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Eleanor Roosevelt in Hyde Park, producing furniture which carries her autograph. Also, occasionally, one sees a dispatch that certain students of a girls' school with which Mrs. Roosevelt is affiliated are spending the weekend at the White House. It is unreasonable to suppose that she is autographing furniture for sale without expecting that she will be well paid for the labor involved. Undoubtedly her product sells on the market for a much larger price than competing manufacturers are able to get.

Likewise, the cost of attending her school would probably be much more than the average rate. Mothers, looking over school catalogs, are bound to be influenced by the possibility of their daughters' spending a weekend with the president and his wife.

In addition to these other business activities, a large part of the publicity on them is through articles in magazines for which she is paid. Consequently, because of her position as the first lady of the land, she is enabled to make considerable "spending money."

Mrs. Roosevelt is in the public eye at all times and everything she does receives a wide range of publicity. She has not an official public office by which she is making private profit, but her position is certainly important unofficially. There is no necessity for the cheap publicity which has been indulged in to increase the profit of her undertakings.

Trouble on the Docks

THE possibility of government intervention in the Pacific coast longshoremen's strike loomed last night as Oregon's evening papers ran large headlines proclaiming the dictum of Charles A. Reynolds, Seattle member of the mediation board, that the public should not be penalized for the failure of industry to proceed on account of the strike. "If strike conditions exist," he said, "the parties should be forced to arbitrate so that industry might proceed without penalizing the public."

Few strikes are ever conducted without federal intervention, and seemingly this strike will be no different. The government, bent on keeping industry going full steam ahead, will find it to its interest to blast out any obstacle to keep the wheels turning. This seems to be Mr. Reynolds' attitude as well, which is not exceptional, for it is the belief of the average American.

The rub comes when we realize that all industry (theoretically at least) is carried on for the benefit of that large group of which the longshoremen are a part. It is in their interests, supposedly, that all our domestic and foreign trade, commerce and business in general are carried on. But Mr. Reynolds presumes that this is a small group of men blocking an essential thing in an illegal way.

If the longshoremen are underpaid, overworked or not given decent laboring conditions, they are merely fighting the battle of every American worker who finds himself in similar straits. For the government to intervene is to cut its own throat, for we consider our federal officers as merely mouthpieces of America.

Forcing arbitration is another dangerous thing. Mr. Reynolds must realize that the shippers and commercial men had no desire to enter this strike. They were perfectly content to leave matters as they stood. The workers, on the other hand, went all the way to meet their employers in the strike. Consequently, it will not take very much arbitration to satisfy the shippers. The longshoremen, however, will not be easily satisfied. Discontent has been fomenting among this group for so long that they have set the price of a peaceful settlement very high. They did not strike until they knew what they wanted and felt that they could get it. Now the burden of proof rests with them.

All of which means that forced arbitration is going to put the workers at a distinct handicap. Their goal is so much more difficult to attain than that of their employers, that to shove through a speedy arbitration pact is to slap them in the face and tell them that the government is not interested in labor's problems. The government might well intervene in the upper workings of industry rather than among these workers who are frank in their desires and have nothing to hide in their fight to raise living standards.

Munition Makers and Peace

WAR clouds are hanging over Europe. But it is not to the pompous diplomats or the tin soldier leaders of some of the nations that the interested onlooker must turn to for the cause. Beneath the surface sheen of patriotism and nationalism the economic factor, ever present in wars from time immemorial, rears its ugly head which has now grown to gigantic proportions.

The press of the nation has blared forth at times that war is imminent. Perhaps so in the near East where monied interests are more closely controlled by the government, but in Europe it would be bad business for the munitions and armament manufacturers to start a war before years had been spent and millions come into their treasuries from a national armament race such as is in progress. If war does come tomorrow it will be because of a diplomatic blunder and not because of any pre-arranged economic plan.

It was 40 years before the arms manufacturers saw fit to start the World War and even then it was felt that a political mistake set off the fuse prematurely. It was 40 years before it came, but it came, and so will another war as long as these economic interests which place their pocketbooks before their country are allowed to fatten on grief and bloodshed.

W. S. U'Ren, veteran Portland attorney, speaking recently before the Score, said that he had heard an American Legionnaire state that it was common knowledge in certain circles that English, German, and French armament manufacturers made an international agreement not to bomb any ammunition works but only to blow up ammunition dumps! Coal and iron interests have a similar compact. And these truces were kept! This illustration is but one of the many that show the economic interests not only as the principal cause of war but as the controlling factor in starting and conducting modern warfare!

