

Oregon Emerald
University of Oregon, Eugene

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Freedom of Criticism

FROM the University of Washington comes the story of a new policy of President M. Lyle Spencer that we believe is regrettable. Not only do we think it unnecessary, but it is our opinion that the decision of the president will unduly handicap the liberal policy of freedom of speech that the university has thus far enjoyed.

Following a speech by Sherwood Eddy, noted author and traveler, before an assembly of 2,500 students, President Spencer made the decision: "No speaker will be allowed to speak on the campus at an open assembly if he intends to attack the state or national government, specific individuals, or the university itself. The university emphatically does not want so-called 'red' speeches on the campus."

It has ever been our contention that criticism is an essential factor in the development of better government. Social progress is dependent largely upon dissatisfaction with present conditions. Practically every improvement in our state and nation has been preceded by a clamor for change, and often marked by attacks that were rabid and unjustified in their intensity.

And so with the university. We are confident that Dr. Spencer's institution is strong enough to withstand any criticism that may be directed at it, but on the other hand, we feel that the tirades of the discontented and critical are often helpful rather than handicaps to university growth. It is only after learning one's faults and weaknesses that proper corrective measures can be adopted.

Dr. Spencer's decision makes provision for the discussion of such controversial matters in a less public fashion. Critical addresses will be strictly supervised and limited to departmental assemblies rather than campus-wide gatherings. But we believe the new ruling is a little too stringent in its limitations. We have confidence in the balanced judgment of the student body to listen to critical, and even radical, addresses, and sift the wheat from the chaff. For after all, one of the primary purposes of higher education is to develop the mental processes of the individual—to teach him to think for himself.

We sincerely trust that President Spencer will temper his decision, and upon this occasion we commend to him for thought and consideration the famous quotation from Jefferson, "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

All Out for the Rout!

TONIGHT we are to again have the opportunity to see evidence of co-operation between student and faculty on a joint project, when the Colonial Rout is presented in Gerlinger hall. Student and faculty will once more mingle, as they did at last term's Christmas Revels, at a party which they have produced together—this time to honor the bi-centennial of the father of our country, George Washington.

The program for the Rout will be spiced with many features. To the present-day student, they will be novelties. There is little doubt but that the starched formality of the reception, recalling Washington's inauguration, will please the eye; that the unusual, jerky rhythms of early colonial airs will please the ear; that the tunes of the dance band will keep the sophisticated moderns from falling into careless belief in the actuality of the show. For it's all in the spirit of fun and good fellowship, the press agent assures us.

Of pageantry there will be some; of the vaudeville, not a little; of music, dancing, and gaiety, a great deal.

The Christmas Revels disclosed the possibilities contained in student-faculty endeavors. There is no reason to believe that the general chairman overstated the degree of success with which the various sub-committees have met. Conclusion: The Colonial Rout will be an event worthy of the patronage of Oregon men and women, though shillings be scarce. Let's go!

Warmer, Please

MAYBE someone wondered why we yelled so vociferously for snow or a flood the other day, when we might just as well have demanded sunshine, seeing as how we got it anyhow.

We felt at the time we were writing, that, considering the atmospheric conditions both within and without the editorial sanctum, that we could just as effectively have asked for the moon as for sunshine.

Of course, we would never want to be accused of being unreasonable or of insisting on having our own way, and we did feel that sunshine was just too much to consider in the depths of these winter months.

However, we wish to announce to the public at large, and Mr. Weatherman in particular, that we accept his free and unexpected gift of sunshine with much glee and appreciation, with the suggestion, hesitatingly offered to be sure, that next time he accompany it with a little warmish breeze that will make walks by the river more enticing.

End of the Scarlet Trail

BREATHES there a man so lacking in virility that he failed to thrill yesterday to the stirring tale of how the scarlet-clad troopers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at last ran to earth Albert Johnson, the mad trapper of Rat River? Nobody could read that story without imagining a vivid picture of grim-faced men in scarlet and gold, scouring the barren lands for their human prey.

As long as incidents like that which ended so tragically in the wastes of the Yukon country arise to make newspaper headlines, truth will remain stranger than fiction. As dramatic as any pulp-paper novel was the chase the red-coated upholders of the law terminated in the gloom of Wednesday evening.

It was an exploit that will live forever in the folk-lore of the north country. Eventually it will become a saga of the north and another tribute to the daring riders who wear the scarlet.

FEET of CLAY
By BOBAR

We have an announcement. In line with the sensational date war which came to a head two days ago, we feel that there is a situation. Feet of Clay accordingly proposes to be arbiter for the kids. We suggest the Feet of Clay Date Bureau. Have you had a love life lately? Word goes round that there aren't enough love lives. We must have love lives, else what to keep this column going?

We ran a sort of informal one not so long ago, and our erstwhile impregnable Brian Minnaugh came through with flying colors. We present his testimonial.

