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Politics and Education

UNDER the caption of Toties Quoties the Emerald today reprints an editorial from the Spectator of Saturday, August 11, 1934, entitled, "Is It a Stalemate?"

The "recent meeting" of the state board of higher education referred to in the Spectator's writing is that of June 18, 1934, at which Willard Marks, president of the board, appointed a committee of three, with himself sitting as ex-officio chairman, to survey the potential chancellor field and report at the next meeting. As might have been expected, the report was not made at the next meeting, but the one after.

The Spectator says that President Marks' "tact and sagacious methods have made him noteworthy among Oregon politicians." It goes farther by hinting that Mr. Marks might run for governor in 1938, and for this reason has administered an unexpected mystifying policy as president of the state board.

It is not for the Emerald to dabble in politics. A university daily cannot be expected to be kept well informed in the Stealthy Machiavellism of Oregon Politics. It cannot, however, fail to overhear rumors that persistently float in this seat of higher learning from the state capitol and the metropolises.

The Spectator is in error, if the Emerald is to form its opinion from the buzz on the campus. Mr. Marks doesn't want to run for governor, it is rumored, but he would like to go to congress.

It is the opinion of the Emerald that the state board of higher education be free from politics, even if headed by a man "noteworthy among Oregon politicians." The board should run its affairs uninfluenced by ordinary political considerations, and certainly it should not resort to ordinary political methods.

It is deplorable that education should be involved in politics as deeply as it is. Members of the state board of higher education must bear in mind that they were not appointed for political considerations, but to administer the laws in regard to education from an unbiased, state-wide point of view, without fear or favor.

War Is Swell

IF General Sherman had been a steel or munitions manufacturer instead of a soldier, his famous words would probably have been, "War is swell."

The recent congressional investigation has clearly shown what many people have long suspected—that state departments and national heads are often swayed largely by, if not actually subservient to manufacturing interests which reap an enormous profit from war. The congressional committee uncovered instances where employees of the munitions interests had been railroaded into the ranks of Congress and had stayed there for years working to promote the traffic in death-dealing machinery.

It was also found that companies have been selling munitions to friend and foe alike. Guns made in Allied countries during the World war were used a few weeks later to mow down Allied troops.

In view of the light which the investigation has thrown on the origins of international conflict, a new theory has been propounded which seems to strike at the root of the evil by wiping out the causes for war rather than by trying to suppress its various symptoms.

Senator Vandenberg's plan for ending war, sometimes called "universal conscription," would abolish the commercial motive by providing that "in the event of war every citizen, business, and corporation shall pay into the national treasury 95 per cent of all profits or earnings in excess of the last preceding three-year average."

The plan, strange as it may seem, has been endorsed by powerful veteran and pacifist organizations. Perhaps young men will no longer have to die in battle to make old men rich, or be slain by guns which their fathers have sold to the enemy.

Labor Cooperates

IT is indeed difficult to remain neutral in the industrial battles which have convulsed America since the golden days of '29. Especially since the Rooseveltian challenge to the participants in the class war, one is inclined to damn the devil as he sees him. It is no longer possible to suspend judgment. To salt down all of one's prejudice, though, and approach the thing scientifically is too much trouble for the average person. A few bits of evidence do stand out, however.

For a year and a half labor has accepted Roosevelt's proposals much more speedily than has Wall Street and the industrialists. The powers that be have constantly been disappointed in the President's speeches and have found little to bolster their confidence in the future of bigger and better profits. Labor, on the other hand, has seen visions of a better day in nearly every public utterance of the New Yorker. The result has been prompt response on the part of organized labor to most of Roosevelt's

proposals, while organized capital has been so backward that there is little to say.

Of course, say many, 'what would you expect?' If good things are coming labor's way, why shouldn't it respond? Similarly, if capital is losing out, why shouldn't it refuse to cooperate, but actually fight a desperate battle for self-preservation? This is only half the story. Labor has lost out more than once by being too hasty in falling in with the administration's proposals. Witness the dismal failure of coast workers to obtain justice once a federal mediation board got control. Quite as questionable is the crop-reduction policy. The industrialists have suffered some too. It is probable that had big business pushed the New Deal as wholeheartedly as did labor, a much better condition would prevail in the country today. Adamant industrialists by the score would now be in a much better position had they gone along with the administration.

