

# Oregon Emerald

An Independent University Daily

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Oregon

EDITORIAL OFFICES: Journalism building, Phone 3300—Editor, Local 354; News Room and Managing Editor 355. BUSINESS OFFICE: McArthur Court, Phone 3300—Local 214.

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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 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.

## A Professorial Inquisition

RECENTLY there appeared in a prominent newspaper of this state a letter from an ex-college man who would shed light on the enigma of who is to blame for the disturbances in the institutions of higher learning throughout the United States. He referred to the deplorable incident at the University of California at Los Angeles, where five students were suspended for the supposed advancement of communism.

The aroused patriot points a bitter finger and directs a bitter pen toward the illusionary enemy that is polluting American government, morals, and religion. And toward whom does he point that accusing finger? The American college professor. And in his wholesale indictment of such men, he must needs include those at the University of Oregon.

We are graciously informed, and with no end of literary virtuosity, that "in the name of science and of psychology, students are taught that old standards are breaking; that everything is in a flux; that marriage is old fashioned; that morals and conventions are ever changing; that the Bible is untrustworthy; that anthropology contradicts Genesis; that emotions must be expressed, and not repressed; that to have moral scruples is a sign of a warped personality; that the sexes must associate promiscuously."

The champion of such balderdash is genuinely sincere. He, like many others, feels deeply the staggering ills that ravage this country. And, as is the favorite pass time of people who are being washed by the storm in this best of possible worlds, he issues an inquisition for the prevention of chaos.

Some such "emergency prophets" point heavenward and sigh. Others point earthward and groan. Still others assume the form of vegetables, and wait until they are boiled. But some are not content to generalize, and must cast wildly about for solutions. Eventually all form of theories, institutions, and government truckle to the searching eyes.

This is as it should be. Progress springs from analysis, criticism, and suggestion. But why should the layman point to the university professor and declare that in him is born the demonic artifice for the destruction of man. That the campus, one retreat for the objective unravelling of the Gordian knot, should harbor such malevolent and illaudable characters is electrifying at least!

What would our censor suggest? Would he have his children taught by stereotyped robots with metal tongues clacking forth knowledge pumped into the grease cup from oft times decadent books of decadent times? Would he have American youth become impervious to the forces of a changing world, and remain apart and bovine as to the facts?

It is granted that not infrequently college professors are fired by their lambent flame of intellect and visualize the salvation of mankind by the omnipotence of their knowledge. These men are in a position to do harm, and often do.

But the college professor of the 20th century is equipped with the habits and accoutrements of research, and serves as a dispassionate influence in an impassioned world.

For the college student of today to be enlightened by the politic and prudent professor, with due respect to his ratiocination, is one answer to "whither America."

## Science Simplified

WILL V. NORRIS, associate professor of physics, gave a lecture on "Energy" the other night, attracting so many students that it had to be given over again last night to accommodate the three hundred turned away.

A large part of the success of this lecture was due to Mr. Norris' presentation of the subject matter. He made his facts vivid, clear-cut, and exciting. He discussed physics from the layman's, not the

scientist's, level. His ability as a lecturer is attested by the awakened interest and expressed approval of his listeners.

It is a source of satisfaction to those interested in things intellectual, too, that so many of our undergraduates could be lured away from the movies by a chalk-talk on a subject suspiciously close to the academic.

## University Morale

SOME lofty-browed intellectuals have been throwing rocks at the rally committee for, lo, these many years. It has been a favorite indoor sport with some, along with jabbing at football over-emphasis, fraternities, and the "rah-rah" spirit in general. It's fine verbal exercise, but we doubt its validity.

After all, a university should not be a mere culture factory. It should possess a spirit and background, a tone that will induce in its members a deep-seated loyalty and interest. Spirit is only another word for morale, and a university depends on morale as much as any other group.

In times of adversity and discouragement a university needs to have its spirit bolstered, as much as any army or athletic team. This is the function of a rally committee. Sometimes the actions of such a committee may seem childish, the results negligible, and the objective paltry. Then the function is condemned, when in reality the execution is at fault.

