

Oregon Emerald University of Oregon, Eugene

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and ballot to some candidate whether he was the person for the job or not.

Here is where the women of the University of Oregon have taken a big step in the eventual abolition of campus politics.

It seems to us that this is an example well worth following. The evils of politics and maneuvers of political machines is well known.

Politics has become a thing of the past on this campus for all apparent actions this year. It might be a good thing to prevent its resurrection for the spring elections.

—Oregon State Barometer.

Women Debaters Meet Washington Duo Here Tonight

Laws of Divorce in Nevada To Furnish Question For Discussion

One of the highlights of women's activities in the forensic field will begin tonight, when Florence Holloway and Betty Whitson leave on the Northwest debate tour.

The question to be debated on the trip, of which the Oregon group will maintain the negative, is: "Resolved, That the divorce laws of the state of Nevada should be condemned."

Both Miss Holloway and Miss Whitson have had previous experience in intercollegiate forensic activities. The former, a senior in English, has debated one year for Oregon, while the latter, also an English senior, has transferred to Oregon from the University of Idaho, which she represented in debate work for one year.

The trip, according to Bernice Conoly, women's debate manager, along with the contest with the University of Nevada's men, on the same question, in the near future will be of outstanding importance to the women's schedule.

The engagement with the University of Idaho will be in the nature of a return contest. A team from that school, composed of Florence Peterson and Jewell Leighton, debated the Oregon negative on the same question last week.

EX-PROF SPEAKS

Dr. Ralph D. Casey, former professor of journalism at the University of Oregon and at the present head of the journalism department at the University of Minnesota recently conducted a discussion at a student forum on the influence of propaganda in making presidents.

WOMEN'S DEBATE SQUAD TO MAKE TOUR OF WEST

University of Idaho on the same question last week.

The Washington team is expected to arrive in Eugene some time this morning.

Walter E. Hempstead Jr., instructor in English, will be chairman.

TWICE-A-MONTH ASSEMBLY IDEA GETS NSFA AID

University of Idaho on the same question last week.

"In the past assemblies have failed because the programs were dull, speakers uninteresting, and addresses uninformative," Hall said.

W. A. A. initiation at 4:00 p. m. in the Women's lounge of Gerlinger hall.

All girls wishing active positions on the Y. W. C. A. cabinet next year should make appointments with Margaret Edmundson at the bungalow at once.

Vesper service today at 5 at the Y. W. C. A. bungalow.

Y. W. C. A. group will meet at 7:30 tonight at the bungalow.

Kappa Delta announces the pledging of Fern Jeffreys of Lewiston, Idaho.

MRS. WARNER ON TRIP Mrs. Gertrude Bass Warner, donor of the Oriental museum of fine arts and the Murray-Warner essay contest prizes, left for Tucson, Arizona, last Saturday to visit some relatives.

LIBRARIAN SPEAKS Mrs. Marion F. McClain, circulation librarian, spoke on recent books before members of the Monday Book club at the home of Mrs. Raymond Walsh at the semi-monthly program and luncheon of the club.

FEET of CLAY By BOBAR

Believing, along with Walter Winchell, Bernarr McFadden, and other moral forces in our country, that gossip is the spice of life, that truth will out, and that personalities make the most pungent news, we dedicate this column to our contemporaries with a little prayer for its well being, and in the hope that it will make interesting, if nothing else, reading.

We hear that that dashing blond gent who spends his time flicking the fly specks off the Phelps Terkel counter is violating the fraternal bond and is sharpening his trusty scissors in anticipation of a scalping party. There was a Theta. There was the blond Casanova. There was a misunderstanding. And last, but not least, there was the swarthy fraternity brother who splattered the Van Camps. Aw, well, that'll teach you a lesson, Cassy. Don't try any of your philandering tricks on us Suttons, sub. There's always some Bozzo to show you up.

We understand that the Kappas are contracting for new window sills for the den, the old ones being worn practically off by so many of the sistrum clambering over them in the dawn hours.

Attention D. G.: It has been brought to our notice by practically everyone that there is a condition. We understand that one of the anchorites is that way about a certain Kappa Sigarnet. A pretty pass when this must be proven audibly, visibly, vociferously, and osculatorily beneath the 14th and Alder arc.

Wonder what the Delta Tau Delta's were advertising with their Venus de Milo statuary at their formal the other night? Anyway, they had quite a bust, we're told.

The A. D. Sigma's a gettin' around. That Slick business manager . . . selling advertising all around the Grove Friday night. . . One of the key girls practically bought him out. . . Not only that, but the gypsy . . . waving his arms around the campus. How he stands it. . . Some constitution, don't you Schenk so?

