

Oregon Emerald

Today Is Coronation Day



Emerald Artist Ralph Woodall . . . gives his impression of the thought on every girl's mind today.

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The Sorority Libe Study Plan

THE most lasting impression of the University of Oregon gained by sorority freshmen would seem to be the library, if one may judge from the survey of house regulations released in today's Emerald. According to the survey 12 sororities require their freshmen to be in the library 25 to 35 hours per week. Taking time out for 15 hours of classes means that the frosh of the few houses with minimum requirements are spending at least 10 hours per week in the libe. The rest of the libe "slaves" are required to spend up to 20 hours every seven days, with most meeting the maximum total. Unless we are mistaken, about the only thing a sorority freshman gets to know better is her bed.

In defense of these regulations sororities say they create good study habits, that they improve the grades of freshmen, and on the whole are of educational value. If all these contentions were true the system which requires at least 200 freshmen and pledges to spend more than 2000 study hours (estimating conservatively) in the library might be of value. But the record does not indicate successful results.

GIRLS' co-operative houses, according to the grade standings released during the past years, have consistently stood at the top of all campus living organizations. On very few occasions have sororities topped the GPAs posted by the co-ops, in spite of the fact that the latter organizations have no requirements as to study in the library. Among the three sororities without libe study regulations, Sigma Kappa and Alpha Xi Delta have rated high in the standings which have been released in the past.

The value of the sorority regulations certainly does not pay off in grades, as the general trend of GPAs indicates. When the immeasurable benefits of improvement in study habits (the only other benefit received) are stacked up against the difficulties caused in the library by the sorority practice, defense of the system becomes all but impossible.

CONDITIONS in the library have been becoming increasingly difficult this year, according to the testimony of library officials upon whom the burden of keeping order falls. They feel, and are in a position to judge fairly accurately, that a great measure of the trouble comes from these house regulations, which send a large number of students to the library when they do not need or want to use the library for its proper purpose.

The resulting pandemonium makes the library a less efficient place for the entire campus. The benefit allegedly received by 200 sorority freshmen and pledges lowers the value of the libe to the entire campus community.

The sorority library study system has been challenged. The proponents of the rules must show the campus that they are concretely valuable. If they find it impossible to show the value of these methods (and we believe they cannot) the sororities must take over the problem of creating study habits and improving grades in their own houses, rather than shunting the problem to harassed library officials.

Toot, Toot—The Official's Locomotive Ought to Be Derailed

TOOT, toot, toot. Messers Archie Buckley and Frank Heniges speaking.

Messers Buckley and Heniges are, if you haven't heard them already, two gentlemen known in the box scores as "officials." Furthermore, they hold the rather strange distinction of being zealous about their job . . . and their job is to blow whistles. We might say, after witnessing the Idaho-Oregon series last weekend, that these gentlemen are not only zealous, but fanatically addicted to "whistlemania," a condition which arises from swallowing the whistle, the result of which is a signal that some dastardly violation of the rules has been committed. We refuse to believe that even the most aggressive basketball players could be so consistently guilty as was indicated Saturday night by the whistlemania disease which the officials found so contagious. It ain't right, men, to play traffic cop on the basketball court at the expense of the players, the coaches, and the cash customers, who in the final analysis must be reckoned with as people who know the difference between logical officiating and ceaseless whistling.

YES, there are rules, and the rules must be enforced. But, as we pointed out last year, and as no less a person than L. H. Gregory so aptly put it, are they "Trying to Kill the Game?"

Every year, sometimes two or three times a year, the northern division gets a mile-long headache over stupid whistle-tooting but nothing is ever done about it. The cry is for more lenient interpretation of the rules, but the officials stick to the letter of the law and impose a dietatorial complex on the game that leaves a permanent bad taste in the mouths

of everyone concerned. Probably part of the blame belongs to the coaches, who usually instruct the officials before the game how close they want the rules called. It is well known that the southern division conference interprets foul-calling only to the point where an actual foul—and one that actually hinders the immediate play—is committed. The only criticism of that comes during the play-off series when the northern team invariably finds itself handicapped by refereeing that is quite foreign to their habits on the floor, but the handicap is reversed the following year when the southern team comes north and find officiating too strict. A medium could most certainly be found, and during the recent Washington series, handled by the same Frank Heniges, plus Emil Piluso, Oregon fans had a good sample of it. The whistle-tooting then was at a minimum and the game was anything but rough; players were too busy trying to score points to take the time and effort to unnecessarily foul opponents. Much praise was heard of the officiating during that series. Yet the following week officiating completely ruined the game and the spectators almost unanimously declared that "foul" ought to be spelled "fowl."

If that's basketball, sirs, you can play it in a circus.

