

Oregon Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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THE WOMEN'S EMERALD

EACH year the women and men vie with one another in the journalistic field in editing an issue of the Emerald. Today's paper is the result of the co-operation of the co-ed writers.

It is fitting that the women should put out an issue during Senior Leap Week to round out the "Co-ed's Revenge" or "Feminine Supremacy." For three days the girl has been the hostess and shown the men a good time and now in publishing the Emerald she has brought to a close a successful week.

The Emerald today, however, does not feature women. It has attempted, on the other hand, to chronicle the events of the day with no effort to emphasize women's activities. It has been the staff's purpose to follow the daily Emerald as closely as possible. On this basis only could a fair comparison be made.

WILBUR E. MINER

WILBUR E. MINER, known to the University as the donor of the office building bearing his name, died quietly Thursday night. Last February the Miner brothers, Wilbur and Henry, presented Eugene's tallest edifice as a gift in trust to the University of Oregon as a permanent endowment for teaching and research in the school of business administration.

Mr. Miner was regarded as one of the University's best friends. Through his gift, an income of \$15,000 annually is coming to one of Oregon's leading schools. With budgets pared to the bone, inflation of the currency staring us in the face, and no immediate prospect of increased enrollment next year, a donation of this magnitude is a God-send.

One of the worst aspects of the depression has been its curtailment of education. It is men like Wilbur E. Miner who aid in the efficient functioning of the educational system despite depleted tax returns.

OBITUARY—JOE COLLEGE

THE CAMPUS at large has not yet noticed it—but it has happened, nevertheless. That lethal agency, Depression, has accomplished the almost complete extinction of the picturesque type classified a few years ago under the collective heading, Joe College.

Joe was the subject-matter of untold thousands of younger-generation-is-going-to-the-dogs editorials. He provided inspiration for all those college comic magazines. His escapades were choice copy for the city editor to lay before avid readers, who could rightfully exclaim at the frightful laxity of morals on college campuses. Jokesmiths sweated out reams of those co-ed-walking-back-from-an-auto-ride quips. Joe's brain content was low, but his alcoholic content was high.

Classes were annoying breaks in his day's routine, for most of his time was devoted to impressing the fair inhabitants of Sorority Row, the rest to seeking dance chairmanships and playing campus politics. Or he would lounge about his favorite eating place, discussing women, clothes, women, football, and women. Cartoonists fitted him out with a fur coat and a pennant and made him the symbol of the college youth of America.

Colleges headed by business men and politicians instead of educators tolerated him—even solicited his attendance.

If his indiscretions exceeded all bounds of de-

Advertising Honorary Pledges Give Orations

Six pledges to Alpha Delta Sigma, national professional advertising fraternity, went through pre-initiation ceremonies garbed in sandwich cards and making advertising orations yesterday.

At 10:50 a. m. these neophyte advertisers favored the audiences with choice bits of advertising speeches on the steps of the old library. They are: William Meisner, Ronald Rew, Parker Favier, Howard Stevens, Paul Townsend, and Tom Clapp.

AMOS BURG, EXPLORER RETURNS TO CAMPUS

He recalled his talk here at the University a few years ago as a grand flop. He said he could not compete with the rain beating on the tin roof. I couldn't recall that Gerlinger hall had a tin roof. He

said that his recent trip made around the world by airplane cost \$40,000, during which time he wrote the "Flying Carpet," a best seller in many parts of the country for the past year.

"At the speaker's table sat Steffanson, Beebe, Wilkins, Bert Balchen, Bartlett, and Roy Chapman Andrews. Bert Balchen is a big, blonde, boyish Norwegian, the capable pilot who flew Byrd over the Atlantic and the South Pole. He came to the dinner in his tuxedo, with neither hat nor overcoat. Although it rained, he said he couldn't afford to buy them.

"Bob Bartlett, Admiral Peary's captain when the North Pole was discovered, is handicapped in lecturing, especially before women's clubs, where his vocabulary is so limited due to the elimination of curse words that he finds it difficult to express himself properly.

