

Oregon Daily Emerald

An Independent University Daily

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"No!"

It is seldom that the populace rises above the "omnibus rumber" on questions of state scope. As regards national issues the reaction is quite different. National controversies involve national hook-ups, banner lines on the front pages of the metropolitan dailies, and important statements from important people. Ennui shrinks before the righteous indignation of a ruffled public that rallies to the colors. Shades of "76," "The Emancipation Proclamation" and "Old Ironsides" pass through the public conscience and the lethargic voter is in disfavor.

Were the people of this state to realize the consequences of the 20-mill tax upon their future welfare—not vaguely as they do at present—but as to the minute particulars, the "omnibus rumberings" would be likened to the cricket in the bush by the holocaust occasioned thereby.

When one digs below the surface of this impossible bill, he uncovers an overwhelming mass of evidence against the proposal. He finds schools, all the way from elementary schools to institutions of higher learning, badly crippled; he finds roads going to pieces; he finds fire and police service curtailed and streets uncleaned and un-repaired; he finds county governments unable to do much more than figure assessments. All this he finds unless there is an alternative proposal to provide revenue in place of the tax slashed by this bill.

This sounds like veritable disintegration of many important departments of the government. It is a slash of revenues amounting to \$16,000,000 in an income that is already warmed by the breath of the wolf is a move that defies contemplation by even the most liberal thinkers. Nor do advocates of the plan welcome the curtailments of their bill.

In a firm-fisted manner they deplore the apathetic attitude of the legislature as regards the taxes on real property. They shrink before the impending disaster of property confiscation should property taxes increase in the future as they have in the past. In other words, something must be done and must be done now.

But in their lunge to escape what is admittedly an ill they are carried by the very force of their charge beyond the bounds of rationality and into water over their heads.

Proponents and opponents realize that there must be some alternative should this amendment be adopted. And almost every newspaper in this state realizes that the only workable alternative is the sales tax. The opinion is ventured that this is the underlying motive of the advocates of the amendment.

This state has twice defeated a sales tax. The sales tax that would supplant the deficit occasioned by this amendment would be approximately four times as large as the one twice rejected by the people. Is it reasonable to assume that such an enlarged tax would be adopted by the people on a third try? We think not. And in the absence of more definite study on a "workable" substitute, the 20-mill tax limitation bill hazards far too much and assures far too little.

"NO" should be the answer.

First Lesson for Ducklings

TODAY the freshmen—awed and inexperienced—still a bit confused in their transition between high school and university—get their first opportunity to propel themselves into the waters of student politics.

Ballyhoo artist have completed their pre-election campaigning in behalf of each ticket. Innumerable campaign promises have doubtless been made to certain supporting groups. The lust for the spoils of victory will, in today's election as in any other, influence certain voting factions.

The lesson will be a success. The class of '38 will, for the most part, learn to swim. Only a few will flounder and they will be speedily resuscitated so that they may continue toward sought-after political objectives in the years before them.

But today is the time for each freshman, as he casts his first ballot as an A.S.U.O. member, to practice the fundamental of citizenship under our system of representative government. Qualifications

of individual candidates, irrespective of ticket affiliation, should be the basis for selection and the determining factor for each vote.

A Word of Thanks

ADMINISTRATIVE officers of the A.S.U.O. should be congratulated for bringing to this campus an organization of such musical importance and cultural significance as the Don Cossack chorus. Nearly 4000 people took advantage of the privilege to attend this presentation at McArthur court Friday night.

The expense involved in bringing the chorus to Eugene, mounted into four figures. Again we should applaud our A.S.U.O. officers who minimized the possibility of a deficit by an advanced ticket sale in which approximately 1000 seats were reserved. A large number of reservations were made as a result of contacting outside cities, principally Roseburg, Corvallis, Salem and Marshfield.

One thing that contributed greatly to the pleasure of the concert was the improved acoustical properties of McArthur's court. Due to the construction of a sounding board behind the stage and the careful lining of the walls and ceiling with fiber board, the magnificent voices of the chorus were transmitted without echo or distortion. The leader of the chorus declared the acoustics were "splendid."

