

Words, Webster, Woe, Wisdom, and Heywood

Last week this page, because of the need for haste in writing headlines 15 minutes after the deadline, came out with what seems to have been an overdose of erudition.

The disciplinary code reprinted on the page was headed "A Caveat to Every Webfoot."

"What," asked many and miscellaneous people the next morning, "What is a caveat?"

In fact, the question was asked so many times that we began to wonder if maybe we didn't know what we were talking about.

So we went to Webster—and found that caveat is the present subjunctive of the Latin infinitive "cavere" meaning to be on one's guard. It is variously conjugated caveo, caveas, cavet, etc.; or caviar, caveas, cavet, etc.—depending on your taste.

Naturally, we knew that already. Then we wondered down a full column of fine dictionary print looking for the word defined as we used it.

First caveat was defined according to law: "A notice given by an interested party to some officer not blah, blah et cetera.

It was next put under the microscope of common law—then English patent law, then United States patent law. By this time we felt assured that we didn't know whereof we spoke.

But we finally pounced upon this definition near the bottom of the page, one line of type away from the obsolete meaning of caveat:

A caution; warning; admonition.

What else is the disciplinary code but a caution; warning; admonition? So that matter was settled. With relaxed eye, we scanned on to find that "caveat actor" means let the doer beware; "caveat emptor" means let the buyer beware, and "cave canem" does NOT mean let the dog beware, but rather, beware the dog.

From there we drifted into cave bear, cave bee-

tle, cave cricket and cave hyena—none of which means beware the bear, hyena or what have you, for this "cave" comes from another Latin stem.

Cave, in the above sense, comes from "cava" or hollow—which in turn come from the Greek "kyein", to be pregnant. You figure it out.

At this point Webster makes a joke. Webster says that a cave, "humorously," may be defined as a storeroom or pantry. Ha ha.

There we stopped—but anyway, to get to the original point of this editorial, "A Caveat to Every Webfoot" translates into "A Caution; warning, admonition to Every Webfoot." Obviously that would have had to been run across the fold of the page to fit—thus we feel justified in our choice of words.

And so, Vale! (That means "thirty for tonight, friends"—in Latin.)—B.H.

The New Junior Rep

The Executive Council made a wise choice last night in the selection of Anita Holmes as junior representative. Miss Holmes has been an outstanding student at the University both in scholarship and in service.

With her appointment students in every type of living organization have a representative on the council. The highest student governing body is now composed of members of fraternities, or sororities, of cooperatives, and, with the appointment of Miss Holmes, a representative of the dormitories. The student body president is, of course familiar with the particular problems of the off-campus students.

All members of the council attempt to familiarize themselves with all sides of a problem when it is brought before them for discussion; but even with the best intentions it is not difficult to neglect a group by mere oversight, particularly if the discussion becomes heated. Now, with a representative from the dorms, no student need feel that his point-of-view will be overlooked when the council makes a decision concerning the campus.

Miss Holmes has demonstrated her ability as a student leader time and again—as secretary of Phi Theta Upsilon, as member of the publications board, as associate editor of Old Oregon, as reporter for the news bureau, as Hendricks Hall secretary.

Her scholarship record—a 3.8 cumulative—needs no comment.

The addition of Miss Holmes to the Executive Council gives that body added representation. The student body expects good things from the council in "this year to remember."

Force and 'Secret Societies'

Club members volunteer for the privilege of administering hacks to other members who receive the paddle as punishment for violating club rules.

That is the gist of what a "secret society" adviser was quoted as saying in Sunday's papers. This is just one way in which the groups help to develop leadership in young boys, the adviser continued, by letting them solve their problems themselves.

It is perhaps significant to note that the adviser was also connected with the Portland Police department, and therefore he may be used to police methods of correction. Methods which have not always been considered the best.

The use of force as a means of correction is hardly the best thing to teach young boys in the hope they will become just leaders when they reach maturity. Force is seldom the most effective way of dealing with those who violate rules. Understanding frequently leads to a better and more permanent solution of the problem.

We will not argue with the adviser's assertion that those who settle their own problems may become of more worth than those who leave the solution up to others. But we do believe that young people should be advised as to ways and means of settling those problems.

