Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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A member of the Major College Publications, represented by A. J. Norris Hill Co., 155 E. 42nd St., New York City; 123 W. Madison St., Chicago; 1004 End Ave., Seattle; 1206 Maple Ave., Los Angeles; Call Building, San Francisco.

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official student publication of the University of Oregon, Eugene, published daily during the college year, except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, examination periods, all of December and all of March except the first three days. Entered in the postoffice at Eugene, Oregon, as second-class matter. Subscription rates, $2.50 a year.

The Emerald Recommends

The time is rapidly approaching when a decision must be made upon the two plans submitted for reorganization of the student activity administration.

Both plans propose the establishment of an independent department of extracurricular activities, functioning in a manner similar to that of any other regular department of the University.

Plan I suggests that the president of the University and the executive council appoint a man to head the department, giving him the following duties: He must be responsible to the president for the administration of the department; he must act as coordinating agent between the separate divisions of student activities and between the A. S. U. O. and University; that he operate under a scientific budget; that he act as disbursing agent for disbursing of money from fee payments and athletic receipts; and that he be responsible for conducting associated students activities on such a plane as will cause them to be of real educational value. Plan II is virtually the same, except that a committee of three faculty members is vested with highest authority, instead of a single department head.

Either proposal disposes satisfactorily of all objections raised by the attorney general, and either, in our opinion, is worth of immediate adoption.

When the Emerald, about a month ago, pointed out the faults in Dean Bovard's proposal for complete faculty control, it offered its support to any program which would meet the requirements of the attorney general and these three conditions:

1. That there continue to be a reasonable degree of coordination of the financial and functional administrations of those activities which necessarily have close relationships.

2. That proceeds from football continue to be available for the support of non-athletic activities.

3. That there be no diminution of the part which students themselves play in the control of their activities.

The plans submitted to Chancellor Kerr meet the Emerald's conditions fairly and adequately. In choosing between the two, Plan I merits most consideration, since it best centralizes authority and fixes responsibility. The Emerald recommends Plan I without reservation to chancellor and board.

When they told L. A. Banks, in the penitentiary, about the Pulitzer prize being awarded to the Medford Mail-Tribune, he called it "another miscarriage of justice." Apparently the bludgeon of chance has had no better luck with Banks than it did with Robert Louis Stevenson.

OVERFLOW

Our own drama, music and movie critic, who takes such a drubbing in today's Safety Valve column, may take solace in reading this extract from the effort of a brother critic. The paragraphs quoted are from a review in the Oregon State Barometer picture "Laughing Boy," with Lupe Velez:

"Velez, the young Indian girl whose parents died before the story begins, has been educated in the white man's school. She has learned many of the white man's ways of living. She has acquired many bad habits which comes from not being protected by her parents. For many years she lived with the white people and when she became of age and left alone she finds little trouble in making her way. But even with the advantages given her by the whites, she feels the urge to return to the desert and her own people.

"With members of her own tribe she returns to the native country of her forefathers. She is refused by the Indians branding her as a bad woman and tells her to return to the white people.

"Customs of the white man conflict with the Indians'. The white man refuses to accept her in his society only as a means of satisfying his own desires. She has tried to return her to the Indian people and was branded. She develops a dual personality, one side she shows to the white man and the other to her Indians. She is torn with emotion to the happy hunting ground."

As Filbert, the office nut, remarked, we are torn with emotion to adjourn.

On Other Campuses

"Depression Babies"

In a few weeks some five hundred graduates are stepping into what they hope is a receptive world, bearing the degrees of this university, and equipped to make their way in the various occupations whic hthey are entering.

It is worthy of comment that they have passed through a singularly interesting time of study. When they entered the university in the fall of 1930, the world was on the point of reaching the abysmal depths of depression. Throughout their college career they have continued through the depths of depression, hampered a little by its effects, no doubt at the same time learning a great lesson.

Those who have made a special study of the reasons and effects of present-day conditions have been afforded a magnificent experiment. Those who have not been directly connected with such studies, have nevertheless been able to observe what has been going on around them.

This great object lesson learned in a time which is most adaptable for the assimulation of such a lesson, should not be forgotten. The students of this time, the "Depression Babies," have the knowledge at their disposal to qualify their being true citizens of this or any other country. With the qualification they have gained behind them, they should look to the future with the determination that they can be the ones to protect their common interests, with those of their country.

