Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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## BEWARE, TROJANS

WHILE we anxious Oregon rooters grab anxiously for newspapers to check on the latest thermometer readings from the sunny south, California sports experts and football public are apparently pooh-poohing the idea that the conference-leading Webfoots might actually have a real football team. The sports writers still figure that Oregon is Southern California's soft spot between the tussle with Stanford last Saturday and Notre Dame a week hence.

It's really too bad that the newspaper boys down south have erased Oregon from the list of Rose Bowl prospects—they'll probably spend next Saturday afternoon drinking beer and writing about the "championship" game between California and Stanford next week, instead of seeing a fiery, rejuvenated Oregon squad tear into the deflating Trojans.

Golden State football writers have not been much impressed with the Green Tide for several years past. For some reason Oregon teams have consistently pursued a policy of making their most miserable showings in the biggest stadiums of California, and the sun-kissed typewriter tappers have adopted an unwritten code that they must speak of Oregon only in terms of disdain—"green elephants" was one of the least offensive epithets applied last year.

It really is rather a cruel joke on Southern California, this powerful Webfoot eleven. The Trojans only put Oregon on their schedule for a breather, just as Berkeley picked Idaho this week-end, and Stanford chose Montana. Even now, while Oregon is leading the conference, the southern scribes will not concede that Oregon's team is of Rose Bowl caliber. Ignoring the possibility that the Ducks may beat Southern California, the papers are arguing whether Berkeley or Stanford should be awarded the Pasadena contest.

But it's fun to take time out from watching the weather reports to speculate on the consternation that will sweep the Trojan rooting section when their peerless kings of pigskindom try to pierce that airtight Oregon line tomorrow. And we firmly believe we'll have a chance to gloat a bit when that mighty backfield quartet, Mikulak, Temple, Parke and Gee, start hammering to pieces the complacent Trojan horse, just as it distributed the "iron immortal" machine of Oregon State over Multnomah stadium last week.

The Webfoots are out to win, and know for the first time that they can win. And they're hoping that the Trojan players are as smugly overconfident as the California sports writers.

## A PROBLEM IN LOGIC

WE'RE a little puzzled at the expressed opinion of a small minority of the state press that Dean Morse, as well as Chancellor Kerr, should resign as a result of the current disturbance in higher education.

The publications are almost unanimously agreed that Morse spoke the truth, and are convinced that Chancellor Kerr should resign: they readily concede the truth of the charge that Chancellor Kerr has failed to make a satisfactory administrative head for unified higher education; that he was selected under inauspicious circumstances and was even then involved in controversy; that charges of partiality in the budgets seem to have a basis in fact; and that the subversion of faculty rights was unjustified and apparently illegal.

But by some strange theory of retribution the Oregon Voter and a few other publications believe that because Dean Morse, as spokesman for the faculty, told these things, he is guilty of insubordination and must also resign.

We are not logicians, but the line of reasoning seems a bit obscure, and we submit it for analysis: What Dean Morse told was the truth—yet for telling it he should be punished!

## WHITHER AUSTRIA?

FOR a decade or so the American public has been bombarded with "whither" books: "Whither Germany," by Dr. Weisanheimer, and "Whither Russia," by Professor Ivan Awfulkoff, and a hundred others, including the whither of the ginfull youth of America. It would not detract from the merits of such a list at the present time to add "Whither Austria?"

The peace treaties of 1919 and 1920 left Austria little more than a shell of the former glittering heritage of numerous Hapsburgs. But Austria's size is no index to her importance in the diplomatic game that is being played in Europe today. Hitler desires to add Austria to the New Germany, and many Austrians are not unwilling to form the "Anschluss" with Germany. France is determined to prevent such an increase in German population and resources. Mussolini, too, is not anxious to see a powerful Germany on his very borders that would beckon to the German minority in Italy.

As a result Austria is cast in the role of the coy young damsel, with Italy, France and Germany as ardent suitors. Germany alternately cajoles and threatens; France tempts with loans; and Il Duce attempts to draw Austria into close political and economic relationship with Italy.

