

Oregon Emerald

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University of Oregon, Eugene

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The Emerald's Program for Oregon

THESE are the constructive developments which the Emerald
hopes to institute and help maintain at the University
of Oregon:

1. Advance educational ideals.
2. Promote intellectual achievements.
3. Reorganize the student government structure.
4. Establish a student parliament in an advisory capacity.
5. Establish a faculty legislative committee.
6. Advocate a well-balanced athletic program.
7. Promote minor sports.
8. Subordinate extra-curricular activities to academic attainments.
9. Maintain the Emerald on its present status as a representa-
tive college daily.

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.

ANOTHER LAW SCHOOL ATTAINMENT

INDICATIONS of achievement and progress are
so isolated in these days of retrenchment and
adherence to the status quo that the latest notable
attainment of the University of Oregon law school
looms bold against a drab background. Dean Wayne
L. Morse and his colleagues can be justifiably proud
of the fact that Roscoe Pound has consented to
contribute to the Oregon Law Review.

Few teachers of the law are known more widely
than Roscoe Pound. As dean of the Harvard
school of law, he has built a reputation international
in scope. He has been honored by virtually every
outstanding legal organization in America. His
texts on the law are studied by thousands of future
attorneys. They are used extensively by many of
his contemporaries. His decision to write for the
Oregon Law Review represents one of the most sig-
nificant achievements made by the law school under
Wayne L. Morse's vigorous leadership.

So rapid and complete has been the advance-
ment of the law school since Morse's establishment
as dean that it is not difficult to picture him as a
Roscoe Pound of the future. A scholarly attitude
that far removes the legal students from the daily
routine of campus life has been established. Long
after the doors of the main library have been
locked, lights gleam in the law school windows.
On Saturday nights, when the University's social
activities are supposed to attain their zenith, there
always can be found an ample quota of students
briefing cases or reading torts in the law school
library. Only progressive leadership could create
such a situation among a group so addicted to
extra-curricular affairs as the Oregon student body.

Through his personal achievements, Dean Morse
has brought prestige to the school which he heads.
His opinions are solicited by members of the Ore-
gon bar. He recently was asked to submit a report
on criminology for the state crime commission. He
is known throughout the nation as a leading author-
ity on crime and criminals. Raymond Moley, ad-
visor of President-elect Roosevelt, twice has hon-
ored Morse signally by extending to him the privi-
lege of collaborating in the preparation of legal
surveys.

Wayne Morse also is bringing to the law school
a liberal atmosphere and a militant fearlessness
that will send forth men who will make new tra-
ditions before they will be held back by old ones.
The entire law school faculty is working with its
young and energetic chief to build the department
into one of the outstanding in the country. The
success encountered to date is encouraging.

FACULTY FEARLESSNESS

HOW THOROUGHLY the faculties of some uni-
versities are dominated by the prejudice and
misinformation of the great masses is aptly illus-
trated in the protest of E. A. Ross, professor of
sociology at Wisconsin.

Points out Professor Ross tersely, that it is the
duty of sociologists to "raise hell" on frequent oc-
casions, rather than affect what is referred to as
a "shrinking violet complex."

It is difficult for any professor to "dare" to
give his ideas on such subjects as companionate
marriage and divorce, because of the power of his

employers to remove him from as well as to give
him his position, and anything liable to change the
status quo or offend delicate sensibilities may re-
sult in a dismissal. Especially, we read, is this
true of publicly supported institutions where the
great mass of people seems to feel it a duty to
dictate what is to be taught and how.

How frequently we have heard in classes soci-
ological and economic theories, which, if voiced on
street corners, would have been promptly labeled
"radical heresies." Is the modern progressive intel-
lectual far removed, in his basic views, from the
long-haired orator who harrangues his audience
from the soap box? How often have we had to
mouth our new found knowledge and answer in
vague platitudes, when addressing business men?
Not because we doubted the soundness of our logic,
but because of fear of bringing wrath upon the
whole educational system.

The process of education is necessarily slow.
Newton, Galileo, even Einstein, have been subject
to censorship and misrepresentation. It has been
stated frequently that the great mass of population
is always about seventy-five years behind the
knowledge of any given age. Whether the esti-
mate is correct or not it is certain that the intel-
lectual fallacies of the majority must be humored and
feared.

If the only way in which advanced opinions can
be given us is through "hell raising," then, by all
means, let us have "hell-raising."