The point is, that regardless of consequences to either class, labor has been in a much more cooperative spirit than has the employer. Roosevelt's trial strike truce plan is the latest and one of the best examples. Immediately after its presentation all the vast resources of the American Federation of Labor were placed behind it, the textile union had pledged its allegiance and workers' unions were preparing to send representatives to the White House within the month to draw up plans for the truce.

Capital, upon hearing the President's utterance, immediately began to sulk and whimper. It could find little assurance in the speech or the plan. It condemned Roosevelt's avoidance of the budget-balancing question and was worried because he did not announce the end of monetary experimentation. The bankers challenged him right and left, and getting no satisfaction, retired to their respective corners for another sulking session.

It is only too clear that the powerful forces of the bankers, industrialists and Wall Street dictators in general are not in accord with the administration. The greatest menace is the possibility that should Roosevelt set up a real cooperative system with labor, the capitalists will begin a program of organized sabotage that will thrust the whole thing on the rocks. Time alone will tell.

Munitions Evidence

TIMOROUS cabinet members have caused sensational disclosures of the Senate arms probe to be kept from reporters on the grounds that American business would suffer as a result of the revelation of private negotiations, and that other nations are being antagonized by the publicity given disparaging evidence concerning their high officials.

The Senate committee is entirely within its legal rights in refusing to give reporters the evidence, but the special nature of this committee's investigation should lay it bare to the world.

The only American businesses that will suffer are those which carry on negotiations that cannot stand the light of day. The only high officials whose feelings are being hurt are those who have taken part in dishonesty and disloyalty to their positions.

It matters not that King George as well as lesser lights are having their names mentioned. If the matter before the committee warrants investigation, it warrants exposure before the whole civilized world.—Daily Illini.

"Child With Bullet In Brain Is Normal" says Eugene Morning News headline. We've known some abnormally noisy children we would like to make normal.

From reliable resources the Emerald learns that the freshmen this year were again looking for Professor Staff.

Toties Quoties

Is It a Stalemate?

INQUIRIES come to The Spectator concerning the recent meeting of the state board of higher education, only meagre reports of which were carried in the newspapers. These inquiries are from graduates of both university and college, and from parents who have student sons and daughters in both institutions. There are conjectures as to what course is being pursued in selection of a new chancellor, to succeed Dr. W. J. Kerr, whose resignation is in the hands of the board, pending the appointment of his successor.

Aside from the financial needs of the system, which were stressed in the published reports of the last meeting, there seems to have been a paucity of proceedings.

President Willard L. Marks, whose tact and sagacious methods in matters of public concern have made him noteworthy among Oregon politicians, and have caused him to be mentioned favorably as a gubernatorial candidate in the 1938 state election, has preserved an unexpected reticence in his position as head of the board.

Meantime the needs of both the Eugene and Corvallis establishments are becoming more apparent. The fall semester is approaching, with no concerted campaign by the college and university alumni, the student bodies and the parent organizations to secure action by the incoming legislature on appropriations for higher education in Oregon.

It would seem that Chairman Marks, trained through legislative service and long experience in financing, might institute action looking toward provision for future needs not only of the two principal branches, but for the normal schools as well.

It may be contended that the normals are not of paramount importance with the university and the college, there being an overplus of teachers, many of them unemployed, in Oregon.

Chancellor Kerr, however, made clear the necessity for immediate action on funds for the coming year, when he appeared at the recent session of the state board of higher education.

If the board within itself is unable to agree on a course of action, it has not been announced. If there is a stalemate, the board members should let the public know, permitting public opinion to express itself.

At any rate, it looks very much as if Chairman Marks is on the spot. Tact and deliberation are marks of a good politician; Marks is a man of acumen and political aplomb; but there is evident a desire on the part of citizens of Oregon for some definitive action by the board before the fall term opens at the state institutions.—The Spectator.

