

Oregon Daily Emerald Editorial Page

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Agreeing and Disagreeing
With an Esteemed Contemporary

The Emerald will heartily concur with the Portland Spectator when that "Journal of Progress" declares, "One of the most interesting papers in the state is the Oregon Emerald," which is "... newsy, wide-awake, goodnatured, and generous." The rare discretion and brilliance of perception displayed by this statement leads us to believe that the Spectator's opinions, once and for all, are infallible and irrefragable. When we read those noble sentiments we thanked the Spectator from the uttermost depths of our bosom, and mentally congratulated the Spectator for discovering that great truth which we thought was known to none others than ourselves. Thereupon, we beamed inwardly, and made way to bask in the radiance of other Spectatorial opinions. . . .

But alas! We read further, and chanced upon another article headed, "About Mr. Blanshard and his League," which is reprinted in today's Emerald. When the Spectator says, "But as a taxpayer, the Spectator protests against the appearance of Mr. Blanshard and the utterance of this language in institutions of learning that are supported by the people," we could not agree, and felt that we must take up the cudgels, not particularly in behalf of Mr. Blanshard, but in defense of the rights of the classes which Mr. Blanshard represents.

When Mr. Blanshard spoke on the campus he was not heard to utter sentiments which savored of "Bolshevistic" tendencies. Indeed, Mr. Blanshard, we believe, is quite harmless. Said one student, "What did Blanshard talk about today?" The reply—"Oh, a bunch of applesauce."

We can't agree that the speaker was guilty of unadulterated applesauce, but no liberal thinker should take exception to his talk. He deplored present day unequal distribution of wealth, work and power, and pleaded for better condition for the working man. No red flags there; rather, material for healthy deliberation.

But supposing his doctrines, as the Spectator believes, were a bit dangerous and disrespectful? What of it? Hasn't that group of persons whom Mr. Blanshard represents, a right to present their case before the (supposedly) future leaders of the community? Don't they, too, pay taxes? We are inclined to believe that a healthy inoculation of liberalism would hurt no one.

Perhaps Voltaire in his letter to Helvetius (quoted by Harold Stearns in "Liberalism in America") expresses best the spirit of liberalism when he said: "I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it." We can't agree with Mr. Blanshard, for instance, that a four hour working day is desirable either in Utopia or in the United States, but we do believe that he is justified in expressing at the University of Oregon and elsewhere his obviously sincere opinions.

Concerning Matters of
Greater and Lesser Import

The Emerald recommends for honorable membership to Those Who Have Lived and Suffered, Dr. Edmund S. Conklin, genial psychologist, who in the last seven days, by actual count has answered the question, "Is he going to accept?" no less than one million, four hundred and eight-five thousand, three hundred and twenty-three times. Dr. Conklin admits that he has no inside information, and begs that no more reporters interview him. Rest thy weary bones, Doctor, we'll pester thee no more.

No less than three thousand active Oregonians and untold numbers of alumni and friends were frankly delighted last Saturday night at the little surprise party tendered them by the varsity basketball team. The offerings of the evening were in excellent taste, and needless to say, a splendid time was enjoyed by all. Being by nature greedy and insatiable, all of us are eagerly looking forward to another kindred party with all the trimmings the same, save for the location, which, we understand is to be in far-off California. May the next basket social be as pleasant as the last.

Some time ago it was suggested that the University select appropriate names for its campus structures. "Commerce Building," "Education Building," "Sociology Building," "Journalism Building," and a host of kindred flat and inappropriate names, it was pointed out, should give way to names rich in native Oregon lore. As yet no manifestations of interest have been noticed. Perhaps—another committee. . . .

Quoting the words of Dr. Harry Woodburn Chase in the Portland Oregonian, February 14, 1926, "The faculty impressed me as being excellent, and the student body officers, with whom I took dinner at Eugene, are of a fine American type. In fact the young MEN I have met here are as high grade as I have seen anywhere."

All right, boys, thumbs in the vests. As for the girls, mentioned so prominently in Dr. Chase's statement—you'd better run along home where you belong.

The Emerald, with tenderest blushes, makes its appearance in the first new suit of clothes it has had in many a year. Through three hundred dollars worth of generosity on the part of the University Press, the typography of the Emerald has been completely revamped in the best of fashion; and the Emerald, when a few more contemplated embellishments make their appearance, should be, in sheer typographical, unexcelled by any college newspaper. The type, at first, is startling, but like a fine book, bears acquaintance well. Several other changes in the appearance of the Emerald will be made in the near future.

SEVEN SEERS

A FIG FOR HIM WHO FRETS.

