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Quell the Bickering

AGAIN the swimming team is the center of controversy. Without breaking into the open, dissension has been whispered for the past week, because the A.S.U.O. refused to grant letters to those members of the swimming team who had not purchased student body cards.

First reactions are not favorable to the swimmers, who last term made earnest pleas to the student association for aid and recognition, but who have now shown themselves unwilling even to contribute to its support. It is a bit hard to justify their previous attitude with their present unconcern as to the financial seaworthiness of the organization which made possible the team's activities.

But as in all such controversies, there is another side, and in this case, a strong one. The swimming team, when it sought support, entered into quite a definite agreement with the A.S.U.O. It offered to pay many of its own expenses and to buy its own sweaters. Naturally, nothing was said about membership in the A.S.U.O., for optional membership was then undreamed-of.

The swimming team has lived up to the letter of its agreement, whatever may be our estimate of its sportsmanship in the present argument. And it would seem that the A.S.U.O. cannot do less than live up to its share of the agreement, if it would keep its own record for sportsmanship clear.

Thus far A.S.U.O. officials have trod a dangerous path with delicacy. They might easily have alienated the affections of a large portion of the campus by a stubborn attitude in regard to the exclusion of all non-members from activities maintained by it. It readily granted non-members the privilege of playing in the orchestra, and it has made admirable disposition of the problem of participation in the campus luncheon, as shown elsewhere in this issue of the Emerald.

A conciliatory attitude in the swimming dispute will do much to restore harmony. Stubborn insistence on membership qualifications can only result in further strife—but a conciliatory attitude, while it costs nothing, will quell much bickering.

Athletic Fiesta

OREGON'S athletes face their busiest program of the year as a fortunate coincidence with the annual celebration of Junior Weekend festivities, beginning tomorrow.

The number of Webfoot stalwarts to perform will be around the 100 mark, and competition in four different sports is promised for visitors to the campus.

Tomorrow Bill Reinhart's varsity baseball team will open a two-game series with Washington on Reinhart field, and the University freshman track squad will participate in a telegraphic meet.

Saturday is the big day. The second game of the baseball series is on the program. Bill Hayward's varsity trackmen will try to upset the visiting Washingtonians for the second successive year. The varsity and yearling tennis squads and the varsity and freshman golf teams will do battle with Oregon State.

The only thing wrong with a program like the one we face this weekend is that it will be impossible to see it all. It is, in reality, too much of a good thing.

Humor Through the Ages

WE pause in tribute to those subtle humorists who filled the columns of the Emerald in the halcyon days of 1920. There was a kind of wit which even our own dear Barney Clark could scarcely imitate. Such finesse, such gushing laugh-producers are no more. Witness the writing of one of these talented journalists, whom we may presume was only a unit of the campus legion of mirth-provokers.

Fourteen years ago a page 1 story heralded the purchase of a new Templar roadster by Bill Hayward. "The car is red and blushing all over from so many admiring glances," says the writer. "Bill says it's some car." We almost got cramps when we read: "One thing about the car Bill will never get thirsty while out driving for there are springs all over it."

Hayward's hankering for speed was expressed

by a reference to the gaggy gag that he mistook the mile posts for headstones in a cemetery. "Bill comes up the street so fast that he has to turn corners in the middle of the block," continues the story. "As an innocent bystander," the writer says, "we will issue a warning: Bill drives so fast that if you are standing on the curb when he goes past, look out, for the breeze created by the speed of the car is liable to give you pneumonia." Mother Goose would be a good name for the car, suggests the journalist, for he has noticed that it had a red riding hood.

Perhaps in 15 years when we are alumni, we too may pick up the 1949 Emerald and read a most devastating commentary on our feeble attempts at humor, of which we were so proud when we wrote them. But woe is woe, for humor it seems is just one of those gauges of advancing civilization. If in 15 years we can look back at our humor and laugh at its absurdity, we have progressed. Being human, however, most of us will probably say, "Give me the good old days."

'Busybodies'

STUBBORN unwillingness to credit college students with having at least a little sense is exemplified in a brief address last week by Dr. Harry A. Garfield, retiring president of Williams college.

The good doctor scored students in the Massachusetts institution for their lack of interest in compulsory chapel, their desire to wipe Latin off the "required" list, and called them "busybodies" because they were impatient at the delay of the trustees in appointing his successor.

Summarily dismissing a protest against the rapidly-disappearing institution of compulsory chapel on the basis that the objection had been indirect and anonymous, Dr. Garfield said that the appeal should be disregarded. He thus thoroughly overlooks the fact that the idea of forcing collegians to make obeisance to ancient and outmoded customs is rapidly fading. College students are entitled and should be entitled to a hearing on any problem which concerns them.