"Frank Buck prowled around Asia for 20 years capturing wild animals and shipping them back to zoos. Just about the time the

agency, he was expelled. This pleased the newspapermen. But Joe himself was not dismayed. There were always more colleges.

But nowadays, at least, he's strangely missed. Fathers haven't the money to send their sons to college as a stop-gap between high school and hard work. Fraternities have to some extent been purged of the baneful influence—and for the last two years, the nation over, fraternity scholarship averages have been slightly higher than non-fraternity. At the University of Oregon attendance has dropped off considerably, but grade averages have mounted. Spring term is several weeks old, yet campus political cliques, instead of being engaged in feverish activity, are almost dormant. One ticket has been organized in desultory fashion for student body offices; there is no opposition. Nobody cares much.

The majority of students now are primarily interested in getting an education. They're willing to live on a pitifully few dollars a month to get it. Fifty per cent of Oregon's students are earning half or more of all the money that college costs them.

Sound taps: Joe College is gone. He is mourned by faculty and students alike. Of course, he'll turn up again when times improve. But for the present he is gone, and college endeavor is thereby on a higher plane.

So now there's another independent state in China. Lwantung, the Japanese and the Manchoukuans have named it. And as long as it's independent, we can't call it Japan's entering wedge into China proper—or can we?

"If you wish to win the sympathy of broad masses, then you must tell them the crudest and most stupid things."—Hitler.

"It is time to put the ship of state into dry dock and scrape off some of the barnacles."—Wragg.

A petrified turtle was picked up by workmen excavating for the new federal building at Fort Myers, Fla.

The city of Griffin, Ga., ended the year with a surplus of cash on hand, a reduced tax rate and all bills paid.

"One meal a day is enough for a lion; it ought to be enough for a man."—Fordyce.

"It takes a human being, an artist, to get the feel of the dough and twist a pretzel right."—Betz.

Contemporary Opinion

Not So Wet

WHILE the beer tycoons were busy pounding the spigots into the millions of beer kegs that were soon to be America's legally, college news-hawks thought opportunity at hand to gather some timely statistics on the reaction of the college student to the new era of 'light wines and beer.'

Two notable straw votes among college campuses confounded the prevailing public opinion that the nation's collegiate environments were, relatively speaking, oases of home brew and hard liquor in the midst of comparative deserts. Both were within the state of Indiana, one at De Pauw and the other at Notre Dame. John Public might have found excuse to hide his surprise when he learned that Methodist De Pauw's students voted themselves as being personally dry; but certainly we must have been openly chagrined to find that more than a thousand students at Notre Dame stated that they did not drink.

More information from the poll taken at De Pauw shows that out of the 1,125 who replied to the question: "Do you drink anywhere near moderately to excessively?" 803 answered "no." Four hundred and thirty-nine favored the repeal of the 18th amendment; 683 were against it. On the other hand, the students voted 641 to 450 in favor of the repeal of Indiana's "Wright Bone-dry law." Asked if they would drink if liquor came back, 710 voted "no" and 413 "yes." Although the co-eds were naturally inclined to express slightly drier views than the men, in none of the questions was there disagreement or conflict between the two voting elements.

The results of these two polls show definitely that the American college student is not the human sponge that many have sought to have him branded. It shows, so far as any poll can show, that in the face of temptations to drink which have been just as great as they ever were, he has been capable of a degree of temperance that would match that of any of his predecessors.