It is through successes like the one just past that the associated students are able to present such well known figures in the musical world as Jascha Heifetz, world-renowned violinist appearing here on January 19. Josef Hoffman, internationally famous pianist, may also appear in the near future.

The associated students can well be proud of bringing to this campus and Eugene such prominent figures in the music world. Once again we congratulate the administrative officers and the student body as an organization for making such presentations possible.

The Passing Show

Knotts!

RAYMOND R. Knotts, Chicago Evening American contributor, has seen fit to pen a stirring indictment against American schools of journalism.

Unfortunately, Mr. Knotts has allowed his vigorous style to partially obliterate the facts in the case. Vague generalization has ever been a foe to clear and forceful thought.

Specifically, Mr. Knotts decries the narrow technical education embodied in "teaching them the technique of managing editors and advertising directors." As rebuttal we offer the curriculum of the Medill School of Journalism, listing courses in Contemporary Thought, Modern Opinion, and requiring thirty-five hours of work in the social science departments of the College of Liberal Arts.

In answer to the charge of hypothetical training we refer Mr. Knotts to the Advanced Newspaper Practice course given on McKinlock campus. In this course students cover professional beats in the heart of the "big rough world" recommended so highly by Mr. Knotts himself.

Perhaps these tenets of Mr. Knotts apply to the great majority of collegiate journalism schools, but in assuming them to be universal, Mr. Knotts errs. In addition to the Medill School of Journalism here at Northwestern, the journalism school at the University of Missouri is another prominent exception to Mr. Knotts' rules.

But in all fairness to Mr. Knotts we can not fail to mention what seems to be his one legitimate criticism of the educational system. He says, "As for a knowledge of people—real people, not imaginary people in books—unhappily the last place you can hope to find them is in a school of journalism, or in any other department of an American university."

Unfortunately, he is right.

The only point we can make is that it is unfair of Mr. Knotts to indict the long-suffering journalism schools for a criticism that is equally true of every department of every university in the country.—Daily Northwestern.

The Supreme Court and

BEFORE the highest tribunal in the nation—the United States Supreme Court—the question of compulsory military training in land grant colleges and universities has been definitely settled. The recent decision of Justices Van Devanter and Butler held that, although land grant colleges and universities are required by federal law to provide a course in military tactics, it is entirely within the control of college authorities to determine whether such training should be compulsory.

Extremely significant is this decision handed down by the court. Significant, first, because it conclusively demonstrates the powers vested in the university, and, second, because it will doubtless act as a deterrent to groups of students organized to combat military training. In regard to the latter, it definitely strikes a blow to the Young Communist League and similar organizations.

The two recent conscientious objectors, students at the University of California at Los Angeles, were suspended from the university because of their consistent refusal to take military training. They contended vigorously that students had the right to attend land grant colleges without surrendering the rights guaranteed them under the federal constitution and the laws of the United States. These rights, their counsel held, included religious liberty and certain immunities, among which were freedom from military service in times of peace.

The ruling of the court, however, embodied in the decision of the justices, stated that as the regents of the University of California had the right to provide for compulsory military training, those who wanted to attend the university must comply with the regulations. No one, the court held, was compelled to attend the university, and, therefore neither the court nor anyone else had the right to revoke the privilege of the university in demanding that its underclassmen enroll in military training.

This decision, coming, as it did, at a time when strong reactionary movements were under way by students in an effort to have military training eliminated, strongly reinforces the argumentative theory that our country should have an adequately trained personnel in event of national emergency. This theory, plus the fact that military training is an expedient to character building, may react favorably upon the minds of the people, but no matter how it is received, it still remains that the power of administering military training in a land grant college or university lies solely within the collegiate institution.

An innovation was furnished for Monday evening, when the music

Getting Somewhere

By ED HANSON



The University's First Decennial

By FREDERIC S. DUNN

IN June of 1888, when I was still a sub-freshman, the University, in the language of Jayne's Almanac solemnized its "tin anniversary." It was really twelve years old, but as the first class had not been graduated until 1878, this was the Tenth Annual Commencement.

Tin vastly understates the relative value of this first decennial, for it was all gold to all concerned, heralded and applauded, like all commencements from Ur of the Chaldees down, as the best thus far celebrated. The class, it is true, numbered only six, but they were a host,—so everybody felt and believed.