The temptation of Midas must be removed and the operations of these munitions and arms manufacturers must be curtailed if the peace of the world is to be assured.

So Bishop Cannon's flock won't pay his trial expenses. They probably object to having their funds used as Cannon fodder.

It's a Great Life

By MARIE PELL



Alumni Valhalla

By HOWARD E. KESSLER

Author's note: This is the first of a series of articles on American higher education prior to the Civil War. All data and names, where they are given, are authentic.

THE Old Guard looked somewhat superciliously at the new arrival. "A year book? What do we want with a year book?" scoffed a tarty old Harvard alumnus of 1817. "Don't you know we never recognize the passing of time up here?"

"Well, it's like this, gentlemen," earnestly insisted the energetic Michigan man, class of 1930. "Things seem so dead here..." "Ha, a punster!" snorted the Old Grad. "That reminds me of the Harvard man who was so addicted to punning that he laid him a wager that he could not refrain from it an hour in company. Before the time was up he happened to see a sailor in the street who had lost a leg, swinging between two crutches, and immediately began to whistle the tune of 'Through the Wood Ladder'."

"That's it exactly!" enthusiastically cried the New Grad. "That's all I want you to do for me. I'm writing a series of reminiscences for the first edition of the 'Valhalla,' and you can help me out by recalling your college days. Surely you wouldn't refuse that for dear old Valhalla." The young man's pleading eyes almost convinced the Old Guard.

"You mean stories like young Savage being reprimanded publicly for having come through a hole in the college fence at 12 o'clock at night?" queried a Columbia grad of 1768.

"Nothing more," rejoined the journalist. The Old Guard looked at each other and at the young man undecidedly, and turned to their leader, a grey-haired patriarch who owed his position to being the first college graduate in America, Harvard class of 1642. The Patriarch's eyes twinkled.

"How do you want us to start, young man?" "Then you agree to help me, gentlemen?" "I believe my colleagues can give you what you want," acquiesced the Patriarch, smiling tolerantly at the youthful exuberance of the New Grad.

"Then I thank you from the bottom of my heart, sir, and all the rest of you too." He paused to consider. "Now, I should like to do this in some order, so if there are no objections, would you tell me something about your entrance requirements to college?" The New Grad hastily arranged his note-book and waited with poised pencil for the memories which were to be recalled.

"The reading of Latin prose and poetry and an elementary knowledge of Greek constituted the requirements of my day," began the Patriarch. "That was around 1642."

"Somewhat different from the present elaborate qualifications," remarked the New Grad in a slightly condescending tone.

"But you must remember, young man, that college students were much younger in my day. Why, the average age of those who entered in the seventeenth century was slightly more than 15 years. Cotton Mather of the class of '78 graduated when 15 years old and Paul Dudley, a 1690 man, took his bachelor's degree at 14 years."

"Requirements stiffened considerably by the nineteenth century in Harvard, however," spoke up a grad of 1822. "In 1818 candidates for admission were examined by the president of the university, the professors and the tutors. No one was admitted to the examination unless he was of good moral character, certified in writing by his preceptor or some other suitable person. To be received into the freshman class the candidate had to be thoroughly acquainted with the grammar of the Latin and Greek languages, including prosody; to be able properly to construe and parse any portion of Daziel's Collectanea Graeca Minora, the Greek testament, Virgil, Sallust, Cicero's select orations, and to translate English into Latin correctly. He had to be well versed in ancient and modern geography, the fundamental rules of arithmetic, vulgar and decimal fractions, simple and compound proportions, single and double fellowship, allegation, medial and alternate, and algebra to the end of the simple equations, comprehending also the doctrine of roots and powers, arithmetical and geometrical progression."

"Strike me down!" exclaimed the New Grad. "I doubt if I could pass that exam."

"They weren't that hard on the boys at my school," said a Bowdoin man of 1820. "All we needed was a thorough knowledge of the Buccolicks, the four books of the Georgics of Virgil, Collectanea Graeca Minora, the Aenid, Cicero's Orations, the Greek and Latin grammars and the Greek testament."

"The whole system seems to be based on Greek and Latin," commented the scribe. "You're smart," complimented a Columbia alum of 1760. "You understand right away. And to drive the point still more securely, let me add that we had the same system at dear old King's or Columbia as it was renamed after the revolution. Also we had to read well and write a good legible hand and be well versed in the first five rules in arithmetic, as far as division and reduction."

"Well, now that we settled the entrance requirements," interrupted the New Grad, obviously anxious to change the subject, "let's get on to the freshman's fate after he has been admitted. Just what was the life of the first year student in your time?"