Perhaps the trouble with "secret societies" of the high school youth is not the club itself, but the advice, or lack of advice, the group receives from elders.

The Cinemah...

New Dreams for Old Dreams

...by George Spelvin

The tragic story of a beautiful French farm girl who dreamed of the things always just beyond her reach has been brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in their faithful adaptation of Gustave Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." One of the most fascinating stories of the world retains its flavor in the film with Jennifer Jones, Van Heflin, and Louis Jourdan.

Emma Bovary leaves her drab farm to marry what to her seems to be a dashing young doctor. Always hoping, always wishing, always desiring excitement and glamor, she finds that life with the doctor in a small French village is only a little more satisfying than life on the farm. Emma tries desperately to find happiness in her life. The hope that she may obtain the glamor and adventure of the romantic novel tempts her from living the life of a village housewife.

Emma's romanticism leads only to unhappiness and tragedy; once only did she attain the role she dreamed of—a lovely and beautiful woman surrounded by handsome, debonaire men. And this once was for a brief night only; a few short hours of gayety plucked from a life time of despair.

This night, the brightest of Emma's life, is the brightest of the film. Through superb photography, swirling music, and the beautiful Jennifer Jones, Emma Bovary's moments of

delirious happiness become as real as if the movie audience itself were waltzing. Never before have I seen a scene that has so completely captured the effect of the characters and transmitted it to the audience.

"Madame Bovary" reached Eugene and the McDonald Theater without the usual hullabaloo sent out by M-G-M; which is fortunate since the film should not be categorized with the usual "magnificent, stupendous" films produced by that studio.

Jennifer Jones once again gives evidence of her versatility. Her study of Emma, from the wistful young girl in a convent school to the disillusioned provincial lady who has lost everything in her desire to find the happiness of romantic novels, is a consistently fine performance. She plays with authenticity the difficult role of a woman whose moods were as unpredictable as her life was tragic.

The story of Emma is the story of all who cannot remain satisfied with their lot, but who seek escape by hoping for the artificial happiness of romantic adventure. Emma reaches out for the impossible until she has lost everything which could, to some, have brought true happiness.

Those who missed "Madame Bovary" at the Mac can probably catch it later at the Rex. It has been a long time since a Hollywood film as good as this has come to Eugene; it is a shame it couldn't have stayed a little longer.

Free Lancin...

The New Look In Football

...by Bill Lance

The girls certainly came through the "Lipstick Bowl Classic" in fine shape!

The fact that there were over four hundred spectators proves the event was worth its fanfare. Comment heard among some of the observers indicated that the girls showed more sportsmanship and group spirit than was displayed by some of the men's teams this year. Maybe the girls should have intramural touch football, too.

Incidentally some fine yell talent was observed. The Kappa "ama mater" and their yell "Smash em Ladies Smash em!" are examples of high pitched excitement prevalent throughout the game. Funniest player comment was from a Pi Phi Marcia Knosher. "They pinch!" she exclaimed to Head Coach El Paxton as she came running off the field. Ending score—Pi Phi 8, Kappa 6.

Somebody tacked a very revealing bit of philosophy on the Bulletin Board in Nestor Hall. "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and the receiver of a big 'F.'"

A couple of orchids are certainly due the

ATO's and the Theta Chi's on their fine house dances last Saturday night. Both dances are traditional in nature on this campus but some new twists were observed.

The ATO's annual "Fir Trappers Ball" reached all expectations complete with foliage and good music from Herb Widmer's orchestra. Wonder where they got that fleshy, bloody, odd skull that hung in the doorway? They say some people actually paid the one kiss admission price to get in.

Theta Chis must have really knocked themselves out in preparation for their dance. Understood a complete framework had to be constructed within each room on which to hang decorations. Everybody got a large charge out of the four-holer guest room! Designed in old fashioned "outhouse style," it bore a very authentic design, even to the crescent shaped moon on the door. The labels Genevieve, Harry, Virgil and Golda added a real istic humor to the scene. Betty Wright sure looked cute in her ballerina skirt and peek-a-boo blouse.

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