

# Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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The Oregon Daily Emerald, official publication of the Associated Students of the University of Oregon, Eugene, issued daily except Sunday and Monday during the college year. Member of Pacific Intercollegiate Press. Entered in the postoffice at Eugene, Oregon, as second-class matter. Subscription rates, \$2.50 per year. Advertising rates upon application. Residence phone, editor, 2293-L; manager, 1324. Business office phone, 1835.

Day Editor This Issue—Genevieve Morgan  
Night Editor This Issue—Bob Hall

Unsigned comment in this column is written by the editor. Full responsibility is assumed by the editor for all editorial opinion.

**TRUTH** and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolized and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards.—John Milton.

### An Arc Light For a Halo

"But the privilege and pleasure that we treasure beyond measure, is to run on little errands for the ministers of State."

"PAYING for what we get."

This is the explanation of a faculty member, known both for a scholar and a patron of the brawny arts, who writes in the March issue of Old Oregon in defense of the tax levied on students during the basketball championship series.

The professor writes well, so well that he decorates the whole matter with a halo, albeit he uses an arc light. Perhaps the question which now seems to be losing timeliness, should be dropped, but lest the semi-officially-flavored whitewashing be taken too seriously and furnish an excuse for later repetitions of the unwelcome extortion, the Emerald, which he mentions as supporter of the crying few, takes issue with the "explanation," which we prefer to label "alibi."

The objectors are designated, in words that are meant to wither, as traditional taxpayers in the making, who "every time the school board wants a levy for more equipment, or to raise the teachers' pay, or the city has to ask money to renovate the parks or replenish the books in the public library . . . will be all practiced up for the old familiar objection: 'Didn't we pay for a new school house—sometime, it doesn't matter when?' . . . Then, with special reference to the \$15 fee for the basketball pavilion, we are informed "that a gift is not a price, and entitles no one to anything but the pleasure of giving to a good cause."

Without a doubt it is a fine trick of writing to raise a smoke haze by talking of basketball pavilions and school houses, libraries and parks, in one breath, but they don't fit under the one caption "worthy causes."

The professor must have failed to note the important fact—and we choose to deal with facts—that the basketball pavilion was built under different circumstances and from different motives than are school-houses and libraries, on which no financial returns are expected, even by the "traditional taxpayer." It was constructed as a business venture, after a lot of ballyhooing about big gate receipts and frequent assurances that the building would pay for itself.

While the professor mentions libraries and pavilions in one sentence he might consider his own curious but unmentioned commentary on the interests of a university student body, that they should tax themselves for an athletic structure (of doubtful value even as a purely business investment) and let a library go begging. Equally worthy causes, indeed!

In defense of the 50-cent ruling he explains that the regulation which demands the tax is not made at Oregon or for Oregon's benefit. True, but Oregon did have a vote in the matter. Regardless of where the legislation was enacted, the writer does not explain why the conference should take unto itself the privilege of dictating how each institution should meet its guarantee. This, it seems to us, is the problem for each institution to decide. If Oregon, with a gigantic pavilion, can realize enough money from ticket sales to outsiders to meet the guarantee, why should she tax her

students? If Idaho, on the other hand, with a small gymnasium, cannot collect the amount of the guarantee from outside ticket sales, let her levy a tax of 75 cents or a dollar, or whatever she deems necessary. The amount of the guarantee can pretty accurately be determined in advance of the contests, and each member of the conference arrange beforehand on the method for meeting the expenses.

It may be, of course, that the conference magnates find it requisite to their jobs to do everything in involved fashion. Or perhaps Oregon's giant igloo is unable to earn as much as its supporters predicted. If that is the case, there will be many taxes for the support of the white elephant.

"Pathos and humor mingle in this plaintive desire to get something we have not paid for," writes the professor. Indeed, a humorous remark and a pathetic excuse. But students are paying for the pavilion, a building that "is going to pay for itself," and they have the right not only to ask, but to demand that they be freed from further taxation.