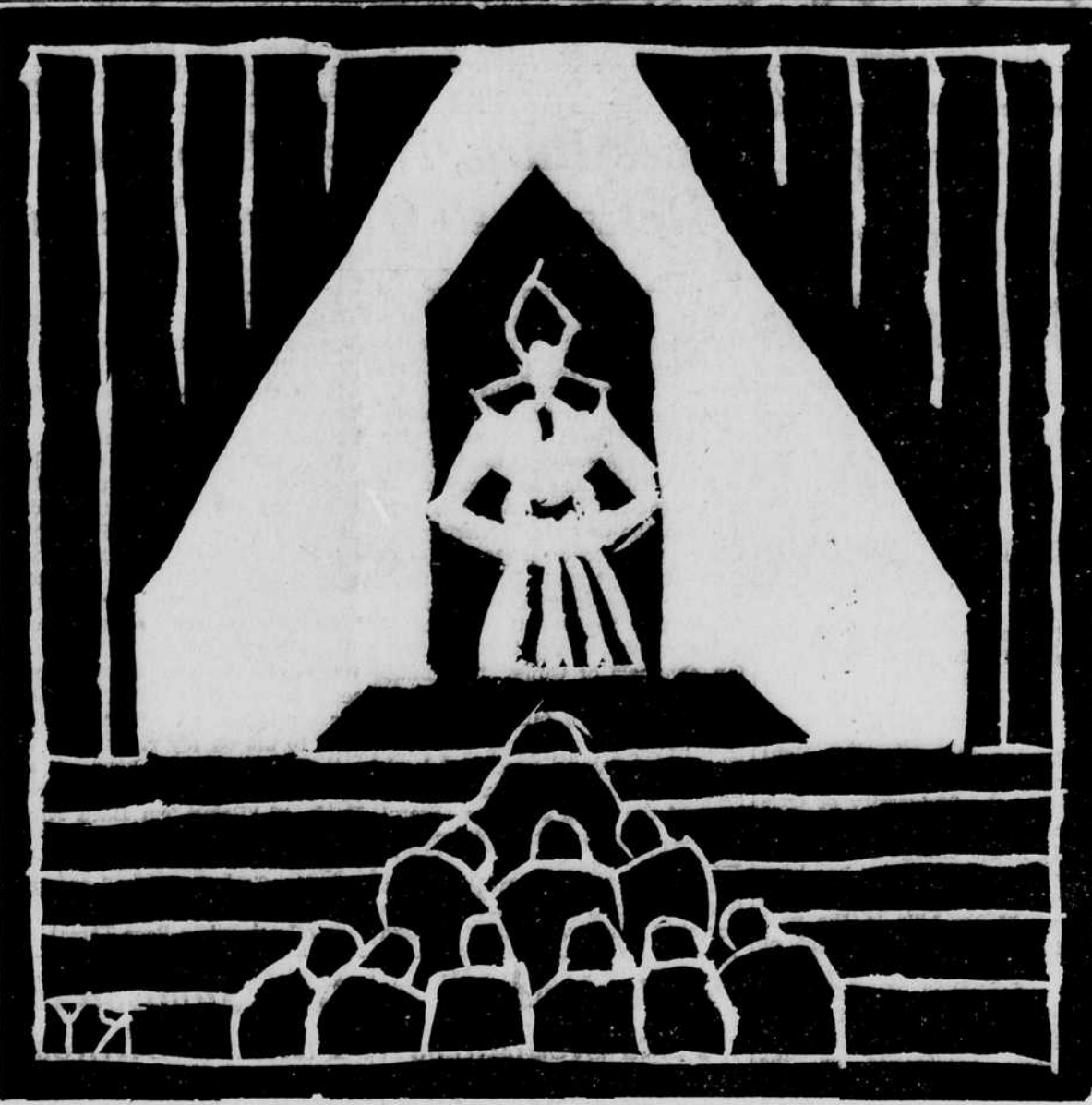
The refusal to support the out-and-out repeal of the 18th amendment aligns the De Pauw students against the uncontrolled return of the saloon, but the support of the bone-dry repeal marks them as fair-minded people who would moderate their personal temperance with a just degree of tolerance for the rights of the public.—Purdue Exponent.

zoos, hit hard by the depression, began to feed their tigers and elephants to the poor. Frank discovered that he could lecture. He tells a cobra story that will make the hair of men like Andrews stand on end. He wrote a book and finally the movies plastered his face over every billboard in America. It was very profitable from an advertising standpoint, but Frank was working on a salary and did not share the percentage of the millions the film grossed. Frank is now out in India making a second film, 'Wild Cargo.'