There is a definite place at Oregon for the rally committee. Whatever criticism they have been subjected to has been due to short-sightedness on their part and to too close a concentration upon the field of sports.

A deeper understanding of their duties and possibilities, a broadening of their function would undoubtedly have a profound effect upon university morale. It would produce a student body which would act with unity and concentrated force, and bring to college life a new color and a new warmth, sadly needed in these grey days.

## The Passing Show

THAT well-known and much-abused expression, "school spirit," has been little more than a trite phrase at S.C. for the last three years. Surfeited with winning, Trojan students began to take the attitude that gridiron victories were more or less inevitable. The amazing success of the football team endowed the present crop of seniors with indifference and with a feeling of the impregnability of the football team.

This year the student body has experienced the effect of a series of disheartening defeats, yet never has the determination to win been stronger. Rallies have been better attended and the yelling more vociferous, as witness the California game.

It would have been easy for the students at S.C. to maintain a supercilious attitude toward gridiron warfare. The best way to get over defeat is to depreciate its importance.

Trojans, therefore, can gather some measure of satisfaction out of the losses that have thus far been suffered, and look to a new era in S.C. football where victories will not be regarded as forgone conclusions, but will, nevertheless, be as frequent as in past years.—Daily Trojan.

## Reward in Defeat

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## Procrastination

THERE are two things you can count on in college. One is that you are going to have examinations and the other is that at least half the students in the colleges are going to wait until the last possible moment to start studying for those examinations.

Someone—Shakespeare, Emerson, Ben Johnson or maybe it was Ben Franklin—once said, "Procrastination is the thief of time." It really doesn't matter much who said it. Maybe he just said it to get himself quoted. The main thing is that he knew what he was talking about.

Yes, procrastination is one of the world's greatest faults, and college students are the worst offenders.

Let's see. I believe that I'm a pretty fair example for the average college student, not an "A" student and not an "F" student. Just an "in between." I've been here four years and have learned a good many things in that time. There's one thing, however, that I haven't learned and evidently never will. That is to do my work as I come to it. It seems that one, with vivid recollections of previous cramming orgies before his eyes, would avoid those pitfalls the next time.

It evidently doesn't happen that way, however. After each examination rash resolutions are rife. "Never again will I leave all my work until the last night. Never again will I have a recurrence of that last-minute cramming ordeal," the students solemnly vow.

No, there's not a recurrence. Not until the next time, anyway. Yes, collegians are funny people. They never learn.—Texas Christian Skiff.

## Corporate State Ballyhoo

THE name of the Corporate State is misleading—reports that it is a revised NRA, made by the uninformed and the proponents of the government systems in Italy and Austria, are false.

The latest piece of Mussolini ballyhoo has applied another fine-sounding title to another form of trickery. In the Corporate State the government is one in which every form of enterprise is a part of a corporation that is presumed to run the country. But the joker in the pack is that labor, the consumer, and agriculture have no comparative power. The executive branch of the twenty-two corporations that make up the government is so constituted that "big business" is the kingpin.

In keeping with the boy army of Il Duce, the system is an effective mask for the war that Italy and Austria (as well as the majority of the European countries), are sure will and probably will come as soon as the leaders feel there will be a profit for their country in conducting the war.

To the student of the last war and the average person who is not blinded by a patriotism that is wholly destructive to the very source of their patriotism, the fallacy lies in the question of who can create profit from destruction.

The type of person running the Corporate State can make money from the war—the person who is fooled by such a high-sounding name is the person who will pay for these riches of "big business."

Daily Illini.

## The Day's Parade

By PARKS HITCHCOCK

### Aryan Culture

### Spanish Ministers Out

### Il Duce and the Newborn

PART of Reichfuhrer Hitler's plan to forward a new German culture came to light the other day with the announcement by the musical section of the Nazi "chamber of culture" that unemployed musicians up to the number of 4,000 have found work through the chamber's intercession during the last year. The chamber likewise announces that it hopes to place the remaining 19,000 musicians on the unemployed rolls within the next year.

