

From where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

Fraternity Reporter Bill Scott relates the tale of one Carl Jantzen, Phi Delta. It seems that Carl struggled diligently for three terms, a model of neatness with his housework, a demon in mind—initiation.

With the greatest of equanimity he endured the trials of hell week and finally all was over and Carl was hailed as brother. Hastily shaking hands with the boys, Carl clutched his new pin, made a record-breaking dash to the Theta house to offer his heart and pin to the love of his life. Well, we must admit truthfully, even if it doesn't sound so romantic, that it was some four hours later that the pin changed hands. But even that's not bad.

Perhaps even more touching is the story of Jack Gavin, Kappa Sig. Jack, the minute initiation was over, jumped into his car, drove lickety-split to Corvallis, planted his pin upon Betty Cleator, Alpha Chi Omega, formerly of the University.

And that, we feel, is carrying devotion to a fine point.

Speaking of pin-plantings, who, of all people, should venture into the field romance but Scandalmonger Bob Pollock. It seems that Bob, after three years, finally honored Florence Haydon, Alpha Gam, with his heart, hand, and jewelry.

That foresighted girl, knowing Pollock for the Romeo he is, asked Bob to have the pin engraved so that it might wander no more. But alas, when the job was done the inscription read, with touching simplicity, "From Bob."

Who would ever think that the sparsely-furnished, garishly-lighted browsing room of the library would be a spot to nurture romance. But there must be something about the atmosphere of the place, or maybe love really is blind, because it was here that George Hall planted his pin upon Winona Eslow.

Well, shucks, some people get married in airplanes.

Pollock's FOLLY

By BOB POLLOCK

THIS DEPARTMENT is compelled by the editor and circumstances to blush with shame. It seems we were mistook. It all happened when we reported what we thought was a fact about the boys down at Phi Kappa Psi sending a telegram to "Brother" Tex Oliver.

Well, we had the dope as far as it went, but the trouble is we went too far. The Phi Psis sent the WU all right but there was nothing about brotherly love in it. In our brash innocence we took casual conversation and made a column out of it.

TAKING THE STATE of Washington, all of Canada, and half of Alaska in our stride, we land our readers in an Alaskan village who's title we have forgotten. This village is located on a river something like our own Willamette, and every winter this river freezes solid and everybody stops fishing.

In the spring, naturally, the ice goes out. Now it seems that the citizens of this village, most of the residents of Alaska and a province or two in Canada have established a sort of game—it consists, briefly, of betting a dollar you can guess the month, the week, the day, the hour, and the minute when the said ice is going out.

SO POPULAR IS this pastime to the Alaskans who can not fish in the winter time anyway, that they sometimes get together a pot as high as ninety thousand bucks. Which is a lot of iron men.

To check the time of the departure of the ice, a tripod is set up in the middle of the river and connected by a wire with a sealed electric clock on the shore. When the ice goes out, blooey goes the wire, the clock stops and the fun begins.

ALL OF ALASKA'S sourdoughs are, of course, honest but there is always a possibility of a checkako from California coming in to hook the pot or monkey with the clock. To take care of this eventuality a

gentleman with a thirty-thirty across his experienced knees stands guard night and day over the ticker with instructions to forget Christian motives and shoot to kill. Usually he is not bothered.

All this is preliminary to the main story of the evening. Harold Shearer, Oregon sophomore who spent three years in the land where Dan McGrew got what was coming to him, almost walked off with the kitty in 1937.

USING THE BRAINS the Lord gave him, consulting such of the stars as peeped through Alaska's snow clouds, Shearer finally concluded the ice was going out May 12 at 5:26 p.m.

Steadily the weather grew warmer, the snow came out of the hills and the ice groaned preparatory for the big break-up. At last came May 12th. The river was high, the ice was shifting a little. For miles around people came to watch. Three men tried to borrow some of Shearer's prospective winnings—the pot was \$85,000. One sourdough offered the almost winner a thousand bucks for one-half of his ticket. Shearer refused to sell.

ALL DAY SHEARER paced the bank of the river, one eye on his trusty Elgin the other on the river. Noon came and passed. Two, three, four and five o'clock went by. . . the ice was shifting slowly. . . it was evident that it would go any moment. . . Shearer accepted congratulations as well as all offers of liquid refreshment. . . in his mind he could see himself chartering an airplane in Fairbanks and flying out to the states. . . why, there was nothing he couldn't do with \$85,000!

