

Oregon Emerald

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official publication of the University of Oregon, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, and final examination periods. Subscription rates: \$1.25 per term and \$3.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Ore.

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No Kettle for Armistice Missionaries

WITH only a few days remaining until Homecoming will descend upon the whole campus and the air filled with much loose talk about whether to stop or not to stop anticipated slaughter after Saturday's game, it would seem about time it was brought out once and for all that the idea in the first and last place comes from within—it is student planned and student run.

When ASUO Prexy John Dick and Homecoming Chairman Burton Barr went to Corvallis to see what could be done about limiting bloodshed to the gridiron they didn't do it because it was suggested to them from above. It was their own idea, and if it ever gets anywhere it will be because they and others in similar positions as well as those they represent, the students, want it to be so.

The Staters are doing their part, while here every house president has received a letter from the interfraternity council head asking cooperation to prevent a mess. That should help some. During the week there will be some speeches made at various gatherings which should also help.

ACTUALLY the thing is sound in principle, especially if the Beavers are to be guests

A Thousand Men in a Telephone Booth

WITH the state system of higher education what it is, with higher education operating on strictly an operational budget, it is no wonder that undergraduate and other clamoring for more building has subsided of late, particularly with the demise of PWA crutches. It is true that planners throughout the state system can see plenty of places where additional building would seem highly desirable, although there is perhaps no immediate gleam in the eyes of possible fund-seekers.

However, it is evident that no one will be caught napping, if any such cash is found lying around. As a case in point the Oregon State college Barometer might be cited for an editorial of last Friday titled "A New Auditorium—Maybe." Ostensibly for the purpose of pointing out the need for a new auditorium at the college, the editorial went on quite naturally to list all the desirable additions for the future, with no direct appeal, of course.

Now it ought to be all right to look to the future in any situation; that is not to be held against the Barometer any more than if the Emerald were to do the same. But this matter would never have seen print if one of the items on the list of futures had not been an addition to the college ROTC quarters, specifically "an addition to the armory, requiring acquisition of what is now private property east of the building." This, to University of Oregon eyes, only serves to turn the gaze inward, to the ROTC "barracks" on the Eugene campus.

at the rest of Homecoming, for since when did anyone consider it good hospitality to indulge in a free-for-all with a group of guests and then invite them up for a social evening of rug-cutting?

Of course this may be only crossing of bridges which will never be reached. Two years ago there was no catastrophe after the game, although there was an amicable give-and-take affair under the goal-posts. It was three days after when the storm broke, and then the only result was many splashes in the millrace and some very wet and bedraggled Beaver boys.

Furthermore, there is no intent to goody-goody it; we've been underneath some of those heaps personally, joyously. But no matter what is said it is only natural to come back to the original point, basic for any such discussion, namely—where does it lead?

It could have perhaps been said more simply by the unadorned statement that before any pool-pooling of such missionary work is indulged in the thing should be looked at very, very carefully.

NEVER built for the purpose for which it is now used, the local ROTC plant is a misfit. It is too small also. Everyone connected with the building knows this, and the matter has gone much farther than the campus. The local ROTC staff has worked wonders with the material at hand throughout the years, especially within the last decade, turning out units which have won laurels in open competition, both in school and in the regular army, which is now liberally besprinkled with University of Oregon men as officers.

Furthermore, the local ROTC building is not even adequate to house all the equipment to which the corps is entitled. Therefore this equipment is not at hand, and University of Oregon infantry does its competing without that practical benefit. That the men turned out manage to overcome this handicap, by what struggle, is rather a credit to them for their perseverance, and to the officers of the regular army stationed here to instruct them.

Any way the thing is looked at, facilities are not adequate. With the growth of the physical education department even drill fields have been cut to one undersized pasture behind the barracks. And there is more than this, which, however, can wait. But the ROTC has the largest male enrollment on the campus, and 1000 men can never become sardines.

Suffice it to say that if there is going to be any ROTC improvement in the state system it should be here first, and to a considerable extent. If and when.

she works the entire day at Paramount and Fox most of the evening.

At the Keyhole!

Overheard in the Powder Room of the Trocadero: Annabella—"Oh, dear, Tyrone is such a poor dancer."

Claudette Colbert—"Don't be silly, darling; one never thinks of one's husband as a good dancer."

Right!