"I went to a convention," states Mimy, "Clear off at the Atlantic seaboard I met your correspondent, shortly after that I met through him my dream girl. Well, sirs, I was taken. I pigged and I pigged, and I huffed and I huffed, but I couldn't blow her down. Then I told her who I really was—President of the U!"

Brian Minnaugh SUCCESS! None But Depraved Deserve an Affair

"My," she said in her cute little Texas drawl, "what a dreat bid man oo are!" It was only a matter of moments till my pin was resting on a fairer bosom. Now I get three air mail special deliveries a day and the Phi Delt boys all call me Tex!"

Isn't that nice? Now there's the inimitable Johnny Creech, who not long ago was too busy turning oskies, summersaults, and stomachs with his yell-leading to be interested in love lives. Wouldn't it be fine if our column, which we promise to start tomorrow, should be able to fix up John? Come on, let's co-operate! Let's give Creech a great big ham!

We noticed the Fiji's getting around the K. K. G. house again yesterday. Well, that's how it goes. When the Kappas didn't have a decent record in the house not a Fiji could be seen—they love to dance so. So the Kappas made a trip to the music store, bought some brand new bait, and look who they caught. Along with a bunch of the boys, Jake Stahl, off the reservation. The frisky thing! The minute her back is turned kicking up his heels with another dame. A pretty pass.

Speaking of love lives, we're reminded of a Lothario we hardly would have suspected. Old Harrison Kincaid, dat ol' man freckles himself, is reported. How about Bertha? A swell note, when a guy can't keep his love life out of shop windows. Just a picture of a dame with them certain lips and a wild gleam in her eye, holding fascinated crowds clear past their class hours, whilst it leered from a Co-op window. "To my dream man, Harrison Kincaid, from Bertha." He don't need no date bureau.

Who Seen Where Recently: Ed Cross and a gang of his pals, not

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WANTED
DRESSMAKING, hemstitching, sewing, Over Underwood & Elliott Grocery, Harriett Underwood, Phone 1393.

MISCELLANEOUS
CAMPUS SHOE REPAIR—Quality work, best of service; work that is lasting in service. 13th between Alder and Kincaid.

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

KRAMER BEAUTY SALON
Also Hair-cutting
PHONE 1880
Next to Walora Candies

pretending to be her best friend, indicting a horrible letter to a young lady they'd all gone out and suffered from. . . Myrt McDaniels, that swell prexy, getting in late again from somewhere. . . Liz Gilstrap, announcing her candidacy for the new Date Bureau. . . and Louise Webber, delivering a pair of men's pants to their owner—Aw, tha's all. . .

The Safety Valve
An Outlet for Campus Steam

All communications are to be addressed to the editor, Oregon Daily Emerald, and should not exceed 200 words in length. Letters must be signed, but should the writer prefer, only initials will be used. The editor maintains the right to withhold publication should he see fit.

REPORT IN ERROR
To the Editor:

Will you be good enough to correct some errors appearing in the report of my address on "The Co-operative Commonwealth," appearing in your issue of the 17th.

I did not say that "the basic condition if left alone to drift along will cure its own ills," and thus individualism will be replaced by collectivism. The whole address emphasized the desperate need of constructive action, contrary to the policy of "drift."

I said that Big Business, if left alone, would establish a "collectivism"—a "despotism." I did not say that the big business concern will become benevolent, but I repudiated that notion as expressed by an English economist.

Neither did I criticize the anti-trust laws, nor did I endorse a business leader's criticism of them that I quoted in this connection.

—JAMES D. BARNETT.

INFIRMARY HAS TWELVE

The infirmary still has 12 patients with one vacant bed to be used in emergency. Dr. Marian Hayes and Wallace Hug were released Thursday, and Elbert Smith and Mary Wilber were admitted. Others confined are Margaret Roberts, Margaret Chase, William Johnson, Urline Page, Bernice Bernard, Dorothy Tongue, Vincent Ferguson, Grenville Jones, Dick Henry, and Raymond Force.

NEAT, WELL APPEARING SHOES ARE "Shined Shoes" U of O SHINE



DINE and DANCE
Tonight: Sit down to the table of one of our more secluded spots. The plaintive wail of a good orchestra is wafting towards you, mingled with the tinkling of china and the rippling laugh of some gay debutante.
Suddenly you discover that lots of your friends are here, too.
Lee Duke's

CAMPUS CALENDAR

Cosmopolitan club meets today at 12:30 in front of Condon for Oregon pictures.

Varsity athletic managers will meet in front of Condon today at 12:40 for their Oregon pictures.

N. S. F. A. meeting at 4 o'clock today at the student body office.

Studio plays will be given at the Guild theatre today at 4. There will be no admission charged.

Special tap dancing group to meet in Gerlinger hall dance room, 5 p. m., Friday and at 10 a. m., Saturday for rehearsals.

Today is the last opportunity for seniors to fill out their activity cards, Oregon officials announce. All students having a cap and gown picture in the Oregon are requested to turn these cards into the Co-op office by 5 o'clock this afternoon.

Cosmopolitan members will have their picture taken for the Oregon today at 12:40 at the east entrance of Condon.

