

Oregon Emerald

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Big Business in College

IT WAS rather unpleasant out on Multnomah field last Saturday. The game wasn't going so well, a cold wind was whipping across the field, and even in the sheltered stands it was a bit nippy. For several hundred Oregon students who stood on the cold "turf" of Portland's civic stadium it was even more chilly. They looked for the yell leaders, the rally committee—anybody to get them justice—and seats. Looking at the situation with an unbiased, judicial attitude, it is not difficult to appreciate the feelings of those students. They were members of the ASUO. They had laid down their seven bucks a long time before for those seats, which as far as they could determine, were occupied by high school students and other general admission ticket holders. By all the theories of quantity purchasing and buying in advance, they should have had more consideration than they did. If they searched the records for a similar treatment of season ticket holders to any other type of function they would find none.

LOOKING at the situation with an equally unbiased, judicial attitude, but from the viewpoint of the ASUO officials, it is not difficult to appreciate an entirely different set of feelings. To them the ASUO is a business. They are hired as managers of a business concern. Their job is to take the "student activities"—football, concerts, other sports—utilize the dramatic portion of them and sell them. At the beginning of each term they sell them first to the students. Then—after students have been given a prior opportunity to buy—they try to sell these "shows" at their disposal to the general public.

They try to sell them to as many people as possible. That is what they are hired and paid to do. When they cease to do that they will no longer be desired. Their business is to sell them to the maximum number of persons, taking into consideration, of course, that they are in the unique position of selling at two prices to two very different groups.

IT IS rather inevitable that the interests of these two groups of buyers will clash at times. They will not clash loudly, nor riotously unless these interests have been stepped on too definitely. And there is a third consideration which will clash with the buyer groups, most probably with the student purchasers. That is the effort of the officials to carry out their job and make money.

The fault cannot be easily laid at the feet of the ASUO administration or of the students or of the general public, which is unwittingly a factor in the situation. It goes far deeper to matters of policy—policy which says that the University shall have activities which shall be sold to the maximum number of purchasers.

THAT policy was not thought up in a minute. It was not promulgated by one individual, nor is it maintained by one. It is part of the system which had taken over collegiate activities. It is not designed primarily for the benefit of the students, at least not directly.

It is big business, utilizing high power advertising, looking for profits. As a matter of fact it is not quite as polite as big business. It does not believe that the customer is always right—especially if he is a student customer.

Would-Be Doctors Will Take Medical Aptitude Tests

A medical aptitude test will be given Friday, at 2 o'clock in room 105 McClure, for those students who plan to enter medical schools in the fall.

This test, which is conducted at the same hour in all the major institutions in the United States, is used by the admissions committees of the various schools to determine the fitness of a student to study medicine.

Approximately ten thousand pre-med students throughout the United States take the exam each year.

Writing Contest Closes December 13

Pot and Quill members yesterday warned would-be entrants of the writers' contest that the closing date, December 13, is less than two and a half weeks away. Work to be submitted should be placed

in the box in the east entrance of the library.

The author of the best piece of work will receive \$5. The organization's new members will also be chosen from the list of entries.

The organization is made up of women interested in creative writing. The contest is open to all undergraduate women.

Copy of Stevenson's 'Kidnapped' Added To Nash Collection

The latest addition to the John Henry Nash collection of rare volumes in the University library is a copy of Robert Louis Stephenson's "Kidnapped," recently published for the members of the Limited Editions club, which he presented to the library yesterday.

The volume, one of 1500 printed for the group, is illustrated with wood engravings by Hans Alexander Mueller, and the book was designed by Elmer Adler.

The Nash copy is number 262 of the series published.

Round 'n About....

WITH WEN BROOKS

Students will have their first chance to see the 1938 edition of Hobby's hoopmen in action tonight at 8 when the Oregon basketballers take the floor against Portland university in the Igloo. Your student body card will get you in.

The Oregon team, already being tagged as "the team to beat" by northern division coaches, takes a trip east in December. Plays the City College of New York in Madison Square Garden on the 17th. Fellows making the trip, including Senior Manager Hal Adams, will probably spend Christmas in Chicago. One consolation—that it won't be much colder there than here if the present cold wave lasts.

And it probably will. Rumors have more than one campus swain already donning the long undies of his granddaddy's day. It is cold! So cold I'm having a time of it getting out of bed in time to make that eleven o'clock three times a week. And handkerchiefs aren't the most unpopular part of the student's wardrobe these days from the looks of things. Notice more than a few rubbing noses and it's definitely not spring fever.

