

Oregon Emerald

An Independent University Daily

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

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

Left Turn

WE may as well admit it: Norman Thomas has left us bewildered. True we were prepared to meet a very civilized gentleman, but his personality, that electric radiance of his that plied one of the largest audiences ever jammed into Gerlinger hall, was something beyond us. Never before had we known what is a magnetic speaker, what it is to be jerked to the edge of a chair to lean spellbound on a man's words. It was an experience emotional as well as intellectual.

We lingered in Memorial hall to hear him when he sat at ease while students and teachers catechized him in his faith. Never flustered, never annoyed, clearly he analyzed the questions put to him; clearly he answered. We need not blush when we say that we felt him to be a man such as Socrates must have been when he amazed little knots of students in the places of old Athens. Here, we knew, was no ordinary man.

No tinpot, hair-brained rabble-rouser is Norman Thomas. He raises no razz-dazz: "Arise ye prisoners of starvation!" Let us reason this thing out, he appeals.

"Let us reward Need and Deed rather than Greed and Breed," he counsels.

"Insecurity and fear are characteristic of the age."

"Liberty, to be secure, must grow in the soil of economic justice."

"There can be no joy, no satisfaction, in your generation until you deal with the problem of poverty."

A keen man, these quotations are not the whole force of his reasoned creed; they are his watchwords, though, and they mark him as a champion of social justice, whether or not it may be attained through the system he stands by.

We said we were bewildered. We are. All our lives our greatest aspirations have been to greed, if you will have it. The fiction heroes of the past half-century, have been tycoons, tycoons' sons, tycoons' daughters, those who once were tycoons, those who would be tycoons. It is mad, this dull admiration of ours for greed. It is stupid, our simple acquiescence in that a few should corner the comforts of this earthly existence.

Or is it? We are bewildered. Are things right in this world where shrewd men win the comforts of their duller fellows, where shrewd men of wealth pass down this concentrated comfort to their often dull or, at any rate, undeserving offspring? Are we slaves to habit when we answer that it has always been, so must always be right?

We are bewildered, for in questioning the justice of the existing order we are struggling against the propaganda of daily habit, most subtle and enmeshing.

We were bewildered when we left Norman Thomas, but we carried away more than bewilderment; we carried away a resolve—at least to try being rational, to try to stave the thing out.

The Valley of Dried Bones

A YOUNG man walked into the offices of the supervisor of a large American medical school. He was there to register and begin his pursuit of his doctor's degree. He introduced himself to the supervisor of the school, and was in turn introduced to the assistant.

The head of the school was a mild, subdued man, whose serene, keen eyes reflected years of scholarly and humanitarian endeavor. He talked blithely and roundly of the atmosphere of the school, the temper of the curriculum, and the worth of the science of medicine in fulfilling the desires of man for knowledge and self-sufficiency. His words were restful and assuring to a young man among young men who find assurance desperately withheld by economic, political, and intellectual conflict.

As he turned he looked into a pair of deep-set eyes, as cold and clear as the gray dawn of an ice-robbed December morning—as motionless as drops of polished marble.

The man was a Major and had been through the

world war. His expression had been cast by innumerable peering into the bloody cavities of shell-shredded soldiers. His eyes had been frozen by the glassy stare of men racked by pain.

Finally he asked evenly, "You will be graduated in four years? Then you shall just be ready for the next war." He turned and walked into his office, closing the door behind him.

Of what value is this anecdote??

It is not the metamorphosis of this man by the horrors of war, nor the horrors of war themselves. Men are products of pressures exerted upon them, and men change in spite of themselves. Tales of ominous proportions and repulsive complexions may be poured, yes, forced in to the ears of man—searing and curdling his brain. Pictures of mutilated and pulverized human flesh may be paraded before his eyes until he reels with nausea—but all in vain.

Bugle-heated blood, spirits spurred by patriotism scatter such sensations flying before its willing flood like night before the morning sun.

No; the value lies in the contrast; that man should construct not only heights but hollowed chasms as well, into which abysses he seems periodically to fall—grappling with his own body—weakening and distorting it.

Sciences, arts, education all are forsaken by men who would descend into the pits of war. Condemn these men? Not at all.

But college students should respect the heights. To them there should be little about culture and intellectual endeavor that is ethereal. Culture should be real and reasonable. And thus must mankind be approached with reason. Emotions must have little part in the education of people against war. Rationality in contrast to chaos may best be offered by those who understand it.

If the college student should but retain and forward the picture of the futility and weight of war in contrast to the delightful and buoyant picture of peaceful, integrated existence, he would do the least that may be expected of him and yet render a vast service to humans who would destroy themselves in blood.

Need this be termed sentimentalism? We think not. Because it is likely that the hearts and lungs of youth will be that which will stop the projectiles of iron hurled by the enemy and the gas that eats and burns as it enters.