CHUMS



These dainty darlings with their blushing cheeks and wasp waists are no other than Mary Ool and Ellen McOlellan taken way back in the years before they came to know the wicked old world and all the traps set for unwary young girls. Mary is giving Ellen a little box of pressed mignonette tied with a baby blue ribbon and written across the top is the stirring little message, "To my sweet chum, Ellen Dear, as a token of the love of her bosom friend, Mary O." And Ellen is receiving the pretty toy with tears of joy in her big blue eyes.

Alack and alas, whoever would know these sweet young things now. How times have changed, and all that sort of thing. These very modern flappers indulge in the most hair-raising stunts now. Ellen is a tea hound, having gotten the habit known as Anchoragitis, and Mary indulges in the writing of editorials for editing class that are fairly steeped in yellow journalism, Hearst and all those naughty thing.

ANCIENT HISTORY

I have a deep artistic soul, So when to Charleston brave youth marches, It makes me think of ancient Rome, And all its noble broken arches.

BESOP FOIBLE NO. 88

DIRTY POOL ON THE MILL RACE

Once upon a time there was great excitement over in the big nest over on the banks of the Mill Race where the Beta birds lay, for what was there to be but a game over in the Land of the Aggie many miles away, and these Beta birds, they wanted to get in on this game between the Aggie Fowls and the Lemon Fellows. But it happened that because of the scarcity of seats only about 100 tickets were issued out to the creatures who lived in the Land of the Mighty Team, and there was a great scramble among all the loyal supporters of this Champion Five to assure themselves sitting room. Now, among the Beta Birds, there was a certain rooster, Bob Overstreet, who used to perch in Jack Benefiel's incubator in the northern end of Friendly Hall, and when he saw what a small amount of tickets there were to be handed out among the loyal supporters, he tucked about forty tickets under his wings and came flying home to the nest on the Mill Race where he distributed these tickets among the other Birds.

And so at the big cock fight in the land of the Aggies there was a staunch representation of the Beta Birds in the little roost assigned to the creatures from the Lemon Fellows' land, and some of these Beta Birds visited several hen houses before they left for the game, so they had some cackling biddies with them. And so it was that creatures from other houses, who were promised tickets to the big fight, were turned away, and they called upon the Good Genii to help them. And when the Good Genii saw what the Beta Birds had done, he was sore aggrieved, but when the creatures all cried to him to avenge them, he said, "No, they have their punishment already. See what has happened to them!" Lo, when the creatures looked they saw that the Betas were birds no longer, but

The Chameleon

BY JIM

To Dr. Warren E. Smith, Geology Dept., U. of O. Dear Doctor, Warren, and Sir:

There are quite a number of folks in this world that I have a whooping lot of admiration for.

And, believe me, this person Captain Raold Amundsen, who is going to speak here Wednesday night, and that the committee headed by yourself is going to receive, is not far down the list.

I know several people that I'd like to take to that lecture just so's they could study a real man and see if the study would have any favorable after effects.

All those I now refer to are sad-looking, blue nosed gents whose mission in life is to "reform" other folks. They never did any useful or constructive work in their lives—they are talkers pure and simple. Hearing Amundsen tell about some of the clean, splendid things he has done might put the idea in the heads of a few of these folks that it's the men and women who attempt fine deeds who are the ones that really count in the world, and not the long-visaged brothers whose lives are consecrated to chattering about the misdeeds of others, real or fancied.

Amundsen, great soldier of science, has made the waste spaces of earth his battleground. He has faced hardship and danger with a radiant courage that should be an inspiration to those who, living in a sheltered life, still have in them something of the old Viking spirit that, it is to be hoped, never will die out amid all the softness of civilization.

In 1911 Amundsen planted the flag of his fine country, Norway, at the South Pole, thereby successfully mastering the most difficult exploration feat that the world knows.

Last May Amundsen made his famous airplane dash for the North Pole—and returned to civilization after all hopes of his safety had been abandoned. For weeks Amundsen and his men fought for their lives and, like many another fight of the kind he has made, he won out. It is of this fight that he will tell here.

Little men, whose life achievement perhaps have been to persuade weak minded legislators to put through a law such as prohibiting the use of toothpicks at grand opera, throw out their chests and boast loudly of what they have accomplished.

Say, Warren, if I give you a list of some of the petty-souled, boastful and meddlesome "reformers" I know, please will you send them passes to go and hear a MAN talk? They are not the kind to pay out any money for such a purpose, you know.

Yours grouchyly,

JIM.

they had been changed into pigs with pink noses and curly tails. Moral: Scratching fowls have sharp toenails.



Speaking of the game, this is what several polite young gentlemen would like to have done to the man at the door, when, just as they got within sight of the ticket man, he closed the door. But showing that it takes more than a mere door-man to keep out loyal rooters, they went around to the back, and putting their previous experience in jimmying windows to use, they entered through a rear window, and saw the game along with the rest of the boys. At it was there was a goodly number who had skylight box seats.

CHEERIO!

BJORK.

