

Oregon Emerald

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Day Editor This Issue Newton Stearns
Night editor this issue Scot George

Why Ignore the Greatest?

It has been the customary policy of editorial writers in touching upon the subject of traditions to paint grandiloquent and flowery pictures of the "good old days" when the barbarous customs of beating one's fellowman to a pulp in the name of alma mater was the highest ambition of the college man's ephemeral existence.

It has been equally disconcerting to the student of the social movements of history to discover that the periods in which those practices euphemistically termed "traditions" have flourished, have likewise been the ages in man's evolution noted most for social unhappiness. The incompatibility of the two notions is at once apparent.

Last term the Emerald editorially pointed out the need for upholding Oregon's traditions as conducive to the building of a pride in the University, of developing the individuality of the University, of lending an element of character and self-respect to the lives of Oregon men and women.

Because the Emerald pointed out that returning grads missed the traditions that were in vogue when they attended the University of another age did not mean that the clock should be turned back to another era. Thus it appears that the resolutions recently submitted by the junior class committee and passed favorably by the executive council failed to consider the greatest and most valuable of Oregon traditions.

Where are the most glorious of all the traditional Oregon activities? Could it be the committee inadvertently overlooked Junior Weekend, with the now famous Canoe Fete, which is not to our knowledge staged by another university in the nation? And how about Mother's day and Dad's day, and Homecoming with its bonfire—all fine Oregon traditions? Why not publicize as a true tradition the academic freedom and its accompanying intellectual curiosity which have been for long years basic foundations upon which the University has stood. It seems ridiculous that these fundamental activities are not kept in the forefront as Oregon's most noble traditions.

At Last—Expansion

A NEW deal for the A.S.U.O. and the University of Oregon!
That we feel is the interpretation of last Friday's announcement that Ralph Schomp would assume the post of assistant graduate manager in charge of student activities exclusive of athletics.

The addition of a man of Schomp's proven ability in the promotion of student undertakings is in itself a significant step forward. Even more important however is the increased efficiency and the enlarged scope which the expansion will institute in the graduate manager's office.

Too long has the heavy burden of overwork without clearly defined functional lines hampered Graduate Manager Hugh Rosson and his first assistant, Tom Stoddard, in their attempts to build a greater University. The new move now makes possible the development of Oregon's athletic program under the full-time direction of Assistant Stoddard while Manager Rosson can devote his every effort to important phases of University promotion, instead of having his time divided between such work and routine procedure.

The commendable action taken by the A.S.U.O. came at a crucial moment when the A.S.U.O. found itself at the junction of two paths—one, calling for a complete program of retrenchment; the other, calling for a new era of expansion and development. Wisely the latter course was followed.

The year 1935 marks the foundation for a new deal for the University of Oregon.

It Won't Do, Miss Perkins

WE agree with you, Miss Perkins, that the Townsend plan is "economically and socially unsound," but we must deplore your using the argument that its enactment would result in inequality of income. "Why," you say, "the entire national income of 1933 was less than 40 billions, and the pension scheme alone would be annually 24 billions. It would give 9 percent of our population more than half the entire income of the country." We concur that it would be a shocking state of affairs. But we deplore your argument because too obviously it is stolen from the "Reds," who always are harping on the injustices in our division of the wealth. This fellow, C. Hartley Grattan, for instance, who contributes to Common Sense, Scribner's and other periodicals of a liberal shade, thrusts figures like this to our attention: "In 1929

73.6 percent of the corporation dividends went to the \$5000 and over income class, one percent of the population."

Or take Lewis Corey, who shows in his bourgeoisie-baiting "Decline of American Capitalism" that in 1928 15.9 percent of the population received 50.1 percent, more than half, of the national income; that 6.9 percent of the population received 38.7, almost half; and that .8 percent of the population got hold of 21.8 percent of the wealth produced in that year.