The college student must try. And should he fail, perhaps even then he would make man think twice before plunging the bayonet into an enemy already dead.

Prelude to Solution

THAT Oregon students appreciate having men like Norman Thomas on the campus is demonstrable by the huge and interested crowd—the largest we have seen since coming to the University—which literally jammed Gerlinger hall to the rafters.

It is not often possible to bring a man of such magnitude to Eugene. The faculty and student committees which made possible the appearance here of one of the foremost men in public affairs has functioned admirably. The University can gain untold value through future addresses by men of such caliber.

With the ease and poise possessed only by the most capable platform speakers Norman Thomas, in a concise and scholarly manner, diagnosed some of the major ills which now beset the United States. Further, he accurately analyzed the greatest problems—the problems vital to future progress—which are certain to confront us—the present college generation—later in life.

It matters not whether we agree in the entirety with the socialists' program for the solution of those difficulties; the fact remains that Norman Thomas presented the warning in the cold light of logic. The dangers lie ahead as obstacles. It is a knowledge of the problems that will enable us to cope with them for the good of society.

The Passing Show

Legion Berates College Youth

ARE college pacifists as superficial and silly as they are said to be in the editorial clipped from The Nebraska Legionaire and reprinted in today's Contemporary Comment column? The editor of that publication accuses the former of being postoffice and bridge players, and finding as their chief occupations cheering football teams, and loafing in luxurious fraternity houses. He seems to take it for granted that one must go thru the torture of trench warfare before he knows anything about the folly of international holocausts and the dirty conniving of munitions makers. Furthermore, the average student of 1934 finds little time to play postoffice and bridge.

Admittedly college pacifists are often too impulsive in acting, and fail to grasp the relative importance of various points in the peace program. They are also often too impatient, lack foresight, and spoil their own programs by acting too hastily. Their elders, however, can't condemn them for lack of foresight, because they themselves have shown that trait all too many times.

American Legion men are in a position where they very naturally become resentful of outside declarations as to war. They feel that they, of all people should and do know what a hell war is. Men can't be blamed for fighting for an ideal. They were deceived by circumstances and propaganda. They thought they would save the world for democracy, and very likely some day we of this generation will be deceived by some similar high-sounding slogan. By educating ourselves in the subject of war, its causes, results, and general futility we of the younger generation hope to avoid being deceived.

Our hats are off to you former service men. You fought because your ideals told you to. What youth wishes to do is to prevent another war. The Nebraska editor's personal opinion concerning the refusal to fight under any conditions is that such a declaration is quite hollow and meaningless. There are much better approaches to be made to the problem and its solution. Senator Nye and his munitions investigation should be heartily supported, provision for suitable international arbitration should be made, and men willing to support such measures should be placed in legislatures and congress.

In conclusion we ask that the American Legion editor in this state learn something about youth. We fear he is rather harsh in his hasty and unfounded judgment.—Daily Nebraskan.

The Day's Parade

By PARKS HITCHCOCK

Disarmament Collapse

Brazilian Bypath

LATEST joker in the London disarmament conference comes from the British camp. England's Ramsay MacDonald suggest that Japan be granted "equality in principle," which means that Tokio must maintain the 5-5-3 ratio in fact, but may have the honor of being considered on an equal tonnage ratio by the rest of the world, except of course, the rest of the world already knows that Japan does not have parity which means practically anything you wish it to.

Briton's Byplay

This amusing bit of British horse-play will of course come to no avail at all. Japan is in a position to tell the United States and England that she will have parity whether the other nations like it or not, and anything the Anglo-American forces may have to say will have no bearing upon Tokio's decision.

Conference a Failure

It was obvious before the London conference opened that it was a waste of money and time, and now it is an assured fact. The western nations are feebly struggling for any form of compromise that can be effected, but to all informed students such efforts are doomed to failure.

5-5-3 by the Boards

That the result of this impasse will be a new naval armament race is likewise patent; within the next week or so Japan is expected to announce her rescindment of the Washington agreement, already (if our suspicions be justified) abrogated in fact, and then the race will be on.

Sun to the East

It is, beyond all doubt, a very unpleasant scene that must face us during the next few years. We are in constant danger of a threat from the East, if not along political and military lines, at least on the commercial front. And here it is not a question of interference in foreign affairs, as our own fingers, which previous imperialistic regimes have thrust into the mess of Eastern portage, are liable to be burned, and yet there seems no graceful way out of the embroglio. Our capital is invested throughout China and the Orient and unless we give it up we are likely to be led into serious trouble by it.

Out of the Philippines

Of course the smartest move for the government is to get out of the Philippines as soon as possible. A holding that in time of peace has proven a financial liability, in time of disturbance or war will prove undefeatable and costly to protect. It cannot but be evident, however, that all the nations who played Little Jack Horner with the Chinese plum pudding will get what has been coming to them when Japan arrives at her full majority and asserts herself as the great power in the East.