With Austria occupying the limelight, it is natural that her leading statesman, Engelbert Dollfuss, should be the object of considerable publicity. "Millimetternich" Dollfuss may not be as able a statesman as that great Metternich of old, but he is proving to be far from a tool in the hands of Mussolini, Hitler, or anyone else.

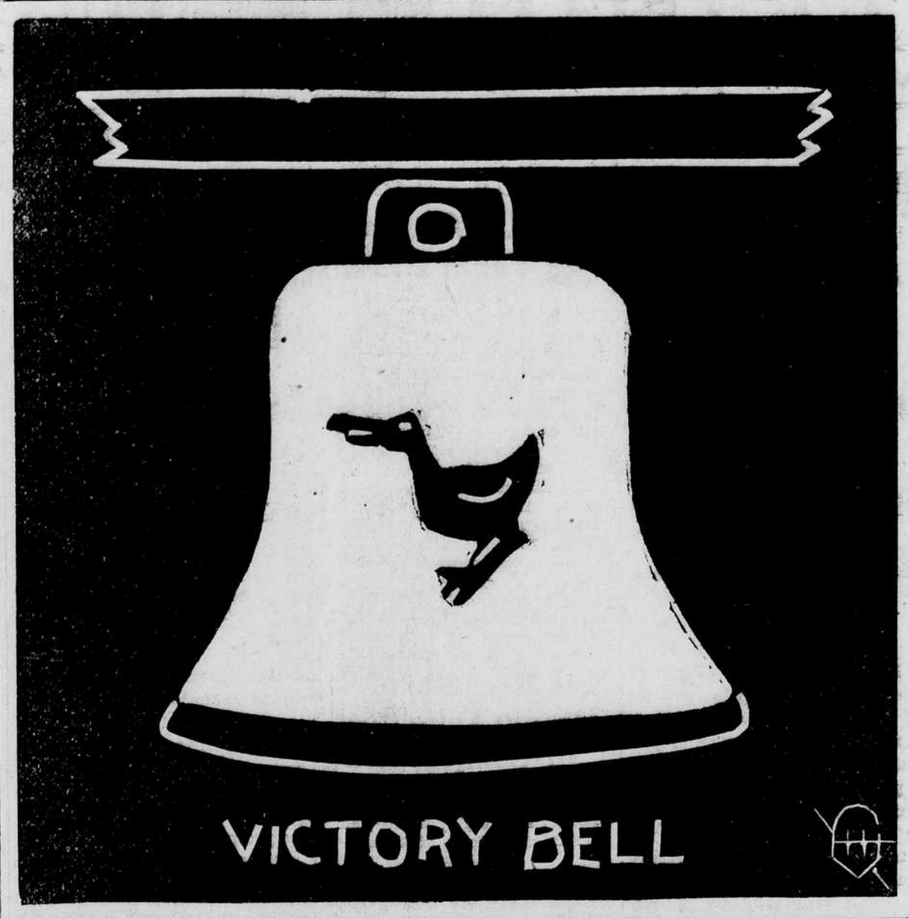
Whither Austria?

The answer means much to the peace of Europe. If Austria casts her lot with Germany a grave international crisis is inevitable, and France might resort to war.

And the answer lies in Dollfuss. So far he has rejected German overtures, has toyed with French and Italian proposals. But the final decision is yet to be made. Can he maintain his grip on Austria, and thereby maintain the balance of power in Europe? Nazi propaganda threatens to undermine him, but as 1933 draws to a close Dollfuss is stubbornly holding his ground.

## On to the Rose Bowl

By STANLEY ROBE




## Rhodes' Dream for Greater Men

By ELINOR HENRY

Cecil Rhodes made six wills during his lifetime. The first five were Napoleon-like declarations of Anglo-Saxon world conquest. The sixth was a practical, less grand rendering of the same theme. It was in this last will that he created the Scholarship Foundation.

He gave an annual scholarship to each province of Canada, each state of Australia, to New Zealand, Newfoundland, Natal, Jamaica, and Berumda. To Cape Colony he gave four annual scholarships and to Rhodesia three.