Human nature and zeal are always the same, but these graduates have a wealth of instruction and experience to temper those all too prevalent failings which can wreck our safety and progress. Let us, in wishing them all the success and happiness that is their due, remind them of their great obligations to their fellow creatures, their country, and the world.—McGu Daily.

Sheepskins, Minus Real Education

Many of Illinois' young hopefuls leave the campus every spring, sheepskin in fist, their tastes for cultural pursuits no more highly developed than those of the average high school pupil.

Ask them to accompany you to anything on a higher plane than a movie or a dance and they shudder. They'll gladly pass up a lecture by John Flynn to see La Garbo. They think nothing of tossing aside the opportunity to see Mr. Shawn and his dancers, if there is a "hot band" at a local boop-boop-a-doop palace.

Don't get us wrong. We're not condemning attendance at the movies, nor the art of treading on your partner's toes with a facility born of much participation in that gentle sport.

What we're saying is that if you expose yourself to four years' education in the University, you should be able to appreciate things which require a certain amount of mental effort and good taste.

The Star Course, the Hillel Forum, the "Y" Forum, and the Uni band concerts offer the student a chance to grow. The person who doesn't choose to attend these things is cheating himself out of an education just as much as if he were to sign up for a course and never take it.

Must educated people always be amused by things which require no mental effort?—Daily Illini.

Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

Headline from the Oregon State Barometer:

"STUDENTS GRAFT TREES"

Quick, Watson, the auditor!

* * *

Mr. Donald K. Eva, whose residence is only three and three-quarters feet away from our own as the crow flies, stepped up to us yesterday and queried,

"Clark, do you have earwigs in your apartment?"

"No," said we, somewhat taken aback, "You must have just seen some of our friends."

"No, seriously," he retorted, "Do you have 'em?" We shook our head.

Well I have," he stated bitterly. "They're all over the place!" He paused and scowled. "I'm getting 'em under control, though."

"Splendid," we said, "How?"

"It's easy," he chortles. "All I do is sprinkle a lot of sand on the floor. Then I set down a saucer of gin. The earwigs guzzle the gin, get fighting drunk, and start throwing rocks at each other. Simple, isn't it?"

The latest reports indicate that he has a fifty-fifty chance for recovery.

* * *

The Betas have suffered a great disappointment recently. It seems that they completed the raft which was to support their float in the Canoe Fete a short time ago and, in order to cap this great piece of construction with the proper climax, they determined to CHRISTEN the thing. Accordingly, Charley Shay or Rocky Goodell or another of the more prosperous brothers went downtown and bought a bottle of real, genuine CHAMPAGNE at the l-q-r st-r-. The brothers then proceeded en masse to where the raft reposed on the banks of the millrace. They gathered about it, a tense ,expectant group. One of the Hendricks hall girls, summoned for the occasion, seized the bottle and swung it back to gain momentum for the down-stroke. Unfortunately, the gal's hand was wet, and the bottle flew from her grasp, described a short arc in the air, and sank without a trace in the murky waters of the millrace.

Our last official report indicates that the Betas have been diving for two days, but with little success. The raft still remains forlornly unchristened.