LAST year we made a suggestion, and we again repeat it . . . someone of authority ought to call a conference of northern and southern division coaches and officials and clarify the interpretation of rules before the season begins, thus ironing out the discrepancy that exists in the Pacific coast conference basketball officiating. It ought to be one way or the other, regardless of "tradition."

Our last hope is that such incongruous officiating does not occur during the championship play-off when those past-masters of publicity, the Californians, flock to Eugene (we hope) for "basketball." We are quite sure that neither Mr. Hobson nor any other coach would want to win a championship with a whistle.—V.G.

TALKING It Over

As one of my fraternity brothers once remarked, "Love is the grandest emotion outside of eating and sleeping." At any rate, it gets you! From the looks of things, gets most of the guys and gals on the campus sooner or later. And it's important. After all, what do you come down here to school for? To get hitched, of course. But how much time and thought do you fellows give to the matter of wooing the gal? And vice-versa. If you spend no more time on your girl friend than you do on your studies you'll get nowhere. Give her a thought once in a while.

Now all seriousness aside, it's a joking . . . excuse me . . . no joking matter. It's one of the major problems of life . . . this matter of winning a woman. There are several ways you can go about this. Some approved. Some otherwise. Take your choice.

First, there is the line. How is your line today? If it's the same one grandad used when he was a kid, you need a change. Just like you gotta change the oil in a car once in a while. The line is the oil of love-making. So for Pete's sake, change it every thousand miles at least. The girls like variety. Don't disappoint them.

How would you like to have to stand by a sorority house door night after night and hear

Looking Back... WITH JIMMIE LEONARD

One year ago—Werner Asendorf, German exchange student, wrote in his column, "Strange Land":

"A man who smokes cigarettes is a born revolutionary. He likes changes. A man who smokes a pipe is a he-man. "Women who smoke cigarettes have themselves under control. They think."

Five years ago—The dean of women established a new inspection system, whereby UO coeds were inspected by their respective house mothers before going out in the evening, to see that they were wearing enough clothes. The "well dressed" coed wore panties, a brassiere, and a slip. Low-backed dresses were taboo.

Ten years ago—The Pi Phi won the dime crawl contest, netting \$14.70. The Alpha Chi Os rated second, and the Alpha Phi, third. Total proceeds were \$179.02.

Twenty-five years ago—There were 1247 students enrolled in the University, including 15 states, Japan, India, Germany, Greece, Alaska, and the Canal Zone.

A dog fight in the Deady basement broke up all the 1 o'clock classes in that building.

Fraternity house managers will meet at 6 tonight at the Phi Psi house.

Order of the O meeting Wednesday noon at the Beta house. All members are asked to be present.

YMCA cabinet meeting at the hut tonight at 9:45.

Wie geht's By V. GATES

A Florida version of the tale is that if the groundhog sees his shadow in February it means six more weeks of winter—in California.

The St. Louis fellow who dislocated his neck by yawning might have been reading the Congressional Record.

The press tells us that a trade pact is in the offing between Russia and Italy. Trading communism for fascism or vice versa would be a bad bargain, we'd say. The chances still are that Chamberlain would manage to give something away to somebody if it belonged to someone else.

Sign in a small town: "Drive carefully. We have no hospital."

Special to OSC: To Hank Garnjbst, "Beer-o-meter" sports editor . . . okeh, okeh, but lay off "Fats" Warren's frosh. They're bad enough now.

To bill fendall, "soap be it" columnist . . . It's still SUPER-ORORITY STREAMLINED. The COMPLEX is now compounded—with interest. Thank—V.G.

Gleemen

(Continued from page one) number of lively, and capricious tunes. "Ho, Jolly Jenkin" and "The Hundred Pipers," a sprightly Scotch air sung with a Scotch brogue thickly evident, ended the program for the chorus. As a final selection given by Mr. Bishop and the Gleemen was Jerome Keern's "Old Man River." Usually considered a baritone or bass solo, the piece was sung by Mr. Bishop in a special arrangement created by

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FIRST FLOOR

Mr. Evans for the tenor voice. Following the concert an invasion of the Grants Pass Cavemen led by Chief Long Horn, and followed by 10 assistants, all dressed in wild animal skins, was witnessed by the concertgoers. Following a recent appointment of the Gleemen as official Oregon representatives at the San Francisco world's fair, the Cavemen issued a strong word of protest, and argued that the Gleemen were a bunch of "sopranos." The Cavemen demonstrated their famous tiger call and after luring the tiger out of the hall onto the stage, proceeded to butcher it and lunch boisterously on its flesh. Many news photographers were present to catch the final ceremony of the presentation of a passport through the lands of the Cavemen as the Gleemen journey to the fair this summer. Gleeman President Charles E. Hunt complied with the rough Cavemen's ceremony of eating the raw flesh and drinking the symbolic blood from a hollow tree branch, before he received a large jawbone that is scheduled to serve as a passport through the Cavemen's domain.

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