Yes, of course, Miss Perkins, these figures tell; but you can't use them, because they are a "pink" prerogative, and the "pinks" will get back at you with sophistry like this—how does the fact of having inherited from wealthy ancestors, any more than the fact of having attained a venerable sixty, entitle one to a disproportionate share of the wealth. It just won't do.

A tack you might take, however, if you want to hit the Townsend plan would be to expose the fallacy current in the belief that this 40 billion dollar national income, by some mystic proliferation of "turnover," can become the 1200 billions in gross sales which so many pension fanatics propose to tax. Make them see that this 40 billion dollars represents the wealth that this country produced in goods and services, and nothing more, and that no "turnover" can make it more.

One Man's Opinion

By STIVERS VERNON

"ONE never knows whether one is married or divorced when one is wed to a film star."

The above statement is credited to Michail Farmer, husband of Gloria Swanson. (He was anyhow—its like asking who was president of Mexico on June 8, at 7:30 p. m.) In view of the fact that certain of the fair sex are at present hogging the spotlight, it seems to be a very potent little line. Poor Farmer, his plight at the time those words were uttered must have been even worse than that of George Putman (Earheart) husband of the famous aviatrix. And heaven knows that would be bad enough for most husbands.

The inference of his remark that he'd rather have a baby, is that he would much prefer to anxiously mop his brow in the corridor of a hospital under the cold eye of a head nurse, than to stand around in tropical Honolulu and anxiously scan the radio reports for news of his wife's progress across the Pacific.

Poor George, he is one of those unsung heroes whose virtue will surely add a couple of stars to his crown in the next world. Its a cinch nobody is going to toss any adulation his way in this vale of sorrows.

Anyhow, he's our heartfelt sympathy. How would you feel if, while you were busy as the very devil in the office, trying to keep the wolf from the door, your wife should let loose and become the toast of the decade?

We don't know George and for obvious reasons have never read his biography, but we'll bet a cookie he's just as red-blooded a man as anyone. The fact that like twenty million of his brethren, he hasn't time to gaud around and indulge in the more romantic and adventurous phases of life—like the escapades of his wife—certainly does not detract from any honest merits he may have.

We were talking with an old chap the other day who fairly roared because of the continued space being given to the Fairbanks-Pickford divorce affair. His remarks about the press of this land were far from complimentary.

We agree with him in one particular—it surely is miserable drivel for front page stuff. However, we are inclined to place the blame for its presence as featured material not on the press which publishes it but upon the slushy-minded public which demands it.

Personally, there is to us nothing more disgusting than a repetition of the gory details surrounding the smash-up of America's erst-while sweetheart and her swash-buckling husband. After all, who cares if a couple of actors want to dissolve a partnership which is irksome? At any rate, the affair has been really excellent publicity for the waning glory of Mary Pickford. Witness the five figure radio contract signed while the melee was at its height.

The Passing Show

DO ACTIVITIES LOWER GRADES?

VERY popular question for debate is the advisability of entering student activities. One of the chief sources of complaint has been the erroneous idea that the large amount of time devoted to activities could be better used in study and that activity work tends to lower the scholastic standing of the participants.

Let us take for example the two largest activities on this campus, the Illini and the Illio. The senior scholastic average of the Illini is about 4.35, and the entire staff average has been estimated to be about 3.75. The Illio boasts of as high a record.

Activity people must be above the average student in intelligence, or they could not hold responsible positions. Freshmen entering activities soon find that good grades are necessary for advancement and consequently those making poor grades gradually drop off. Members of the faculty who are influential in advancement place a large premium on a high scholastic average.

In regard to the use of time, the activity man utilizes every spare moment while the student not occupied with outside work often spends his leisure time unprofitably.

Another advantage that the activity man has over the non-activity man is his contact with the faculty and his friendships with other students. Learning to meet people is one of the worth while talents cultivated in college which will prove valuable in later life.

The activity man receives profitable experience, personal assurance and a liberal education from his work—Daily Illini.