And the Old Guard looked at each other and smiled broadly. (This series will be carried on in future issues of the Emerald.)

Modes of the Moment

By ADELAIDE HUGHES

Of course this summer you'll be away from the campus, you'll be going places and seeing things, and you'll need clothes and more clothes. You'll be sitting at tables (if only those tables could talk, what tete-a-tete tales they could tell!) walking up the avenue with the smoothest man you know, playing tennis and dancing.

Perhaps the most exciting moments of every woman's life are spent at a table. A table for two. Have you ever given a thought to "above the table" chic? Well, believe you me, the dress has a lot to do with it. Of course the skirt should be smart, but all the drama in your dress should be above the table.

Breakfast: You've been for a swift round of golf and then you and the man of the moment have breakfast on the country club porch. You'll need something casual but yet smart enough to hold attention. A white linen with

bright buttons and belt would be just the thing. Luncheon: A smart silk print with a jacket, and if bridge afterwards proves too suffocating, slip off the jacket. This outfit is also appropriate to wear into town shopping.

Dinner: Moment of moments, something soft and rippling, covered arms and shoulders and when worn with a demure expression nothing could be more appealing.

Dancing: Something stimulating! High neck, low back. Glamorous, exciting, for your table for two. Something thrilling enough to make him start whispering "you ought to be in pictures." And well also guarantee in a dress with all those qualifications you'll have the rest of the gals way underneath the table.

Mikrofun

By GEORGE BIKMAN

Just to show you that this column can be written with a different twist, the Casa Loma orches-

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tra won't be mentioned once from start to finish.

What with this Junior Weekend rush, dishing out this trite stuff, and whatnot, the ol' gray matter just couldn't take it. Our celeb-lum has gone to seed and an idea has sprouted. So you, poor readers, must bear with us; read it and sleep. Here it is, for butter or worst:

We propose that next year, fall term, a series of programs be presented on the Emerald-of-the-Air featuring what would be so far as we know a new variety of entertainment. Strictly student stuff. True, that's supposed to be what we have now, but this would be different.

The field would be wider. Original songs, student compositions in classical music, ventures in verse, plenty of poetry, short stories, essays even. See? And since it would be more of a case of art for Art's sake, and not DeNeff's or someone's, there should be a less hesitant spirit on the part of the contributors, n'est-ce pas?

The series would provide an opportunity for a lot of you ladies and gentlemen who feel that you have something for radio broadcasting, but your big chance just hasn't presented itself, so the realm of ether must get along without you. This refers to all sorts of talent. If it's literary you can read it, or someone else can. If it's musical (Continued on Page Three)

Infrequent Vice-Hander

By JIMMY MORRISON

"Do you think I'm conceited?" asked Gertie Boyle, Pi Phi prize, of Norman Lauritz a few evenings ago.

Lauritz thought rapidly. Could it be possible that it had gotten back to her already? But he answered hastily, "What about?" Gertie Boyle.

Yesterday was the first time this year that Sigma Delta Chi had retained part of their feminine audience and kept their speeches clean, because girls and their mothers found it necessary to walk in line past the library steps to get to their lunches.

Somebody suggested tying a piece of meat to each Emerald today, because if the publication is going to the dogs when the freshmen issue it, we ought to cater to them.

Little fishy in the brook— Papa catch him with a hook. Mamma fry him in the pan, But Baby couldn't eat him, because he was all burned up when Mamma went to answer the telephone.

Guess I'll pull a Clark on you kids and quit.

Liberarities

By RUTH WEBER

WITH so many new books being reviewed, it is easy for one to forget the "talked about" books of a few years ago. They are still worth raving about, and perhaps more accessible than those written later. For instance, have you read:

"Moussia: The Life and Death of Marie Bashkirtseff" by Alberic Cahuet.

This unforgettable Russian girl is thus described by the author: "Marie is a black and white figure. She symbolizes these two dramas of our humanity: Life, Death. She is thought, delirium, love, pride, violence, defeat, triumph, construction and destruction, all that we are."

Marie speaks for herself through her diary: "It seems to me that nobody loves everything as I do; the arts, music, painting, books, society, clothes, luxury, noise, calm, laughter, sadness, melancholy, love, cold, sunshine, all the seasons, all the atmospheric states, the calm plains of Russia and the mountains around Naples; the snow in winter, the autumn rains, the spring and its follies, the tranquil days of summer and the beautiful nights with brilliant stars. I love and admire everything. Everything presents itself to me under interesting or sublime aspects. I should like to see everything, to have everything, to embrace everything, to lose myself in everything and die, since I must, in two years or thirty years; die with ecstasy to experience that last mystery, that end of all or that divine beginning."

