

Oregon Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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"THE GREAT GLIBERAL"

FOR all these years we've been hanging on the words of Glenn Frank, thunderous trumpeter for liberalized education, vociferous champion of the new era in learning. The Emerald, last year and this, has frequently quoted President Frank, has viewed him as the great apostle of progress in his field.

If Ernest L. Meyer, writing in the current issue of the American Mercury, is correct, we should regard him as the great apostate. But our tardiness of perception is forgivable. Mr. Meyer says "it took the campus (University of Wisconsin) two years to doubt him, four to see through him, and six to regard him with amused contempt. And today, eight years after his arrival, he has probably not a single admirer left."

When Frank came to the University of Wisconsin, he was hailed as the leader of the "Revolt Against Education," as the "boy president" who was to launch a new scheme of higher learning. His Experimental college, under the direction of sincere Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, was to introduce a new technique—professors would become tutors, scholars would educate themselves and discipline themselves. The dream of Dr. Meiklejohn has faded, the Experimental college has disappeared, and Meyer attributes its failure largely to the lack of support from Glenn Frank.

President Frank prohibited Dora Russell, feminist and advocate of companionate marriage, from speaking at Wisconsin, after she had been invited by the Student Forum. The dean of men wouldn't even let her accept an invitation to dinner at a fraternity house. President Frank is declared to have alienated all the progressives, to have exhibited profound lack of erudition, to have permitted, nay, proposed, a manifestly unfair schedule of salary cuts which penalized heavily the great number of small-salaried professors without correspondingly greater cuts for the high-salaried officials.

Can this be the Glenn Frank who was quoted in the Emerald a year ago as saying, "Now is the time to declare a moratorium on vested interests and vested ideas . . . ?" Can this be the Glenn Frank the Emerald quoted a little more than a week ago, in an article titled: "On Radicalism"?

Apparently our idol may be suspected of having pedal extremities of clay. If so, he would not be the first to have learned that prating of liberalism can be made to pay well—for a time. But eventually people catch on, and they apply epithets like "the great gliberal"—that's what Madison citizens are now said to be calling the president of the University of Wisconsin. It looks like the beginning of the end. Insincerity doesn't last long, particularly when the insincere one writes and talks as frequently and loudly as does President Glenn Frank.

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.

TO THE Editor:

Would it be presuming too much on your office to ask for a general brief outline as to the purposes of the Emerald? Is it a student organ, published and paid for by the students, or is it run as a Utopian daily from which publicity for student affairs must be minimized to the lowest degree?

I realize you cannot devote columns for that purpose, but must

IDIOTIORAL, OR WHY EDUCATION FAILS

SO the editor says we gotta have an editorial so we says aw nuts can it be something silly, so he says okay so we says okay.

So if you're one of those people that have maintained their scholastic purposefulness in this loafy weather scam outta here and let us sloths lol in our indolence.

O, mothermother where are my flannel britches, my pansy shoes, my shirt with the free-love collar.

Oh, they'll give us our diploma and they'll show us to the door, and they'll say congratulations you're the class of thirty-four; so buckle up your buskin boy and tighten up your belt, for you'll soon be out of collich with your pockets bare of gelt.

The next time they have a contest for queen of the cranberry festival we're going to scream. And was Hari-Kiri the movie actor that played "Trader Horn"?

Thunder over Backgrounds of Principles of Elements of Basic Pedagogy: "Having therefore deposited the residual increment in conjunction with the bicameral basis of monetary specie as may be hitherto requisite, we may conclude that such distribution will create undue pressure upon Imperial organization of such factors involved, also known as Newton's (Mendel's) Law, or Fulton's Folly. That, roughly, is the idea." (Fifteen yards for unnecessary roughness.)

So Ulysses Landed, hey. Goodole Lyss. Goodole James Joyce. For Lo! I bring glad tidings of great Joyce, the old steelyringer himself. The next dance is Ladies Joyce. Yuh will write books, will yuh!

George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron, 1788-1824; Algernon Charles Swinburne, 1837-1909; Robert Burns, 1759-1796, and look where he ended up: in a cigar box; last one in's a rotten egg. Oh, well.

SAY IT FAST

WE still retain a sentimental fondness for the memory of Dean John Straub, late professor emeritus of Greek at this forgetful University of ours. We are not alone in that affection for the mild-spoken, kindly mannered counsellor of freshmen.