No Hebrews, Mr. Hitler? The one joker on this otherwise laudable plan, is of course, that all musicians to be eligible for this honor must be pure Aryan stock. The universal laws of culture and art have been circumscribed to admit only the faithful into "Uncle" Adolf's corral. The chamber has little to fear from Semitic virtuosi however. Most of the talented Jewish artists who have formerly found an artistic haven among the cultured circles in Berlin, Bayreuth and elsewhere, now shy at the very mention of Germany.

A Limit to Thought Although we cannot help but sympathize with the Reichstadt in its attempt to build up a strong and lasting national culture, Chancellor Hitler and his confreres may be warned that no art of any proportions can arise in such a constricted atmosphere as that of the Nazi state. Dr. Ihert, the member of the chamber's board of directors who made the announcement, can pension and employ all the musicians he wishes to but a lasting aesthetic and cultural development is a non sequitur, and a non sequitur it must remain until a tolerant racial policy is adopted by the parent nation.

SPAIN'S government took still more of a Rightist trend last week with the announcement by Premier Alejandro Lerroux that he had demanded the portfolios of two of his cabinet members. Members who got the Premier's axe were Ricardo Samper Ibanez, minister of state, and Diego Hidalgo, minister of war.

Tightening the Chains Senator Lerroux's latest move was aimed at those who might possibly encourage the overthrow of the present government and a renewal of the late Catalonian war of secession. The ousted ministers were charged with leniency in their treatment of rebels in the recent revolt.

DIAPERS will be standard equipment for the Italian Fascist according to latest reports that Mussolini will induct all male babies into membership at the time of birth. Then in all probability, anyone using contraceptives will be sentenced to be hung for being an enemy of the country and decimating the ranks of the Black-shirts.

Picture to yourself the next European war. Above the beat of drums and the thunder of artillery will be heard Junior's rattle and ferocious cries of dada and mama as he jabs his bayonet into the foe. It is probably Mussolini's idea to use the Babe Brigade as shock troops and to send them marching back of the lines to the tune of "Little Man You've Had a Busy Day" while the regulars "mop-up."

## Posture Contest

(Continued from Page One)

nitt; Alpha Xi Delta, Elinor Wharton; Chi Omega, Olive Lewis; Delta Delta Delta, Geneva Stafford; Delta Gamma, Margaret Keene; Delta Zeta, Lillian Hart; Gamma Phi Beta, Jane Brewster; Hendricks hall, Grace Burley; Kappa Alpha Theta, Cynthia Liljequist; Kappa Kappa Gamma, Betty Labbe; Phi Mu, Echo Tomseth; Pi Beta Phi, Mary Ellen Eberhart; Sigma Kappa, Pauline Conrad; Susan Campbell, Grace Bowen; Zeta Tau Alpha, Bertha Shephard, and Orides, Bernice Stromberg.

Friday at the campus tea at 4 p. m. the contestants will be judged on poise and carriage by Dean Hazel P. Schwering, Mrs. Alice B. Macduff, Miss Harriet Thomson, and Miss Maude Kerns. There will be three prizes awarded to the winners by Dean Schwering.

Plans are being made to have a picture taken of the winning contestants by George Godfrey. Roberta Moody is chairman of the posture contest, assisted by Dorothy Rinehart, Jean Stevenson, Eunice Elliott, Pauline Moore, and Margery Kissing.

## Boats and Arithmetic

By ED HANSON

### ENGLAND 5 U.S. 3 JAPAN 5

### NOW STUDENTS IS THAT RIGHT?

### THE LEAGUE YES YES YES

### NO! IT ISN'T EQUAL

### JAPAN U.S. ENG. HEH-HEH

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## When "The Old Mill Race" Was Younger

By FREDERIC S. DUNN

EUGENE no longer has an 'oldest inhabitant' to tell of the Mill Race when it first meandered. The mills had long been grinding when, as a boy, I used to 'pole' rafts up and down its lower stretches. I owe my first ducking to an old buggy-horse that started to roll in the shallow water at the end of Seventh Ave., where the old Court House now blocks the way. And whither have wended the turtles that sunned themselves on the half-submerged logs below the Broadway Bridge?