"Sunwise Turn" by Madge Jenison. A human comedy of bookselling—it is about two women who opened a different kind of a bookshop. "It is the way we did something that we thought and felt and that was full of meaning for us; and it was so hard to do and so interesting that I doubt if a razor's edge more of work or interest could be put into four years than went into those four for us through it."

"The Prophet" by Khalil Gibran. A hundred pages of philosophy, written in Oriental style, telling of "all that had been shown to the prophet of that which is between birth and death." Almustafa, the prophet, just before he was to leave the "city," spoke to his people of the various phases of life, such as love, marriage, work, freedom.

What kind of books do you read? Do you narrow your interests to the field in which you're majoring? Supplementary reading lists often fail to arouse interest, but a really clever book about books will widen your literary interests and set you to jotting down books that you must read. Such a book is Stephenson S. Smith's "The Craft of the Critic." Have a look in it before you plan your summer reading.

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Our Fingers Are Crossed

IF the Emerald editor had a hat, he would be walking around the campus looking for a place to hang it. His office is closed to him, while a crew of freshman journalists earnestly endeavor to replace the regular issue with something which they hope can be identified as a newspaper.

The phone rings. Someone wants to talk to the editor, but hangs up with a disgusted "oh" when he is told that the freshman substitute is holding sway today, which somehow makes the neophyte feel a trifle insignificant.

Regardless of the fact that regular staff members were allowed a vacation, several curious individuals insisted on coming around to stand in the halls and to invade the sanctity of the editorial offices wishing the harassed frosh crew "luck" with knowing accent. They impress one as standing by to see that the paper doesn't come out with six-inch screamers and comic strips on the front page.

Freshmen, being an independent lot, want no interference with their efforts and the upperclassmen wend their weary ways home to toss sleeplessly, wondering what will be wrong with the frosh edition.

Mothers, Here We Are

SIGNIFICANT of the new and somewhat interested view of parents are the Mother's Day festivities which have been co-ordinated with the Junior Weekend activities. Observing the students on the campus accompanied by mothers, the very recent "Joe College" days when "father and mother paid all the bills and we had all the fun," seem rather unreal. A new conception of the place of parents in the collegiate firmament seems to be slowly crystallizing student thought into a genuine desire for parents to view the campus personally, and to form a first-hand opinion of values accruing from a four-year sojourn at the "U." The competition between houses for highest Mother's Day registration is one manifestation of this thought.

There is no denying that the present campus scenery affords us a pleasant thought as to its impressions on visitors. Certainly a pleasant stroll down 13th avenue with Mother, when trees are in full foliage, birds singing, and flowers blooming, is more pleasing to Mother than the old custom of going home for a day to furnish Mother a great deal of hard work. Mother's Day on the campus furnishes an opportunity for parents to view the campus at its most beautiful period of the year; and to witness a representative portion of University activities, while obtaining a personal knowledge of campus life not based on hearsay.

Battleships or Scholarships

WITH hundreds of millions of dollars being expended in armaments under the present policy of the government, supposedly to insure peace, it is indeed pathetic that education, prime guarantor of an understanding viewpoint toward our fellow nations, should continue in want. However, we know such to be the case.

While \$45,000,000 battleships are constructed with a surprising abandon of the purses of the people, educational facilities are every year curtailed and restricted.

Says Henry S. Curtis, in School and Society: "A short time ago as I was talking with Mr. Davis, our minister to Panama, he said that in his experience, a period of study in an American university often turned a young man who was bitterly anti-American into an American sympathizer. He said many of the Spanish-American countries had a certain fear of us on account of our size and our known military strength. They suspected us of being imperialistic. But a sojourn in this country usually dispelled this idea and brought them back with quite a different mental attitude in regard to us."

It is true that a visit into a foreign land, where we find the citizens do not bite and are, all in all, just as full of humanity and brother-love as are we, will change any antagonism which we may have had toward that people.

The annual cost of maintaining a modern battleship is estimated at \$7,000,000. That sum, expended in scholarships, would account for 7,000 at \$1,000 each. Who can doubt that 7,000 international scholarships would do more to keep the peace of the world than one battleship.

Obviously, our need of defense depends on the dangers that threaten us. These dangers are largely determined by the attitude toward us of surrounding countries. If they are friendly there is little need of powerful armaments, and friendship can best be gained by returning ambassadors of good will to preach the desirability of peace toward us, not by pointing guns ominously and demanding peace, or else.

First Lady in Business

MAGAZINES and newspapers throughout the country are carrying publicity at the present time about the shop maintained by Mrs. Anna