Reaching for the Moon By ALFREDO FAJARDO

← ENROLLMENT -2500



The Preparatory Department On Parade

By FREDERIC S. DUNN STATE UNIVERSITY EXERCISES

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT at 7:30 o'clock.

Wednesday Eve., June 18, 1879 A precious souvenir, this, of the University's second birthday and a most convincing document of that still plastic age in the life of the institution, decades before Kuykendall had introduced the bill before the legislature authorizing the establishment of high schools throughout the state wherever population and property evaluation permitted.

Previous to that enactment, the University and the College were obliged to accept as students some who had not yet completed the grades. And there was no system of accrediting or certification. You were turned over to Mrs. Spiller or Miss Boise who were a second-order order of seraphs, invested with miraculous power to work some uniformity out of a heterogeneous mass.

And they did, at that. Nothing less was intended by this demonstration at the University's second commencement. Here are listed prominent men and women in our commonwealth of today who declared and read and received the applause of a dotting public, assured that they were to fill niches in fame already chiselled for them by Divine Providence.

Tramping Norway in Winter

BY RICHARD NELSON PUGH

(Editor's note: Mr. Pugh is a 1929 graduate of the University of Oregon. All publication rights of this travel sketch are reserved by the Oregon Daily Emerald.)

The morning dawned bright and clear. After breakfast Hov hitched one of his great horses to a small heavily built wagon, and we started up the road towards the village. As a Halden-bound milk truck started to pass, my friend signalled it to stop. I found room in the cab. Thanking Hov, I wished him better times and waved good-bye.

At Halden I explored the ancient fortress of Fredrickshald with an attaché of the local customs house for a guide. From him I learned an interesting bit of Norse history. Norway, he proudly informed me, had never been conquered by a foreign power since its establishment in 872 A. D. by Harold Haafagre. In 1380 it had been united with Denmark when the heir to the Norwegian crown was elected king of Denmark. The union lasted until 1814, when, by the Peace of Keil, Norway was ceded to Sweden. Norway did not recognize the Peace of Keil, however, and on the 17th day of May—since become a national holiday—she declared her independence. Shortly afterward she entered into a union with Sweden, but dissolved it in 1905.

It surprised me that the historian spoke with no trace of malice towards his neighbors, the Swedes. It was my idea, I mentioned to him, that the Swedes and Norwegians were the very bitterest of enemies, excelling even the Germans and the French in that particular form of European culture. The good man answered simply, "Our good friends, the Swedes. There is no difficulty with them." One could not mistake the sincerity of his tone of voice, and I

Imagine Darwin Bristow in that old favorite 'The Heathen Chinee,' and Walter Eakin in an 'Extract from Sterne,' a declamation by Joe Whitney, future editor of the Albany Democrat, and a paper shared equally by John McCornack and Edwin O. Potter.

I, too, had climbed those fearful spirals of Deady, up to that fourth heaven, and well do I recall the impression made upon me by that tall, dark beauty, Anna Pengra-Hill, in her rendition of 'High Tide,' and the paper divided between those two virtuously wonderful women, De Etta Coggswell and Mae Underwood-McClaine.

And most fascinating of all were the declamations in unison by the two divisions of the preparatory department, 'Miss Boise's room' giving 'The Mellow Horn' and 'John Schmoker,' and a prize class from 'Mrs. Spiller's room' rendering 'Excelsior.' Even yet, after the lapse of over half a century, I can close my eyes and hear that triumphant shout from far up the Alps and its equally harrowing tremor as the hero sinks to his sleep in the snow. The preparatory department developed into a sub freshman division of two years' schedule and finally, with the growth of the high schools, ceased entirely. The echoes of 'Excelsior' had died away in the depths of the pass.

(The next issue will contain "The Old Twelfth Street Stile.")

great highway along the Oslofjord had been constructed with consummate skill. Its broad surface of well-laid cobblestones and cement maintained a very consistent grade through the rocky headlands. The heavy stream of swiftly moving traffic, made up mostly of American automobiles and truck served to give me the impression that I was entering New York City instead of "polar" Oslo where the inhabitants were supposed to be riding on ice bears.