If professors, rather than give us their ideas,
their judgments, and their observations, are to be
forced to restrict their outspoken moments to pe-
riods when they are in contact with fellow-pro-
fessors, we might just as well stay without books
of half a century ago and our dogmas of the last
500 years. If we expect more than this, intense
and frequent "hell-raising" will do us all good. We
certainly can stand the shock of it, and undoubtedly
need the results of it.

THE WOMEN'S PAGE

TODAY the Emerald inaugurates a new page,
devoted to society and women's activities. This
centralization of feminine news has already been
adopted in several university newspapers, notably
the California Daily Bruin and the Southern Cali-
fornia Daily Trojan.

The women's staff hope to make this page,
which will appear every Thursday, a permanent
feature of the Emerald and one which will be enter-
taining as well as interesting. They invite the co-
operation of all women's organizations and hono-
raries to break their important stories of the week
on Thursday, where they will be given special
prominence.

POLICE INTERFERENCE AT U. C. L. A.

AN OSTENTATIOUS police captain in Los
Angeles is perturbed over certain "Red" meet-
ings, alleged to have been held on the campus of
the University of California at Los Angeles. The
policeman, whose main duty is to supervise the
"Red" squad of the Los Angeles constabulary,
directs most of his indignation at authorities of
U. C. L. A. He said they should have known there
were "Reds" on the campus.

Among the more prominent persons supposed to
have been connected with the "Red" meetings were
Upton Sinclair and Dr. Albert Einstein. The latter
was scheduled to speak on pacificism, but cancelled
the engagement when the aforementioned police
captain launched his brilliant campaign to make
the campus of U. C. L. A. safe for reactionaries.

The policeman seemed especially indignant over
Mr. Sinclair's presence. He wanted to know why
the latter was permitted on the campus. Perhaps
someone should have had the patience and kindness
to inform the wrathful arm of the law that Mr.
Sinclair is an author, that there probably are
numerous books by him in the U. C. L. A. library,
and that persons who plead for pacificism and dis-
armament are not necessary plotters against their
government.

The term "radical" was used frequently by the
police official to designate the individuals whose
presence among impressionable college students
caused his hair to grow gray and chills to run up
and down his spinal column. It is too bad that
he and millions of others do not share Glenn Frank's
opinion of radicals: "Realists . . . who refuse to
be cowed by tradition."

When, and if, they do, progress and advance-
ment will be imminent.

On Other Campuses

Anti-Student Feeling

IT IS A TRUISM that man distrusts what he can-
not understand. The entire why and where-
fore of the modern university is unfortunately quite
incomprehensible to a vast number, and so a great
deal of mud is flung, quite undeservedly, at the
whole system of higher education. Attacks on
the incomprehensible by the ignorant are nearly
always absurd, and so often are the attacks on the
modern university by individuals who have never
trod a campus.

This is, of course, an age of "knocking," but
surely the universities of today are being forced to
bear more than their fair share of the storm. The
professor is generally able to rise above any mani-
festations of public disapproval by an assumption
of an attitude of detachment, but the undergraduate
has not always this refuge.

To take a case not so far from home—the people
of Ontario are taxed for the upkeep of the Univer-
sity of Toronto. In consequence there are a great
many of them who have come to regard it as an
expensive luxury and any "varsity man" will tell you
that there is little love for him and his kind in the
breasts of many Torontonians. Perhaps if the good
citizens of Montreal were forced to pay a similar
tax their faces might be clouded with a scowl in-
stead of being wreathed with smiles as they gaze
at the occasional antics of gregarious students.

But the time does come, nevertheless, when the
McGill student is brought into contact with this
intangible, omnipresent wall of opposition—and
that is when he goes out to look for a job. At a
time when unemployment is rife it is manifestly
unfair that the student should be still further handi-
capped by an unreasonable prejudice, which is
what the discrimination of an employer sometimes
amounts to.

Grim experience has often taught the graduate
that it would be far better for him never to men-
tion the fact that he is the holder of a degree.—
McGill Daily.

Leading the League!

-By KEN FERGUSON



A Message to Garcia

This is one of a series of articles to which outstanding members of
Oregon's higher educational system are contributing. Another will be
published in the next issue of the Emerald.

By PROF. W. F. G. THACHER
(Prof. of Eng. and Bus. Ad.)

"WRITE on whatever you
please."

Very well, Editor Neuberger, I
shall do no less than take you at
your word; and, for the sake of
variety, if for no other reason, I
shall deliberately avoid those im-
pressive topics that derive from
our present economic and social
predicament, and set down some
observations on a matter that has,
from time to time, aroused my in-
terest. I refer to the obsolescence
of song and singing.