British colonies provided for, Rhodes thought of the United States, where the thirteen colonies, he was sorry to learn, had separated themselves from the mother country. Hoping to link by scholarly friendships what was divided politically, Rhodes ordered that two scholarships should be given to each state, but that only one should be filled in any given year.

Since each scholarship is good for three years, this statement means that each state may send a representative to Oxford in each of two successive years, but no qualifying examinations are held and no appointment is made the third year of each triennium.

Rhodes never realized that this arrangement would give to the United States about as many scholarships as all the colonial empire combined. He supposed there were only 13 states, though he also mentioned territories in the will! A 1933 biography, "Rhodes," by Sarah Gertrude Millin, found on a shelf of the Co-op rent library, is authority for this.

* * *

"Smugness, brutality, unctuous rectitude, and tact," these were the attributes required for a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford, as defined cynically by the man who had taken a fortune out of the diamond and gold mines of South Africa.

More mathematically, however, the requirements sound more flattering. The will specifies these:

Thirty per cent for literary and scholastic attainments.

Twenty per cent for fondness of and success in manly outdoor sports such as cricket, football, and the like.

Thirty per cent for qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, and fellowship.

Twenty per cent for exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates.

* * *

It is amusing to read Miss Millin's comment: "It seems not to have entered his mind that he himself could never have won a Rhodes scholarship: he was nothing of a scholar, he was nothing of a sportsman, he lacked most of those qualities he lumped under 'unctuous rectitude,' and there is no evidence that he ever led or took an interest in his schoolmates."

Yet from somewhere among the men who took his scholarships, the founder hoped another Rhodes might come.

## Scanning the Cinemas

McDonald—"This Day and Age," Richard Cromwell, Judith Allen, Charles Bickford, Harry Green. Also "Stage Mother," Alice Brady, Maureen O'Sullivan, Franchot Tone, Phillips Holmes.
Colonial—"Be Mine Tonight," Jan Kiepura.

By J. A. NEWTON

**Recurrent Melody**

In view of the quarrels picked up through remarks on "Be Mine Tonight" which appeared here yesterday, I take this occasion to say that it is a very good production, and very novel.

Jan Kiepura's voice and the song "Love Me Tonight" stick in one's mind like a burr in wool. The wonderful scenery in and surrounding Zern, the setting of the piece, alone makes it worth one's while.

However, I reiterate that the story lacks continuity, and that certain matters of technical importance are inaccurate.

It's good in spite of these things, though. See it.

* * *

Joan Crawford's worst show, "Rain," is being revived by the Colonial tonight and Saturday at an 11 o'clock matinee. Pass your own judgment.

* * *

An English-made picture which seems to have been received favorably without a single dissenting critical vote is "King Henry VIII." This show is coming to the Colonial Wednesday.

**Art for Art's Sake**

Harry Green, the Jewish character actor who took "Sweepings" right away from the veteran Lionel Barrymore (though Lionel had a punk part), and who attracted notice as Glagaur in the movie version of "Once in a Lifetime," got the part of the tailor in "This Day and Age" because he wanted it. This show is at the Mac.

It seems Green asked for the part, but DeMille told him he'd have to take a reduction in his usual salary because the budget for the production would only allow so much. Green, like a good business man with his nose, looked into the future and decided not to establish a salary reduction precedent. So he and DeMille agreed for him to work for $1 (one dollar) per week. And so Mr. Green has a good part in "This Day and Age."

Pretty good modern stuff.

"Stage Mother" is a poor revival of the old mother story. Alice Brady seems to overdo a bit, and Maureen O'Sullivan struggles hard. Franchot Tone gives a good characterization as an artist.

## WILLARD MARSH GIVEN FIRST PLACE IN CONTEST

(Continued from Page One)

selves to the true situations to avoid being known as "calamity howlers."