But we're sorry they named the men's dormitory after him, rather than some other building. The dormitory is formally dedicated to his memory, you remember—last year at a rather impressive ceremony that imposing structure was christened John Straub Memorial building.

Nobody ever calls the building by its proper name, however, and the worthy name of Straub seems destined to die out just because it's much easier to say Men's Dorm than to say John Straub Memorial building. We have often considered imposing a strict rule upon all Emerald writers that they refer to the building by its proper name, and thus by constantly dinning it into campus ears bring about popular acceptance. That's the way the old "women's building" was changed to the more proper Gerlinger hall.

In this case it would be impossible. Nobody will mouth "John Straub Memorial building" as long as there's a shorter term available. "Straub building" is shorter, but its difficult labial stops don't lend themselves to ready usage. "Straub hall" is better, but is officially incorrect.

Will somebody please suggest a way for the Emerald to help perpetuate the name of Dean John Straub?

OVERFLOW

J. P. MORGAN takes an awful beating. Twice this week we have heard stories that pick on him.

The first was last Sunday when Warren D. Smith told of a holy painting in a little church in Alaska. J. P. offered \$25,000 for it, and was told no.

The second was an item we noticed in a magazine about a solid teakwood shrine in New York Chinatown. Morgan tried to buy it for \$150,000 and was told no.

It's a hard life when you run around getting your checks turned down, and wind up with a midget in your lap.

Placard in downtown window: "We are well equipped to write any kind of INS." Thought you might be int.

Lots and lots of people ask us how we keep on turning out editorials and columns day after day. Don't we ever run out of material? The answer is, of course, that we do run out of material; we ran out early in the year and we've just filled space since then.

So far, we haven't remotely approached the point of our little piece, but here it is, and so help us, it's true. A lady member of Professor Turnbull's journalism class became a bit puzzled about the 50-years-ago column in the Oregonian, and she halted the class to query:

"But, Professor Turnbull, don't they ever run out of material?"

We understand that the good professor was a bit bewildered himself at this, but he carefully explained to the young lady that every day brings its quota of news, that this process was going on 50 years ago just as it does now, and there really isn't much danger of running out for a long, long time.

the attitude of your subordinates be such that articles dealing with coming student events are met with a scowl and a "What, more publicity!" and require a lengthy debate on the merits of the story? HENRIETTE HORAK.

IMPORTANT WORK DONE AT RESEARCH MEETING

(Continued from Page One)

reports of progress from faculty members who have received grants and passing on projects faculty members would like to undertake next year were some of the matters discussed at the meeting.

At the session were Acting President C. V. Boyer, Ralph W. Leighton, executive secretary of the research committee; Robert H. Seashore and Taylor, from the University. Dean Packard of the Ore-

gon State college school of science is chairman of the council.

The acting presidents of both the University and the college were present and expressed their belief in the necessity for research.

"It is unfortunate," said Taylor, "that the present economic conditions make it necessary to reduce the amount of research undertaken, since now, more than before, there is greater need for such work."

The research council handles grants given to aid professors in research work and consists of the chairmen of divisional councils from the University and the state college.

The budget for next year's research work will be arranged at the next meeting during the spring term, Taylor said.

In Bondage By STANLEY ROBE



The University's Early History

Editor's note: This is the fourth of a series of interviews with Dr. F. G. G. Schmidt, head of the department of Germanic languages and literature, and oldest in service of the University faculty, on early history of the University of Oregon.

By DOUG POLIVKA

"HOW and when was the University of Oregon founded?" To this question, Dr. Schmidt answered, "It was founded and located at Eugene in 1872, by an act of the state legislature. The school was open and began giving instruction in the year 1876."

"Up until the time the University was placed under a state board of higher education, its management of affairs was in the hands of a board of regents. This board was appointed for a term of twelve years by the governor of the state and was confirmed by the state legislature. It conferred all degrees and granted diplomas," Dr. Schmidt continued.

"The permanent endowment of the University consisted of eighty thousand dollars from the sale of land granted to the state by the government for the purpose of establishing a University," Schmidt explained.

"A fund of fifty thousand dol-

lars was donated by the great railroad magnate, Henry Villard," stated Schmidt. "This is one reason why Villard hall is so named, and why almost every early catalogue mentions the fact that the University is situated on the Oregon and California railroad. The railroad regarded the Villard building as one of the scenic spots on the line."

In 1889 the University was made the state depository of all documents published by the government, through the influence of the Honorable J. N. Dolph, then Oregon's United States senator. In the same year the University had approximately two thousand dollars worth of mathematical instruments, including surveying and engineering implements. The physics and chemistry apparatus was valued at more than three thousand dollars.

The following are quotations from the 1889-90 catalogue:

"The departments of geology, mineralogy and natural history are provided with large and valuable collections to illustrate their teachings. Professor Condon's cabinet is already widely known on this coast, and is justly noted for its record of Oregon's former history."

"All the express companies

doing business in the state have generously proposed to transport articles to the Museum free of charge; weight of any one shipment not to exceed twenty-five pounds."

Marking and grading then was still done on the old scale of one hundred, with sixty as a minimum.

"A student who, in any one study, falls below sixty (60) is thereby conditioned as to his class standing, and in order to be restored to full standing he must pass in a re-examination some time before the regular examinations of the following term; when, however, a student falls below sixty in more than one study of the same term, or in one study in two consecutive terms, especially in the first and second terms of the year, he shall thereby forfeit or lose his class standing."

When asked the reason for the peep-holes in the doors of the Oregon building, Dr. Schmidt explained that the building, now housing the law school and the language departments, was built to house the school of education, and that the heads of that department checked on their practice teachers to see that they were not "asleep on the job."

Reading and Writing PEGGY CHESSMAN, Editor

Editor's note: Reading and Writing today presents a review by S. Stephenson Smith, associate professor of English, of James Joyce's "Ulysses." The Co-op now has the book on sale, Judge Woolsey's decision having made it legal. It used to "bookleg" for \$150 but now sells for \$3.50.

By S. STEPHENSON SMITH

"ULYSSES" by James Joyce is also a masterpiece in the comic. Joyce found Europe in pretty much of a mess during the years 1914 to 1921, when he was writing; he recalled his Dublin days of 1904, and concluded that the mess had been developing even then. He could not see much hope in the future, either for the average Hungarian man like the Irish Hungarian Jew, Leopold Bloom, perhaps the champion middle-mind in all literature; nor yet much more hope for intellectuals like himself and his friends.

The world of the great city seemed to him drab, dusty, and preposterous, suffering from spiritual decay. Yet he had to make some adjustment to this sorry muck heap on which he found himself cast. So he exercised his disgust by painting this world as it was, with an aroused fury of truthfulness rarely equalled since the early church fathers. But he had to live in this world somehow, and come to terms with it. And that is where his comic irony comes in.

Rideo quia desperandum. I laugh because there is no hope, might be his motto. The bad jokes of the Almighty Joker are so ghastly that one must resort to irony for

defense. And his irony runs the whole gamut.

In the "chaffering all-including most farraginous chronicle," as Joyce describes his work, the strokes of ironic wit are, the "sunny islets of the best and the intelligible" (Did Carlyle say this of Coleridge, or Coleridge of Carlyle?). I subjoin a few specimens from "Ulysses," beginning with bad puns and inverted proverbs, put in with sardonic intent.

If others have a Will, Ann Hath a Way.

Woman: the unfair sex.

God made the country, man the tune.

Aristotle was Plato's schoolboy once—and has remained so, one would hope, added John Eglington.

Who made the allegation, says he?

I, says Joe, I'm the alligator.

That Great Empire on which the sun never rises.

Well, I must be going, says Bloom. (It is his turn to stand treat.)

Who's keeping you? said the Citizen.

Drummond of Hawthornden helped you over that stile.

I teach the blatant Latin language, says Professor MacHugh.

The language of a race the acme of whose morality is the maxim. Time is money . . . Bah . . . I ought to profess Greek, the language of the spirit. Kurie elmiton . . . the vowels that the Semite and the Saxon knew not.

Shakespeare—Made in Germany as a French polisher of Italian scandals.

But these are only grace notes. The massive artillery which Joyce moves up on Nationalism, the Sinn Fein movement, and the whole idiotic practice of foreigners taking a hand in separatist movements in the twentieth century (Self-Extermination for Small Nations): all these are given a dose of heavy bombshells in the list of the Foreign Friends of the Emerald Isle.

