

Oregon Emerald

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University of Oregon, Eugene

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The American people cannot be too careful in guarding the freedom of speech and of the press against curtailment as to the discussion of public affairs and the character and conduct of public men.

—Carl Schurz.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT AT OREGON

I.

THE GOVERNMENTAL structure that once was heralded on this campus as the salvation of the students now looms as an over-balanced juggernaut that eventually will crumble like the tower of Babel. Unwise legislation, levies that lacked foresight and indiscriminate building projects have brought it to a crossroads where it knows not in which direction to turn.

This is the fault of no particular individual or individuals, but rather is the fault of a system that provided for no change in the times. When business conditions were still on the waning end of the post-war exhilaration, the students voted taxes upon themselves, built a barnlike structure, which we jokingly call the "igloo," and assumed various other obligations. All this was very pleasant while money jingled cheerfully in the students' pockets. But—

"He who lives by the sword
Shall perish by the sword."

The general business collapse, the effect of which is felt increasingly today, found Oregon's students holding the sack for legislation that was imposed by the predecessors. Today each of us pays a \$5 building fee every term because obligations to that effect were voted by students who long since have passed from campus affairs. The fallacy of this is apparent at once. The state board of education, the graduate manager and virtually everyone else in authority have been alternately damned and vituperated for the presence of the building fund, when they were in no manner responsible for it and its attendant evils.

There was nothing obligatory connected with the legislation which our campus predecessors voted years ago. They assumed the taxes and then moved on without sustaining the effect of their legislation.

For the past three months the Emerald has studied the student governments of America's leading colleges. Some were good, some were bad, but in every instance those that were successful included two vital elements—faculty legislation and student advisory boards.

Thus we come to the constructive work before us. As a substitute for our present unwieldy legislative organization, that centers about the immobile executive council, we suggest a legislative body consisting of faculty members and an advisory group in the form of a student parliament, the latter to be presided over by student officers.

We realize advocacy of such a plan entails considerable difficulty and obstacles, but, from close observance of other representative colleges that have used similar systems with brilliant success, we are certain that it has advantages not to be overlooked. We feel sure it is a constructive suggestion well worthy of serious consideration.

Faculty legislation has been abhorred by succeeding generations of college students, but, as we emerge from the sickly and adolescent "rah-rah" era of the past, it looms increasingly feasible. It is incongruous not to be willing to entrust at least a major portion of our extra-curricular affairs to the men in whose hands we place our educations. Then there is always the factor of an advisory parliament to consider. It would act as an effective check on the faculty group.

THE AURA OF FAME

HOW FAR is the acclaim of the multitude a criterion of value?

Without a doubt, everything, whether social, political, ethical, moral, or literary is based on values. As Nietzsche so aptly said, "Life is founded on continually changing evaluations."

It has become a commonly-accepted sophistry in our western civilization in the past few years that a man's value increases directly according to the number of times his name reaches print. This rather ridiculous conclusion is drawn, of course,

Emerald's Platform for Oregon

THE FOLLOWING are the constructive developments which the Emerald hopes to institute and help maintain at the University:

1. Advance educational ideals.
2. Promote intellectual achievements.
3. Reorganize the student government structure.
- (a) Establish a student parliament in an advisory capacity.
- (b) Establish a faculty legislative committee.
4. Advocate a well-balanced athletic program.
5. Promote minor sports.
6. Subordinate extra-curricular activities to academic attainments.
7. Make the Emerald a representative college newspaper of a representative school.

from the supposition that the more valuable men reach the limelight.

Say rather, the more ambitious men. As Mark Barron writes in his syndicated column, a New Yorker at large, "Some time ago a certain journalist began to search for the present whereabouts of about 50 famous persons whose exploits were front page topics some 15 or 20 years ago. . . .

"The journalist had his agents working in every part of the country and Europe. Yet, in the space of three months, they have been able to discover hardly more than half of these one-time celebrities."