The S. A. E.'s ertswihle sporting editor, running in circles from here to there . . . all around the Alpha Phi formal . . . what with spilling coffee and things . . . and making passes at freshmen in public. . . Now he's cryin' for the Caroline.

A fortune teller told J. Anderson, (and us), that a big strong dark man is coming into his life from Portland. If you've noticed any particular Anderson jitters, that might be the reason. . . it's probably his own fault. . . but we'll go no further than that.

And Who Seen Where Last Week-end . . . Mary McMahon, without her Fiji pin. . . Jane Fales, where she had no right to be. . . Joan Cox, getting murdered in a big game at the Phi Sig house. . . Willy Johnston with Marj Wilhelm one night, a frat bro with her the next time, which reminds us where Willie's pin is. . . Epps and Pat Lee hoofing it at the Grove. . . Now that the D. U. traveling secretary is gone the S. P. Taus will settle down to some good . . . studying. . . Aw, tha's all. . .

REBEC GETS POST An invitation from the American Association of University Professors to serve as a member of the committee on local chapters has been received by Dr. George Rebec, dean of the graduate department. The work of this committee, Professor G. H. Ryden of the United, under the chairmanship of versity of Delaware, is to assist in the promotion of chapter activity and nominations of new members.

Law Appointment Brings Comment By Dean Morse

Selection of Judge Cardozo For Supreme Court Post Praised

"President Hoover has paid a compliment to Justice Holmes and has fulfilled his obligation to those of the bench, bar, and public who believe in the liberalizing of the law," said Dr. Wayne Morse, dean of the law school at the University of Oregon, today, in commenting on the appointment of Benjamin Nathan Cardozo as associate justice of the supreme court.

"The appointment of Judge Cardozo is the outstanding one of the Hoover administration," Dean Morse continued, "and will do much to increase public confidence in Hoover's ability to ignore dictates of political expediency." He stated that the appointment is in accord with the present trend of law. He said that the present economic condition has a tendency toward sociological jurisprudence in law.

"In five years, when we look back on this period, we will see great changes in law," he continued. "Judge Cardozo is in accord with the interpretation of law as controlled by the times and is a really great appointment."

CAUTION NEEDED IN DEFINING NEW RULES

mal school last year, we allowed both our opponents to send in both new and old players at will. Such an agreement has often been practiced in the past, mostly at unimportant games, when one of the contesting teams was handicapped by having a small squad."

Punting More of Asset The rule permitting the offensive to use either a dropkick or punt on the kickoff will make a talented punter even more of an asset than in the past, Spears said.

In conclusion, Spears emphasized the necessity for rigid and clear interpretations of the new code. Until this is done, he does not believe the rules will be a success. He also thinks the need for strict enforcement is necessary before the regulations will help to safeguard the player from injury.

QUARTET LIKES SUNNY MUSIC, WESTERN PEOPLE

had ever taught in American universities. "Yes, yes, we have sung in many universities and we have many friends there. Education is

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NEW BEGINNERS' BALLROOM CLASS Starts Tuesday—8:30 P. M. MERRICK STUDIOS 861 Willamette Phone 3081

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BOOKS OF THE DAY EDITED BY ROY SHEEDY

Phantom Fingers. By J. Jefferson Farjeon, Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press.

The tale of one wooly Cockney tramp and his valiant struggle with bewilderment and horror and fierce malevolent danger, all somehow connected with the presence near him of three unprincipled criminals and their victim; this is a tale told partly as if through the mind of Cockney Ben himself, and partly from the outside; not exactly a mystery story, unless you count the constant state of mystification in which Ben finds himself. The interest is focussed not so much on the doings of the criminal gang, and the solving of the mystery of any of their crimes, but rather on the curious distorted images and ideas that struggle into being in the mind of Ben; how these ideas lead to action, and what the action leads to; how a worthless beaten tramp, by some half-comical gallantry of spirit, with his scarecrow arms and legs and moldy brain finally rescues the girl kidnaped by the gang.

It is a story fully of the vague uneasiness that attacks Ben, the

impressions that flit across his laboring mind, the vast indefinable terrors that hover about him during a wild and inexplicable journey on a steamer and then through Spanish mountains. Now he escapes from the villains, and frantically tries to gather his wits together and beat the fatigue that clouds him. He clings tight to material things, naming them to himself as a sort of comfort in the great and horrible darkness of the hills. "Shadders," he said. Yes, he knew "shadders" . . . "Trees," he said. . . "Shadders" and trees. But the nightmares hovered a little closer, seeking to envelop him again. "Me!" he cried desperately. "Me!" "Shadders," trees, and Ben. The concrete combination was growing.