In regard to the complaints against the Latin requirement, Dr. Garfield airily declared that the matter was an administrative one and was not in the domain of student body interest. Surely he should be aware of the progressive tendency away from insistence on the venerable classics as the sine qua non of an educated person.

To label students as "busybodies" because they show an interest in the selection of a leader of the school they are attending appears to be a bit of verbal spite. Perhaps if the typical college population of America were composed of more "busybodies," they would long ago have refused to be led around like timid flocks of sheep.

Silverites on the Make

CONFUSED thought and demagogic politics have trundled out another of those die-hard silver bills before the congressional rostrum. Not satisfied with the silver-purchasing act of last December, advocates of the metal have thrown together the Dies-Thomas bill, and silver once again becomes pretender to the financial throne.

Unanimously reported by the senate agricultural committee, the proposal would open sale of farm products in foreign markets in exchange for silver coin or bullion. Of first importance, however, is the provision that the foreign silver thus obtained may be valued as high as 25 per cent over the world price.

The government, through the December act, is already buying up all home-mined silver at sixty-four and one-half cents an ounce, half again as much as the present world figure, and the agreement holds good for four years. Yet by embracing the cause of the farmer, the silverites intend to push the government into the world financial whirlpool to bring closer their objective of a silver price of \$1.29, which is twice the present pegged price for new-mined domestic metal.

Loud barking rather than sound logic is responsible for reopening the silver controversy. Timely light was thrown on the silverite ramparts when the administration's investigating committee disclosed silver holdings of numerous big banks, amounting in four New York institutions to more than forty million ounces. Mining interests last year produced only seven and one-half millions in silver, less, for example, than three per cent of the nation's wheat crop.

These are "vested interests." Into the fold of silver advocates has also been drawn a strong collection of inflationists, and of course farmers, for the latest proposal is supposedly in their behalf. For two generations the white metal has been a favorite political bogey. Bitter experience, we are on the point of admitting, has not bared to the nation's lawmakers what is basic in a financial system. Not the hoarded metal which makes up a "standard," but credit, by which in normal times Americans carry on more than ninety per cent of their business relations, comprises the maladjusted portion of the financial system.

On Other Campuses

A Substitution

FROM Mexico City comes one of the most instructive pieces of information ever to penetrate the American border. Pertaining to a proposed "University City," news dispatches disclose that the Mexican government is planning to unify the present National University, buildings of which are scattered all over the city.

The proposal suggests that the university move into the buildings now occupied by the War Ministry, the government arsenal and the munitions factory.

This plan might well be adopted by all other nations, for if all edifices and structures for the preparation and perpetuation of war were metamorphosed into institutions of learning, the most severe and chronic ailment of the world would be eradicated. However, it is unlikely that nations will observe the example set by Mexico.

Even in our present state of civilization, prejudices, jealousies and petty considerations prevent open-minded action on the part of suspicious and ambitious governments. Until the day arrives when education triumphs over war, the world will blindly disregard progressive plans.—Daily Californian.

The Tiny Boat Needs One Too! By ALFREDO FAJARDO



Junior Weekend, UT TUNC

By FREDERIC S. DUNN As the geologist or the anthropologist might say, there have been four distinct periods in the evolution of Junior Weekend. This present class of 1935 was considerably less than embryonic when the first febrile symptoms were detected by Dr. Luella Clay Carson in 1890. She succeeded in segregating the bacillus and named it Junior Exhibition.

It was the incipient step in one of the many activities, now become traditional, promoted by this wonderful woman. She was but lately come to the Faculty as Professor of English and Rhetoric, and her object in instituting Junior Exhibition was to give the future Senior a foretaste of Commencement ordeals. It must be remembered that graduation originally involved an oration by each member of the class. Two enterprising members of the then so-called Board of Regents, Henry Failing of Portland and C. C. Beekman of Jacksonville, by the bestowal of funds to provide prizes, had metamorphosed Commencement Day into an oratorical contest.

So the first epoch was simple enough—an evening devoted to orations by each member of the Junior Class. My own Class of '92 was the second to carry on. There were eight of us, all males, a feat never equalled before or since. It was this unique feature that prompted us to essay, as a codicil to our orations, a musical number, a double quartet. No encore! As I find scribbled in an old diary of that date, "Then came the benediction, and the fateful evening was over." We realized we had been duly 'exhibited'.

By the time I returned to the Campus in 1898, a second phase was in process of forming. Junior Exhibition was still maintained but had become a weak finale to what was eventually dubbed Junior Day, at first a holiday perforce and latterly authorized. The elegiac happenings of the day were taking precedence over the staid evening formalities, and there was now a kinship to 'class rushes' in large eastern colleges of a generation ago. The chief feature was the flying of the Junior Class pennant from the pole that used to stand to the northwest of Villard Hall and its maintenance there by the Juniors against molestation by the Seniors or, if you please, all the rest of the student body.