"Fame is evanescent," as Schopenhauer said, and yet it is amazing to view the immense amount of effort that most people exert to gain a creditable reputation, say rather notoriety, in the minds of thousands of people of whom they neither know nor care. While our charlatans, scoundrels, and panderers to the public tastes, receive the acclamations of the masses, how fares the genius?

A few words from Remy de Gourmont, that master Epicurean and brilliant critic . . . "Every original genius is at first ignored or opposed by the mass of his contemporaries. . . . In a democratic country one enters directly into fame, and the more cultivated the country is, the more widespread its average education, the harder it is to cut a way through the wall of indifference."

What price conformism?

THE THEATER OF THE FUTURE

WITH technocracy, reports on social trends, and other similar topics filling the newspapers and making table talk all over the country, it is interesting to contemplate how the new leisure which may come to man might be employed.

The theater, admittedly one of America's waning institutions and a leisure pastime, comes in for some searching criticism and analysis in January's "New Outlook." No less a personage than Arthur Hopkins, producer and writer, surveys the slowly expiring legitimate stage.

Mr. Hopkins deprecates the stark realism of the stage today. To quote him:

"We have granted realism such license as the glamorous theater never knew or wanted. We have been broad-minded to our own discomfort. All conceivable ugly caldrons have been permitted to bubble and boil and exude their stench while we caressed our bumps of liberality and fixed our faces in silly masks of tolerance."

But neither does he propose that subjects of everyday life be abandoned. "When the theater touches everyday life, let it bring some new illumination, some new understanding. Let it deal freely with the mass problems of daily life but in terms that bring light, in terms that bind us closer together. When beauty returns to the theater, its vitality will cease to ebb."

Hopkins predicts the success of the civic theater, locally promoted and supported. Worry over box office and hits will no longer cramp the style of playwrights. In their hands will lie the salvation of a "mechanized land, in danger of becoming a citizenry of robots."

Washington Bystander

By HERBERT PLUMMER

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 16—(AP)—The possibility that a new face may be seen among the leaders of the next congress appeared as members of the house gathered in the capital for the short session and earnest discussion of the political set-up after March 4.

Of course a great big "if" will be the deciding factor.

That both the next speaker and floor leader of the house will not come from the same section of the country is the belief shared generally "on the hill."

At the moment perhaps the three most prominent candidates for the privilege of wielding Jack Garner's gavel are Rainey of Illinois, the present floor leader; Byrns of Tennessee, chairman of the appropriations committee, and McDuffie of Alabama, the whip.

The election of any of these men promises a shake-up down the line in democratic organization. If Byrns or McDuffie, for example, is elevated to the speakership the veteran white-haired Rainey would have to choose one of two jobs—both among the most powerful and influential in the house.

The first is to continue in the post of floor leader. The second is chairmanship of the ways and means committee.

The departure of the present chairman of that committee, Collier of Mississippi, and the unsuccessful attempt of Crisp of Georgia to enter the senate has placed Rainey at the head of the list.

Rainey's consent to become chairman of ways and means, too, might avert a possible controversy in the party as to who will get the job.

However, Rainey still has his eye on the speakership and his supporters are confident of enough votes to elect him.

But should a southern democrat defeat him and he go in as chairman of ways and means, a new floor leader would emerge in the next congress.

Two names figure largely in discussions of who he will be.

The first is Tom Cullen, so-called "boss" of the Tammany delegation in the house.

The second is the young, tall and handsome John McCormack of Massachusetts, who has made his mark as a member of ways and means.

The Onlooker - - - By KEN FERGUSON



A Message to Garcia

By S. STEPHENSON SMITH
(Professor of English)

THE U. S. A. has long operated on a waste basis. We called it a rising market, or prosperity, or a big boom. Our margin was so wide, our resources so great, that we ran along recklessly, scrapping our cars and radios and other gadgets every year or two, and buying the latest novelty in new models. We have been hauled up short. Yet so strongly are our minds set on production economics that we are listening avidly to the technocrats, who are proposing to cure us by a hair of the dog that bit us. They did not invent their term, by the way. Our old friend William Henry Smythe, an engineer who hangs around the Faculty Club in Berkeley with his dog James, used the term in a series of articles about the time the World War broke out. And he leavened his proposals with a large grain of sense, for he stressed the need for popular consent to a rational system of production and distribution—and did not suggest a soviet of engineers, as Howard Scott and Co. are proposing.