**Depression Discussed**

"In the period before 1929, morals went down, skirts went up, and stocks went up; following 1929, skirts went down; prices and stocks went down; and morals stayed down." This was Robert Coen's clever statement in regard to the depression in his speech entitled: "We Always Come Out All Right." Coen argued that the optimism of American people and their leaders will be its salvation from the present depression.

The three contest winners will receive prizes of $15, $10, and $5, respectively, through a fund that Mrs. W. F. Jewett has provided for the contests in honor of her deceased husband, W. F. Jewett. The after-dinner speaking contest is one of four Jewett speaking contests scheduled for this year.

The contest judges were John L. Casteel, director of speech; W. A. Dahlberg, men's varsity debate coach; and Wallace J. Campbell, former varsity debater.

## Mannequin

By PATSY LEE

SINCE this column is dedicated to the fair sex of the University of Oregon, I feel that Mannequin must rise to its defense.

This is difficult to do in the face of Innocent (?) Bystander's unmanly attack in which he alleges the average woman's vocabulary to consist of approximately six words. It is too true that we must occasionally limit ourselves to an almost childish extent in order to be understood, but, in spite of this, Innocent Bystander seems to be laboring under some misapprehensions.

Says B. Clark, "We admire their charming lack of perception in invariably picking out the handsomest man in the crowd as their beau ideal, even if he is unable to make two words track, and has the morals of a coolie coal-passer." This would make a coolie coal-passer swell with indignation. The natural assumption would be that Mr. B. Clark has been stood up, physiognomy, vocabulary, and morals notwithstanding.

Or perhaps Master Dance has made a misanthrope of Innocent Bystander. Maybe Master Dance is cynical on Innocent Bystander, too. As for the girls who date money and cars, they win our greatest envy. If all the davenport-droops with no loose change in their pockets were placed end to end, all us femmes would be more than willing to wager our last two-bits that the traffic between here and Portland would be temporarily disrupted. And do the ladies beef? No! Year after year the davenports are recovered, and we continue to back the ever-broke collegian. Ask Mrs. Smith or Mr. Taylor the percentage of women who buy cokes or coffee for two every night.

After running the gauntlet between Oregon and Commerce for a term or two, we get "aristocratic eye;" the old barber-shop line-up had nothing on this!

B. Clark has painted the heart-rending picture of the callous female, blind to the better things in life, yearning for the beautiful but dumb male! We are rather more accustomed to the feather-brained freshman girls getting the majority of 'phone calls from the most prominent men on the campus.

Here's to the "small minority of coeds" who do not come under any of B. Clark's headings!

**EDGAR JESTS**

**Gents who slam**
**The weaker sex**
**Oughter get it**
**In their necks!**

Quick, Henry, the Flit!

## GERMAN PRESS TIED, DECLARES NEUBERGER

(Continued from Page One)

from the iron cudgel of Nazi domination, the article declares. It describes how Max Bauer's victory over Schmeling was reported in German papers as "The Jew Baer Defeats Schmeling by Unfair Methods." Neuberger later found out, on his return to New York, that the fight was clean and that Schmeling himself praised Baer's sportsmanship.

In conclusion Neuberger says: "If his (Hitler's) methods win, they will have succeeded for the first time in history. In the past they never have been tried on the same scale."

## Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

INNOCENT BYSTANDER was not feeling so "hot" yesterday and was unable to write a column for Emerald readers.

## *Stanford Savant Startles Students With Big Outburst*

At a recent lecture on Renaissance background of the Shakespearean drama, Stanford students were startled to hear their Phi Bete English professor score sororities in particular and herd instinct and foolish females in general.

The spirited professor thundered, "You silly females . . . you come here for a sorority, so that you can marry something in a fraternity. See what I mean by being brought up like herds of cattle? Go to a house and you'll be that way early! Far better to be lonely in a dormitory, than to rush into the wild hysteria of the sorority, and follow the herd. When you're in a house you'll see what it's like."

Every phase of the problem came in for consideration: "You sorority women will have the pleasure of having a number of addlepated alumnae—who can never think for themselves—to associate with in later life."