A comparison of the generations
—almost invariably to the discred-
it of contemporaneous youth—is a
business as intriguing as it is fu-
tile. Almost as far back as we
have any recorded social commen-
taries, we find the lamentations of
the elders over the behavior of the
on coming generation. There is,
commonly, no significance in these
jeremiads; nothing, in fact, but
an admission on the part of the
complainers that they have failed
to adjust themselves to the con-
stant flux and change in the so-
cial environment. I wish to pro-
tect, myself, at the outset, against
any such interpretation of my
motives in calling attention to
the decline in a social phenome-
non that contributed so much to
the joy of my own youth.

If some sensitive social critic of
the decades immediately preceding
and following the turn of the cen-
tury had sunk into a trance that
permitted him to awaken and look
again upon the social scene during
the years following the great war,
I fancy that one of his first obser-
vations would be, "Why, people no
longer sing." And especially would
he say that of young people—of
youth. For it seems to me that
young people have lost either the
ability to sing or the inclination
to sing. And I am moved to won-
der about it, and to think of the
decline of singing with a wistful
regret; because the memory of
songs and of singing are among
the brightest of my own youth.

I do not refer to professional
singing, of course; or to singing
that has been rehearsed and di-
rected for some special occasion.
I am thinking of song as a folk
activity—something done sponta-
neously—something that belongs to
the traditions of the race, or the
community. As far back as I can
remember anything, I can remem-
ber song. It was an intimate and
accustomed a part of the pattern
of living—as much a part, almost,
as eating and sleeping, and love-
making.

When I went away from home to
school, and then to college, I
found the same thing: everyone
sang. If a group of fellows gather-
ed in a room of an evening, or
went for a walk, there was sure
to be singing. If there was a party
or picnic or a social event of any
kind other than a formal dinner
or dance, songs were sung. And
there were always those favored
ones who could pinch out a tenor,
or grumble a bass, or round out
the harmony with an alto. Per-
haps we weren't as good at it as
it seems to me now, through the
mellowing mists of memory. Prob-
ably we weren't nearly so good as
they were in those days of the pre-
eminence of song—the days of
Queen Elizabeth, when England

was "a nest of singing birds," and
when the ability to "descant"
(which is simply to make up a
part, according to certain accept-
ed rules) was an accustomed qual-
ification.

I was a member of any number
of trios and quartets—formally
and informally organized. Some-
times the voices weren't very good;
and the impromptu harmonizing
(of the kind called "barber shop"
in those innocent days) may have
been dubious. But what fun it was!
And when we thought we were
good enough, we went serenading.

(There was serenading at Ore-
gon, too—once upon a time. But
the last serenade that I remember
hearing consisted of a hiped jazz
band, transported from one stereo-
ity to another by means of a truck.
Nothing could possibly be more
eloquent of the obsolescence of
song.)

A long time ago, for a period of
five or six weeks, I had to make
a short weekly trip on the rail-
road. When I went first to the
station, I had fifteen minutes or
so to wait. Wandering about in the
platform, I heard voices raised in
song from the region of the bag-
gage room. I ventured inside, and
found a couple of young fellows
earnestly engaged in extracting
improvised harmony from some
old familiar tune. I presumed to
add a third part to the ensemble.
When the last long chord had died
away, the two slapped me on the
back and exclaimed, "Boy, you're
there. We needed a baritone. Now
let's give 'em"—I've forgotten the
name of the song. But whatever it
was, "we gave it to 'em." And for
many weeks as I made that trip, I
went early to the station to join
that precious trio. One was the
baggage master. The other was a
chap who delivered afternoon pa-
pers, and left his truck across the
tracks for a stolen but ecstatic in-
terval of vocalizing. I was a col-
lege professor; but I belonged—by
virtue of the democratizing solvent
of song.

On another occasion—I've for-
gotten just where or when—I was
riding late at night in a smoking
car half full of male passengers.
The coach was dingy and cheer-
less. Tedium and gloom had set-
tled down upon its occupants. Then
the news vendor up forward began
to hum a song. Someone struck up
a tenor, and from another seat a
mumbled bass was audible. Other
voices chimed in; we sang contin-
uously for the rest of the trip; and
the discomfort and boredom were
dissipated; we were no longer
strangers, bent upon alien and pri-
vate business; we were comrades,
engaged in some magic and glam-
orous enterprise. We belonged to
the freemasonry of song.