As Lord Salisbury used to say, when someone suggested calling in a group of experts to save the situation, "Who will then save us from our saviors?" No, I do not believe a soviet of technicians will have us out of hand. This particular New York crew seem innocent alike of politics and aesthetics; and above all, they ignore a most important branch of economics. But then so do the University economists and the schools of business administration. I refer to consumption.

A movement to stay consumers' economies which has been under way for three years or more, in New York, is of much more interest to University students and faculty. It has had no such fanfare of publicity as has greeted technocracy. It has gone along quietly, surely, and modestly. I refer to the Consumers' Research, founded by such converted advertising men as Stuart Chase, and by a former chief of the bureau of standards in Washington, F. J. Schlenk. They furnish to their subscribers a confidential service which tells the brutal truth about all sorts of commodities which we buy. It is a kind of gratuitous advertising, based on the findings of physicists, chemists, and other experts, who buy samples of nationally advertised products and find out just what is in them, how long they will run, how much of them is real value, and how much sheer "water" and sales costs and advertising pressure! They cannot publish this material broadcast, because the law of libel is so favorable to vendors in this country that you cannot tell the real truth about a product on sale without getting hauled into court. Hence their service is issued only to subscribers, who must agree not to broadcast the material.

These bulletins cover such subjects as foods, radios, musical instruments, office supplies, building materials, gas and oils, household equipment and supplies of all kinds, and many other items. Needless to say, this service is supported by the subscriptions of consumers; it is non-profit making; and it has so much dynamite in it that "Time" refused to accept the advertising of Consumers' Research.

I find the service more than worth the price in the delight which I feel in learning the real truth, crisply told, about the over-advertised and over-praised products which I had long bought; moreover, it has saved me \$40, just 20 times its cost, in the year I have taken it. I am frank to say that I should like to see a course in consumption economics, based on much material as this, in every college and university curriculum.

We are fortunate in having here and at Corvallis many courses which somewhat take the place of such work. I should have said that the movement of which Consumers' Research is a part, lays no less stress on taste and aesthetic values in consumers' goods. Well, if you can spare the time from working for grades, and studying the genteel art of "getting by," you should advance your real education by travelling around the two campuses and looking in on the work of the following:

Miss Avakian's work in pottery, weaving, and home craft work.

Mr. Andriani's work in stage design.

Mr. Zane's exhibits in home decorations and design.

The magazines in the art library.

Mr. Hart's murals in process.

Mr. Sinnott's landscape gardening.

Mr. Wilcox's exhibits in architectural design.

And then listen in on Miss Starr's discourses on textiles and dress design; and Miss Wood's sound lore on food selection and food chemistry. You might even travel to the other campus for some other purpose than attending a football game or a house dance. It doesn't take as long to travel from here to Corvallis as it does to go from one college of the University of Oregon to another; and the interests of the two schools are identical when it comes to the evaluation. Also, a visit to the Cooperative farm would be instructive. Now that we are all on short commons, we should learn to make more things for ourselves, and discourage the trash trade in things of ordinary use. And if we can't make our own, we should at least develop our critical wits so that we know good fabrics, beautiful pottery, fine architecture, sound landscape design; and learn to know good cookery when we taste it. These all belong to the fine arts, and they are all cardinal items in consumption economics.

I conclude with a few suggestions for reading along this line:

Stuart Chase—"Men and Machines," "A New Deal."

William Morris—"News From Nowhere."

Lewis Mumford—"Sticks and Stones."

Consumers' Research publications.