New Volumes of Braille
Now on Library Shelves

Three Braille books have been received at the library and the completion of two volumes of another was made public yesterday. They were, "Robinson der Jungere" by Campe, given by the Portland chapter of the Red Cross; "A Short History of England" by Cheney, lent indefinitely by the Oregon Employment Institution for the Blind; and the fourth volume of

"Babbit" by Sinclair Lewis, given by the American Printing House for the Blind.
The other book is John Galsworthy's "Strife," being transcribed by Mrs. Hazel Hendrix Tillman. This is a gift of the Lane county chapter of the Red Cross.

PLANES OF FUTURE TO GO 1000 MILES PER HOUR

(Continued on Page Four)

Cleveland and British races, and greater developments have taken place within the last six months.

In commenting on the safety of flying and the number of accidents in the history of flying, Becker stated that there was one passenger fatality to every 25 million miles of flying, the majority of which have occurred in the San Francisco bay district. Of the total number of accidents, the larger percentage has resulted from incapable pilots and not from mechanical faults.

The developments of the departments of commerce were also credited for bringing the safety of flying to a greater realization. Every 30 miles on the charted airways the department has placed an emergency landing field, for every 150 miles a radio station has been placed, and beacons have been placed wherever needed.

Pictures depicting a transcontinental trip and the trial flights of the new giant four-motored Sikorski amphibian, which is the largest airship built in America, were shown.

Becker also announced the third annual W. E. Boeing scholarships which are awarded to students in American universities and colleges writing the best essays on some phase of the aviation industry.

Additional information on the scholarships may be obtained from Dr. Warren D. Smith of the geology department or by writing direct to the Boeing school of Aeronautics in Oakland.

Co-op To Receive Campus Pictures For Snap Section

BEGINNING today, pictures for the snapshot section of the Oregon may be left at the office of the Co-op store, it was announced yesterday by Thornston Gale, editor.

All types of snapshots showing students and campus life are desired, Gale said. The prints, which should be identified, may be turned in either at the Co-op store or given to Jack Bellinger.

DUCKLINGS MIX WITH ROOKS IN FINAL TILT

(Continued from Page One)

vallis. He is a clever floor worker, and handles the ball with the skill of a veteran. Along with Hibbard in checking position, Roy Lamb, rook mentor, will probably start big George Svendsen, a tower of strength on the defensive.

In the forward berths Taylor and Inman, two diminutive sharpshooters, will get the call. These two men, despite their size, have compromised a good share of the rook scoring threat this season, and have been improving with each game.

At center either Hill or Drew will get the call. These men are both tall and rangy and have been working alternately at the pivot position throughout the season.

Both teams have been pointing for these games for the past two weeks. The final scores will definitely determine the success or failure of each team, during the current season as each year hopes of both squads hinge upon the outcome of the annual, all-important four-game fracas.

The Heart Bomb Of Aunt Eppie

Dear Aunt Emma:
Having one green stocking and one pink stocking left, the last halves of former good pairs, I wove both of them on the campus yesterday to save. Instead of people commenting on my noble and thrifty enterprise, they made rude remarks as I passed by, as "See the human barberpole," and "So spring is really here." What should I do? I am waiting for your reply before I start crying.

Yours,
BOBAR.

Answer:
Dear Bobar:
Just because you are cross-eyed is no sign that everybody else is colorblind.

BRYSON PLEASURES IN FIRST RECITAL IN TWO YEARS

(Continued from Page One)
Brahms love-song, "O liebliche Wangen," which brought an encore, Faurdramin's "Chevauchee Cosaque," and Carpenter's "The Cock Shall Crow."

Bryson was very effective in the Gluck aria "De noirs presentiments." It is a heavy and sombre thing, but he gave it the full sweep of its tragic power. The oft-heard "Danny Dever" was given new interest by Bryson's varied voice tones for the words of the different speakers.

A note of clever modern satire was put into the program in Hughes' setting for Carl Sandburg's touching little ode, "Bricklayer Love."

The audience refused to depart without a final encore and Bryson made Brahms' "Lullaby" a graceful farewell.

"Cream of the Crop"

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES
"IT'S TOASTED"

"LUCKIES are certainly kind to my throat"

"No harsh irritants for Lupe. I'm a LUCKY fan. There's no question about it—LUCKIES are certainly kind to my throat. And hurrah for that improved Cellophane wrapper of yours—it really opens without a tug-o'-war—thanks to that tab."

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough
And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

HOT TAMALE!
Lupe landed in Hollywood with one lone dollar and no part to play. . . But now she has nine fur coats, 15 garters, the world's loudest lounging pajamas, and dozens of men gaga about her. . . We hope you liked her in the M-G-M PICTURE, "THE CUBAN LOVE SONG," as much as we did. Lupe's been a LUCKY fan for two years. . . There was no what is politely called "financial consideration" for her statement. Gracias, Lupe!

TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras and Walter Winchell, whose gossip of today becomes the news of tomorrow, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.