* * *

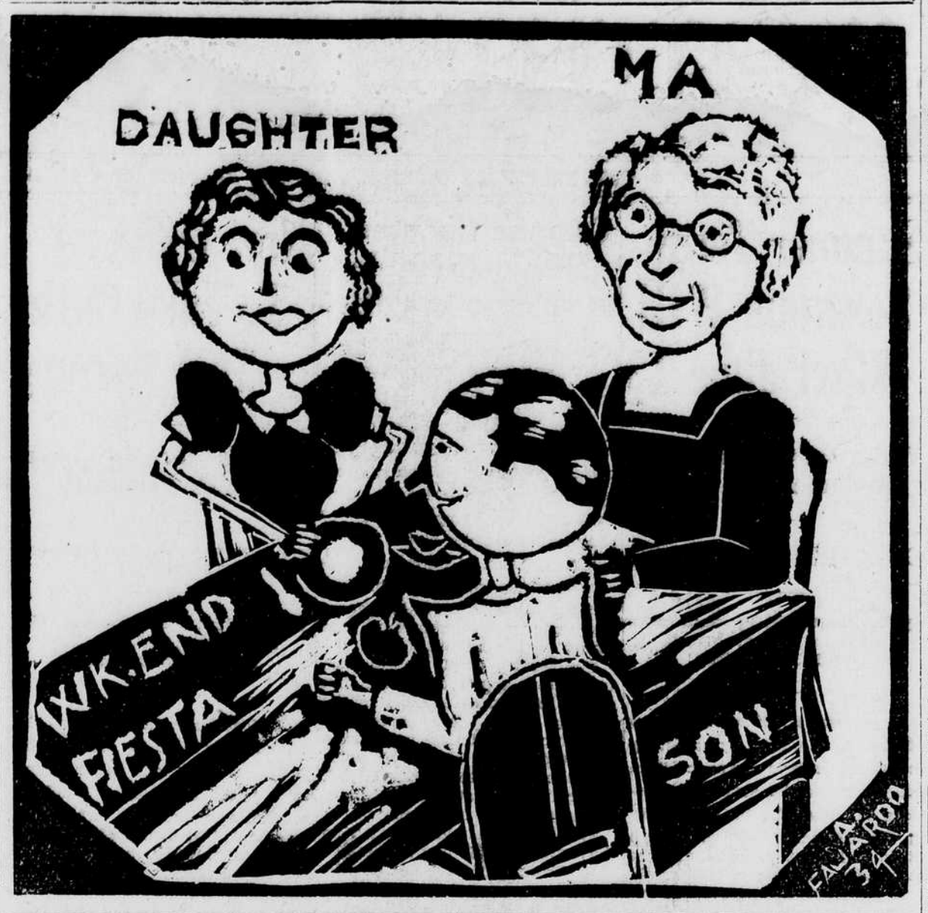
OGDEN GNASHES

"Though mother's smile
Is bright and cheery,
Our advice is—
'Watch it, dearie'!"

* * *

"A stitch in time saves embarrassment!"

When Three Is a Company -- By ALFREDO FAJARDO



University Day, Junior Weekend's Extinct Forebear

Prof. Frederic S. Dunn

A row of flat tombstones leading along the north side of Deady and thence, from the east front, straight down to Kincaid Street! They are in memory of a unique family, now altogether extinct! Inscribed in the cement, one reads at the head of the series, 'University Day, 1906', and, at the Twelfth Street entrance to the Campus, 'University Day, 1911'. Scions of an illustrious ancestry, to be traced back to the first Junior Exhibition in 1890, they are more noteworthy as forebears of the present spectacular Junior Weekend.

Catalogs of the University, for years in succession, seem to have granted meager recognition to this, one of the earliest campus activities. Underneath a very brief calendar, which, however, was expanded to include every single event of Commencement Week, this addendum was repeated, word for word, year after year, 'The dates for the winter and spring recesses and the Junior Exhibition will be fixed by the Faculty'. Not a single other reference to it until Vol. 1, No. 1, of the New Series edited by President Frank Strong, where for the first time it is given its merited calendar rating, 'May 3,—Junior Day and Junior Exhibition'.

* * *

Dr. Strong had come from Kansas where the class rushes were rather strenuous, (echoes of them had reached me at Harvard), but our own campus riot of that same May 3rd, 1900, made even the Kansan look out of his office windows in Villard. I can not recall that he winked at me, who was likewise longing to jump out of Deady's windows, just opposite. His face was somewhat elongated at this time.

Next year, therefore, on the very eve of Junior Day, as it had now been duly christened, President Strong issued a pronunciamento warning all parties to abstain from violence, which rendered the offensive powerless and hte elaborate defenses of the class almost farcical. As early as 9 o'clock of the previous Thursday evening, the Juniors secured the halyards of the flagstaff to the top of Villard Hall and flew their pennant the next day in pacific, though rather pathetic, inactivity.

But the effect of the manifesto was absolutely dissipated by next year's Junior Day. The stratagem of the dry-goods box half way up the pole ,in which Juniors were to guard their flag utterly failed in this instance. The Sophomores got possession of the hose, drowned the sentinels in their box, drove the others from their intrenchments, and eventually tore the pennant to shreds. The Betsy Rosses of the class meanwhile had another flag ready and it finally flew in triumph. No wonder that Jim Gilbert, doughty member of the class, fulminated from the rostrum in Villard that evening in his oration,

'I will lay on for Tuscalum,
And lay thou on for Rome'.