And finally, we should try to

promenade by carol hurlburt

Where is Eugene? Is it north, south, east, or west? Is it summer or winter? Is it the beginning or the end? Or is it half way between Paradise and Paragay? Where are we or why are we or are we?

If you ever stopped to consider the situation seriously, you would realize what a charming place Eugene is. It is neither here nor there. You can wear summer clothes in the winter, or winter clothes in the summer. You can dress luxuriously in furs one day and don linens the next. You can turn night into day, burn the candle at either end or both, stand on your head, or walk on your hands, if you want.

In recognition of our quixotic habitation, we have to consider the subject of sun-burned fashions and the cult of the semi-nudists long before the inhabitants of Salem, Portland, or Pendleton.

The new southern styles are divided into two schools: those for the damsels who want to get sun-burned and those for the damsels who want to stay lily-white and flower-like.

Followers of the first school go in for violent shades—"henpy, rusty, wild, wonderful Goona-Goona shades," while those forgotten ladies who sit "in the great in-doors" drape themselves in the palest of evanescent pastels.

The bathing-suits are one-piece and have a hand-knit look. They have a bracelet neck, a fitted brassiere top, and leave the back to nature. Some are of the two-piece specie, which means that the top is a brassiere and that there is nothing but skin in-between.

One of the newest whimsies (and it promises to be more than a mere whimsy) is to finish off a light skirt with a dark top. The skirts are often cut like the divided bicycle skirt and come in oyster-white or string. . . . which is the dirty white color of Chinaman's cord.

The sweater-top is most beguiling when it comes in a sun-drenched hyacinth blue, in maroon, Fascisti black, or screaming citron yellow.

We select for Promenade: Nancy Suomela, because she met the K.K.K. bravely on Saturday "after dark" in a frock of gentian red, all very moderne with full sleeves and wide shoulders, and a devastating little cloche of the same red dipped down over one eye.

build a public conscience which would not allow men like Thorstein Veblen, the patron saint of technocracy, to die of starvation, neglect and disappointment, in a cabin down behind Stanford, where he once taught. We should know a good economist when we see one, and listen to him in time, and I hope we will listen to Stuart Chase and Schlenk with more attention than we gave Veblen twenty years ago.

Assault and Battery by Parks Hitchcock

Our suggestion as the only solution for the Emerald-Executive council fracas, is that they compromise. Let's publish the Emerald four and a half days a week. Oh, Solomon . . .

We see the Chinese killed an Italian soldier the other day in a minor brawl. Maybe he liked spaghetti better than noodles.

Literary thought:
Voice
Grows wiose.

A certain friend of ours has been bragging his way about the campus extolling the virtues of "my girl in the South." The New Orleans influence, you know. Maybe she was that Mardi Gras we've been hearing so much about.

Our sincerest pity goes out to the valiant clean-up committee at the Krazy Kopy Krawl. Must have been a lot of work to sweep those people out from under the tables.

If a fellow-columnist, chie, Carol "Fashions" Hurlburt thinks she can scoop us for a minute and get away with it, we'll fool her. We might nominate Jake Stahl for Lemonade, but we can think of a better one. Started an investigation to find out who the mysterious prowler at the Theta igloo was. After long hours of research we narrowed the field down to the following five suspects:

1. Butch Morse.
2. The Fuller Brush man.
3. T. Blakeley Hamilton.
4. Anselmo Leonardo Y Ferante de Pozzo.
5. An unknown man in a light grey overcoat about five feet, eight inches with blond hair parted rather far back and a square face. Now, nerts to you, fellow-columnist, chie, Carol "Fashions" Hurlburt.

Cougar sharpshooters Huntley Gordon and Bob Cross invaded the portals of the College Side the other evening. They might try their unnerving eye on the slot machines.

Books

By JOHN SELBY

TECHNICALLY of course, Mary Austin's "Earth Horizon" is an autobiography. And it is difficult to say what additional it is, although it is obvious that few autobiographies are so overflowing with richness as this.

