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Journalistic Iconoclasm

THE shock of seeing one of the nation's outstanding bearers of conservative newspaper makeup—the Morning Oregonian—suddenly discard its pleasingly prosaic form in favor of a more sensational style has caused Oregon students and readers throughout the state to engage in lively controversy over the change.

Readers, accustomed to their daily diet of world and local news over the breakfast table as a matter of course, now face the task of rebuilding and re-visiting entrenched reading habits. The Oregonian's adoption of bolder condensed headlines, shorter news stories and other major and minor changes too numerous to mention leaves a long-time reading public agast.

It is, of course, only a matter of time until readers become accustomed to the new Oregonian. At the moment, however, the typographical transformation of a newspaper which has for years been identified by analogy to such publications as the New York Times is both striking and significant.

The newly adopted makeup of the Oregonian is an outgrowth of the same movement which has prompted the radical departure of the Hearst-controlled morning press from the generally accepted American practice of writing and making up headlines. In all of his morning newspapers Hearst has thrown over every vestige of traditional American technique, flashing from his pages the "label" headlines typical of the English press.

Not that the Oregonian contemplates for a minute adopting the Anglo-Hearstian attitude, but the Oregonian's policy is indicative of the new search for improved typographical expression which is spreading over the country, and of the rejuvenation of morning newspapers in meeting the competition of the more flamboyant evening press.

Pardon Our Laughter

IF we chuckle at this reported rapprochement of government and big business—this return to the old conjugal bliss—it is in no malicious spirit. We just don't think it's in the cards.

We smiled—but with no Jack Dalton's invidious twirl of mustachios—at the news reports of the Fairbanks reconciliation. We knew that wasn't in the cards either. And when we found Big Business playing a wistful Mary to F. D.'s Doug, well, we just couldn't help it—the corners of our lips curled up.

Somehow, we can't see them patching it up. They're an incompatible couple. They ought never to have married in the first place. Oh, it was a love match all right, and it kind of thrilled people to see them together at first—we mean that once happy pair, Government and Big Business, you know. Government would appear in the newsreels, smiling broadly, and say that it had found the best little woman in the world. Big Business would flirt on the screen and voice ingenuously pride in the brawny, sheltering arm of her man. But you could see that the fates would never smile kindly on such a union.

It was their careers—yes, it must have been their careers. They both had big followings they had to play to. He was popular in a rough sort of way among whole rank and file, America's Sweetheart,

Big Business, had a more select public that fell for her sweet line. Aside from her apparent naivete she had a lot of promise in her eyes.

It was an inevitable clash of tempers that first separated them. And true to the sweetness she had to maintain before her public, she didn't cry long and loud about it, that is, at first she didn't.

The fact is no one knew they were separated until it was gossiped about that he was playing around a bit. Of course you couldn't help but hear a few petty squabbles, but finally it began to look pretty scandalous. When it began to get noised around of his affair with Stock Regulation and then his romance with Utility Ownership, all this so soon after she had won him back from what might have been a compromising liaison with that little tart, Labor, she began to worry about how this would be taken by her own following. She saw that they had a romantic faith in the sanctity of their union, and she felt herself obliged to patch things up, for the sake of romance. This was how it came about that she rouged herself up a bit and tried to look her best—perhaps she could rekindle the old flames.

We shouldn't smile, but, poor Big Business, she doesn't realize what years and trouble have done to her. And, somehow, our sympathies are with Government. He may be playing around, but gosh he's having a good time.

The Accolade

ONCE again Phi Beta Kappa selects six students and bestows on them its highest honor—membership in the Senior Six.

Thus Lloyd Humphreys, Helen Abel, Valborg Anderson, Mary Janet Cox, Elinor Stevenson, and Lloyd Faust receive the official accolade for three years of brilliant scholastic endeavor. It is an honor that is not to be held lightly; for, after all, the primary purpose of a university is scholastic, not social, and this is the mark of supreme achievement in the curricular field.

It is pleasant to be able to bring to public notice these quiet and unobtrusive workers. Senior Six, the Emerald is proud to salute you!

The 1930 census shows that Louisiana with 13.5 per cent has more illiteracy than any other state in the union with the single exception of South Carolina. This may attribute in a substantial way to Huey Long's phenomenal success.

The Passing Show

Higher Education's Future

IN his letter to the governor concerning the status and progress of the administration of higher education in Oregon, President Marks, of the board of higher education, declared that in the view of the board "the fundamental allocations of function are sound." He was referring to the situation as between university and college.

This newspaper, while indorsing in most other respects the soundly thought-out views of the board president, cannot agree that a fundamental allocation is sound which deprives the university of pure science. Pure science, it seems to us, belongs essentially at the university. As a former president of the University of Oregon has said, "A university without science is a university deprived of its soul."