"Movies would be profitable for legitimate explorers if they could make the pictures and get the money out of them after they produce them. The scientific angle is not 'box office,' for Hollywood believes that the true, the living, has no place in pictures."

Editor's note—The second part of the interview will be published in the next issue of the Emerald.

The Co-ed Rules for a Week-end - - - By RHOEN YORK



More On the Gold Standard

By ERIC W. ALLEN Dean of the School of Journalism THE departure of the United States from the gold standard, taken together with the immediately following request of the administration that a constitutional means be found of transferring to the executive the power to fix the value of money, creates a national and a world situation of extraordinary interest.

I doubt if even the most expert economists will dare to predict what it is all leading to. At any rate, for the next few days the student's time will be much better spent in reading the daily newspapers carefully than in reading his regular textbooks.

History is being made very rapidly, right before our eyes. Things are being done in 24 hours that would ordinarily take 10 years.

At the very least it is all exceedingly interesting. To miss the show would be to resemble the French girl who lived in Paris during the French revolution and wrote in her diary every day, but never mentioned anything beyond food, clothes, and neighbors.

As to local applications, if this inflation has added to the recent salary cuts, the faculty will soon be going about in nice long fringes, around the bottoms of their trousers.

But on the whole I am inclined to think this dictatorship thing is necessary, no matter whom it hits.

By JAMES H. GILBERT (Dean of the College of Social Science)

It is difficult to say what effect the policy of abandoning the gold standard will have on the economic life of America. The change in monetary standard, of course, opens up the possibility of unlimited inflation, but no one can say how far this expansion will go or precisely what form it will take.

The first and most noticeable effect will be felt in the field of international exchange and the export and import of commodities. The prompt fall in the foreign value of American exchange or rise in the value of foreign exchange in the American market will tend to check imports and to stimulate in some degree our export trade. These effects will last only so long as American commodity prices are kept down in spite of the depreciation of the standard.

If inflation takes place, prices will rise and the prospect of profit in industry will again stimulate enterprise. The rise in stock prices is anticipatory and speculative and has no foundation in realized profits. It is hoped by economists that expansion of the currency or even of credit will take place under controlled conditions and when prices rise toward the plateau level of 1924-1929 some form of managed currency like the "compensated dollar" will stabilize the price level and put business more firmly on a dependable basis. Inflation must not be allowed to reproduce the hilarious times of 1929, with the inevitable reaction toward another disastrous slump.

The only cure for depression is repression, and those who are responsible for monetary and banking policy must keep this stubborn fact constantly in mind. The step taken by the Roosevelt administration opens the way for a reconstruction of our financial system, with perhaps concurrent action of the leading nations of the world.

If it is later deemed desirable both, of any basic agricultural commodity, through agreements with producers, or otherwise."

of course, the peculiarities of the times cannot be overlooked in assessing the reasons why the bill rolled up, for instance, that tremendous majority in the house.

The feeling of crisis in the air and the urge of discipline doubtless brought in many votes. Yet when all is said and done, and every discount made, the thing simply could not have happened except for the existence of a very high non-partisan regard for the purposes, the zeal and the judgment of Wallace.

As one house member expressed it privately afterward:

"I don't know what this bill means, except that we are putting agriculture in the hands of one man. I do know that that principle is right and that there are no better hands for the task than

Washington Bystander.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 21 —Whatever else it may mean, the readiness of so many members of congress to vest sweeping farm powers in Secretary Henry A. Wallace represents one of the most remarkable personal tributes ever paid a newcomer in public life.

Six months ago the name of this intensely earnest young man from Iowa was almost unknown in Washington. He had been heard of as a farm editor, of a well known family, who had left the Republican fold to help elect Roosevelt.

Now he is nominated as final arbiter of agricultural fortune in a vast scheme of control proposed to give the federal government a power hardly dreamed of before. A good many of those in congress who voted for this arrangement still are rubbing their eyes about it.

As many said on the floor, and many more privately, they fell into line largely because they had faith in Wallace.

Those who had seen him were impressed with his serious, almost evangelical devotion to a new deal and a square deal for the farmer. Those who had not seen him had been hearing much lately about his past performances, and liked what they heard.