The stark and the dying were strewn in his wake all the way from Lake Regillus.

* * *

So, it had gone on from year to year, until Junior Day of '04 saw 'A Sophomore Victory' as I find it dubbed in a clipping from the Oregon Weekly of that date, to which is appended this significant remark, 'No injuries reported other than slight damages to Villard Hall'. It was the last of Junior Days.

Such was the lusty line of progeniture of a new system which a tired and outraged Faculty persuaded the Student Body to inaugurate in 1905. Junior Day ebbed away into memories and into its place slipped a new entity, University Day, now definitely a holiday, still under auspices of the Junior Class but to be shared by the entire college, and given a constructive program. It was one of the inspirational sequences of the benevolent, optimistic reign of 'Good Prince Lucien' and editorially proclaimed as 'A Great Day for The University'.

The new regime started off brilliantly. I have used the term 'constructive', but uninformed people, looking on at some of the activities that day, might have imagined chaos still at large. The old white fence ,document of Eugene's pioneer days, when cattle and sheep sometimes went wild, was torn down. Another squad of students climbed to the crest of Skinner's Butte and dismantled the old Observatory which had long since been abandoned and become a community nuisance. But still others, far from being wreckers, utilized some old lumber and constructed a walk from the entrance of Kincaid Field, about where the parking place by Johnson Hall is now located, to the bleachers, at that time extending over the site of Condon Hall. It spanned a pond of oozy mud, still leaving to the Elevens all the mud they needed.

* * *

And then, at noon, the Campus Luncheon,—sometimes on the lawn in front of the Dorm, as Friendly Hall was called; at others under the trees to the west of Deady. When it rained, we retreated to cover in the Dorm.

Each year a definite program was laid out, entailing some needy improvement, in which everybody gleefully took part. 1906 saw the first of the cement walks, constructed wholly by student labor, beginning on the north side of Deady Hall, a series that was consistently maintained until 1911, when, it would seem, the University Administration felt itself sufficiently affluent to assume all such enterprises.

Curiously enough, that same epigraph of 1911 marks also the last of the Junior Exhibitions. Apparently unannounced, but with general consent, the honored old function of Junior Rhetoricals were now no more.

Meanwhile in 1908, the Class of '09 gave considerable expansion to the usual series of events and were the first to use the phrase Junior Weekend, though most of the features of University Day were still carried on. And gradually, almost imperceptibly, we became aware that University Day in its turn had faded into the past. To it had succeeded the three-day festival we now celebrate, with its pageantry, its sports, its Canoe Fete, its Junior Prom, its articulation with Mothers Day and Vespers. But, amid it all, Class of 1935, consider the nobility of your ancestry, way back there in the Pleistocene Age of the University.

Seventh in the series, Saturday, "When the Freshmen of the Faculty Staged a Stunt."

Under the Mikeroscope

By JIMMY MORRISON

THOMAS BRYAN GEORGE, turf expert, will "and the winnah" Saturday at 1:45 p. m., when he describes the Preakness, annual feature race of the Maryland Jockey club and one of the country's outstanding turf events, from the track at Pimlico. So boys, get out your Panamas, pull up your chairs, and hope that your horse won't be scratched.

* * *

Mother's day will be observed with a coast-to-coast broadcast of the Portland Symphony orchestra, directed by Joseph Sampietro. The orchestra will be augmented by the Benedictine Boys' choir of Mount Angel, Oregon, and by the 80-voice mixed chorus of the Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother, on the grounds of which the program will originate.

* * *

George Burns and Gracie Allen, after several months in the Hollywood studios making movies, arrived in New York May 1 and are again broadcasting from that metropolis. Gracie is still carrying on that campaign of inventing traps which she started in "We're Not Dressing."

* * *

A celebrity, they say, isn't really famous until he has had two things named after him—a Pullman car and a horse. Ted Husing has arrived, for a Pullman named Husing made its debut on the tracks last year, and just the other day a two-year-old named Ted Husing made its first appearance on another kind of track at Jamaica, Long Island.

Ted Husing, the horse crossed the line a winner ,and Ted Husing, the announcer, started figuring his winnings at 8-1, when the judges disqualified Ted Husing, the horse, for cutting over in the back stretch.

