

From Where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

Today we have a beef. And right here and now we want to say that it's not about the browsing room chairs, so help us. Not that we couldn't say a word or two in that connection, but with admirable restraint we'll hold ourselves back. Pink has been pretty funny about the browsing room already and there really isn't much more to be said.

Nope, the dark cloud on our horizon right now is this inane "man of the hour" business that went on Friday. By the gods, it's not enough we should have to bear up with such foolishness umpteen times a year to select an ideal couple, a junior queen, a little colone!, a Miss Oregon, a most popular this and outstanding that. No—now Oregon's stalwart males must put themselves on the block to pick the Man of the Hour, and his two minute men, Tick and Toek, Whoops!

It shatters something in us—an illusion perhaps—that presumably intelligent college men should so degrade themselves. Such silliness is understandable—if not excusable—in women, who are a bit teched anyway; but that a red-blooded he-man should submit to the indignity of being voted on—or not voted on—as the "man of the hour" is—well—it's beyond us, and we don't mind saying so. What if he isn't the "man of the hour" to a bunch of gaping, giggling girls? What the—the thing is undeniably conducive to profanity.

Things have come to a pretty pass when our males, instead of grabbing the gals by the hair and slugging them a good one if they protested, now mince back and forth waiting for the ladies to vote them their "man of the hour." We'll wager the caveman didn't stop to ask the gal if he was her "man of the hour." He was, or else!

Well, that's civilization—such as it is, for better or for worse. So we'll choke down the rest of our protests in this direction and proceed with our story. For the worst is yet to come.

Jim Hubbard was elected (?) man of the hour. Now Jim, we are sure, is a lovely fellow, with practically all of the sterling virtues added to manly beauty and grace. We couldn't say for sure, because we don't know Mr. Hubbard either personally or by reputation or even at sight. So we speak out of no personal bias.

But when we discovered Hubbard was elected because the loyal brother Betas bought 17—count 'em—17 dollars worth of tickets and shall we say "stuffed" the ballot box (to use an ugly but familiar phrase) our stupefaction knew no bounds, and the last shreds of our illusions melted like snow in the sun. Imagine wanting to be "man of the hour" that much! Fie upon you, Mr. Hubbard, and upon all your brethren.

Well, it is all over now, and maybe it was worth 17 dollars to be a man for an hour—or the man of the hour or whatever it is. But we still say it was pretty silly. The Man of the Hour and his two minute men, Tick and Toek. My God!

A GOOD HAIRCUT
FOR 35c

Joe Prairie's Shop
Corner 11th and Alder

All-Campus Bull Session

SEVERAL years ago an attempt was made to form an impartial, moderately liberal, discussion society, to take up international, national, and local affairs, and to embody representatives from varying campus opinion groups. The attempt failed in the first place because of dissension among the parties, and secondly because of lack of interest in the affairs to be discussed.

Today, however, the situation is much different. The turnout at the recent Kirby Page forum, one of the largest to gather for such a meeting in several years, indicated a growth of student interest in significant affairs of the nation and the world. Today, as a visit to a fraternity bull-session, an occasional College Side booth, or even a small knot of students standing about the campus will show, students are talking of worthy topics. Governments, international developments, wars and possibilities of wars are in vogue as topics of conversation.

CLASSES on the present day situations and the splendid assembly program are the contributions of the faculty to the student desire for information on the topics of the day. Other steps toward better informing the Oregon student body are organizations such as the International club, which brings speakers to the campus for informal discussions, but which is neglected or unnoticed by most students.

Yesterday a suggestion was made in these columns that forums after assembly speeches be provided more frequently. The argument behind such a plea is that the speakers are held to generalities, or to statements that do little more than produce questions in the students' minds. For those whose interest is awakened, the forums would certainly be of value.

Furthermore, the result of the Thursday forum evidenced another phase of the question—that even after questioning

Mr. Page for an hour students still retained enough questions and opinions to keep him going quite some time longer.

ACTION on these two phases of student interest in world policies—the desire to question speakers and to continue the informal discussions among themselves—might well be begun. The defunct Oregon Student federation (the student discussion group mentioned at the beginning of this editorial) is a possible means of reviving organized student action in a discussion group.

The factional disputes which originally defeated the purposes of the organization have now been forgotten. And with the impetus of the wider student desire to exchange opinions on every type of problem imaginable from the navy bill to the "anschluss," a new effective discussion group, without the confusing problem of stands, constitutions, or memberships, could be formed.

Initiative on the revival of this organization or on the formation of a new one might well be taken by the officials of the old OSF who are yet on this campus. Or if they do not feel the urge they could at least delegate what authority hypothetically remains in their "ghost" titles to someone who would be interested.

A criticism of American students has often been that they lack interest in affairs other than sports and dance bands. Three years ago, the Oregon Student federation was hailed as a disavowal of this criticism. The course of events, however, seemed to prove that the pessimists were right.