Suddenly, with a roar of ten thousand enraged Tarzans, the ice broke. . . Shearer looked at his trusty, sweat-stained Elgin. . . it said two minutes after five. . . he had missed a fortune by 24 minutes!

"What did I do? What would you have done? You would? Well, that's exactly what I did!"

In the Mail

QUICK HENRY! To the Editor: I hardly know how to begin! I'm utterly confused. Probably you'll all think me just another sour puss. Well, maybe I am, but having written this letter, I hope to recapture, once again, my placid state of mind. I used to be happy; now I only brood.

Everyone is talking about diluted water and blue milk. I wish that were all I had to talk about. We (I must include the others) would gladly drink anything if we could exterminate the sinister abnormality which looks as though it would completely annihilate the Kappa house.

I am speaking about the little men. They're everywhere. And they have heads. Usually they come out at night around 12:45, but yesterday a girl saw one in the ironing room. We don't know what he wanted. This unusual occurrence began about

two weeks ago, and we decided not to tell a soul—let alone the newspaper. But I guess these little men multiply rapidly; there are at least three times as many now.

We wouldn't have appealed for help if we were not worried about our next year's rushing. However, as the days go by and the army of little men gets stronger, we're afraid we will have no pledges. And, Mr. Editor, we just have to pledge somebody.

As to the purpose of these little men, we do not know. Some people think they have been secretly driven from the Theta house; if this is true the occupancy of our hostelry was inevitable. We are almost sure that they come up through the plumbing. Further details concerning this cannot be printed. But, from this brief resume, you can appreciate our dilemma.

I could relate unbelievable

The Fraternity--an Institution With Duties, Obligations; Does It Have a Future?

THE subjects which engage an editor's attention year in and year out are limited in number. There are, usually, a variety of approaches to those problems.

The problem of housing and fraternities—the term is used as including social living organizations for both men

and women—is not a new one. It has been approached from many angles and, recently, by several groups. Unfortunately, criticism and action has seldom come from within—fraternity officials have shown a reverence for the sanctity of their system and apparently cannot conceive of its ever being wrong.

BECAUSE: (1) living organizations, and especially fraternities, seem to have lost sight of their obligations to the individual; (2) the University, which has so long disregarded its own obligations to students in the matter of housing, shows inclinations of "taking over" its responsibilities at last; (3) fraternity men have condemned deferred pledging on grounds it would cut the number of men "living in"—despite the fact that they are now over-crowded; (4) over-crowding is more acute at present than before because enrollment is up. The Emerald has attempted this year to strike at the heart of the situation by investigating housing conditions. It has not chosen to skirt the fringes by "reforming" hell week or concentrating directly on pledging and rushing problems. Either action would be more simple and, in the near future, more successful.

But concentrating on such points means failure to raise issues which are gnawing at the roots of the fraternity system, for, while council and house managers muddle along—in all fairness it must be said the managers are making progress on some problems, such as cooperative buying—the whole system faces extinction.

IT is not difficult to prove the immediacy of the fraternity's problem. An analysis made by Dean of Men Virgil D. Earl reveals, roughly, that five years ago two per cent of Oregon's total entering enrollment was made up of students with previous college training.

This year 25.8 per cent of new students had matriculated elsewhere. And about 20 per cent entered with advanced standing.

This, it will be seen, is the real threat to the fraternity's existence. It means the percentage of men and women who can profit from fraternity membership has been seriously limited—that there are of necessity, more independents on

the campus in proportion to Greeks than there were five years ago.

There is a distinct trend in this state towards putting education on a "junior college" basis. This, obviously, lops more material "off the bottom" of the list of possible pledges than deferred pledging would.

WITHIN the University there has also been a tendency to cut down the number of years students can spend in houses. Professional schools such as law and medicine—and, more recently, even journalism and business administration—encourage, consciously or unconsciously, their senior students to move out of houses into an atmosphere more conducive to concentration and study. The demands of these schools are so heavy as to almost prohibit any great stress on extracurricular activity.

These things are the factors, not competition from school-owned dorms and houses or from cooperatives, that have reduced so greatly the importance of fraternities at eastern colleges.