With due respect to the survey board, whose report sent science to the college and commerce to the university, it is difficult to see how such recommendations could be justified. Commerce is as essentially a natural unit in the college curriculum as the teaching of science is a natural university function. The allocations in contrary fashion were ill advised.

All this is said in full agreement with Mr. Marks' view that the state of Oregon cannot support separate institutions, each complete in itself. It is said also with recognition of the fact that the present is not the time for further major changes in major allocations as between the two schools. We have just well begun, under the wise policy of Mr. Marks, a settling down process in higher education which ought to go on. But the door ought not to be permanently closed against rectification of so gross an error as that which was made in sending science to the college and commerce to the university.—Morning Oregonian.

College in the Raw

THE individual who knows of college life only as depicted in motion pictures, magazine articles, and yes, student publications, must have a weird conception.

The usual descriptions run something like this: Hollywood—The characters are either athletes, young men in love, or young women willing to be in love. Time is spent chiefly in putting on neckties, telephoning, drinking, and dating. If the hero or any of his friends are studying, the explanation is always given that there is the deciding examination the next morning. Living quarters resemble a club room, and the campus looks like a country club grounds.

Magazine articles—They begin with the question of should your son or daughter go to college and conclude by answering it depends upon the type of person your son or daughter is, of which the parent is the least qualified judge. The senior knows less that when he was a freshman (Mr. Tunis). College professors are either communists or atheists or both, fraternities and sororities are patrons of snobbery, and intercollegiate football is a big business.

Student publications—Our college is the sorriest institution in the country. Everything about it needs reforming. The administration is narrow-minded, the food is terrible, and free thinking is taboo. Sports and society are the important news.

If the bewildered seeker of the actual conditions took the time to live in the average college community he would discover that students burning with the desire of acquiring knowledge are rare but that 70 per cent are serious about their studies, that Greek-letter societies or their equivalent offer real friendship, and that college professors are doing a better job than men in most professions.—Duke Chronicle.

in Philadelphia, awarded \$6,750 to Oregon for the Carnegie Art Center summer session to be held here again this summer. Ellis F. Lawrence, dean of the University's school of architecture and allied arts, announced yesterday after his return from the Philadelphia meeting of the committee.

Dean Lawrence spent a day in New York, where he saw Allen Eaton, a former University art staff member, who, together with President Campbell and the dean, was instrumental in organizing the art school. Eaton is now writing a book on the mountain crafts of Kentucky and the South.

The Day's Parade

By PARKS HITCHCOCK

Goulash a la Butler

Civil Servant or Moron?

BENEATH what would seem "scarcist" propaganda in ordinary times, as reliable a source as Representative Samuel Dickstein, member of the house investigating committee on un-American activities, finds a basis of fact. The charges examined are those proffered by Major-General Smedley Butler, famed military figure whose expletives are nearly as renowned as those of another U. S. general, Hugh Johnson.

Capitalist Coup?

"Old Gimlet-Eye," as Butler was known in service days, recently testified that he had been approached by leading capitalists and had been asked to lead a march on Washington with the seizure of the reins and the establishment of a fascist dictatorship as the end in sight. The revolutionists were to be ex-service men financed by capitalistic money, the general alleged.

Dickstein Asserts

Said Representative Rickstein: "... we believe that the information attributed to Butler is substantially based on fact."

McGuire Denies

Cried Gerald P. McGuire, charged along with broker Robert Sterling Clark as agents for the fomentors: "It all sounds like a fabrication to me... I certainly know that a man like General Butler hates fascism and Mussolini and Hitler like hell!" Said broker Robert Sterling Clark: nothing at all—he was in Europe and frantic efforts to reach him have not as yet born definite fruit.

Stephens Scoffs

Likewise implicated and likewise vehement in his denial was Henry Stephens former national commander of the American Legion when reached at his home in Warsaw, North Carolina. "Who'd you say made up such a cock and bull story?" Stephens shouted over the telephone. "Butler? Why I never saw that man but once in my life!"

Danger to the Right

Whether or not ex-Commander Stephens had seen ex-Commander Butler but once in his life such fact could hardly vitiate the general nature of the accusation. Furthermore, the unproved nature of the assertions should not blind the American public to the danger that lies to the right. This danger is just as real as any actual or ephemeral hazards to the left, and furthermore, it may prove even more injurious to the commonwealth because of the unlimited power in the hands of the moneyed reactionaries. Thinking citizens should be wary of any further encroachments upon their rights by a class of people who have established the amassing of wealth as their single aim in life, a class of individuals who have solely by good fortune and pecuniary shrewdness gained the political throne and fortified a financial feudalism dangerous and pernicious beyond any of the lawless baronies of the moyen age.

NINE hundred treasury department employees were sacked last week for failure to get better than 70 on an examination given by the civil service commission. The examination, termed a test in "horse sense" by its framers, was given to civil servants employed for the most part in the enforcement of liquor laws.

High School Mentality?