Today, as never before, college students of America are interested in more than last night's date. A wise step would be an organized effort to produce this interest, and accomplish, if nothing else, the silencing of dour critics of the "worthless youth of today."

And it would be interesting to experiment with an "all-campus bull-session."—P. D.

An Eye to the Future

IN a few weeks members of the interfraternity council will elect officers for the coming year. To those men will fall the duty of forming the organizations policies, and into their laps will be thrown a number of difficult problems.

In the past few years scores of indictments against the fraternity system have been flung at the council's door. Critics have declared that under the present closed rushing system the freshman is pledged to a house "before he knows what it is about." The fraternities have been discredited as houses of intellectual ill-fame, where study is a vice, not a virtue. They have said that the student's entry into University life is disrupted in its first stages because of the difficulties in acclimating him to new surroundings. They have said that the fraternities offer poor conditions for educational pursuits. Besides indictments, most critics have offered plans to remove the problems and their causes.

BUT both plans and indictments have largely been disregarded by the group which they concern the most. The deferred pledging plan offered at the last meeting of the Oregon Dads has received no answer. There has been a tendency in the council to lock the door against suggestions,

and deny the existence of deficiencies in the system.

Sociologists have long claimed that when an institution is attacked by organized critics, that institution is on the edge of decadence. And when no action is taken to readjust it to new conditions, it falls.

THERE is a need at the present time for an especially strong group of leaders, leaders who will bring the interfraternity council to face problems that can no longer be ignored.

When the boys gather around the council board to elect officers later this month, they will do well to eye carefully the qualifications and the policies of the candidates. Or some bright morning they will wake to find their institutions beyond possible rejuvenation.—L. T.

Old Boot

A statue of an old miner, housed in the museum at the University of Nevada, was recently unveiled, and it was discovered that the boots were too modern for an old miner. Since then the sculptor has made plans to copy boots from a picture of an authentic miner.

That's giving him the old fashioned boot.

and that they would retain their scholarships.

Which is all well and good. I couldn't help thinking, as I sat there, that maybe they were earning them.

And then my thoughts returned to the game of baseball which was going on. I dug into my memory for such facts and statistics as I had stored there; but in spite of all my digging I could find but few records of scholarships to baseball players. "What," I said to myself, "are these boys playing ball because they like to? It is not the fashion."

I must be sure of this, I felt. So I gazed once more at the playing field. On the field were citizens that I knew—for example, there was L. Sherm Mattingly, Emerald editor and alleged pitcher. (The "L" in case you didn't know it, stands for lousy—as far as Sherm's ability as a twirler is concerned.) I knew he wasn't getting paid. Nobody would pay him to play baseball. And I knew a lot of the other lads weren't getting any gelt and such of them that were only drew pittances as opposed to the justly-earned wages of the basketweavers and the pigskin-toters and pushers.

This tale hasn't much moral, except maybe this: Oregon—and this includes any college of size—has a professional football and a professional basketball team. It hasn't a professional baseball team. When one of the lads gets a banged-up knee he doesn't say first, "My God, my scholarship!" and then, "My God, my knee!" He says, "Shucks, I won't get to play in the next game!"

I don't know the answer. We have professional teams because we want 'em, I suppose. But somehow it is a pleasure to watch a game that is played for fun. And it's too bad we can't get rid of a few subversive interests and advance the idea of really amateur sport to basketball and football, too.

P.S. Someday I'll get up a lot of courage and define the term "subversive interests." But then I might be one someday myself—we all have to graduate.

Pollock's FOLLY

By BOB POLLOCK

THE OTHER DAY I strolled out into the spring sunshine with the joy of youth in my heart and my soul at ease. Hearing the lusty crack of horsehide on hickory—or something that sounded like horsehide on hickory although it might not have been—I investigated and found a baseball game. It seems we were playing the gentlemen from University of Portland although this fact is not exactly germane to my story.

Well, I went in—because it was free—and I sat down. And as I sat I began to think. It is always easier for me to think sitting down somehow. As I thought I gazed about me and I saw twenty or thirty earnest young men clad in something that looked like BVD's with numerals. They were engaged, my instinct told me, in a game of baseball. What is more they were enjoying it mightily.

Then my gaze wandered afield and I saw other young men clad in what I presumed to be football uniforms. They were practicing, running hither and thither with great speed and abandon. I wondered mightily at this strange activity because L. H. Gregory—whom I read daily—declares that Oregon will not be engaged in a football contest until next autumn. Which is a very long time.

THEN THE REASON for the activity burst upon me. The young men were working so mightily in order that when the autumn arrived they might be skilled in the highly technical game of football. This meant that they would win games, that the aluminiums would be happy, that the coach would retain his job and his hair,