I do not find it possible to put
my finger on one adequate reason
why singing is today obsolescent;
but I can think of a number of
factors, which singly or together,
may contribute something in the
way of an explanation. For one
thing—in those halcyon days of
my youth—there were songs to
sing—songs that were passed on
to us as a part of the social heri-
tage—songs that we all knew and
that were essentially singable. We
sang the Foster songs—Swanee
River, My Old Kentucky Home,
Old Black Joe. We sang My Bonny
Lies Over the Ocean, Seeing Nellie
Home, and Annie Laurie. Then

there were songs introduced
through the light operas and comic
operas that were so popular in that
period. Reginald DeKoven was at
the height of his career and Vic-
tor Herbert was just becoming
recognized. These and other com-
posers contributed each year a
sheaf of songs a few of which were
sure to become popular: My Gypsy
Sweetheart, Old Heidelberg—I
could mention a score of them.
And there were other songs—less
reputable, but none the less sing-
able—emerging from obscure
sources. Rag time, the ancestor of
jazz, appeared and gave us
"There'll Be a Hot Time," and any
number of ribald but rollicking
numbers for our repertoire.

I should say that the first fac-
tor in the decline of singing was
the introduction of the phonograph
—the substitution of the mechan-
ical reproduction of song and mu-
sic for singing and music making
itself. I think, too, of the great
war as a powerful influence. It
cataclysmically disrupted the so-
cial sequence; it set in motion a
train of other profoundly distur-
bing social movements.

There are other factors. Jazz is
one of them. I have no time for
the discussion of jazz as music;
but this much is clear to me: jazz
is not singable; its essential
rhythm is not lyric; it does not
furnish sustained and memora-
ble melodies or simple, pleasing
harmonies.

Again, there is the loss of lei-
sure—the neurosis that has seized
upon us all—the busy-ness, the
complexity, the deep-seated an-
xieties, the vastly accelerated tem-
po—all characteristic of modern
times. The movie and the radio
might also be mentioned as dis-
tracting agencies.

Perhaps it doesn't count so
much—the loss of song and of
singing. Perhaps singing is a neg-
ligible matter, and a discussion of
its disappearance hardly worthy a
place under so impressive a head-
line as "A Message to Garcia." But
perhaps, too, the underlying
significance of this social phenom-
enon is greater than may appear
on the surface. Perhaps the chap
who said that he wouldn't care
who made the laws of a nation if
he could make its songs wasn't so
far from right after all.

Assault and Battery

by Parks
Hitchcock

ON THE bulletin board near the
Co-op until recently was a
sign advertising the speech of a
soil professor from Oregon State.
His subject was "What Will Those
Russians Raise This Year?"
Would-be wits have appended such
products as Cain, whiskers, Rus-
sians, still more Russians. As the
learned professor charged 25
cents, we think that he, at any
rate, was trying to raise mazzama.

A news note observes that the
Y. W. C. A. will entertain at a
"kid" party. Why the quotation
marks?

To put the Dime Crawl in re-
verse or straight ahead seems to
be the question right now. Our
compromise is to put the Crawl in
second.

The editor of the Barometer
predicates his lead (and only) edi-
torial with that daring statement
"Be not the first by whom the
new is tried," and then something
about discarding the old. It's

lucky for the sake of the Barom-
eter that he put quotation marks
around this bold, bad statement.
Otherwise we would have thought
it was the usual style.

We've been trying to help the
students of this school out for a
long time. Figured out a good
scheme the other day. Thought
we'd have national alarm clock
week. Could let the alarm clock
lie in bed until 11 or 12 in the
morning. Little Orphan Annie
suggests that some of the humani-
tarian students could stand up all
night tick-tocking and swinging
their hands around. Good deal.

Campus chatter has it that the
powers that be have struck the
word automobile out of O. L.
Rhinesmith's official title leaving
the skeleton, O. L. Rhinesmith,
enforcement officer.

On the Police Blotter: Marianna
McNamara high-blating . . .
John Rogers and pipe . . . Steve
Kahn discussing economics . . .
Don Erb drinking his usual daily
cup of College Side coffee . . .
Little Six Hamby with a pink
sweater . . . Carl Huston curb-
ing. . .

BULLETIN

At a late hour last night it was
revealed that Bruce "Little Six"
Hamby had engaged the services
of a fair Gamma Phi to work on
his sports staff. It is rumored
that Mr. Hamby immediately
wired his home in Portland to
have a new suit of underwear
purchased for him.

Washington Bystander . .

By KIRKE SIMPSON

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25—
(AP)—One thing the first
weeks of the last session of the
72nd congress—the last "lame
duck" congressional session—
must have impressed on every-
body is the enormous negative
power committed to the presi-
dency in the veto provision.