And he finally struggles up into a sort of half-life. What he has to fight is not so much the dark, not so much the confusing weakness that makes everything too big, as the desire to lie down and rest, instead of battering himself against obstacles that hurt, and ideas that terrify. But he has to fight. "Why," said Ben. "Blow me, I'm the 'ero'!"

ho happy," Mr. Kasakoff replied, and answered the next inquiry before it had been worded. A little reasoning solved the answer to the first.

Curiosity was expressed as to the difference between Oregon audiences and those of the eastern states.

"Here it is like sunshine, the people are like the sunshine," and the happiness of the westerner was revealed in his smile, "but there they are not like that, not like sunshine," and the more serious countenance portrayed more restrained concern.

"Much of Russian music is written for instruments instead of for the voice," he stated. About half of the program was arranged by N. Kedroff or dedicated to the quartet.

"The change of government in Russia, has not changed Russian music," Kasakoff asserted. "They may change other things, but they cannot change the Russian soul. The Russian soul is the same," which is very credible, considering that these four musical beings, could fill four dull gray walls, with old-world charm because of the effervescence of their spirits.

After singing together for 12 years, it might be imagined that each would lose his individuality in making the group stronger. If the individuality of these men was gone the artist would be gone.

Upon leaving, each one of them shook hands with the interviewer and that ushered her out with a bow.



HE NEEDS GLASSES!

DEFECTIVE eyesight gives unmistakable warnings that all is not well. Holding a newspaper too far or too near when reading . . . scowling . . . squinting . . . frequent headaches . . . are all signs that you need an eye examination.

Dr. ELLA C. MEADE OPTOMETRIST 14 Eighth W. Phone 330

Come On, Upton UPTON SINCLAIR is the American entrant this year in the contest for the Nobel literary prize. If he gets the decision, he will receive \$40,000 in Swedish kronen, part of the annual interest on the fortune Alfred Bernhard Kronen made out of his dynamite patents.

Last year the prize went to Sinclair Lewis, but he didn't get much prestige along with it. American editors and critics thought it unfortunate that the author of such uncharitable works as "Main Street" and "Babbitt" should be the first American writer to receive the Nobel award.

A few outspoken people pointed out that under the terms of Nobel's will, the money is to be given each year to the writer "who has produced the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency," and claimed that by their decision the committee had taken gross liberties with the word "idealistic."

What a howl would go up if Upton Sinclair turns in a repeat for the U. S. A.! Lewis may caricature American people, but he is always good-natured about it. Upton Sinclair is savagely sincere; he pays little attention to people as such, and striking straight to the core of our society, he finds it rotten.

For Upton Sinclair, "Babbitts" and "Elmer Gantroys" are superficial omens of deeper forces. In "The Jungle" he lashed at labor conditions; "Oil" painted big business in hideous relief; "Lockstep" cartooned the American university, and today "The Wet Parade" maintains that prohibition is completing the degenerate cycle of our politics.

These books have been translated into some thirty languages. The author's candidacy for the prize is backed by 700 critics and educators in 54 countries. If Lewis could get the prize, Sinclair should win hands down.

It is certainly to be regretted that damning America should pay \$40,000 a year. Why not some other American who writes constructively, producing "distinguished work of an idealistic tendency"?

What? You can't think of one? Neither can we.

'Sno Use Talking--No Snow

SAY, doesn't it know how to snow in Eugene? A person'd think, from the way things have been carrying on this winter, that the climate here is just in the experimental stage.

For systematic, routine-minded people who like to see everything carried through to logical conclusions, there is no excuse for this dilatoriness which the snow has shown this year. Students wake up of a morning to find a beautiful white world outside, and gleefully shout and concoct fearfully and wonderfully conceived snow creatures.

Just about the time everyone gets enthused about living at the North Pole and we've all ordered more wood, out comes the sun and we return, dripping, to the temperate zone—and rain!

We appeal to the weatherman, or whoever pulls the strings in this rain-snow-sunshine business, for a statement of policy. Are we, or are we not, to get some real snow, or are we being made out-and-out victims of somebody's caprices? We demand an answer!

Mr. Weatherman, we mean business. We want something definite done about this matter. If you're going to give us snow, we want some concentrated action resulting in snow. We're tired of this half-way, hesitating business.

If we can't have snow, let's have a real good flood. We could all go canoeing to class and wear hip boots and bathing suits.

If that won't do, we'll take sunshine, with thanks. But for heaven's sake, and ours, Mr. Weatherman, do something!

WITH OTHER EDITORS

A SUGGESTION Again the women lead. Until this year politics on the various coast campuses have been occupying a major place in political leaders' minds. And when we say politics we mean all kinds—good and otherwise with the latter prevailing. On most campuses, as usual, women are "in on" the vote-getting machine, pledging their support