

Oregon Daily Emerald

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The Oregon Daily Emerald, official student publication of
the University of Oregon, Eugene, published daily during the
college year, except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, examination
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Sports for Students

CONTRARY to the teachings of the bluesoes
who shudder and throw up their hands in ex-
asperation as they tell us that college athletics are
purely on a commercial basis, there is still very defi-
nitely "sport for sport's sake," namely, intramural
and all-campus sports.

There is no crowning glory attached to the win-
ners in intramural contests at Oregon. There are
no engraved trophies; not even a metal badge. Win-
ning teams are seldom remembered from week to
the next. The emphasis in this type of physical edu-
cation is directed to activity for the resulting bene-
fits of competition, rather than the great desire to
win.

Before the year is completed students who are
athletically inclined will have had the opportunity
to indulge in approximately 20 various types of
sports. This comprehensive program is designed for
the average fellow who is not endowed with suf-
ficient prowess to make a varsity team. The highly
commendable ideal behind the program is to have
every able-bodied student playing some sort of
game for the enjoyment and benefit he may get
out of it.

It is true that there are "spoils of victory," but
in this instance the "spoils" are evenly distributed
among all participants. It is also true that the ad-
vantage of intramural sports is not confined merely
to the development of physical ability. The social-
izing values of such contests have far-reaching ef-
fects in these impromptu games where officials and
spectators are minimum factors. The players es-
tablish friendships with a large number of fellow-
players as well as opponents. Intramural sports
also serve as a boon to the sometimes too forgotten
matter of recreation. And often, potential varsity
men are developed through this type of activity.

The rapid strides which this movement has made
on the University campus since its initial appear-
ance is sufficient proof of its merit. Students are
coming to recognize the importance of exercise and
its relation to health and greater scholastic achieve-
ment.

The 'Iron Horse' Fights Back

A few months ago the Union Pacific railroad
drove the opening wedge for a new era of
railroad transportation in the United States when
it started an already speed-mad American public
with a streamlined train capable of more than 100
miles per hour.

Hardly had the nation formed its initial group
reaction to the new train when the Burlington's
"Zephyr" flashed across the plains averaging 77
miles per hour, with a top speed of 112.5, for the
1000 miles between Denver and Chicago while head-
lines announcing the record splashed across the
front pages of the daily press.

Opinions were forthcoming immediately. The
age of steam was doomed; at least, insofar as rail-
roads were concerned. It was the beginning of the
end for the "iron horse." The dawn of the Diesel
era was breaking.

But those who made the predictions drew their
conclusions a bit hastily. They reckoned without the
fact that steam was to make before it passed from
the scene of fast rail transportation.

Last summer one major railroad made a test
run between Chicago and Milwaukee, using the con-
ventional steam locomotive and regulation steel
coaches and Pullman cars, to open the attack in be-
half of steam. The test was unannounced and the
results were not meant for the public. It took but
a short while, however, until word leaked out that
the experiment had been most satisfactory, and that
the railroad which made the test could at least
equal, with its present equipment, the time made
by the new Diesel-powered train.

The most recent note sounding the approaching
war between steam and Diesel came last week when
the Baltimore and Ohio road announced that work

was practically completed on a new streamlined
locomotive, which, if it fulfilled expectations, would
prove superior to any of the new trains using Diesel
engines. All details concerning the "revolutionary"
steam creation have been guarded with utmost
secrecy and will not be divulged to the public until
final tests have been made.

But the fight is on. Time and engineering in-
genuity will decide upon the future of rail trans-
portation in the United States. And it is entirely
possible that the "iron horse"—rejuvenated and
with lifted face, perhaps—but still the same old
"iron horse" will continue to play the leading role
in American railroading.

Democracy Doomed in Spain

YESTERDAY the gag that has silenced news of
the Spanish rebellion slipped long enough to
allow the report that a thousand socialist rebels
were killed early this month when their forces en-
tered the city of Oviedo.

Everything leads one to believe that the grass is
dry and tindery over the whole Iberian peninsula,
and sparks are dropping as regularly as some rash
young peasant drops his plow to answer the fancied
call of destiny. Loyal forces may for a while be
able to slay out the outlawed spotters; but it is only
a matter of time before some fated man will arise
who will breathe upon the smouldering passions
with a spirit that will start a conflagration raging
from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar. The event is primed
—restless, impoverished peasantry; general resent-
ment against the minority Robles group that con-
trols the republican forces. All that wants is lead-
ership, some wild figure with enough dash of or-
ganizing genius to seize popular acclaim.

The republic was predestined a flop in Spain.
Suppose that representatives of the thirteen
American colonies in 1787, instead of setting up
a republic, had permitted aristocratic forces to pre-
vail; that there had maintained until 1930 in this
country a dynasty descended from George Wash-
ington; that King George IV of the United King-
dom of American had been compelled by the pres-
sure of economic unrest to abdicate.