The next ten years are going to put challenges to the fraternities on this campus which they will have to face to continue to exist. Their problems, recognized by the Oregon dads, the faculty housing committee, Dean Earl, and, possibly, even by the state board, are at present so acute that they cannot much longer be ignored. If the fraternity has anything to advance to make it worthy of retention it must take action to prove its worth.

It must consolidate its position. Every house must face its obligations and duties and cease to blind itself to them, failing to see beyond its bills.

THE easy solution to the fraternity and housing problem, from the fraternities' standpoint, is for them to cease to exist. But this would increase rather than abate the University's problem and would mean the loss to student life of something valuable and colorful.

It is obvious that nothing can be accomplished by refusing to recognize the problem.

But, granting recognition, what can be done to meet and defeat it?

THERE are three points from which the problem can be met. Two of them focus around the interfraternity council—the council should work externally to solicit, accept, and utilize every bit of "outside" help to improve the financial position of the organizations. The main points in the

battle to retrench and strengthen the Greek's position would be: (1) tax reduction; (2) refinancing; (3) a building and remodeling problem to make living quarters adequate and attractive.

The second point of departure also involves the council. It should work with the houses and the administration: (1) to improve relations between them; (2) to raise fraternity scholarship standards; (3) to make arrangements whereby the fraternities avoid defeating the University's ends.

The third approach should be made by fraternities. They should endeavor to re-evaluate their ideals, investigate their position, work toward fulfilling the duties which have been delegated to them in matters of scholarship and molding the underclass student. Of course, bills must be met. But they should not be met by over-crowding houses, promiscuous pledging, and a disregard of living conditions and the ends of brotherhood and scholarship.

TAKING fraternity stock at its face value, pledging is a good investment. The market value of "Greek Corporation Bonds, University exchange" has been dropping.

A score of years will see it off the Oregon market if the board of directors and the stockholders can't see their obstacles and work out an effective reform.

THE fraternity can help the University immensely in combatting the "junior college" tendency, for it has a phase of University life to offer which is denied the transfer student.

But it cannot hope to survive when the test comes if it has been a failure with everything in its favor. To justify its existence today the fraternity could not point to scholastic achievement, for it has failed miserably in this respect, comparative GPA figures show. It cannot point with pride to evidences of cooperation with the administration, for the facts of the case are that it has often worked to defeat the ends of education.

Always its approach has been negative as shown in the case of deferred pledging. Deferred pledging is easily damned on some grounds although it has obvious strong points. There are other systems, however, such as open pledging or summer pledging which might solve some of Oregon's rushing problems. But the deferred method was not rejected because of the weak points in it as a system. It was never considered seriously because it might limit over-crowding in over-crowded houses.

The fraternity's neck is on the chopping block. It may provide solace but it will not mean reprieve to ignore the axe.

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Sewers to Scriptures—or—the 'Profits' of Humility

THE grammar hounds have got us squelched. Even confidence will not withstand the death blow which they dealt us today, i.e., their somewhat caustic comment on the unusual manner, even for us, by which, in our opus yesterday on semantics and confidence, we spelled or misspelled "ignominy."

We have a furtive suspicion that once more we must admit our error—whether in spelling or copyediting we decline to say—instead of placing the blame on the proof-reader.

Housing conditions in the shack demand comment—in fact they have been reeking (not shrieking) for it for several days. The situation over here in the journalism building and especially in The Emerald editor's office literally "smells"—and has ever since the sewer burst.

Operative 1313 reports a fly in the butter

at the Theta Chi house. William F. Lubersky, the humorous fellow whose name is so often garbled, suspects his water, received in the dorm, is more or less than H(2)O. A Kappa reports seeing things around the Kappa house besides Kappas. Ah, the possibilities for comment are unlimited—they come right up to our own door (the sewer again) but we, still fools but fearing to rush in anyway, hesitate and are lost.

HUMILITY is a wonderful thing. If we can't have confidence, at least we can still be humble. Besides, the bible says, "The meek shall inherit the earth."

Even that isn't altogether true, for it was expressed before the New Deal. The meek might still inherit it but the government is the only one which would profit.

Remember the inheritance tax.

SIDE SHOW

By Bill Cummings and Paul Deutschmann

Campus

Handling class elections is a big job, but not too big to be taken care of by one efficient group of upperclassmen, such as the ASUO board. Putting all elections out of the way on the same day would be an especially good step, and under ASUO supervision there is little reason to doubt that a combined election day for all organizations on the campus could be run off smoothly.