During the period of my absence from the Campus, there must have been some previous traces, prompting the Class of 1900, in the spring of '99, to unusual precautions in guarding their flag. And, by the way, that flag, in bright cerise and white, the class colors, bore the strange device, 'M C M. Some one on the Faculty, not a Roman, was heard to ask, 'Who's Mac M., anyway? Well, when he appeared on the Campus that day, the class flag had already been fastened to the top of the pole, but, about a third of the way up, out of reach of attacking parties, a dry-goods box was suspended and securely balanced, and in said box sat a Junior on guard, the lawn hose in his hand. He was Walter B. Dillard when I chanced to pass. And Walt, now County Clerk of Lane, peered over the top of that look-out and watched me narrowly, to see whether I had any intentions of shinning up the pole. I was a Freshman on the Faculty and he wasn't quite sure of me.

Walt can not now recall whether he was a "pillar saint" all the preceding night and the rest of that day, and whether Mamie McAlister or some other femme of the class tossed doughnuts up to him,—or not. At any rate, that Junior Day, passed without casualties.

But it put an idea into the heads of next year's Class of '01. They had been a lively, noisy, self-conscious bunch all their days and they opined that there would be a big offensive against them. So their ruse was to display their pennant from one of the towers of Deady Hall and to barricade the stairways. No flannel flaunted in a bull-ring could have been more effective. The whole University saw red, including some marooned Profs who were trying to hold classes all the while cursing their fate, that they themselves, could not take up the pibroch and the slogan, or something worse.

Never shall I forget the rout and the sweat of the battle that raged in the open between Deady and Villard and through the hallways of Deady. Alas! I am neither Homer nor Bede the Venerable

nor Mallory. But who was that who just now fell 'with a grizzly groan'? In the twinkling face of Richard Shore Smith, as we sat reminiscing, the other day, in the First National Bank, there was no trace of an opaque eye he discovered in that 'glorious melley', thirty four years ago.

'Who stepped on you, Dick?', I queried. 'I myself was trying to teach scansion to a Vergil class and peeked out of the window 'as often as I dared.' 'Damfino,' replied Dick. You see, Dick used to read the J. T. Trowbridge stories in the Youths Companion. 'But I think it was one of my own classmates who trampled on me by mistake. He's on the Faculty to-day'.

And, sure enough, ensconced in his office in the Extension Building, a peaceable gentleman enough, is one 'who remembers that famous day and year', for he was one who bled for his flag. Go ask Prof. W. Gilbert Beattie to recount to you the saga of Junior Day of 1900.

Sixth in series, Friday, "University Day, Junior Weekend's Extinct Forebear."

person for a week starting Saturday with his black-face orchestra, and those boys aren't foolin'. A 30 minute broadcast a day over KGW is rumored.

Rush Hughes, son of Rupert, and the guy who used to give those realistic broadcasts of the games by telegraph over KORE, is now none other than master of ceremonies for "The Shell Show," which you can get Monday nights over the NBC network from 8 to 9. George Stoll's music adds interest to the program.

One of the funniest things about radio comedians is that they don't stay funny very long. It's a sad thing, too. And here's something to meditate upon: The Marx Brothers, Groucho and Chico, have been adjudged a Floppo, and are no longer kilocycling.

Ed Wynn calls it a day with Texaco May 29. His "Soo" never gets a laugh any more.

Eddie Cantor is losing his grip, too. Listeners chant, "We don't want Cantor" when he comes on the air.

Sigma hall burlesqued "The

Under the Mikroscope

By JIMMY MORRISON

HAVE you been wondering where Red Nichols has been keeping himself and the boys? Red Nichols and his "Pennies," popular dance orchestra, are playing in the Walled Lake Casino, Walled Lake, Michigan. Nichols and his original "Five Pennies" first won votes more than a decade ago through their extensive phonograph recordings. The orchestra has grown in both size and popularity since that time and has been occupied with theater, dance, and radio performances. Known as one of the country's leading "jazz" trumpeters, Nichols plays in his orchestra and conducts it.

Why not take a night off and go to Portland to hear Duke Ellington? He'll be at the Music Box in

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March of Time" Tuesday, even to the sound effect of the airplane when "Time files on." The boys did some imitating that would have gone over in big time, perhaps. Most humble apology for the lousy broadcast of news yesterday. Some people can dish it out, but they can't take it.