I did not tarry long in Oslo. Before the sunlight faded completely I was on the way again—up Stor-gaten and out Trondheimsvein on the road to Kongsvinger and Sweden. But I did not miss the impressive beauty of the city's main street, Karl Johans Gate, sweeping in broad, natural lines up a hill to the royal palaces over which the rays of the setting sun cast a golden aura.

(To be continued)

En Passant - - -

Editor's Note: This column will contain material by nationally known authors on matters of current campus interest. Today's article is taken from the booklet, "Gentlemen Preferred," and is published by permission of Elizabeth Woodward and the Ladies Home Journal.

The time when your girl is most impersonally and minutely critical of you is when you are out with her in public. You may be captain of the football team, a divine dancer, and good looking besides, but if you walk on the wrong side of her, shove her around by her elbow, or swooze while finishing your chocolate malted milk, she'll be too, too mortified.

Now when you're walking with a girl, or two or three. Always near the curb. The only time when a man does walk between two girls is in a musical comedy when he perambulates out from the wings with a chorus girl draped on each arm. When there are two of you, and only one girl, she walks in the middle and feels terribly well-looked-after and popular.

The answer to the question—when to take a girl's arm—is never. We don't like to be pushed around by the elbow. But you might offer your arm when it comes to plowing through a crowd, dodging heavy traffic or trying to get out of the Harvard stadium after the Yale game.

When you call for her in your car, or your father's car, it is to be hoped that you go up and ring her doorbell and ask for her. If you stay in your car and honk raucously, it's not only rude, but it inspires in papa an almost uncontrollable impulse to hurl a potted begonia in your direction. Open the door of the car for her but don't hoist her in. And when you get where you're going, hop out, run around and open the door for her.

If it's the rumble you're riding in, your technic should be really helpful. A boost when necessary. A steady and sturdy hand.

Now a few words about offing and oning with hats. You might get caught wandering around in one some day and you ought to know what to do with it. The hat comes off when you meet someone you know or when you're introduced to someone new. No jerks or Boy Scout salutes. Hats off indoors unless it's an office building or store. Hats off in elevators when ladies are present—unless it would be death and destruction to your hat.

There are other uses for hats. Throwing them over the goal post at football games. Carrying water for the boiling radiator. Passing the hat. Trying it on the girl friend to see how she looks in a derby. Gestures of sheer spontaneity! (To be continued)

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Radio Revue

By George Y. Bikman

He sits upon his swiveled seat Sedately and so solemn, And writes in even, measured beat His syncopated column.

That is the beginning of an ode to the columnist. We'll report to you such progress that is made. Our three days' experience as a radio columnist has led us to believe that the life of a radio reviewer, or any other kind, is none too sweet. Never a kind word—only wise remarks about how dumb our stuff is. Well, this ode is going to be sent out to columnists the country over, and then they will know that at least one fellow appreciates a columnist, even though he happens to be a columnist himself.

Yesterday's effort promised a list of tentative radio programs for this coming week. We give it to you now with the warning that someone has said something to the effect that the only sure thing is change. And of course all these programs will be a sure thing—we hope. So here it is:

Monday, Lou Parry, who might well be described as the second Ethel Waters. Lou sang last year and did so well that she was placed on a commercial radio program by a downtown company. Popular songs are her dish.

Tuesday we shall be privileged

to hear two former high school stars in the music world. Their names are one Marilyn Ebi, who plays the piano quite, quite well, we believe, and one Ethel Eyman, who blows air into a saxophone and makes pretty noises come out.

Wednesday will be a big day in the radio world. Yea, for 'tis then that the triumvirate of Chessman, Clark and Bikman will release to the vast, appreciative audience of KORE a rare treat. "This is News!" is the title of the feature, and that describes it. Sports, society, and news in general will be delivered in a manner that should startle one and all. No doubt it will especially startle Peggy Chessman, because, unless she has read this column, she does not even know she is scheduled to broadcast.

We're sorry that our column is filled for today, friends. The list of entertainers will be continued in our next column.

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