The number of senators and representatives who really understood the technical language of the farm bill probably was very small; but they all did understand one sentence of it, and after they had read that they understood also that the rest of the involved phraseology probably wasn't very important. For that sentence said: "The secretary of agriculture shall have power to provide for reduction in the acreage or reduction in production for market, or

those of the present head of the department of agriculture."

The secretary's real test still is ahead of him. He must undertake to do by regulation what successive congresses and presidents have failed to do by law. His daily associates know that he realizes probably above all others, that he is starting on a momentous adventure, along that stony trail of experimentation described by the president himself as "an untrod path."

Whether he reaches his goal is another story. The impressive thing just now, for what it may be worth, is the extraordinary atmosphere of trust and respect in which he sets forth.

MUSINGS

By CYNTHIA LILJEQVIST

WHEN you are caught in the graveyard with your girl:

"Oh hello, sir, how are you sir, nice night, isn't it, sit?—Nice moon, too, you say? Oh yes, it's nice here whether there's a moon or not. Oh no, I mean the peace, the sublimity. Yes sir, it's a fine moon to read the inscriptions by. Now look at this one—Johnathan Matthews, 1872, Rest in Peace. Well think of that! Wouldn't think there'd be much rest here, would you? Oh no, I mean with fraternity initiations and all that, yes all that. That's what I'm doing now, being initiated.—Graveyards are fine places to think things out, too—you can see your plan of action pretty clearly. (Toussled head appears around stone). Well, well, if it isn't little Mary. Fancy seeing you here. Picking flowers for the house, you say? Too bad it isn't Memorial day. Maybe I'd better help you find your way out. Glad to have seen you, sir. Nice place these graveyards, don't you think? Who was it that said:

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade, Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap Each in his narrow cell forever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

"(Anyway, same to you, sir!)" Being caught on the mill race after 10:30:

"Yes sir, good evening, sir. You're the caretaker, you say. Well you go your way, I'll go mine. What am I doing on the race now? Can't you tell? I'm playing Indian boy, my face's red, and I'm making my last stand. After 10:30, you say? I can't understand. The evenings are getting longer, you know. Who am I with? It's my grandmother, sir, my poor old grandmother. She has

Current LITERATURE

THERE has been a quantity of financial, spiritual and intellectual skulduggery in the last 10 years, and Irving Bacheller believes the more said about it the better.

He has written "Uncle Peel" as a novel rather than a pronouncement, but certainly he has taken small pains to make an ingratulating yarn of it. He has tried to add not to literature but to our knowledge of ourselves, and he has succeeded.

At the beginning there are the Gabriel Parkers, painter husband, affectionate wife, adoring daughter. They live in Florida because they love it, and live modestly but well. Gabriel cannot keep money in his pocket, but he earns enough so that it doesn't much matter.

Then the Florida boom. There is much money made overnight, and Gabriel has the sense to sell at the top—for, however, a limited amount of cash and a lot of notes.

He is a rich man on paper, and his wife and daughter are taken up in New York by the People Who Matter. His wife is, as a matter of fact, taken off his hands by one of them, and his daughter marries the wrong—though a very eligible—man. At last there is the world crash, and the wreck of the People Who Matter.

Through all the story walks Uncle Peel, an upstate New York banker who picks his way with amazing canniness among the bleaching financial bones about his feet. Uncle Peel sees through Ivar Kreuger as through a fluoroscope, and sees through the dense New York financial fabric quite as easily.

So that when, through the benevolent machinations of Uncle Peel, the "true values" return it is no surprise to the reader. The book will be small comfort for those who have bet and lost, but it should be a good tonic.

to have her air. Yes, it's an old family custom. We've all needed the air for a long time. The canoe's tied, you say? Well it was pretty rough and grandmother gets seasick. I've been studying the stars. Prof. Norris, my physical science prof, told us all to do it and take our girls and teach them and then everyone would know. Now see that star, it used to be way down there, way down there—look farther. Here we go, grandmother. So long."

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