If the building cannot earn enough to pay the upkeep costs mentioned in the white-wash article, what in the world are we going to do with it? In truth, it now has all the earmarks of an exaggerated gold brick. It is equipped only as a basketball court, useless even as a much-needed gymnasium that might relieve the intolerable intra-mural situation. So it's \$200,000 for a basketball pavilion and not one cent for a library or a gymnasium.

"Are we praying for another championship?" comes the next question, intimating that we must pay for it if we want it or get it. Under the admirable arrangement canonized by the semi-official spokesman, an arrangement that calls for \$200,000 pavilions when basketball championships are won, and we suppose million-dollar stadia when football championships are won, structures erected at student expense and maintained by students' taxes, we answer: No, a thousand times no!

### Why Pippa Is Not Passe

SONG Week is upon us. "So is poison oak," observed the office cynic, but he didn't really mean it. After all, singing at the table is pretty good fun if everyone takes the simple precaution of swallowing.

It is most fitting that Song Week should come in the spring. It is a time when everybody feels like singing whether he should or not. Look at Pippa. Do you suppose she would have achieved her present fame if she had done her innocuous vocalizing on any but a spring day? It is doubtful. Even the Swiss cheesemaker yodeling from his Alp has something in his favor if he confines the practice to April or May; though the Lord knows that that particular form of laryngeal contortion usually sounds like little more than glorified gargling.

Yes, spring is the logical time for warbling. However, one other precaution is necessary: keep the blinds drawn. Remember the historic case of the game warden who was pinched on the stiff, cold corpses of fifteen mother robins outside the dining room window. Attracted by the noise and smell of cooking, the sight of 40 howling, hungry mouths had proved too much for their already fatigued spirits.

And speaking of maternity, does anybody know if Mother's Day comes during Song Week? What a marvelous opportunity it would be to give voice to the national Oedipus complex through singing all the mammy songs.—H. A.



### "FOILED AGAIN," SAID LITTLE BOBBIE BURNS.

The men of the campus carried on a little student investigation all their own at the April Frolie the other night.

Whatever troubles Raleigh had with mud and coat and queen; He never had to fix a tire Of a royal limousine.

and don't seem to get enough holding of hands and the such when not in public so of late they have been amusing Dr. Bowen's French students by holding hands in class. \*Names omitted by request.

Gretchen emphatically denies that her boy friend was seen walking up Alder street the other night with a quart bottle in one hand and an orange squeezer in the other. She says he was walking down Alder street.

### TRYOUTS FOR THE PUPPET SHOW WILL BE HELD TONIGHT IN GUILD THEATRE.

The professor with the shiny blue serge suit says he is getting so absent minded that he bites his nails too short to scratch matches on them and then forgets and scratches matches on them.

### TODAY'S SIMILE As scarce as Phi Bet keys in the Sigma Chi house.

THE other noon I WENT into a well KNOWN inn for what I HAD hoped would be LUNCH but after waiting FOR a waitress for 20 MINUTES I had almost GIVEN up that idea but JUST then up popped a BUXOM lass from some PLACE and planked a BUTTER horn in front OF ME that was old when the CONDON oaks were saplings AND I asked her how she GOT that way or something TO THE effect and she SAID she was sorry but ORDERS would get mixed up SOME times and so while SHE was there I ordered THE long sought lunch AND after another 20 MINUTE wait she brought IT IN and after calling HER back 4 times for BUTTER, water, fork, and SALT I let her go. THANKS.

Some enterprising person should take advantage of a wonderful opportunity and start a soda fountain up near the cemetery. Now that mill racing is not so rosy there would be customers up on the hill, no end.

There's one thing about the old invisible writing typewriters. People couldn't read over your shoulder.