A Portland theater marquee philosophizes: "Everybody's Hobby," "The Women."

Dull Stardust!

Mickey Rooney will play the featured role in MGM's "Young Tom Edison." We have a bunch that the remains of one great inventor rolled in his grave when that picture was cast. . . . Cobina Alexander as "Hollywood's Hardest Working Girl" because Wrights, is currently appearing

with Ray Noble and company in the Florentine Room of the Beverly Wilshire hotel. Although friend Cobina is quite the stuff with Hollywood "men about town," she is given a minus zero rating by critics for her "lack" of singing ability. All of which just goes to show you what a gal has to have to be popular in the city of stars.

Up to Date!

The modern way of proposing is: "Let's do this every night."

Airing!

Lanny Ross, ex-Yale track star, has yielded his Hit Parade spot to a New Haven classmate, Barry Wood. . . . About the sootiest thing in radio is "Wee Bonnie Baker's warbling of "Especially for You" with Orin Tucker's orchestra. And of course not to forget her "Johnny, Oh Johnny!"

Knows Better!

From Hollywood comes this story concerning the fact that George Arliss has never seen himself in a completed film. It seems that he was once persuaded to attend a premiere of his "House of Rothschild." Amid great fanfare he marched through the portals of the theater, down the aisle, out the back door, and into his car and home. We don't know why, either!

Congrats!

Today's flowers go to the rally committee for their efforts of last evening and their nightie parade. In our estimation, ye olde Alma Mater needs more of that sort of spirit.

Send the Emerald home to Mom and Dad for the whole year for the special price of \$2.25 per year.

HIGHER education is a fine thing. Through higher education the partaker thereof attains, or is supposed to attain, a level beyond that of others less fortunate who for one reason or another do not go in for that "schooling" which lies beyond high school.

Football Saturdays, however, sometimes bring out queer and interesting aspects of higher education, which cause the onlooker to wonder just how far the elevating process has gone, how effective it has been.

Witness a typical football Saturday on the home campus. Scene: the stadium. The stands are full. Up in front are the yell leaders, apparently in fits of rage. Apple cores come hurtling down upon yell leader number one, but he tries to ignore them. Pop bottles tumble out of the stands onto the cinder track.

The grandstand seems to be divided into different levels of sound. The farther up one cares to listen the more raucous the voices and the more united—united, that is, in about twenty individual cries all the way from "We want Moshofsky" to "We want HOT DOG."

BUT it is the lower levels who really enjoy the game. Through the first half, until throwing arms are paralyzed, spectators nearer the front find their watching punctuated by steady thumps as a hail of peanuts in the shell patters around their unwilling ears. No one is safe—anyone within throwing range is likely to receive a rude awakening via the peanut barrage. All in all, a most enjoyable

afternoon, for the more joyous spirits who throw and let out their ears.

It is perhaps not anyone's privilege nor God-given right to say the peanut boys and every-man-for-himself rooting sections are out of their element. Who are we to observe that the thing is perhaps more thoroughly done by high school brothers and sisters, and grade school. However, it is only a fair assumption that the high-school-grade-school stage has been successfully left behind when one becomes part of a college or university.

ANYONE who saw Saturday's game from anywhere near the rooting section knows what went on. With the peanut throwers and their ilk the stands became not quite good enough for high school, too bad for college. And Oregon in particular has always been proud of its lack of this sort of thing.

There is no answer to a complaint of this nature, or at least no answer to be given here. The answer must come from the individual. If after all he feels that football games are scheduled so he can bounce peanuts off noses from 100 feet away, then it is his privilege to continue to do so. It is even to be hoped that the game on the field will not interfere with his pleasure. If the prospect of adulthood holds such terrors that reversion to an earlier stage is necessary, nothing but pity is in order.

Required rooting section equipment for Saturday: trench helmets, or some sort of demountable roof.

In the Mail

18 YELL LEADERS
November 6, 1939

Dear Editor:

Far be it from me to sit down and pan the rally squad just for the sheer joy of it, for I feel, that I know various problems practically as well as they do. There is not an enjoyable job, and, generally speaking, it is one where very little thanks is received for the work put out.

But the issue at hand is, where does the job of the rally squad start and where does it stop? I am under the impression that their job is to do all that they can to raise enthusiasm and spirit during the week and to aid the yell leaders during the half-time period, if their help is so desired.