* * *

Here is a welcome bit of news: Fred Waring's sponsors have decided to discontinue having guest stars on the program . Now, if only Mr. Camel will remove his perpetual guest artists, Stoopnagle and Budd, Glen Gray would no doubt be pleased.

* * *

Dance Bands Tonight

6:00—KSL, Henry Busse.
6:30—KFI, Don Bestor.
7:20—KOIN, Isham Jones.
8:15—KYA, Kay Kyser.
8:30—KDYL, KOA, Hal Kemp.
9:30—KGW, Tom Coakley.
9:45—KFWB, Earl Hoffman.
10:00—KOA, Smith Ballew.
KOIN, Johnny Robinson.
10:10—KYA, Jesse Stafford.
10:15—KGW, Jay Whidden.
10:30—KSL, Gus Arnheim.
11:00—KFI, Ted Fio Rito.
11:30—KFI, Carol Loefner .

* * *

Kappa Sigs were on the air yesterday. Fred Hammond, freshman class president, is a bit versatile. He played piano and took part in a play in which it was necessary for him to impersonate a girl by the use of falsetto.

Alpha Xi Delta finds it impossible to appear in the studio today, so unless something forestalls him, Jack Miller, the Emerald sports reporter, will crisply tell you what's doing.

RUSH WEEK TO BE SHORTENED IN FALL

(Continued From Page One)

an opinion, which they would form under normal conditions.

"2. One less day of rushing would decrease the expenses incoming men are subject to for hotel and room expenses.

"3. One less day of rushing would decrease the expense and time involved by fraternity men in rushing.

"4. One less day of rushing would add a day after registration for procuring text materials and incidentals necessary for the commencement of school on the Monday following registratoin.

"For the above reasons, the interfraternity council wishes to go on record as favoring registration to begin on Thursday of Freshman week and end on the noon of the next day."

MOOT TRIAL VERDICT OUGHT TO CURL HAIR

(Continued from Page One)

plied to a student of his limited ability and experience in forensics. Hempstead, whose glossy straight hair shone in the softly lit Eugene circuit court room, drew a laugh from the court audience by stating that he though the phrase "curly haired debater" would apply more accurately to himself than to the plaintiff.

In attempting to point out that the libelous note appeared on the law school bulletin board because of the negligence of Landye and Stocklen, Attorney Ireland for the plaintiff was rebuffed by a court objection. Apparently, however, he established this point to the satisfaction of nine of the twelve jurymen, selected from a panel of University law and pre-law students; for by a nine to three decision the jury found for the plaintiff to the extent of $50 special damages and $1500 general damages.

This was the third of a series of moot trials being conducted by Professor Orlando J. Hollis' senior class in trial procedure.

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:
Dear Sir:

Gripe, gripe, gripe—F'Gawd's sake, Mister Editor, give us Barney Clark's humor column, give us misspelled names or give us the devil—but don't dish out any more of the contumelious tripe that passes as musical criticism in your esteemed sheet—a human stomach just ain't that strong.

After the marvelous performance of the University Symphony orchestra Monday night, what do we get Tuesday morning? A blithering mess of specious blahhhhh to which even a sixth grade child would be ashamed to sign his name. We blush for shame, not that a college student should be so ignorant of music, but that a newspaper that strives for quality should publish time after time the same brand of stuff.

To be specific: Did your critic notice the faultlessness of the French horn in the open bars of "Oberon?"—did he mark the artistry of the double-stopped plucked strings in the "Easter Bells?"—or the way the rest of the orchestra blended the conscious dissonances into harmony?—Did he notice the unusual felicity of Rex Underwood's conducting? —Did he—oh, well . . .

The answer is: "NO!" Instead we have the assurance that Miss Sweeney played a more difficult piece in her solo than with the orchestra . . . as a matter of fact, it's just the opposite. We have it suggested that the fandango movement in "Capriccio Espagnol" be played with "more passionate abandon—more speed." Hasn't he learned that a fandango is of a fixed tempo just as a minuet?

There is not a word of the performance of the orchestra as a whole—no jot of appreciative criticism. Merely a childish piece of "hurry-up" writing . . .

Phooey—Yours for a new music critic or a more chastened one,

Ludwig von Beethoven.

P. S.—This outburst is not merely of Monday night's formation but is the accretion of two and one-half terms.

L. v. B.

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