Authors claimed that any alert adult with an high school education or its equivalent would have no trouble passing the test. Sample question: Complex means most nearly (1) entire, (2) intricate, (3) invisible, (4) indefinite, (5) length. Answer, of course, (2).

Common Sense Quiz

Along with the vocabulary tests there were other simple arithmetical problems and divers memory tests. Despite the fact that the test would appear comparatively simple to the casual surveyal, 75 per cent of those taking it failed to get a passing grade.

Better Training Urged

The American conscience may well feel a slight twinge at this startling proof of the general intelligence level of the average public servant. It is evident that both more care and a greater interest must be given in the future to the preparation of men for entrance into civil service. Government work of all types should be made a career, not the last resort of an unsuccessful business or professional man.

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Actors and Acrobats

By ED HANSON



The First Varsity Song

By FREDERIC S. DUNN

IN the chronicle of our 'firsts', for there is a 'first' in all things, the earliest Varsity song has its own chapter. The harp had hung unstrung on Oregon's walls for full a score of years, before a skald of sufficient desiried it and awoke it. And we thrilled to its melody as all the court of the Thorn Rose.

Dr. Frank Strong, our third President, had been largely concerned in music as an avocation while at Yale. He had partially made his way through college and in the graduate school by the aid of fees earned in music, often by his own personal contributions.

Two of the stories I have long-remembered were recounted to me of his experiences in the Yale orchestra, both reminiscent of a veteran German trombonist. The old fellow one day followed a fly up and down and around on the score, insisting, despite abuse from the director, 'Dose are mine notes'. And again, some practical jokesters sprinkled some tobacco in the trombone, when Hans, by and by, beginning to sense queer pangs somewhere inside, stepped frankly to the front of the platform, just before a solo was scheduled on the Commencement program, and agonizedly declared, 'Mine friends, you must excuse me. I haf de cholera marbles'. Some Eli on the Faculty should be able to vouch for these classics.

We were advertised as the Faculty Male Quartet.—E. D. Ressler, 1st tenor; F. S. Dunn, 2nd tenor; I. M. Glen, 1st bass; President Strong, 2nd bass. It has given me a strange sense of loneliness, since writing these names, to realize that I alone survive. And how we could and did sing! Once, when Dr. Strong had completed the most trying task of revising the catalog, having spent days and nights with his committee, he rented a cab for several hours in the afternoon, and we four drove about town, aimlessly, indifferently,—just singing,—singing everything we knew and practicing new pieces,—in sheer jubilee and pure joy of singing. This was no joy ride, you must believe me. There was no bottle, and we sang 'sweet and low'.

And then, one evening in the upper rooms of Collier hall, where President and Mrs. Strong were entertaining in reception, we four, as a surprise, sang for the first time the first Varsity song, "Oh Oregon." It was in manuscript form and I at the least never knew from the lips of either composer or the poet the authorship of song or poem, though I bantered both to acknowledge and their evasions were as good as confessions.

But the next issue of the Oregon Monthly contained the poem under the name of Irving M. Glen, while there was issued shortly afterward a manual of College Songs, the first to be published since the old worn-out Harvard compilation, which heralded to the world that "There's a pretty little village in the valley in the West."

For many years thereafter, the Glee Clubs sang it, though never to my liking, for they mitted it in gulps, as it were, racing to a comma, then, after a pause, scrambling for more yardage. And then, it died. We never hear it now. After all, it was just ephemeral. Its words were trivial. It lacked that indefinable, deathless something, to rank it with the great odes of the greater universities.

(The next issue will contain "THOSE FACULTY TEN COMMANDMENTS.")

PURE QUILL

By JIMMY MORRISON

NOMINATED to the hall of fame: Gladys Battleson, petite A. O. Pi punstress. Two nights ago at the dinner table she told the girls a little story. "Once upon a time," she began, "there were two deers—a papa deer and a mamma deer—and they had a little fawn. Some fun, eh kids?" Oh deer.

Here is a photograph of the famous Senator Bluenose Label, donated by Floyd Gibbons Travis, photo expert.



The senator's latest scheme is to give up sticking around the bottle and take up dog catching. He is sold on the idea that a dog catcher nets a pretty good income.

What girl and boy were so interested in each other on the steps of Susan Campbell hall the other evening that they didn't hear the night watchman as he walked up? And was she embarrassed as she climbed down off his knee!

Chet "Letterman" Bede, Sigma Chi, doesn't like his reporting beat, but he reports having met a "keen babe" at the market down town.

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Pucini's La Boheme will be the new topic discussed by Mme. Rose McGrew in her lecture today in the Osburn hotel at 10 o'clock. Her first lecture on this topic will be confined to biographical material, supplying a background for later detailed discussions. She will relate the history of the writing of the book by Muigi from which the opera is derived. Records will be played and Eileen Edholm, a vocal pupil of Mme. McGrew, will sing the Musetta Waltz.

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Oregon Will Have 1935 Art Session

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