### FAMOUS LAST WORDS Buy one. It's for the Fine Arts Building.

### Parents to Be Guests On Campus May 13, 14

May 13 and 14 have been set by the student council as the dates for Fathers' and Mothers' week-end. These dates coincide with the time set for the two performances of the Junior Revue. This period given over to the entertainment of the students' parents is an annual event. Many plans are being formulated to give them an idea of college life and customs.

Donald McCook, manager of the Junior Revue, announced yesterday that he would make special reservations for the fathers and mothers who wish to attend the production. McCook has appointed on his committee, Sam Kinley to manage advertising, and Hope Crouch in charge of the programs. Costumes have been ordered from San Francisco by Constance Roth, chairman of the costume committee.



### CAMPUS Bulletin

Co-operative House Managers meeting tonight 5:30 p. m. at the Alpha Delta Pi house.

Song week judges please meet tonight at 5 p. m. in the basement of Johnson hall.

Thespian meeting at Woman's building, 7:15 Wednesday.

Pot and Quill will meet with Mrs. Ernst tonight at 7:30.

Intra-mural Baseball—meeting of

all intra-mural representatives to discuss coming baseball season, Men's gymnasium, Thursday, at 11 a. m. Important.

Pi Lambda Theta meeting, Thursday noon, at College Side Inn.

### Dr. R. P. Bowen Writes Of French Novelist

The January-March number of the Sewanee Review, published by the University of the South, contained an article on Edouard Estautainé by Professor Ray P. Bowen, head of the department of romance languages of the University of Oregon.

Estautainé is a member of the French academy and is one of the best known of the contemporary French novelists. He writes psychological novels, choosing for the most part lonely souls for the heroes of his stories. They are men who are interesting but who do not invite

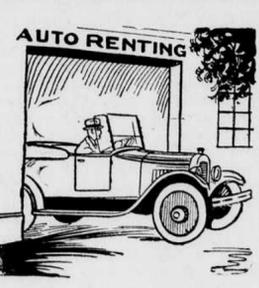
of character. Professor Bowen knows M. Estautainé personally, and so his study of this author is to a certain extent an outgrowth of long talks with him about his books.



## Leaves the Face GLOVE-SMOOTH

THE super-moist, saturated lather of Williams Shaving Cream does more than soak the beard bristles soft for easy shaving. It does more than lubricate the razor's path—preventing little cuts and scratches. For Williams actually conditions the skin—leaves it glove-smooth—gives you that barber's massage feeling. Two sizes—35c and 50c.

## Williams Shaving Cream

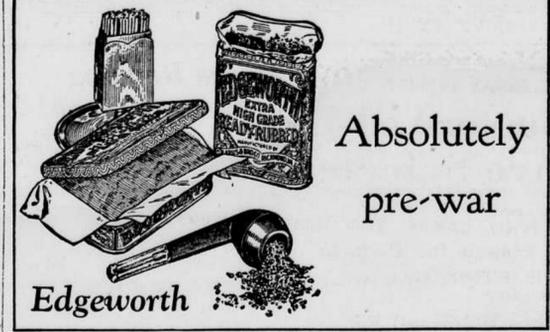


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## PARK ARROW SHIRT with an ARROW COLLAR

on it. This shirt has the long point collar. It is made of a genuine imported English Broadcloth—the best in collars and in shirts that you can buy. Ask Your Dealer



## Easter "Sweets"

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Whitman and Helen Ardell \$1 and up.

## Crown Drug Co.

James H. Baker, '24, Prop. Call 146 Miner Bldg.



## For the benefit of the University of Oregon Fine Arts Building. At the Fashion Luncheon Today Noon at the Eugene Hotel

Eight young ladies from the campus will act as living models.—They are:— Edith Bader, Adalia Everts, Esther Setters, Doris Meldrum, Rose Roberts, Billie Martland, Jo-Ann Paterson, Janice McKinnon

Naturally,—the smart, very fashionable shoes they will wear are to be furnished by Graham's, and are to be on display in their show windows immediately following the luncheon.