Phi Beta Concert

(Continued from Page One)

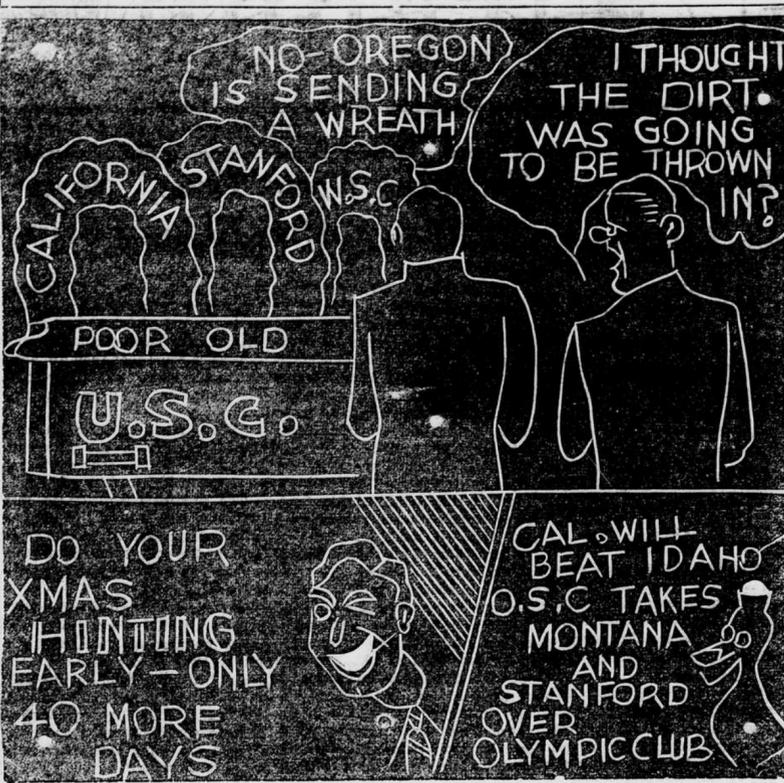
Maude Stehn, pianist, followed with three numbers of which the last, "The Sea" by Palmgren, was a great favorite with the audience. She painted a picture of powerful and moving waves which was clearly understandable to the listener.

Frances Brockman appeared as the last soloist, giving the program a final brilliance which rounded it into a complete whole. Especially effective was the closing number, "Exuberance" by Burnam, into which she injected a youthful gaiety which was catching.

The Spanish Serenade which she played second ended with a passage in harmonics which she executed very delicately. In another instance (though in which number we cannot recall) she carried a sustained note on the open D string while carrying changing harmonies on the A and E strings, a feat which would call for extremely precise bowing. As has been said before, technical difficulties do not seem to exist for Miss Brockman.

Here and There

By ED HANSON



Leap Year Day of 1888

By FREDERIC S. DUNN

JUST ten years preceding the incident herewith chronicled, an item appeared in the Oregon State Journal of Dec. 27, 1879, reading: "Will Receive Calls.—We are authorized to announce that the following ladies will receive calls on New Year's Day: Miss Frances Swift, Mrs. S. J. Saxon, Mrs. J. G. Gray, Mrs. Hemenway, Mrs. Ware and Miss Ashley will receive at the home of Mrs. Hemenway."

My sisters had failed to send in their names to the local papers, but word must have gotten around just the same, for the trail to our front porch was kept hot all day, even through two feet of snow. I was greatly interested and posted myself in a window of the adjoining living-room, to keep tally of the callers. In my boyish enthusiasm I kept the score in pencil marks on the window sill, for which I afterwards suffered mortification in the flesh.

But, ten years afterward, I had recovered sufficiently to participate in a most unique program, the only one of its kind ever staged in University circles. It was Leap Year of 1888, and thirteen men, ranging from Seniors to sub-Freshmen, announced in the columns of the press that they would receive callers on Monday, Jan. 2, from one to five p. m. We were divided into five groups,—

Milt Butterfield and Hazen Brat-tain at the home of the former; Mark Bailey, Jr. and Herbert Johnson at Prof. Bailey's home; Ed Orton and Will McCormack with the Veazie brothers, Arthur and Clarence; Chas. Sladden, P. E. Snodgrass, and Frank Chambers at the latter's home; while Darwin Yorán, dignified postmaster and Hon. ex-Mayor of Eugene, received with me in our ancestral home.

It snowed and it snowed, but upwards of fifty heroic girls proved themselves real sports. Jeering at the weather, those honest-to-goodness co-eds of ours waded through miles and miles of unwaded streets and, above all, drank our coffee and nibbled at our pink-forsted cake.