As commencements since then have passed through rather drastic reformation, it may be of interest to review in some detail a typical graduation of the eighties. All but two days of an entire week, from Sunday to Thursday night inclusive, was a series of festive events, involving many more features than are demanded now. The social calendar was blank enough during the scholastic year of 1888 to permit of intense concentration in June. There were no Homecomings, Dad's Days, intercollegiate contests, Junior Weekends, and innumerable other events to deflect a crescendo of enthusiasm, bursting with much eclat at the close of the year.

I hope it is not wholly a Jeremiah on the part of an old grad, though it has forced itself upon me as a rather sad conviction, that commencements of today have been largely shorn of their effect as an acme of academic interest, to be shared alike by class and student body and faculty, on account of the extended program of social and athletic activities which are so excitedly propagandized during the year. Unquestionably it is to be accepted as the inevitable trend, for these latter, when scrutinized individually, have every legitimate reason to be supported and fostered, each in its own time and place. It is their cumulative effect that has been mortal to commencements.

Of all the events of those original commencements, Baccalaureate Sunday is about the only feature which has not been materially altered, except as demanded by numerical or musical considerations. The Alumni association was as yet too young to furnish the Alma Mater with preachers from among her own fledglings. And it was much later, too, that ministers from the East en tour through the west could be caught in passing, if their itineraries could be learned in time. Fortunately Oregon usually had a generous quota of celebrated divines, the requisition of whose services as preachers made the initial assembly of the work a signal event. Baccalaureate Sunday was recognized as an opportunity for the community to hear some one of Oregon's own noted orators. Rev. Thos. Van Scoy, gifted president of Willamette university, was on this occasion the magnetic thriller which fame had always made him.

An innovation was furnished for Monday evening, when the music

taxian, an event not so social as its title would imply, for its program was quite formally literary and musical. The two societies were of serious intent and the reunion partook of the same complexion. There was the address by Sue Dorris and the Annals (quasi humorous), contributed by Etta Moore for the Eutaxians and Frank Mulkey for the Laureans. The music of the evening was rendered in various forms by the talented Test sisters, whose individual names, since not formally entered in the printed program, ought here to be commemorated.—Tillie and Mary and Mae and Emma. The two former survive, Mrs. Mark of Alberta, Canada, and Mrs. Chris Wortman of Portland, a frequent visitor to her old home in Eugene as lecturer in Art.

(The events of Wednesday and Thursday to be continued in the next issue.)

The Calliope

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: "AFTER me the deluge" has been a slogan since the beginning of the 19th century individualism. The 20 mill tax limitation bill is a contemporaneous expression of decaying philosophy. Private property holders are making a desperate effort to maintain land ownership, the axis upon which every other human enterprise should revolve. However, the sponsors of the measure will be digging their own grave for the following reasons.

(1) Owners of land and dependents on their hands show outstanding numerical discrepancies. The former constitutes a mere fraction whereas the latter the bulk of population. In a critical clash land owners lose.

(2) Reduced taxes on property may enable some to bear the tax burden in the future but it does not guarantee the payment of overdue taxes. Without the collection of taxes due normal civic functions cannot be discharged.

(3) The measure has the guise of a "racket". It follows the American policy of "passing the buck". Unfortunately there seem to be no buckholders in these days. If any other social group were more secure than the possessors of land there might have been some justification for the measure on the basis of "equalization" or "expediency". But who is securer than the land owners? These have lands, what has the hand laborers, the service dispensers? They do not have even a stone to lay their heads on!

(4) Any advocate of private property rights must assume the responsibilities when set in such rights. This means payment of taxes. In general good land does not become tax delinquent; it is the poor land which fails to give a fair return in profits. It is preferable to relinquish "bad" lands instead of waiting for booming prices around the corner.

(5) Even if the real estate manipulators lead their holdings

indiscriminate strewing of hand-bills about the streets of the campus; the hideous peals of bovine jewelry from rally cars, and to the downright underhanded exchange of votes between houses.