Suppose that our republic had, instead of an 150
year tradition of democracy, an age-long history of
monarchy; circumstances otherwise being as they
are now, with people prone to blame governments
for their economic difficulties, with such a sanc-
tion to autocracy, how much chance would we have
of averting the dictatorship that surely is fated to
Spain?

Waiting

EUROPEAN powers, it would seem, refuse to ac-
cept peace or disarmament as a possibility.
Mussolini is trying to "give boys a passion for
military life through frequent contacts with the
armed forces whose warlike traditions and glories
will be re-evoked," by means of drilling youths be-
tween the ages of 8 and 18.

Hitler fires the young people of Germany with
his oratory and by this means has built an organiza-
tion of drilled men far in excess of the 100,000 al-
lowed by the Versailles treaty signed at the end of
the World War.

Yugoslavia assumes that the terrorists on whom
rests responsibility for the assassination of their
King Alexander are an Italian organization, and
troops are rushed to the border.

Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Rumania discuss treaties
to stand united against Mussolini.

And the latest information from the other side is
that France intends to strengthen her air defenses.
Some military experts, according to the Associated
Press, credit Germany with a plan for an air war-
fare that would send some 400 or more bombing
planes over Paris, Lyons and Marseilles, in which
cities are the principal airports and armament
plants of France.

All of these countries are afraid some other
nation is going to try something. Each thinks his
neighbor wants to grab off a chunk of his territory,
and the neighbor thinks the same of him.

Suspicion is the watchword in Europe today. The
countries are, on a larger scale, in the same situa-
tion as were the Cuban troops during a recent up-
rising when they began firing into a crowd of dem-
onstrating civilians when an auto backedfire.

As long as these countries are suspicious of
their neighbors they will be standing with nervous
fingers on triggers of bayoneted guns, and they will
have no peace.

It is only a matter of time before the backfire
comes.

The Passing Show

Academic Freedom Takes

ACADEMIC freedom, long vaunted as one of the
most precious prerogatives of American schools
and colleges, apparently is not as soundly en-
trenched as has been thought. Or it may be suc-
cumbing to the current passion for regimentation,
like so many other institutions of national life.

Take the case of Ralph E. Turner, formerly as-
sociate professor of history at the University of
Pittsburgh. He was also chairman of the Pennsylv-
ania Security League, which lobbied in the state
legislature for an old-age pension and a minimum
wage law. Apparently well-liked and able, his con-
tract was renewed at the university for one year
last May 9. On June 30, however, he was notified of
his dismissal from the university staff. Among the
regents are Andrew W. Mellon and E. T. Weir of
the Weirton Steel company. It may or may not be
significant that the University of Pittsburgh has
\$1,000,000 of its \$1, 650,000 expansion fund quota
unfilled. It is a semi-public school.

It is apparent that our vaunted academic free-
dom is still non-existent in many places. As a gen-
eral rule, grade and high school teachers are not
known for their sterile and hide-bound orthodoxy,
and this may very often be ascribed to the attitude
of local businessmen and the school board, which is
ordinarily composed of such men.

It is significant, therefore, that the last conven-
tion of the National Educational Association, the
teachers' organization, has as its most important
agenda the question of academic freedom and ten-
ure. Also significant is the action of the American
Civil Liberties union in issuing a pamphlet, "School
Buildings as Public Forums," criticizing the with-
holding of the right of addressing public meetings
in schools to speakers who do not meet the approval
of the school authorities. We need to consider the
facts before we lapse too far into national complac-
ency. —Minnesota Daily

If Shoes Could Talk

By SAM FORT



John Straub on Infant Baptism

By FREDERIC S. DUNN

Spurious tales have been current from time to time, of the "greenness" of the man who came to the University as a tutor, was thereafter elected to a full professorship, and ended his half-century's activities on the campus as Dean Emeritus of Men. I myself do not believe a third of these stories, but their evident intent is to illustrate the insophistication of Dr. John Straub when he came to Eugene so long ago, bringing with him his beautiful little wife and two handsome kiddies.

One legend is to the effect that he did not know what a rake was or what its use, and that once, when he found himself seated in a buggy and the reins were thrust into his hands, he finally said to the nag, "Well,—anyway,—begin."

I well remember the arrival of the Straubs, for they first occupied rooms in the Alexander home, on the corner just below our own, where the Fisk Flats now stand, at Oak and Eleventh. That ivy-covered stump was a great oak tree then, whose branches extended far out into the street. Tutor Straub was asked to play Santa Claus for the neighbors that first Christmas, a role for which he was admirably adapted by his geniality and jaunty air of cheerfulness. It was this latter characteristic which,—so said his jealous rivals of before and after,—made him break all records as Presbyterian Sunday school superintendent, because he had the whole cradle roll crying for him.