Day's Parade

By PARKS HITCHCOCK

Reil Hitler

More Investigation

Ten to three is the unofficial line-up and it doesn't take a clairvoyant to guess that Germany is ahead. Furthermore, no one in particular is surprised at the outcome of the Saar plebiscite, as all the better informed judges (and most of the ill-informed) had the Nazis pegged as inevitable winners.

Unofficial Only

Although this estimate of the voting was gained by gallery witnesses who were not allowed to do more than watch the skillful tabulation of the voters by neutral officials, anti-Hitlerites have virtually conceded the swing to Germany.

Three for Mr. Knox

Interesting enough was the announcement that the three votes out of thirteen went, not to forlorin France, but rather to a man named Geoffrey Knox. Mr. Knox is neither a Teuton or of French parentage, but an Englishman.

The League's Lieutenant

However, it is not for England that Geoffrey Knox serves. He is the equivalent of the governor-general of the Saar and he hands his annual reports in to the League of Nations. The League has governed the little Saar basin for a little over 15 years and still has the final say-so as to whether the much disputed area shall be given over to the nation of her choice. If, however, the plebiscite is as decisive as it appears to be (France's vote seems negligible) there will in all probability be little delay in the transfer.

Money for Coal

Germany still has the disagreeable task of buying the coal mines back from the French. This onerous disbursement was stipulated in the original clause giving the Saar over to the League. The whole affair arose from the lamentable Versailles treaty, which the late Raymond Poincare and his Gallic confederates employed as a means to get their fingers further into the post war pie. As a matter of fact, the Saar basin had nothing in common with the French save the value of her coal deposits, but had not Mr. Wilson and Lloyd George intervened the rapacious Quai d'Orsay would have in all probability snatched the Saar immediately.

A Total Loss

As it turned out, and as it must have been apparent to any reasonably far-sighted man in 1919, the whole Saar question has caused nothing but grief and a great deal of expense to the League, to say nothing of its representative, Mr. Geoffrey Knox, and his fellow board members.

A representative from Texas (Dies, Dem.) has proposed another congressional investigation, this time upon the charges that the government is attempting to throttle the press.

Roosevelt Coup

This latest contribution to congress's favorite sport will in all probability die a committee death, and gain enough publicity meanwhile to in some measure vindicate the administration. The suggested investigation has been leveled against a great many carping and underhanded New Deal criticisms which suggest that Roosevelt is bringing pressure to bear to control the newspapers of the nation.

Fight for "Freedom"

To anyone who knows the first thing of the inflammable nature of most representatives of the Fourth Estate such insinuations cannot but seem ridiculous. We cannot feel that we would be liable to loss if we were to bet that at the first mention of the curtailment of that inalienable "privilege" every newspaperman in the country would take up the banner and enragedly flaunt it in the public's face.

The alarming thing about the whole question is that of all the newspapermen who would howl so frightfully at any encroachment upon the freedom of the press, very few seem to do anything about exercising that freedom in a rational and constructive manner.

Be Honest

(Continued from Page One)
disputed decision made by the judges. His sportsmanship did much more for America than his winning could ever have accomplished.

Comparison to English
"In England, bankruptcy is a disgrace; in America it is a business," Barker declared. An Englishman is in utter disgrace for the rest of his life if he once goes bankrupt.

The speaker told of a game he once witnessed between Oxford and Cambridge. The people were such good sports that they applauded every good play. It was difficult to tell which section of the grandstands stood for each team. The French and Germans, on the other hand, are not nearly as good sports, speaking of team play, as the British.

Barker also told of an Oregon boy who started in life as a lawyer and refused offers of a success because of a keen feeling of responsibility for his parents' welfare. In the end, the young man achieved success.