It was a great day and Leap Year of 1888 was most auspiciously ushered in, though I do not recall any fatalities. Looking through a bunch of faded yellow cards that were left that day in due and formal style on a silver platter in the hallway, I note the name of many a grandmother of today, ladies of prominence and distinction, many scattered over a dozen states, and, again, many another that will not see this bit of reminiscence to call back the revelry of that wintry Leap Year Day.

The next issue will contain "ANCIENT ALUMNI PROGRAMS."

and we say to these uninspired—"try reading"

TIPS: EZRA POUND

His views on literature, education, and the way to read in his ABC OF READING; William Lyon Phelps says that everyone interested in the art of creative writing should read the all-too-short twenty-page preface in SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S new collected short stories EAST AND WEST; Mrs. Sebolt recommends LEE SIMONSEN'S THE STAGE IS SET as the

CRITIQUE

By GEORGE ROOT

Today: Try reading. Book tips and recommendations. "Wine From These Grapes" by Edna St. Vincent Millay, published by Harpers, reviewed by Audrey Williams.

NATIONAL book week, here and everywhere and all over in this country of prolific writers, and overworked publishers and busy reprinters. When one is asked if he has read any good books lately it is hard to keep from replying, "No, have there been any?" but, although some people refuse to read any new book whatsoever, and some people refuse to read any book unless moss has grown over the cover, there are still those few innocent and uninspired bystanders who read nothing at all and for them, we suppose, comes these seven days known as "book-week."

finest recent book, "stimulating and vital," presenting a balanced consideration of the theories and arguments in the art of the theatre; the French translation, MAN'S FATE, by ANDRE MALRAUX is especially recommended by Miss Rise of the library as a definite contribution to the development of the novel. It's a story about Chinese bandits; Miss Rise also recommends THOMAS WOLFE'S LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL and counts the writings of EMILY DICKENSON and the BRONTES among her favorites; T. S. ELIOT has a large fan-following here at Oregon; two books that are always out of the library are SOUTHWIND and THE BROTHERS KARAMANZOV; Elsie Belknap at the Co-op book-store claims WUTHERING HEIGHTS as her favorite older-novel and MANN'S MAGIC MOUNTAIN and PROUST'S REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST as a couple of the finer newer ones.—And, by the way, the lady just mentioned has arranged two very interesting window displays of books worth consideration; and lastly, MILLAY'S new book is a disappointment but you will probably read it anyway. Here is Audrey Williams' review of this rather thin WINE FROM THESE GRAPES that seem to have been grown on last season's vines:

"Joy, too, is fled. But no man can have all." THIS seems to strike the keynote for EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY'S latest book of poems, which, while worthy of one of our best poets, fails to reach her highest point of achievement.

The same clear, plain diction, simple concise style, and good workmanship which characterize her writing are still evident in all their familiar excellence; but most of what she says here she has said just as beautifully before. Her winged spirit seems in these poems to fold its pinions in peaceful, world-weary resignation. Con- trasted with the spontaneity of "Renaissance," we find the thought:

"—Put death on the market; Breed, crowd, encroach, expand, expunge yourself, die out, Homo called sapiens."

The sonnets making up the "Epitaph for the Race of Man" show the before-mentioned deeply thoughtful turn. Edna St. Vincent Millay is as much at home in the sonnet form as in the lyric, and these are beautiful examples of her art.—Audrey Williams.

PURE QUILL

By JIMMY MORRISON

SOMEbody suggested that the name of this column should be changed to "Poor Quill." That would probably be a better one there is little or no doubt. But then that would be a pun, and there are just lots of people who think that anyone who puns should be put into the penitentiary and fed on puns and stuff like that.

Norman Thomas, the famous Socialist that told us everything we are up against yesterday, got a bit rah-rah when somebody mentioned the superiority of the college bred man. If there had been any movable objects nearby, Mr. Thomas would undoubtedly have tossed them. He is shown below answering one of Dick Neuberger's long-winded questions.



Here is a photograph of that terrific battle between Alex Eagle and Jack Brandt in the Oregon-Oregon State game, courtesy Fulton Travis, campus Floyd Gibbons in person:



Reference to college bred reminds us that it is a four year loaf, half-baked with the flour of youth and the dough of old age.

Ralph Schomp did a pretty good job as m.c. the other night at the Broadway, but we think he should have zipped out on the stage. You know, like professional singers do. He did get out pretty fast, but we still think he should have zipped.

expressed in "My Spirit, Sore from Marching." Youth and a charming diabolie have given way to a more serious and thoughtful bent.

Faithful as ever she it to "Beauty," which remains "though Man has fallen from his high estate." The "Apostrophe to Man (on reflecting that the world is ready to go to war again)" is a most penetrating truthful criticism. "—Put death on the market; Breed, crowd, encroach, expand, expunge yourself, die out, Homo called sapiens."

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