Professor Straub in good humor was a decided wit, though I do not believe that he excelled our worthy contemporary Tim Cloran of Romance languages. The Webfoot of 1900 made his daughter, Leila Straub-Stafford, say "My papa tells jokes and teaches Greek." Really, it was never quite as bad as that, for I took both under him. He may have memorized more and more jokes after I was graduated, but I remember there was much,—very much, Greek and only a modicum of humor.

Once, two Mormon missionaries called, whom Professor Straub entertained with much sobriety and decorum, plying them with inquiries of all sorts, until finally, "What about polygamy?" "Oh!" was the reply, "You know under the constitution, we are not allowed plural marriages." "Well, gentlemen, I guess I am not interested." John Straub abruptly cut in and curtly dismissed the emissaries. Later he heard from a student whom the two had immediately accosted, that the Mormons were horrified to meet with such flippancy in a university professor.

But a joke of national fame was achieved by Professor Straub when a delegate to the Presbyterian General Assembly at Philadelphia, arriving late, he seated himself by chance among the Texas representatives, in the midst of a very critical debate incident to the revision of the Westminster Articles of Confession. A most drastic motion was proposed, expunging the article that had formerly made infant baptism a requisite. Whereupon, up rose the stranger and moved that the amendment be made re-

troactive." The assembly was thrown into a riot of mirth, and it was not until sometime afterwards that the identity of the joker was made known.

To the astonishment of radio fans, shortly before Dean Straub's death, Doctor Harry Fosdick referred to this same episode, how a Greek professor "with a sense of humor," had, by the suggestion of a sweeping retroactive amendment, absolutely dissipated any possible logic to the contrary.

(The next issue will contain "His Beard Could Bristle.")

cording of "Ebony Rhapsody," is one of Victor's best sellers of the year, despite it only being out a short time?

—That WALTER WINCHELL'S recent advice to musicians and other professional entertainers was "To get the money while you're hot," because you're a long time cold?"

Emerald of the Air

By GEORGE Y. BIKMAN

Today our star of the blues heavens—the husky-throated imitator of the dusky Ethel Waters—takes the air. We mean your good friend and mine—Lou Parry. Lou is one of the few Emerald-of-the-air broadcasters who have merited a regular spot on the weekly schedule. She crawls right next to the mike and sends searing torch songs and longing love lyrics into the eager ears of a waiting audience. Yessir, Lou has had seven phone calls to date.

At the piano there will be seated, patiently waiting for Lou's plaintive wails, Buck McGowan. We humbly submit that Buck is fast coming to be recognized as one of the finest disher-outers of popular music on the University campus. Hear him today at 4:45 and decide for yourself.

Tomorrow we give you the broadcast feature entitled "This Is News!"—a high sounding phrase which means that excerpts from the campus daily are delivered in a manner quite satisfying to news-hungry students and townspeople. A scoop is promised!

PURE QUILL

By JIMMY MORRISON

PLENTY of people were in the social swim of open house Saturday night. Even the Phi Delt was croaking "Tally-ho" in a mild sort of way. They "just about wrecked" the Alpha Chi house, it is said.

"If the men will be prompt in their arrivals and departures, it will greatly facilitate the machinery of open house."—The Emerald. Looks like somebody threw a wench into the machinery.

The Thetas surprised most of the boys by coming down from their perch and acting what might quite easily be called human. They have a number of quite spritely little gals.

Wonder what crack Bikman made in his radio column which excited Janis Worley nearly to the indiscriminate slaughter of this humble writer? She said the lad didn't mention her name, but she

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LOST or exchanged during open house, grey double-breasted topcoat. Finder please call Dick Hill, 1212-W. Reward.

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Call Up
PHONE 3300
Classified Department

thought an insinuating finger was being pointed toward her.

Professor Crumbaker pulled off a prize in an econ class yesterday morning: "Presidents (of the U. S. by all means) don't have to prove they know anything; otherwise they wouldn't be elected."

What frosh who ever entered Oregon has not patted himself on the back for thinking up an original pun on Deady hall which invariably runs something like this: "Oh yes in Deady, that's where I have my physical science."

While not sold on the merits of repeal, Senator Bluenose Label admits it has its pints.

The frosh are doing it up green. Not only is there a lot of mud flung in politics, but they're even changing the style of their chosen legwear. "Salt and pepper" pants are the things now, according to a spy report.

Emerald Chief

(Continued from Page One)

Reed Burns, Robert Lucas, Eugene Lincoln, Margery Kissling, and Margaret Petsch.

Additional writers on the rectorial staff include Norma Smith, Dorothy Walker, and Bob Powell. Two new copy readers were added to the staff. They are Florence Dannels and Bob Powell. Ethel Eymann and Dorothy Walker were named to fill vacancies on the night editor's staff.

PORTLAND FIRE CRUSHED

PORTLAND—Moving virtually every piece of apparatus in the city, Portland firemen today crushed to the ground a water-front blaze which had engulfed part of a \$1,200,000 terminal, and held the fire loss to an amount believed by owners to be about \$175,000.

Send the Emerald to your friends.

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Are You Willing to Do Your Part?

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