All the world's a stoooge and we're just gag writers. Marsh Harrison, S.A.E.'s man with the bushy eyebrows and heaving chest, is helping Western Union by sending telegrams to Washington, D. C. Her name is Lee. Flash, flash, flash, lots of dot and lots of dash. George "Whinny" Neuner, Peck's bad boy, is of to Portland Wednesday—thar's reasons. Definition of rumba music is working up to a climax and falling in a heap. The most popular dance number at 10 o'clock in the men's gym is still "Object of My Affections." It is in it's third week as leader. Last term "I Saw Stars" ran for four weeks. "P. S. I Love You" is down in the fourth place. A Phi Delt, who has the same last cognomen as a certain liver pill, bears a striking resemblance to George Brent. The Theta house should really be more careful of their shades.

Little Bety Curtis, the Gamma Phi's blonde Carling, had all the jittery stage fright frills of a torch singer about to take the spot for the first time in the Palais Royal last Saturday. It all happened at the soph informal and it stumped the hangers on. The low down: Bety, who carries the pin of an absent Theta Chi, felt the call of the dance and cast the honors at the sporting Clair Johnson, but hadn't been out with anyone except her absent heart throb for so long she was just so-o-o nervous.

Even the campus terrorists who always know everybody's business in advance haven't figured out the two major problems of the week which popped up at the sophomore garden party. The split of the Bill Schloth-Althea Peterson team had all us guessing and buzzing when the social hope of the Chi Psi lodge and the Theta mansion danced by—with somebody else. Then Homer Goulet, Sigma Chi receiver, wafted by without that little red haired Adele Sheehy with whom he has been seen quite regularly in the bright spots these past weeks. The sensation came when Houdini Goulet flashed his lady-of-the-evening before the multitude. Mary McCracken it was, from the same haunts down on the race as little Adele. What the Goulet lad has no one knows, but we could make a fortune selling the formula to the campus Lotharios if he'd let us have it.

Melody News lists "Hands Across the Table" as the "song of the month" in Dec., with GEORGE OLSEN and his music as the "band of the month" he and his singing wife, ETHEL SHUTTA, have made the College Inn of the Sherman Hotel in Chicago the most popular spot in the Mid-West. We'll put our rocks on the tune of this month on either "Isle of Capri" or "Blue Moon" and on the DORSEY BROTHERS' band for reports from the East indicate they are really coming into their own now, and are taking New York by storm. BING CROSBY's next picture will be "Mississippi," with the musical score by RAY NOBLE. What a perfect combine for any show. FRED ASTAIRE's next film will be the music comedy success "Roberta," whence came such hits as "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," and "April in Paris," composed by JEROME KERN of "Showboat" and "Cat and the Fiddle" fame. GEORGE GERSHWIN's opera in the making "Porgy," will be first produced at the Metropolitan Opera house, quite a recognition for a so-called jazz-ketball. Then such practice, I feel, is detrimental to the players rather than beneficial as it would take a radical readjustment in strokes and timing when returning to cement courts.

I heartily appreciate the interest shown by you as well as the coach and can assure you the added appreciation of the whole team, but I am not convinced that the plan as presented would be beneficial or advisable.

Sincerely,
A Varsity Player

Others' Opinions

Editor, the Emerald:
I was very happy to see the sudden interest you took in tennis as a sport on this campus and as possible means of providing entertainment between the halves of the basketball games. No one wishes to see tennis as a sport on this campus increase in interest any more than I do; but I do not believe that playing between halves of the basketball games would either further that interest or provide any adequate entertainment.

There are several practical considerations supporting my contentions. First, the time element is an important consideration that I believe to be an obstacle. The fifteen minutes allowed is not ample to set up the nets and remove the baskets and take the net down again and yet leave more than a few minutes in which to play. This time cannot be lengthened. Then it takes several minutes for a player to become warmed up and adjusted to the court and lighting, etc.

Secondly, good tennis cannot be played on a slick basketball floor by any player who is used to cement courts without a great deal of practice before hand. It is hard to obtain this practice due to the constant use of the floor for basketball. Then such practice, I feel, is detrimental to the players rather than beneficial as it would take a radical readjustment in strokes and timing when returning to cement courts.