Asked girls from one sorority yesterday what they did these nights to keep warm... that is, after the fellows had left. And unanimously they answered, "we don't!" Think folks would appreciate a little of that California dew (rain) these days in lieu of the cold... but it would probably turn into hail stones on the way down!

But let's forget the cold... just try to. Picked up a little bit yesterday that should interest Ripley, provided that gentleman were writing for the Emerald. Seems two students hitch-hiking to Portland this past weekend were fortunate and got a ride.

They didn't bother with introductions. After about five minutes I understand one of the boys turned to the driver. "Seems to me I've seen your face before but I can't quite place it," he said.

The driver smiled, "I'm Dr. Erb." And the boys in turn gave their names. It was several minutes later that the boys woke up to the fact that they had been picked up by the president of the University.

I always did advocate making freshmen attend assemblies—might learn to recognize the

faces of some of the faculty and members of the administration! Wonder what Dick Loomis or Ernie Williams would say about the matter?

This 'n that: Russ Inskeep freezing his hands while changing a tire on Ninth yesterday... and a stately Alpha Phi waiting patiently. Wellington H. Quinn swinging a bat over the holiday, keeping in shape for baseball which is not so far around the corner. Quinn is one of the Oregon boys who scouts from the big leagues are reported to have their eyes on. May not be long before he'll be battling them out like Joe Gordon. Understand Burton Barr called "time out" while celebrating this past weekend in Portland. That is... well, better ask that boy about it.

Thursday night the curtain will rise... rather, be drawn back... on NOAH, a comedy being staged by the University theater. I'm waiting for Vince Gates to make a quip on the title. It should be a good show and represents lots of work doing every thing from making masks of animals and building sets, to memorizing lines. Just bet you won't be able to recognize one member of the cast who will be masquerading as a black bear. His name's Smoky Whitfield. And you ought to rinse your eyes on Sunny Stanke, gotten up to look like a poka dot Holstein.

Adrian Martin, who is doing post grad work now in English, plays the lead role, that of Noah. Incidentally, one of Noah's sons... one Shem... is in eld with the flu and may not be able to play when the show comes off. At least, they don't noah at present. Latest tip has Jens Hansen learning Shem's lines. Shem was to have been played by Wilfred Roadman... may still be. Either boy should be good.

A year ago tomorrow the Oregon staff chose the ideal couple on the campus... Marjorie Bates and Pete Mitchell. Two years ago we had Marcia Steinhauer taking the honors as Miss Oregon. The Sigma Chis have a sweetheart but I'm wondering now who the next publicity scheme will put up for Miss Something-or-other. After finals are over I may be in line to nominate someone myself... namely, Miss-Fortune. That's

Phillip Morris in talk-filled fraternity dens full of chatter and earnest talk... Could I tell stories? And how!

But nobody can give the real goods from Asia through the mail. Too many people read it.

The other day I was sitting in the saloon of a Sungari riverboat, quite similar to the old Mississippi ships with big wheels, but no pure water so that I could not brush my teeth except with beer, which became a nuisance soon. As I say, I was sitting and typing away on a letter to Portland, in English. Some Japanese gentlemen were looking over my shoulder, as their patriotic duty ordered them to do.

After arriving in Harbin, the police get into my hair by expressing the wish to see what I had been writing. I look blankly at them. So out it comes: "We have been informed that you have been writing information about Manchuria in English. Do you mind if we see it?"

Of course I do. They, apparently, suspected me to be a phony German, as I had typed away swiftly in English instead of writing in my mother tongue. Thus suspicious, they wanted to go into the matter. I got good and mad; and, even put some German expressions in my otherwise flawless Oregon American... That did not help very much. Not until I resorted to showing them letters of introduction to high military people could I experience results.

And then it came. The Russian speaking Japanese had the Russian interpreter tell me: "Will you please tell your military friends that you have met an impolite Japanese! I hope it was the first one. Excuse please." This story tells more than one truth.

If it does not have a point to you, excuse please. But do you want to have a policeman read your letters from that girl down there in San Diego, city editor?

In the Mail

BACK—NOT BUCK

During the past weekend in Portland it seems that there happened to be a few incidents which necessitate some clarifying. A couple of these are in my own behalf and the others in behalf of the students in general.

In regard to my not being present in front of the rooting section the first few minutes of the game. During that time I was very busy engaged in trying to find some place for the students without seats to sit down even it was on the ground. After going to the stadium office and from there clear up to the press box, I was still able to find only room on the ground, and I might add wet ground, for the girls with the remainder of the paid spectators still without seats. Why couldn't the students of the U of O as well as those of OSC be given seats some place when they paid their admission? Why do we have a football team if it is not for the benefit of the students of the University?