The facts of the Austin life are interesting enough, but quite outside the value of the book. Perhaps the value lies chiefly in the writer's uncanny ability to assimilate the essence of nearly everything with which she had contact, to digest everything intellectually and emotionally, and to return it to the world clothed in words that no one can misunderstand.

The flavor of this book may only be suggested. This, for example, about the post-boom days in Los Angeles: "The unwashed palms had a hurt but courageous look, as of young wives when they first suspect that their marriages may be turning out badly." Or this: "In San Diego, in those days . . . if you took a handful of the top soil, half of it hopped out and the rest of it ran through your fingers."

Carl Sandburg, with his biography of Abraham Lincoln behind him, now sets forth to tell the truth as he sees it about Mary Todd Lincoln. "Mary Lincoln, Wife and Widow," is one of the few intelligible stories about this character. Sandburg makes no attempt to gloss over the behavior of his unfortunate subject. Rather, he describes her as she was, and then tells why she was so.

He is convinced that Mary Lincoln was the victim of an inherited brain disease that progressively grew worse until she became insane; that she was not a deliberate virago, and that there were long periods when she and her distinguished husband lived a normal life.

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Letters to the Editor

All "Letters to the Editor" must bear either the signature or initials of the writer, the former being preferred. Because of space limitations, the editor reserves the right to withhold such communications as he sees fit. All letters should be concise and to the point. The editor of the Emerald solicits opinions and constructive criticism from the members of the student body.

To the Editor of the Emerald:
In Answer to Dean Gilbert

Yes—
'Tis a pity that in men
There has always been a yen
For power, or wealth to place
Upon the shelf.
That for two pins or a groat
Some will slit a fellow's throat,
Nor think of life they took in
gain of pelf.

Perhaps,
That's why college deans grow
simple
And divulge a smiling dimple.
Nor realize they've lost their
self respect,
When they, with winning voice
and rhyme,
Rejoice in legal social crime,
Confusing scientific study with
sect.

—Anonymous.

A Decade Ago

From Daily Emerald
January 17, 1923

Sports of Sorts

The O. A. C. Barometer divulges the fact that the Aggies are enduring all year football practice. A look at their record for the past few years indicates the need.—Ep Hoyt.

Students will ballot today on the proposed change from the three-term to a semester basis. According to data collected yesterday by Emerald reporters, student opinion opposes the semester plan.

Stricken Astoria

Ten representatives of the University are helping with relief work at Astoria, according to Ralph D. Casey, of the journalism department, who spent Saturday viewing the scene of the big fire. Among them are Dr. Phil A. Parsons, director of the Portland center of social work of the University of Oregon, and Miss Elmore E. Thomson, in charge of the public health nursing.

It is interesting to note that those burned out in the Astoria fire were all the dentists, all banks, nearly all doctors, and the principal hotels, but not a school or church was burned.

Hitting His Stride

Forty students are enrolled in a two-hour extension class in elementary newswriting conducted by George S. Turnbull, professor in the school of journalism, on Friday evenings at the Lincoln high school in Portland.

mal and quietly happy married life. Sandburg infers that unhampered by disease Mary Lincoln's well bred self would have been an important aid to her husband.

The appendices have been expanded in this case to include half the book, and in them may be found most of the material from which the biography was written.

Duff Gifford has written a very readable book in "The Rise of St. Calvin." Mr. Coolidge is "debunked" in a gently satirical text that is happily free from scurrility and full of evident attempts at fairness.

But the prize for strangeness goes to Richard Stokes, one-time music critic in St. Louis. Mr. Stokes offers in print the complete libretto of a light-to-grand opera entitled "Paul Bunyan"—ready for the composer to set. The verse is ribald, satiric, fantastic by turns, and surprisingly often it is amusing, too.

None of that expresses the uniqueness of the book. It is not news when a composer goes storming about looking for a libretto. But when a librettist (a class commonly thought to be starving in the highest garrets) writes one without a composer in mind—that's news.

CLASSIFIED

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MISCELLANEOUS

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