But for that power, Mr. Hoov-
er's post-election incumbency, be-
clouded as it is by his defeat and
by hostile majorities in the sen-
ate and house, would be even
more distasteful to him than it
perhaps is.

Armed with that veto club,
however, and with both party
lines and the wide range of dif-
fering economic views in both
houses making difficult the task
of mustering a two-thirds major-
ity to override a veto on any ma-
jor depression relief bill, President
Hoover, for all the scant courtesy
shown most of his suggestions
"on the hill," holds the whip hand
to the last.

By mid-January leaders in both
senate and houses were admitting
frankly that there was little hope
for enactment by the lame duck
session of much more than the
routine of annual appropriation
bills.

Some important figures among
the congressional democrats com-
mented ruefully on how much eas-
ier it would be to map a course
if they only knew just what Mr.
Hoover would do on any project
sent to him.

There was no way to smoke him
out, they said. Unless the presi-
dent elected to indicate through
his own legislative spokesmen
what his thought about such mat-
ters as the beer bill, the new farm
relief proposals, or other legisla-
tive suggestions, they said, what
was to be gained by wasting con-
gressional time in fighting them
through now only to die by veto?

The anti-Hoover majorities in
both houses were in this dilemma:
If they did nothing but put
through the appropriation bills, the
already disorganized republican
minority in the house headed by
Minority Leader Snell would ham-
mer them for "do-nothingism"
and lack of program. Snell started
that on the day the lame-duck
session opened. He's still at it.

If any attempt to inquire as to
presidential purposes were made,
it would merely invite a presiden-
tial smacking. Congress proba-
bly would be told to tend to its
own knitting on the program be-
ing laid before it by President
Hoover.

What underlies all of this in the
minds of many anti-Hoover legis-
lative leaders is what amounts to
a conviction that Mr. Hoover is
already at work to obtain the 1936
republican nomination.

Legislators of anti-Hoover
groups may—and many of them
do—feel that a Hoover-in-1936
boom is impossible; but they are
just as firmly convinced that Mr.
Hoover himself has affirmative
contrary views.

The day to day legislative prob-
lem of the anti-Hooverites is be-
ing weighed in the light of that
estimate.

CLASSIFIED

LOST OR STOLEN—Two note
books from car Tuesday. Finder
may keep notebooks by return-
ing notes to College Side or my
car. Blakely Hamilton.

LOST — "Masfeller's Poems," li-
brary book. Finder please call
369.

promenade by carol hurlburt

By "LEFTY" PLUTO WATER
(Pinch-hitting for Carol Hurlburt)
CATALINA ISLAND, Jan. 25—
(Special)—Dere Miss Hurlburt:
Being as how youre on the sick
list, the editor has give me this
space to tell all my fans how Im
doing here in training with the
Chi Cubs.

In the 1st place, let me tell you
now that we all rede your colyum
every day the Emerald comes
hear. Only the other afternoon,
Charley Grimm, hes our manager,
and playz 1st bass, was a-saying
he wisht you would name for
promenade. Hes a swell guy and I
wisht you'd do that some time.
Only last month he blossomed out
in a knew shirt, and hes got more
ties than anyone hear cept pres.
Veeack.

Right now I want to tell all my
fans and freinds at Oregon that
were going to be in that N.A. race
this year. We are getting in
training playing golf. None of
use ever played it before and we
think its a dude game. There are
lot of millynaires here on the
course and they all walk around
back of bay windows big enough
to wind telephone cables on.

Bill Jurgez, our shortstop, says
each of those guys have got \$4.57
for every idiot in the senate. You
know, Bill, of course. He got into
the paipers last summer when
some moll plugged him with a .44.
She said she did it cause she loved
him so. Aint that somethin? Ever
since then I aint wanted any gals
in love with me. Forty-fours aint
my idea of kisses. And Manger
Gimm says he wants me out in
center this year to relieve Kiki
Cuyler, and I cant do that with a
44 floating around in my vanes
and arteries.

Just a tip, freinds, Kiki may not
be in their when the season starts.
I aint a-got my batting aye yet,
but when I do, Kiki will have to
mussle to keep his posishun. To-
day Manger Grimm axed me when
I was going to start hitting em.
I said I had a lot of time, but he
said he doubted it, as there is still
considerable play to go before Im
a ball player, and we may be at
war with Japan in 10 yrs.

I told Charlie not to talk of
things like that. When I think of
war with Japan, and us hear on
this little island, I get chills all
over me.