Main objectors are Prexies Litfin and Payne of the sophomore and freshman classes, but there is a plan whereby even these worthy class officers may be satisfied. They want to try out a proposed system of direct primaries, to precede class elections and to be held for the purpose of narrowing the field of candidates. Dean Earl has expressed his support of the plan, and it does seem as though the direct primary should at least be given a try.

So the solution, it would seem, be to hold direct primaries a week or so in advance of campus election day, under supervision of the ASUO, and then proceed with student body and

class elections under the same supervision of an experienced and well organized election board.

The main idea of holding all campus elections on the same day is to eliminate as much pre-election ballyhoo as possible. It only leads to unfair elections, disputes, and hard feelings, and if the two major blocs on the campus could get it over with for the student body and the classes at the same time, so much the better. Herein lies a weakness of the primary system; it would mean a prolongation of the ballyhoo, at least for the freshman and sophomore classes.

What the campus really needs is a panacea for the whole election system which has been in use (or rather misuse) on the campus for some time. The bloc system inevitably leads to foul play, and if blocs could be abolished, maybe the students could elect their officers on a non-partisan basis free from petty vote-dickering, mud-slinging, and high pressure politics.

LOST—Glasses in brown case with Zell Bros. inscribed. Return to Joen Jenness, Chi Omega.

MYSTERY to HISTORY

By **GLENN HASSELROOTH**

"Boundary Against Night," by Edmund Gilligan.

For once the blurbs are right. Here is a novel that really means something to American literature. It is beautiful, terrifying, and brutal, a book that is at once a hurt and a joy to read. Sometimes it stings and burns like salt in a cut, then it gladdens the heart and brings new hope, again it makes you gasp at the barbarisms of unguided human beings, lost in a melee of lawlessness.

The story is of Benjamin Coventry, the sailor who returned from war duties, blinded in the bombing of the submarine, Orca, just off his beloved Massachusetts coast. He has money, and not embittered to the extent one would expect, becomes in his lonely darkness the friend of Hargedon, a lusty, indomitable policeman. A strange comradeship arises between the two: the blind man sensitive, seeing the weaknesses and the strength of the poverty-stricken cop; the policeman, trying to be a friend, not quite knowing how, succeeds in being one. Many of the moments between them are tenderly and understandingly told.

But this is a novel of Boston, and the people of Boston. You will remember Pansie Raven, who married John Michael Hargedon, but was too much like him to be happily married to anybody; Olivia Bannon, who sent a son to war, and saw him return from it; Calvin Coolidge, who sucked maple candy in the Boston state house, had the newspapers read to him, and squirmed in his chair when things began to happen; "Napoleon" Farrington, who knew all about strikes; Laura James, who loved Mrs. Bannon's son, Gabriel, found her heart as well as his scarred by the war, and fell in love with Benjamin Coventry.

The shadow of the war was over them all, but they had other problems to face. The low wages of the Boston policemen turned into strike, and fury writhed among them, twisting, breaking, and destroying. Now there is no turning back. Here the novel reaches its highest pitch, and it is potent, candid, and fatal.

"Boundary against Night" fulfills its expectations; Edmund Gilligan is not a new writer

who "will bear watching." He has made his place firm with a red-blooded novel of America that carries a strong punch, and does not falter. There has been nothing so good of its kind in the 30's.

Our only wish is that the public (and the critics) will like it as well as we did. They all should agree on its readability, because it is unlaydownable.

Leads to read. Sinclair Lewis, in his new novel, "The Prodigal Parents," proves himself to be as adept as ever in developing characterization of the bourgeois mind. . . . If you read "Wake Up and Live" and still think it helped you to get out of a rut, you had better not bother about Dorothea Brande's "My Invincible Aunt." It might make you think that heretofore Mrs. Brande has had her tongue in her cheek. . . . The people who gossip are not the only ones who don't know what they are really saying. If you don't believe it, get a copy of Stuart

Chase's "The Tyranny of Words" and find out how much all of us blab-blub. . . . Gertrude Stein tried to tell us more about her life in the oh-so-modestly-named "Everybody's Autobiography." Miss Stein still admits she is a genius. Breathless on finding it out, we can only add, in what might be her own words, but aren't: Miss Stein is a genius is a genius is a genius. Which sounds nice when you say it fast, but means absolutely nothing. Maybe Mr. Chase could give Miss Stein some lessons.

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