Spectator Applauds Emerald

THE U. OF O. STUDENTS' PAPER

One of the most interesting papers in the state is the Oregon Daily Emerald, issued by the students at the U. of O., and edited by Edward M. Miller and a brilliant galaxy of writers. Included in the editorial staff are Sol Abramson, managing editor; Harold Kirk, associate editor; Webster Jones, sports editor; Philipa Sherman, feature; and Mildred Jean Carr, associate managing editor; the Emerald is, I think, the only paper on the coast that has an editor with such duties as must be imposed on Miss Carr. The Emerald is newsy, wide-awake, goodnatured, and generous. Any paper can be wide-awake and newsy, but the temptation to be something else than quite kindly and wholly magnanimous is by student journals too frequently overcome only by being yielded to by the editors. Even in its funny columns the Emerald abstains from that mordacity with which flaming youth too often saucers its humor.

I think the college papers are first-class mills through which to grind our future editors. On them, the writers learn something about

that personal responsibility which in some measure checked the effervescence of criticism while yet the libelled reader could cure with his sword the wound the editor caused by his pen. The knowledge that his fellow-students are swift to wrath and eager and earnest in a scrimmage no doubt mitigates the asperity of many a jest. I have always regretted the passage of the laws against dueling; the fear of the whistling rapier and spitting bullet did more to temper journalistic license than the danger of a libel suit could have accomplished.

It is a fine thing that on the college press the young men and women who will be our future editors are learning how to run papers on honor, with truth, and in good nature; it gives us assurance that the journals of tomorrow will be better than those of today. The Spectator congratulates the editors of the Emerald on the excellent paper they are giving the students of the University of Oregon, and suggests that they remember two things: First, that truth should not always be printed; and, second, that the truth only should be printed.—The Spectator, Feb. 13.

Blanshard's Doctrines Flayed

PORTLAND SPECTATOR, FEB. 13, 1926

About Mr. Blanshard and his League

For some reason or another, Oregon has incurred the misfortune of a visitation of Paul Blanshard, field secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy, whose speaking engagements we are told by the Oregonian include addresses to the unions, and to the students at the U. of O., the O. A. C., Willamette, and Reed College. Very likely, the authorities of some of these institutions of higher learning do not know who Mr. Blanshard is and are but imperfectly acquainted with the organization that bears the taffy-sweet name of the League for Industrial Democracy. Mr. Blanshard is an able and interesting speaker, whose chief business it is to instill into youthful and impressionable minds a hatred of the institutions of their country; the league he represents has a bad eminence among the movements listed as subversive of American ideals of citizenship and government.

In a recent speech, Mr. Blanshard told his hearers that "patriotism should be discredited, especially with respect to history, which lauded American military achievements and glorified the American soldier, sailor, and marine when their part in history was far from honorable." Needless to say that while Mr. Blanshard is a welcome and free speaker before the unions, which know all about him, and an interesting orator to the students at our state and other universities, who are not acquainted with him, he is not in great demand as the spellbinder of the day before patriotic gatherings made up of the soldiers and sailors who have served their country. Mr. Blanshard's plea that we should discredit patriotism and laud labor unionism has won him a deal of applause from the walking delegates, few of whose names are found on the toms we deck with flowers on Memorial Day. "Down with patriotism and up with Labor Unionism," is a slogan that well befits Mr. Blanshard's League of Industrial Democracy, one of whose purposes is "to promote among college men and women an intelligent understanding

of the labor movement, and of the movement toward a new social order based on production for use and not for profit." An intelligent understanding of these movements gives us the knowledge that they are so communistic in their tendencies that they are denounced as bolshevistic and subversive of Americanism.

The Spectator frankly confesses that it does not like Mr. Blanshard's denouncement of patriotism, and that it finds very offensive Mr. Blanshard's statement that the part played in our history by our soldiers, sailors, and marines is far from honorable, but The Spectator cannot do anything to prevent Mr. Blanshard from uttering such abhorrent sentiments to the labor unionists or to the students of Willamette University, Reed College, and similar privately endowed and maintained institutions. But as a taxpayer, The Spectator protests against the appearance of Mr. Blanshard and the utterance of this language in institutions of learning that are supported by the people.

Coming Events

Tuesday, February 16
Retail Merchants' Convention, sessions in Villard hall.
Wednesday, February 17
Retail Merchants' Convention.
4:00-6:00 — Women's League tea, Woman's building.
8:15—Amundsen lecture, Armory.
Thursday, February 18
11:00 — Assembly, Woman's building.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Chi Psi announces the pledging of Jack Marsh Brown, of Oakland, California.

Sigma Chi announces the pledging of Frank Keenan of Portland, Oregon.

Sigma Pi Tau announces the pledging of Kenneth E. Rodgers, of Woodburn, Oregon.

Alpha Beta Chi announces the pledging of Runar E. Rasmus of Astoria, Oregon.

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