It seems to me that the games should be played for the benefit of the students. At the end of the first quarter there were still thousands of unfilled seats in

the east end of the stands and at the end of the game there were still these vacancies with several hundred paid spectators standing around the field with cold feet and ill-feelings toward the school. I ask you as students of the University of Oregon why this situation remains?

Every day I receive numerous requests to explain what has happened to the "Old Oregon spirit." This comes from alumni as well as students. It reverts right back to the deal I mentioned in the preceding paragraph. The football team doesn't belong to the students any more. They will not permit the spirit to be brought back for fear of letting themselves go. The easiest way for them to pass the buck is onto the rally committee.

This rally committee is organized for the purpose of planning spirit for the games with the funds so limited that whatever deal they may plan is either corny or just another plan for the committee to publicize itself. It is true that many of the things the rally committee do to re-establish this spirit is not supported by the students themselves. I am not trying to defend the rally committee but only defending them from certain unfair aspersions. The rally committee, your rally committee, does they very best they can with the limited funds they are given with which to work.

If any of these problems are to be solved they cannot be solved by cutting at the rally committee. In most cases they are behind the eight-ball before they start. Their work is aimed directly at a greater benefit for the students rather than per-

Eugene's Own Store WASHBURN'S

An Old problem... with a New solution!

Give Her Gifts of Beauty

- Helena Rubenstein—Beautility Bags ..\$3.75
- Francis Denney—Compact and Lipstick Set ..\$3.50
- Helena Rubenstein—Bird Cage Containing, Pasteurized Milk Bath, Water Lily Bath Powder, Eau d' Cologne, Bath Soap ..\$7.50
- Magnifying Make-up Mirrors ..\$1.00
- Swiss Musical Powder Boxes—from ..\$3.00
- Town and Country Gift Sets Both Town and Country Perfumes, Jeweled Compact and Lipstick ..\$5.00

TOILETRIES SECTION

sonal publicity even if it does seem to be the latter sometimes. Let's back them rather than buck them and see what happens.

PAUL CUSHING.

FIVE RECOVERING

Students listed Monday as patients at the infirmary were: Althea Burghardt, Frances Burrows, James Manley, Clarence Higgins, and Samuel Hughes.

Would you like to get an eyeful of some ARROW beauties? See page 85—THIS WEEK'S POST

I WATCHED AT MUNICH
and discovered what that "peace" means to America's future
European Showdown by DEMAREE BESS

WHY NOT 10¢ FOOTBALL GAMES?
How does your school feel about "over-emphasis on athletics"? Here's one answer to an old college problem, by a university president who says the trouble with football is, nobody wants to give up the gate receipts. He tackles a few well-known sports myths, and advances a new program for curing college "athleticism".
Gate Receipts and Glory
by ROBERT M. HUTCHINS, President, University of Chicago

They laughed at his JUNGLE AIRLINE
(now raking in a million a year)
AIRLINES scoffed at his idea of flying freight into the jungles of Central America. But today Lowell Yerex' airline, TACA, flies 15,000,000 pounds of machinery, horses, butter and eggs, chewing gum and passengers every year. And, without benefit of government subsidy, will sengers every year. And, without benefit of government subsidy, will gross more than a million dollars in 1938. Here's the amazing story.
Flying the Jungle Run by HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

FIRE!
...Truck 4's Ladder Team gets a dizzy workout EIGHT STORIES UP!
TWENTY-SEVEN KIDS trapped on the top floor. Truck 4 raises its hundred-foot aerial ladder—and Tommy Mayo picks that crucial moment to tell Arch Reynolds, "Nobody's ordering me to kill myself for nothing!"... A fast-moving story of fire-fighters in action.
High Fly
by MAURICE BEAM

AND A PREACHER GOES TO WAR. What did the Good Book say? "Stay not, but pursue after your enemies, and smite the hindmost of them." With a Civil War going on, that was all the Rev. Praxiteles Swan wanted to know! A short story by Lt. Col. John W. Thomason, Jr. ... **RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WEDDING.** Ninety-Nine Alarm Clocks went off! Dorothy Thomas tells you why, and how it affected more than one wedding. A short story... PLUS: Fiction, articles, serials, Post Scripts, cartoons and news of authors on the Keeping Posted page. All in the Post out this week.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST