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FEUD IN MCARTHUR
BILL REINHART'S Oregon quintet plays its last game before home fans tonight when the ancient feud with the Oregon Staters of Slat's Gill is renewed in McArthur court.

The Webfoots are fighting for undisputed possession of second place in the northern conference standings. They have aggressively bounded from the cellar position which they occupied last year to do battle on even terms with a coast championship squad which has fallen from its lofty perch.

Last year the Beavers trounced Oregon to take all four games of their series and to mark up the first season in which Reinhart's quintet failed to achieve at least a season tie with the Gillmen. This year, the story is different. Each team has won a game of the two played so far, and the Webfoots are seriously considering the idea of making off with the last two also.

Followers of Oregon basketball fortunes will have a chance to see three two-year veterans and a faithful substitute perform for the last time in Eugene. Gib Olinger, inspirational captain of the squad; Jack Robertson, eagle-eyed sharpshooter; and Jim Watts, an aggressive ballplayer, are the letterman losses.

The 1934 edition of Oregon basketball history is a fine example of the rejuvenating power resulting when good material is available. This year's team is a Reinhart experiment, with the lookout for the next few years distinctly rosy. Although two first-string veterans are lost, Coach Reinhart has an excellent nucleus for a still better team in 1935.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE BEDSHEET BALLOT

THE farce of election is over. About 590 students, many of them driven to the polls by fraternity and sorority compulsion, had their names checked off the poll list. Some of them took a look at the 37 assorted varieties of amendments on the bedsheet ballot, wilted, and went away without voting.

Vote for the first six, had been the rallying cry of the political chieftains. Almost everybody did, except that we heard one young lady beside us say, "Let's see; they said vote for the first ten, didn't they?" Whereupon she innocently proceeded to mark her ballot for the first ten, although she was voting "yes" on conflicting amendments.

The Emerald had recommended seven of the 30

independently proposed amendments. Enough persons took their Emeralds to the polls to bring the average affirmative vote on these seven to 181, and the rest of the independent measures averaged 97 votes apiece. Which shows, we suppose, that this great family journal has a total of about 81 readers.

Aside from this, the election showed almost nothing. As an index to reforms actually desired by students, it is necessary to find out which of the independent reforms was voted down by the smallest margin.

Assuming that the affirmative votes of 150 students, under the weird circumstances of the pre-election campaigning and the bedsheet ballot, constitutes a heavy expression of student opinion, the following measures should be seriously considered by the revision committee as it continues its work of rewriting the constitution; all received more than 150 votes:

1. A committee to exempt needy, crippled and blind students from payment of A. S. U. O. fees.
2. Publication of full proceedings of executive council on day following sessions.
3. Publication of a student handbook.
4. Exemption of graduate students from payment of A. S. U. O. fees.
5. Publication of annual audit report of A. S. U. O.
6. Presentation of complimentary Emerald subscriptions to daily newspapers of state.
7. Free admittance of faculty people to A. S. U. O. functions.

At least two of these amendments, the third and sixth, could be put into effect without being incorporated into the constitution. The rest should be given serious consideration. Only in this light can the farcical "ratifying election" be considered a serious part of the program of constitutional improvement.

OPTIONAL MEMBERSHIP
A CORRESPONDENT tells us today that he noted an independent amendment for optional membership in the student body received a majority of votes. He construes this as an indication that a majority of students seriously desire relief from the payment of student fees.

What is actually indicated is that our correspondent has not read the amendment submitted. For brevity's sake, the Emerald listed the amendment in a front-page tabulation as "optional membership." But the amendment provided for quite a different thing. It proposed the establishment of a committee of three faculty members and two undergraduates to hear petitions of needy students, and upon discovery of real need, to exempt them from A. S. U. O. dues. It also provided that crippled students, blind students, or others unable to avail themselves of the privileges of the organization be so exempted. And it provided that all other students pay full membership dues.

A worthy suggestion indeed, and one that was proposed by the Emerald a month ago as a means of assisting needy students until such time as the A. S. U. O. is financially able to introduce optional membership or reduce fees substantially. But quite a different thing from a proposal to permit any student who so desires to withdraw his payment from the support of A. S. U. O. activities and privileges at this time.

And how could the writer have reconciled his theory with the fact that while the exemption amendment got 251 votes, an amendment to reduce fees from \$5 to \$3 received only 114 votes?

With a watchful state board of higher education eyeing A. S. U. O. finances there is little doubt that lowered or optional student dues will come as soon as conditions permit.

DOG TROUBLE
UNIVERSITY campuses seem to have a way of attracting dogs of every conceivable genus. Tall or short, long or wide, thick or spindly, they come in every weird color combination imaginable.

The genial life of a canine bon vivant is the lot of the campus dog. Although he usually has a base of operations in some fraternity house, he is foot-loose and fancy free to wander where the spirit listeth. He is everybody's dog. He feels free to take a nap in the library or listen in on a class in railway economics, where he can get his neck scratched by scholars who seek spiritual escape.

In general, dogs are pretty nice folks. But most of our dogs at Oregon are getting just a bit too numerous and ill-mannered. Their throaty interjections have been known to turn classes into turmoil. They yelp at autos in the streets, disturbing nearby classes. Their naive curiosity has made sweaty athletes delay their sport while the intruder was ejected.

When a dog is out under God's blue sky, he is in his natural element. When his owner takes him into his house, that is nobody's business. But when he ventures into the confines of learning, there to behave as the lovely, unspoiled child of nature that he is, he is getting decidedly out of hand.

one, a Cadillac or Lincoln sedan, and a Packard roadster. All the very latest.

And Jimmy Dunn follows up in the rear with a Ford 8 touring car. It's a thriller if there ever was one. Story concerns mainly the life of Claire Trevor as a police reporter. And does she pass as a reporter? She does. Not as the kind that work on newspapers, but as the kind that movies represent as working on newspapers.

Plot built on several interesting adventures, climax being the chase by gangsters when the girl catches them "rubbing a guy out."

Trevor is a newcomer, and she can come as often as she likes as far as I'm concerned. She is certainly a beauty.

"You Can't Buy Everything" deals mainly with the consequences of a romance which was broken up some thirty years before the main action of the picture. May Robson and Lewis Stone being the individuals concerned.

Former spends the thirty years taking her spite out on the latter by ruining him in business, but in so doing loses the affection of her own son. Son marries Stone's daughter.

The Stamp of Approval By STANLEY ROBE



Expanding Villard Rostrum Recalled

By FREDERIC S. DUNN (Professor of Latin)

It remains that a chapter should be added, reminiscent of that "upper chamber" in Villard hall, to which we had now come to refer for the first time under the dignified epithet "auditorium." The swinging entrance doors were only a few feet from the stairway landings, and so it was a real feat of athletics to throw one's voice from that first thin little platform in a way to be heard by a listener at the door-knobs.

The acoustics was abominable from the very start. All sorts of mechanical devices were tried out, including successive enlargements of the rostrum from a narrow strip far back in the alcove until it eventually brought the speaker out from underneath the arch overhead.

It was a wonderful universe to fill with our meager student body of those days. We had no possible vision of a mass of students that would some day demand an auditorium many times larger. But we gleefully filled up about seven whole rows of benches from wall to wall. A photograph was taken of the entire student body comfortably huddled on the north steps and porch of Villard hall, the faculty occupying a row of arm chairs in front.

Of course at commencement times or on other very formal occasions, the faculty, from President John W. Johnson to Tutor E. H. McAlister, sat on the platform. So did the graduating classes, even after they had grown unmanageably large. No wonder we periodically stretched that rostrum farther and farther forward.