Dance Bands Tonight 6:00—KFI, Paul Whiteman. KSL, Glen Gray. 7:20—KOIN, Isham Jones. 8:00—KPO, Jimmy Lunceford. 9:45—KQW, Anson Weeks. 10:10—KYA, Jesse Stafford. 10:15—KGW, Tom Coakley. 10:30—KSL, Gus Arnheim. KDYL, Jay Whidden. 11:00—KPO, Ted Flo Rito. 11:30—KFI, Carol Loeffner.

Kappa Sigma will be on the air today at 4:30 with their contest program.

GOVERNMENT TRENDS EXPLAINED BY U'REN

(Continued from Page One) at the primary election, May 18, allowing a ten-juror verdict in all but capital cases, the council-manager form of city government, the spending of government billions for farm relief, federal mortgage-carrying assistance, investigation of the munitions makers, and the recent liberal construction placed upon the constitution by a supreme court decision.

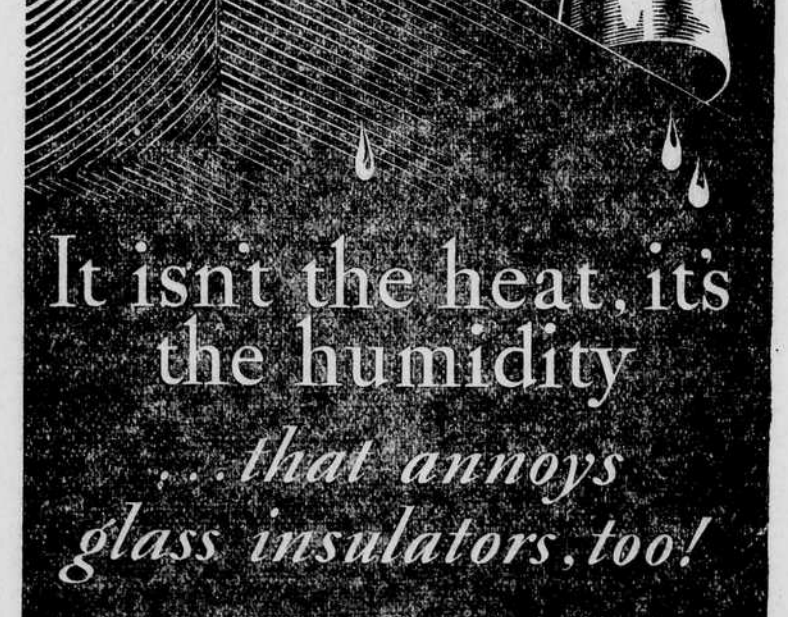
Questions Asked "Last, but by no means least," he said as he ended his list of signs of progress, "are the millions of students graduating from schools, colleges and universities. All of these have some training in learning to think. They will not be content either to suffer the pangs of unemployment and undeserved poverty or relief by subsistence homesteads between depressions. But even if they could, why should free Americans, the heirs of all the ages, live and labor for mere subsistence?"

A lively question-and-answer period followed U'Ren's 40-minute speech. Preceding the talk, a letter was read from Paul R. Kelly, Oregonian editor, and a souvenir "pledge" signed by the 20 members of Score was presented to the speaker. Kelly's letter complimented the club, saying that U'Ren was one of Oregon's most useful citizens.

Included among the guests at the banquet were W. M. Tugman, managing editor Register-Guard; John Anderson, managing editor Morning News; Rev. Ernest M. Whitesmith and Rev. Clay E. Palmer. Outstanding faculty members, many of them friends of Mr.

U'Ren's, also were present. These liberals were James D. Barnett, R. C. Clark, Wayne L. Morse, James H. Gilbert, Walter A. Dahlberg, Orlando J. Hollis, John T. Ganoe, Charles G. Howard, Waldo Schumacher, Samuel H. Jameson, Paul E. Raymond, George Rebec, S. Stephenson Smith, and Harvey Townsend.

Mrs. Allen to Write Mrs. Allen, wife of Dean Eric W. Allen, of the journalism school, left Eugene Wednesday for two weeks to finish writing a novel.



Even glass insulators behave badly toward telephone currents when humidity is high. This has been proved by experiments at Bell Telephone Laboratories. When it's humid, a film of moisture forms on the glass. The more humid, the thicker the film—and the more electrical current escapes! Important factors governing amount of leakage are the chemical nature of the glass, its shape and age, the amount and kind of dirt on its surface. Through exhaustive studies, telephone men have developed more efficient types of glass insulators—and are seeking ways to make them still better. Close attention to every detail of Bell System equipment leads to constantly improving service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM WHY NOT TELEPHONE HOME ONCE EACH WEEK? REVERSE THE CHARGES IF YOUR FOLKS AGREE.