## Reading and Writing

PEGGY CHESSMAN, Editor

**Editor's note: To add interest in Book week, of which but two days remain, Reading and Writing today offers a book review by John Gross of "No Time Like the Present," written by Storm Jameson.**

THERE are many approaches which a reviewer may take with the view of evaluating a book, depending largely upon the periodical, the reviewer, and, of course, the subject matter. Certainly, the esthetic is the most used, but "No Time Like the Present" is one book which defies categories. I was content to leave esthetic considerations in the rear as I read this book, (and I feel you will) for, although it is badly constructed and conceived with a somewhat artless matter-of-fact-ness, it contains such passionate conviction and intensity of expression that few are the readers who will withstand its appeal. Whole paragraphs fairly crackle with the sharp bitter action of the writer.

It is, first, a book about war, the biography of an age. If I were to tell you that it is an account of what the war has done to a generation and to an age, you would stop reading here; but first let me say that it is different—different because the opinions expressed are passionate conviction. Miss Jameson retells no tales of post-war artistic London or Paris, tales of which we have had so many. But she does tell opinions, which are mostly personal, with a force and splendor that make her terse style glow constantly with a strange beauty. As a result she puts to shame any number of popular creators of fiction whose understatement is suddenly discovered to cloak, not emotion, but emotional sterility.

Perhaps it is propaganda that she writes, but only as Carlyle was propagandist. These is a spiritual relationship between the Englishwoman who could write in 1933: "This was a long time ago, and those who died are now nothing. Time passes, time passes. A new age will begin and the old will be forgotten . . . It is true that I have never been able to hate the German airman who killed my brother as deeply, as unappeasably, as I dislike the churches because they gave their support to the war. It is easy to understand their reluctance to disoblige their civil masters, and a social duty not to condemn individuals, but it would be impossible to give respect where it has been forfeited . . ." and the Englishman who wrote in 1829: "The true Church of England, at this moment, lies in the Editors of its Newspapers. These preach to the people daily, weekly; admonishing kings themselves; advising peace or war, with an authority which only the first reformers, and long-past class of popes, were possessed of; . . ."

True, it is a much bitterer Carlyle that writes today, but certainly no more bitter than the nineteenth century crier-down-of-doom would have been had he lived to see this day and age.

I like this book; it is one on which a reviewer may split an infinitive without fear of criticism; nay, by way of inviting criticism. One last quotation and we are through. "In 1932, what lying, gaping mouth will say that it was worth while to kill my brother in his nineteenth year? You may say that the world's account is balanced by the item that we have with us still a number of elderly patriots, politicians, army contractors, women who obscenely presented white feathers. You will forgive me if, as courteously as is possible in the circumstances, I say that a field latrine is more use to humanity than these leavings."

That is writing which I believe to be fraught with as much meaning and pregnant with as much real emotion as any of more recent vintage. I like this book, but it may not like you.

## Emerald of the Air

PEGGY CHESSMAN, literary editor of the Emerald, will tell you what the best books to read are this afternoon through the medium of KORE. This book review program is a special broadcast in recognition of National Book week. Her suggestions should prove very helpful to you book lovers, so tune in at 4:30.

**Benefiel Visitor**

Jack Benefiel, '21, former graduate manager for the A. S. U. O., was in Eugene yesterday on business.

## Classified

FOR SALE—Men's light tan polo coat. Very reasonable. Size 38. Call Best Cleaners.

LOST—A billfold. Initials G. S. Finder please call Dorothy Roberts, 2306.

LOST—Brown traveling bag. Reward. Call 1560 or return to Apt. B6 Bartle Court Apts.

LOST — Gold-rimmed glasses in brown leather case. Hilda Gillam, 480J.

FOR SALE—Hotpoint stove and General Electric refrigerator. Phone 3177.

TUTORING—German by experienced teacher, educated in Germany; 50 cents an hour. Ann Gropp, 1798 Columbia street. Phone 2630-W.

**NOTICE!**

STUDENT holding gray overcoat taken by mistake at Osburn hotel, please communicate with A. F. Baker at Register-Guard office.