A certain amount of campaigning is fitting and proper. I do think however, that the present condition needs rectifying. Practices in vogue on this campus preceding an election are on a par with those of seasoned ward-healers and hack-politicians whose manipulations generate a miasma unpleasant to any seaf-respecting person.

In this present election, for example, one of the nominees has received offers of varying nature from both of the other rivals for the same office. They made promises to him that clearly showed a rottenness in the system from top to bottom. They made offers that clearly indicated that they, the candidates, were themselves only so many cogs in a nefarious machine of large proportions.

Why can't the Emerald instigate a reform that would not only clean up class elections but every election held on the campus. Surely the time is ripe for a change. Excesses committed during the past few years can leave no doubt as to the need for one.—I. G.

Roarin' Past

By FULTON H. TRAVIS

HAVING excavated Oregon's pioneer sepulchre, we have discovered certain bits of skeletal structure which are of interest. These are brought forth for your edification and mild amusement—if you think they are super-funny, wait fifteen years, then read this edition of the Emerald.

In some ways, 1919 seems to have been one of the outstanding University years. There is an almost passionate attempt to read just, following the war's hysteria. Clothing styles changed rapidly. During the fall, "snappy stuff" for males required: coats, "double-breasted with belt all 'round," pockets opening on a slant like those in present day trench-coats; fuzzy hats with the crown pushed down evenly at all points; sharp-toed shoes; tapering trousers—narrow bottom—and "bottom" was four inches above the ground.

Don't laugh, girls! The young miss will wear tight, long-skirted suits; choker scarfs; broad hats quite mean to handle in a wind, as Miss Spurr, 1934, discovered. All that showed was the face and—high, buttoned shoes!

In this same interesting year, the football arena was officially christened Hayward Field, by Ben Olcott, then governor of the state, preceding an O.A.C. game, which, incidentally, Oregon won, 9-6. The athletic field was named after the University's oldest mentor.

Campus cords were: "Just the thing for comfort and distinctive wear."

Speaking of spirit, (in the same tone used when mentioning the deceased), 900 men, to promote interest in a game, paraded the fair boulevards of Eugene, clothed in pyjamas!

President P. L. Campbell, of the University, addressed the Student Council, scoring the custom of "extreme dancing" and issued a solemn warning that such practice must be curbed before the Homecoming celebrations.

Then, as now, advertising merchants of Eugene spent good money to say: "Welcome Back, Students!" (Ah well—even a charge account looks good when a dry summer's past!)

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"On the Bandwagon"

By DICK WATKINS

A NUMBER of students have expressed the desire to have the signature tunes of various prominent orchestras compiled, being that so few are known by name. The following group is the limit of our personal knowledge on this score and hope it will prove of interest. We admit, that many of those listed are almost too well-known to need further prompting, but we have included them anyhow, just to make this look more impressive. (?)

To begin with the coast bands: "Haunting Me," (TOM COAKLEY); "Rio Rita," (TED FIORITO); "What Good Am I Without Love," (HAL GRAYSON); "Day Dreams," (DICK JURGENSEN); "Bon Voyage," (JIMMY GRIER); "I'm Writing You This Little Melody," (ANSON WEEKS); "Duchess of Bal Tabarin," (TOM GERUN); "Lovely Melody," (JAY WHIDDEN); "Thinking of You," (KAY KYSER); "Melody in A," (CAROL LOFFNER); "Say It With Music," (GUS ARNHEIM).

Others include, "My Dear," (JAN GARBER); "Sophisticated Lady," (DUKE ELLINGTON); "Out of the Night," (TED WEEMS); "Under the Stars I Found You," (JACK DENNY); "Violets," (HERBIE KAY); "The Waltz You Save for Me," (WAYNE KING); "Rhapsody in Blue," (PAUL WHITEMAN); "Coming Through the Rye," (GUY LOMBARDO); "Rosita," (JOHN NY HAMP); "My Time is Your Time," (RUDY VALLEE); "Loyal Sons of Rutgers," (OZZIE NELSON); "Sleep," (FRED WARING); "Smoke Rings," (GLEN GRAY'S CASA LOMA); "My Buddy," (BUDDY ROGERS); "The Lost Another Sweetheart," (CHARLES BARNETT); "What

(Please turn to page 4)

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