But as to the squad attempting to aid the yell leaders during the actual playing of the game, then that is where I feel that they are stepping out of their bounds as rally squad members. The students of this campus elected a yell king, and he to choose his two assistants, to lead yells and otherwise raise enthusiasm during the game itself. If the yell leaders are not performing their duty that is their fault. But that specific job should be left entirely up to them. I for one would like to see the "U" have just THREE yell leaders rather than EIGHTEEN.

I am quite sure that if this letter is read open-mindedly by the various members of both squads, they will see that there is some logic in back of it.

(Signed)
Dick Williams.

Behind the 8 BALL

With JACK BRYANT

Bob Vadnais, who has been intimidating the 8 BALL's tiny Alpha Phi reporter, didn't plant his pin in Portland. . . . which all means that the Phi Delt freshman will have no occasion to help Bob celebrate.

Something sweet should be said about Attractive Ann (Oliver) Brown, but that'll be left up to Hal Jahn and Dick Clark. Ann, you'll remember, is the little girl who used to live in Susie last spring and get all the dates.

Here's one that is happening now! . . . Shirley Sullivan, Alpha Phi, went to Portland Friday afternoon because apparently she heard her master's voice. . . . the best part of the story is that Slim, Bob, and Stan are still guessing.

The 8 BALL's troubles aren't single. . . . take the case of pin planting. If George Luoma, who has a Jane in Astoria, goes on an ad selling spree the 8 BALL is delayed two or three days and by that time the pin is planted

and given back by the time there is room to print it . . . then they make up and the story says they are broken up and . . .

Art Winetrot, who has such a jolly time any place, outdid himself when the team went south to play UCLA. The town: San Francisco; the place: Fenocchio's, the dance; "Queen of Fairies."

Tommy Wilder, DU pledge and rumored polo player, made the column one day too late to keep Alma Paksis' name from appearing alone. More could be said but the copyeditors like it "subtle."

If Dorothy Heck, Gamma Phi, hasn't been asked to go steady with Al Silvernail by the time this goes to press she probably will be.

Among the people who made it a point to tell the 8 BALL that their names were to be left out are Marion Barrett, Connie Averill, Mary Cormack, and the person that put (censored) in the punch that the boys of the Siberian had Hal-low'en.

First hand information has it that David Compton has three chances to go to the Alpha Chi house dance. As yet no one has approached him on this question. Three more of the Gamma Phi's sweet pledges, Ellie Engdahl, Peggy Myll, and Jane Gould.

If the houses on the race want to know where their records are they might recall the record-

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FASHION FIRSTS

By DAVE COMPTON

This is a big week for Oregon, and with so many activities in the offing, the student's wardrobe will be called upon to supply him with the proper clothes for a variety of affairs.

The sports coat, once considered a luxury, can be purchased today in a wide range of prices and has become an es-

And that wonderful success that the AWS carnival was, (it made more money than any other carnival its supporters claim) is being discontinued because the fraternity house managers didn't want to put up \$5 for a booth. Sounds as weak as the "punch" the ATOS tubbed Tiger Payne in. Just venturing a guess could it be something else. The carnival had a definite carry over from years before and from what the 8 BALL could gather it was considered a social disgrace to attend.

sential with college men. Sand and tan with blue seem to be the leading colors in the still popular shetland coats, particularly in the lighter shades. The lighter blue, almost a pastel, is generally combined with gray or lighter shades of brown in a hound's tooth or plaid design. This season blue is also mixed with brown and even dark green in the solid color tweeds, giving a soft mixture of color that is right for autumn and winter days.

The shirt on your back this fall will most likely be made of the sturdy oxford cloth with the new widespread or button-down Dover roll-front collar. Oxford cloth is the most durable and absorbent, yet cool in summer and warm in winter.

Since the advent of Sanforizing, the absolute shrinking process, oxford cloth shirts do not now shrink out of size.

To select this week's best dressed man another poll of the campus coeds was taken. The women, together with a few men, selected no less than 31 names for this honor. The most frequently mentioned men are Walker Treece, Phi Delt; Bill Loud, Beta Theta Pi; and Bob Hochull, ATO.

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Herbert Anderson, Circulation Manager, The Oregon Daily Emerald, Eugene, Oregon.

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