But when the University was built so alluringly near, the Mill Race became a self-appropriated adjunct of student life, all the mills and factories notwithstanding. And long before the canoe appeared, the standardized vehicle was the flat-bottomed skiff, propelled by at least two, or better still, by three sets of oars. The stylish party consisted of three couples, three men at the oars.

The paddler of the present who drives his little craft so skimmingly over the ripples, little knows the vanished glories of the old time skiff, heavy and cumbersome as a lumber wagon in comparison, the blood blistering in the palms of the hand, the perspiration slithering into our mouths. Not only was the skiff as unwieldy as Noah's Ark to row, but the Race of that era was a tortuous, cluttered, undredged channel, infested with low bridges to bump you off and stumps just below the water line. While on the lookout for the one you could count on meeting with the other. And those flat-bottomed boats were just the cutest contrivances to balance, first on one stump and then on the next, often capsizing,—and you not in shorts or Jantzen reds,—oh! no!

But, of a Friday afternoon, after we had watched the train come in and were gathered on the Post Office corner, where the First National Bank now stands, some one would be sure to pipe up with "Let's go up the Race." And six of us would hike up to Dr. Patterson's, where Clyde stabled his boats, and we were off, perhaps not to return till after dark, when we would be obliged to use lanterns, if we had them, to decry, if possible, those impish obstructions.

A favorite mooring place was at the junction of Mill and Tenth, to reach which it was necessary to cross private property. Right of way had apparently never been legally obtained, and groups of picknickers had been coming and going, evidently with little regard for the owners and latterly to their unquestioned annoyance, as a party of us, one large, moonlit night, discovered to our anguish. We had returned and were about to land, when a voice in Scandinavian accent yelled at us not to step on his property or he would shoot. We just could not pacify that cursing berserk. He waxed louder and more profane, the more we tried to reason with him,—and he won out. We had to go on down the stream and tie up at the bridge, the best we could, and tote the

girls out through the mud and ooze. Every time I hear "Hay bane Swade," I think with mortification and disgust of that shotgun, poked at us from an upper window. (The next issue will contain "THE FIRST VARSITY SONG.")

## Emerald of the Air

By GEORGE Y. BIKMAN

OUR rooster's lid goes off to Bob Cathey, who participated in the poetry program yesterday. Because yours truly copied a page number incorrectly, Bob found himself in front of the mike looking at a page of a rambling Chinese thing that he had never seen before. But like a trouper, Bob went into it. It happened to be the middle of the poem, but that was all right, because it was only a lot

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## PURE QUILL

By JIMMY MORRISON

IT all began when Ernst opened a window in his Lit of the Modern World class. He asked a male student sitting nearby if he minded. "Yes, I'm cold," the kid answered.

"Very well then; you may sit over there next to Miss Cooper," said Professor Ernst. And he was in Ernst the other day when he admitted never having heard "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

Here is a little deal which almost slipped by the ears of Snoop and Conquer, the campus spycouters:

The Sigma Nus' calf got a bit rah-rah at their house, so they took him over to the Alpha Phi house, where they supposed he would feel more at home. The kiddies didn't like the gift and were noticeably inhospitable to him, ultimately demanding that his owners come and remove him.

All of which reminds one of words Shakespeare might have said:

College women with their prittle prattle  
Remind me of a bunch of cattle . . .

## McDONALD

12:45 CONTINUOUS 11:45

## NOW PLAYING

GUY KIBBEE  
Alma MacMAHON  
HEARTED HERBERT

PLUS  
WAGON WHEELS  
with RANDOLPH SCOTT  
GAIL PATRICK  
MONTE BLUE



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