What nationality is Hiram Y.

Bombast? Harakiri Hokipoki? Vladimir Pokenantkerscheff? Pan Poleaxe Paderski? Nationalgymnasiumsuspensorium . . . naturalhistorioprofesorprivatdocent Kriegrifried Ueberallgemein? and about two hundred others? The Tower of Babel had nothing on Joyce.

Then there are eighty pages of

SUNDAY 11:00 A.M. "TOWER OF BABEL" What does archaeology say about this tower? In what respect was the Tower of Babel like modern civilization? First Congregational Church CLAY E. PALMER, Minister

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parodies on many of the great historic styles in English literature, running from the Ayebite of Inwit (the sting of conscience, to you, I. B.) down through Mallory to Carlyle and Pater. Elinor Glyn and Billy Sunday and other eminent vulgarians come in for passing notice. Besides these flourishes, there are many passages of wit and irony far more profound in their implications, deserving in fact the name and style of "cosmic irony," in that they show the slips in the very funny make-up of the Universe, and make us wonder if the world was really made for man.

I suppose I should offer, as Artemus Ward used to on his London programs, to call on readers and explain any of Joyce's jokes which they may not understand; but I maintain that in the midst of all the stream - of - consciousness stuff, and the erudite conversations, and the topsy-turvy take-off on Freud's nightmare world, there are these flashes of Irish wit, and leading thrusts of Joycean irony which will strike home even to the common reader—though if he reads Joyce he will become an uncommon person, judging by all the Greenwich Village precedents I encountered from 1921 to 1925.

Innocent Bystander By BARNEY CLARK

We have long admired S. Stephenson Smith in our humble way, and here is one of the reasons why:

Mr. Smith was lecturing to one of his classes on sex education. He asked the members how liberal they thought discussion of the question ought to be.

Says a Theta, "I feel that such discussion is all right among adult groups, but who is going to tell our youth about it?"

Says S. S. S., "Who is going to carry coals to Newcastle?"

People certainly went in for serenades night fore last. There was the Beta serenade of the Alpha Phi house, and the Alpha Phi serenade of the Beta dive, during which one of the Alpha Phis fell into the m!r!r!ck, and being unable to swim, had to be fished out by a scourage sister. The Alpha Phis enjoyed this immensely, but the Betas were worried, and stood on the bank in silent and awe-struck terror. Good ol' Betas!

Aa-and there was the Scabbard and Blade serenade. This was a

Emerald of the Air

AT the sound of the gong for 4:30 this afternoon, we remove the asbestos from around the mike for 15 minutes of harmony with our star blues crooner, Lou Perry. Modern rhythm is the essence of this broadcast, which is crammed full of the latest "moon-and-spoon" songs. Maxine McDonald accompanies at the piano, and since we called her a "piano pounder" last week, we hereby wish to retract this derogatory expression.

The program originates in the studios of KORE.

demure little affair, and we have only heard of it from the Gamma Phi, so maybe it didn't happen at all, but was only Donin going by in the stilly night.

Or maybe it was the Madmen's serenade, which also occurred. This was a choice affair indeed. No one, not even Chancellor Kerr, knows just who perpetrated it. At the Pi Phi cave they said they were the Phi Deltas, and at the Kappas they said they were the Phi Deltas, but at the Delta Gamma they said they were the Chi Pisis and dedicated eight songs to Betty Graham. At the Theta hangout their enunciation wasn't clear enough to determine just what they claimed to be, so it is conceivable that when they reached the Gamma Phi they might have sunk to claiming they were Scabbard and Blade.

At any rate, the last seen of the great enterprise was two of the lads hooting it down Alder street, each with a pail of beer balanced on an outstretched hand, and a blue-coat on close pursuit. They were going faster, but the cop was traveling in a straight line.

And then there is Dick Carter's new theme song, which is "Night Owl." Dick strained an eye-muscle studying (ha!) and his physician has ordered him to sit in the dark and rest his eyes. It is very lonely in the dark, so Dick is looking for a companion, preferably feminine, to sit in the dark with him and keep him company. Line forms on the right.

OGDEN GNASHES "Mixing whiskey, Beer, and wine; Leaves you feeling Far from fine!"

"I'M NOT SCREAMING!!!!"



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