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Term Infirmary Total Shows Gain Over 1933

Records of the infirmary show that a total of 144 patients were confined during last term, a gain of 25 persons over the corresponding period in 1933. This increase is partially due to the larger enrollment in the University. On the other hand last term was considerably shorter in number of school days than the 1933 fall period. The present quarter's rush of patients is still continuing. The addition of Virginia Youmie, Gwendolyn Brady, Harold Hull, Robert Bales, and Arthur Tilander has filled up 12 of the 14 beds available. Frank Maize was discharged today.

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Study In Contrast



Music in the Air

By George Bickman and Dick Watkins

Everybody apparently had a fine time at the Soph Garden Party last Saturday night, chiefly due to the superb music dished out by JIMMY DIERICKX and his merry men from Corvallis, with the only kick we have coming, centering around the difficulty of hearing the tunes on the other side of the hall, due to the poor amplifier system, which consisted of two measly loud speakers wired up on both sides of the platform. DIERICKX certainly deserves plenty of credit for getting such a versatile outfit together and for having the ability to ape the styles of prominent bands so well, especially those modeled after HAL KEMP and JAN GARBER recording style. DIERICKX will be coming down some more for a few house dances this term, so between his band and the vastly improved 10 COMMANDERS playing around town, the musical outlook for these parts is beginning to look a bit hopeful.

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When Roads Scholar Meets Rhodes Scholar

By HOWARD KESSLER

LONDON, England — A few deans, several professors and a couple of office boys went into a hurried conference, and when they came out of the huddle, the most dignified-looking old chap, whom I took to be an office boy because he didn't have baggy trousers like the rest, directed me to Oriel college.

"There you will find Robert Hayter," he said, so, tipping my green and gold cap, which I had brought out for the occasion, I left him to resume his game of chess with the stenographer.

Bob's lips said "Hello," as I opened the door, but his eyes said "Who the devil are you?" so as I have always understood that "the eyes have it," I said: "Kessler. You met me at the University last year."

Hayter said, "Oh yes," as though he really remembered, and we started our chat, interrupted now and again by a terrific clanging of bells.

"This place has more bells than the Follies," finally said Hayter. "When you graduate from Oxford you're really a gentleman of belles lettres."

I was waiting for an opening after this. Hayter asked me how I liked cycling down from London. "Oh, I was never too tired," I replied. "But Edgar, of course, he was always two-tired." Bob led with his chin. "Edgar is my bike," I answered, and by the way he winced, I knew Hayter was through with puns for the evening.

"Make no mistake, these chaps know their stuff here," he told me. "I like the place, although it is much different from our American universities."

"Do you miss the coeducational school?" I asked as that is the most important difference, to my mind, between England and America.

"To a certain extent, yes," Bob said slowly, weighing his decision. "Regulations governing social life are quite stringent here. It's rather difficult to gain permission to have an automobile, and we must be in by 9 o'clock." Later, Oregon's Rhodes scholar showed me the potent barbed wire stretched about the top of the walls which enclose every college, which device is guaranteed to get to the seat of any difficulties concerning tardy students.

"We are supposed to do most of our studying during holidays," Hayter said. "Eight weeks of school and then six weeks vacation which really isn't vacation. I intend to spend my next 'vac' in Kent, and next summer visit Germany."

"Everyone goes out for some sport here. I've been playing handball and squash a good bit. This European features in prospect include an annual festival from a small village in Switzerland and a broadcast from Monte Carlo, France. Ensuing months will bring hookups with Vienna, Pompeii, the little country of Luxembourg, and Johannesburg, South Africa.

Page Walter Winchell! The Old Ranger promises to make an interesting announcement about a "blessed event" on his Death Valley Days program tonight at 9:30. Grace Moore presents her variety program at 6:00 this evening; classical and semi-classical music. Jane Froman and John Barclay will have leads in "Girl Crazy" at 7:00. Giovanni Martinelli at 5:30. Leo Reisman at 8:30. Ben Bernie at 9:00, but not in the same breath, morning the Rhodes scholars had a

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