Villard auditorium was meanwhile dedicated to a system of peonage known as public rhetoricals. We all now recognize its efficacy, but to us it was taxation with too much representation. Every five weeks, a group of us was tolled off to regale the rest with a recitation or essay, and it was the intent that each and every student should appear on that rostrum at some time in the series.

It was my lot to be drafted to "speak a piece" at the very first public rhetoricals held in Villard hall. I had found a poem after my own heart in The Youth's Companion, based on the disaster of the Teutoburg forest, beginning: "Varus, bring me back my legions! Let me see them proudly march. Covered with the spoils of battle, Under the triumphal arch."

It would have been a "wow" if my cousin Mabel had not giggled at the wrong moment. You should have heard her at the next rhetoricals declaiming, "I am dying, Egypt, dying. Ebbs the crimson life flow fast." She had us all swooning. We were just that way.

And how Jim Greenfield charged with "The Light Brigade." He actually turned his back to the audience in order to point out the cannon that "rolled and thundered" behind him. It was all so realistic that we thought for a while he would be afraid to turn around, leaving all those cannon behind him.

Villard's auditorium was sometimes requisitioned for the open sessions of the two debating organizations, those glorious old clubs called the Laurean and Eutaxian societies, for men and women, respectively. Once the Laureans staged a Continental Congress. Wesley Mulligan, as Benjamin Franklin, was to bob up at one moment with the famous utterance, "Gentlemen, we must all hang together, or we'll die separately." Like everything else that Wes attempted, Franklin's remark was thrown into reverse, as badly as the proverbial "The sweep has come!" And Frank Matthews uttering Patrick Henry himself in launching out on "Gibbets? Who said gibbets? Et seq."

The Eutaxians in emulation were brave enough to put on a Shakespearean skit. Alberta McMurphy was Henry VIII or Coriolanus or

somebody just as important. Anytime I can see her yet, even if I have forgotten her lines.

But there was one other tremendous element in the University calendar of those days with which we old grads shall always associate Villard hall—the introductory socials. The purport was to make it possible for all the bashful swains to meet the coy swainesses. While some one drummed the piano, we promenade about the rim of the auditorium, in one grand march. When the music stopped, so did we, and began to wonder who would be the next offering. Harmless enough, but oh! how fraught with destiny! Many a couple never (metaphorically) knew when the music stopped.

Something warns me that I am achieving garrulity. (This is the conclusion of a series of articles by Professor Dunn.)

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:

I note in this morning's Emerald that the only independently offered amendment to the A. S. U. O. constitution to receive a majority vote was the one providing for optional membership in the student body. True the margin was small but nevertheless it proved that the students do seriously desire the privilege of deciding for themselves whether or not they will purchase student cards.

No doubt practically all of the students who are financially able to do so would purchase them anyway and there are some who are making great sacrifices to go to school at all and \$15 per year means a great deal to those students—more than many of us realize. And after all there are yet some left in the world who value an education more than a student card, and that with all due respects to the great advantages of a card.

I hope that those who so confidently asserted at the recent meeting of the state board of higher education at which this was proposed, that it was a group of agitators and not any appreciable number of the student body

(Continued on Page Three)

ROWLAND'S GROCERY & MARKET

- AS A PART OF OUR WEEK-END SPECIALS WE OFFER THESE BARGAINS
- Standard Shrimp—can 10c
 - Bulk Figs, Choice—2 pounds 15c
 - Columbia Kist Salmon—spring packed 1-pound flat
 - Jello—package 5c
 - Post Toasties—3 for 25c
 - Small White Beans—3 pounds 14c
 - Peats Big Boy Soap, Brown—6 for 23c
 - Sald Mustard—quarts 19c
 - Snowdrift—3 pounds 39c
 - Bonner's Seedless Raisins—4 pounds 23c
 - Marshmallows, Extra Quality, Collophoned—1 lb. 19c
 - Grapefruit, Fancy Florida—No. 2 can 12 1/2c
 - Golden West Coffee, Glass Jar—pound 29c
 - Light Globes, 30 and 60 watts U. S. A.—each 9c
- Rowland's Grocery is a new Emerald patronizer—they will appreciate your patronage.

Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

OUR brave ballot-counters encountered some very odd ballots in the course of their activities. For instance, there was the one which had a sort of editor's comment attached to the bottom. It read:

"Ever since I have been in this school, I have wondered why you did not have a humorous magazine, such as the California 'Pelican.' After filling out this ballot, I can see that you have devised a very efficient substitute."

There was another one, reputed to be Ed Schweiker's, which was marked "Do Not Open Until Christmas!" This puzzled the committee for some time, but they finally decided to open it. It wasn't very unusual.

Richard L. Neuberger provided considerable amusement at the polls by coming without his student body card. The inspectors claimed they couldn't recognize him and tried to send him up to the registrar to get an identification slip. Neuberger nearly had apoplexy. He couldn't believe that his services to the school had left him in such obscurity. He finally left in a huff (six cylinders) swearing to have their hearts, and never returned.

We are sorry to have to run another story about George "Dark and Handsome" Callas today, but this is too good to miss. Callas had gone over to Hendricks hall about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and was sitting down waiting for a gal to be summoned. He had his eyes fixed on the stairs. Suddenly another gal came tripping down the stairs clad—of all things—in her undies. She saw Callas and retreated hastily up the stairs. Then she apparently decided that Callas was harmless, for she turned around and marched right down again, descending into the basement. We asked Callas who she was and he didn't know. Then we asked him what she looked like, and he said, "Pretty good! Pretty good!"

Then there was an article in yesterday's Emerald that seemed a little weird to us. It reported the finding of a white deer mouse in the brush back of Mammy's Cabin last week by Dr. Huestis. Somehow a deer mouse seems a little incongruous. We can imagine al-

most anything back there from a couple of left over Sigma Nus to a set of Early American glassware, but not a deer mouse. Another thing we are worried about is what Dr. Huestis was doing back of Mammy's Shack? How did he know the deer mouse would be there?

OGDEN GNASHES "From the Chi Psi den we hear Thomas giving tongue for beer!"

Emerald of the Air

THREE little femmes from Alpha Phi will entertain for us today. They are known as the Alpha Phi trio, and you will remember that they made their campus debut at the recent student body assembly. Betty Ruggles, Gretchen Gregg, and Mary McCracken compose the harmony merger.

Bob Thornton does the accompaniment and also solos at the piano and on the clarinet. Broadcasts originate in the studios of KORE at 4:30.

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Kellogg's FOR CRISPNESS

Scanning the Cinemas

McDONALD—"You Can't Buy Everything." May Robson, Lewis Stone, William Bakewell, Jean Parker. Also, "Hold That Girl," Claire Trevor, James Dunn.

COLONIAL—"Masquerader." Ronald Colman, Elissa Landi.

By J. A. NEWTON
One as Two

"Masquerader," a very razzamatazz (from a friend in Portland) picture indeed returns to the Colonial tonight. The uptown theater has a way of bringing back good shows.

Ronald Colman is the star, and he has two parts, each depicting a character very different from the other. One is a prominent member of parliament who is addicted to dope, and the other is a writer of liberal articles on political matters of the day.

The first is married to Elissa Landi, the other a bachelor.

The two meet, and it isn't long before the better man is taking the place of the reprobate in Parliament. Finally it becomes necessary for the new lad to take the other's place in his home, and he has a tough time doing the honorable thing by the doper when his wife becomes friendly.

Finally the doper dies, leaving the new fellow in his shoes. And he takes over the job.

The rambling account above may give the wrong impression. "Masquerader" is really a clever show. Colman differentiates the characters thoroughly, and the photography is clean enough to make it look real.

Another instance of the greater flexibility of the screen in comparison with the stage.

Whackeracks and Money
"Hold That Girl" has a hum-dinger of an automobile chase. And the cars used, as nearly as I could make out, were in the order named a Chrysler roadster—a big