic champion. Reed gathered and trained a group of wrestlers who whipped Oregon's men most unmercifully. That was the death of wrestling as an interscholastic sport.

Oregon's men will, of course, be inexperienced tonight. But they will be fighting to establish the right of two sports to recognition and aid. The Ducks should provide OSC with a lusty and leathery evening.

Oregon Emerald

LEROY MATTINGLY, Editor

WALTER R. VERNSTROM, Manager
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Associate Editors: Paul Deutschmann, Clare Igoe

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have from time to time tried to toe down the ultra-militaristic attitude, have been counteracted by occasional terroristic murders and assassinations—to remove those who stand in the way of the destiny of ancient "Yamato."

For lack of a better designation we have called the third evidence—personal trends. By this we refer to the expressions of opinion of the statesmen who serve the Rising Sun banner which have been leaking into print during the past ten years. In some ways they recall the boastful attitude of Prussians before the World war.

One of the most famed of all is the Tanaka memorial, handed to the emperor in 1927 by that great prime minister of modern Japan. This paper is purported to have outlined the plans for the subjugation of China, stating that the job should be done in approximately ten years. The yellow men seem to be a year behind schedule.

More recent declarations of opinion are those by navy and army officials that continually hint at struggle with England, the United States, or more often, Soviet Russia. One of the recent utterances of this type is attributed to Gen. Honjo, conqueror of Manchuria, who suggests that conquest of China will leave Japan so enriched that American be pushed behind the Hawaiian islands with ease. Then the general visualizes the British being eased out of Hong Kong and Singapore, the Russians being pushed back wherever they are too close.

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