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One Man's Opinion

By STIVERS VERNON

As a general thing we have a great deal of respect for Harry Carr, who writes the "Lancer" column for the Los Angeles Times and is a member of the board of directors of the same paper. Carr occupies a unique place in California journalism. He has, in his column, done much to mold public sentiment into an awareness of certain of the little things which make life enjoyable in California. He is a gifted and incurable romanticist—perhaps that's why so many of us read his column. The mere fact that we don't always agree with him is neither here nor there—unless, of course, he says something which gets under even our leathery skin.

For instance, his remarks of January 13 about the forests of Oregon. In the paragraph we are quoting he is speaking of Gilbert Gable of Philadelphia.

"He is now building a wharf and a railroad through a forest in Oregon and has been counting the trees. Far from mourning the death of them, he says that if the whole United States army started cutting timber and worked night and day, they never could destroy the forests. New trees 250 years old would have grown up in the path of the cut timber before they got through the first time."

We appreciate the fact that Carr devotes his space to even so brief a compliment to Oregon's most splendid asset. However, by printing such a statement from Gable, Carr is indicating that there is no occasion for concern over Oregon's forests and that an intelligent program of conservation of them would be a waste of time. At least that's the way we would interpret it.

With this idea we must disagree. Any authority on forest life will tell us that the growths of timber which are suited to the exacting needs of the modern wood-working and building arts are not so numerous as might seem at first glance. True, there are millions of board feet as yet untouched but these under the system of despoilage which prevailed a few years ago, would soon disappear. It is here that the forest service has intervened and enforced a conservation program of logging operation which will assure us of adequate forests in years to come.

What we are more concerned about are those areas of timber which have little or no commercial value and to which Carr's column no doubt referred.

Here too, is a point upon which it would be unwise to proceed hastily. Carr would agree with us that such natural features of the landscape as the forests, have more value than that which they will bring when sawed into lengths. He knows because he has spent so much time and space combatting the ravages of the plant diggers who insist on tearing up and logging off the cactus of the California deserts. Even the lowly jackpine is of infinite value to Oregon. The traveler from out of the state does not as a rule make the distinction between merchantable timber and that which has no market value. He is impressed only with the verdancy of the vista in every direction in which he may look. He is not favorably impressed with slashed areas in which dead snags protrude from a mass of undergrowth. It looks like waste to the thrifty farmer or merchant from the mid-west.

California has sold the world on her deserts and sunshine. Oregon with her plentiful rains has the witchery of her evergreen forests, her madcap streams and her sentinel peaks. Oregon, too, has something the world wants. But she will never supply the demand by assuming that her forest resources are inexhaustible.

The Passing Show

LIBERALISM IN COLLEGES

A new class of radicals—"parlor pink radicals"—is being built up in the colleges today.

That is the opinion of Drs. C. L. Morgan and H. H. Remmers of Purdue University, who talked at length on the question before the session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science a few days ago in Pittsburgh.

The professors said that college students are in favor of the government's going further into socialized control than the New Deal has so far. They advocate government ownership of railroads, public regulation of business, and heavy taxation of large fortunes and incomes.

The report of the science meeting asserts that "women students are even more radical"; that students' "mothers are more radical than their fathers."

The reports at this convention are not alarming. This liberal trend is to be expected on the part of students that face such an insecure world to make a living in. In the early and middle twenties no college graduate had anything to fear, because the educated were in demand. But American industry, paralyzed by a system that necessarily made the rich richer and the poor poorer, cannot now assimilate new talent unless needed revision is made.

When Mr. Smith today talks of control and regulation in industry by the government he is called a "radical." That name has been applied to every liberal thinker that ever lived. When Teddy Roosevelt fought for the Pure Food and Drugs Acts and tried to regulate the trusts; when Napoleon said, "I'll someday change the map of Europe"; when Senator Nye told the DuPonts in the munitions investigation that "it was impossible for the government to tax profits out of war, but it is all right for it to conscript the lives of individuals to go to the battlefield"; all of them were called "radicals."

So being a "radical" is not a disgrace. Read the "Challenge to Liberty" today and you will find allusions to "radicals" running the government now, because they are planning the welfare of one hundred and twenty millions before the welfare of a few thousand who cry repeatedly "that their property rights are being taken away from them."

Radicalism when taken too far is nearly as bad as conservatism when taken too far.

The Nazarene carpenter who said "love your enemies" was called a radical and a fool. Yet he made a record that will stand for a while.—Daily Texan.

Day's Parade

By PAIKS HITCHCOCK

Will War Withdraw?

Dr. Townsend in Congress

In their own conservative way the Literary Digest people have hit upon something of a bonanza. It is not to be presumed that this avowedly mild journal of contemporary affairs ever thought for one beautiful transcendent moment that the precedent that they were establishing when they asked the public whether they thought Alfred E. Smith could defeat Mr. Hoover at the polls, would ever roll up to such astounding if slightly boring figures as the present poll on the asininity of war is guaranteed to attain.

The Same Old Riddle: It was almost inevitable, of course, that the Digest should eventually turn its hand to answering the modern Sphinx, and it is equally certain that the people of this occasionally sovereign state will raise their collective hands in one momentous "aye" to the inferential question: "Do you want war?" and then (heaving, no doubt, a theoretical sigh of relief) will return to their preparations for the next tete-a-tete between the mysterious figure, Death, and the equally inaccessible if slightly less mysterious Messrs. Dupont, Krupp, and Zaharoff.

Caesar Speaks: The prerequisite for any such sanguine poll as the Digest has now undertaken is, of a necessity, a popular reputation for infallibility, for in this instance it is liable to be some little time before anyone rises up and with an accusatory finger cries "I told you you'd be wrong," at Digest officials, a contingency that was far from impossible when the Digest conducted polls on such harmless, yet inevitable things as Mr. Roosevelt's victory, or "Why does a chicken cross the road."

Vote It Out? If, in these disillusioned days, one has one real drop of the red blood of idealism in his weary veins, he cannot but attain a certain remote degree of mental enthusiasm over the picture (so soon to be realized) of ten million busy brokers and shopkeepers casting an early morning eye over their Digests and smiling happily when they learn that "We Will Not Have Another War," by a sixty per cent vote.

Although Sinclair is practically dead and buried as far as politics are concerned, several of his fellow Californians still insist on bringing up plans to make the United States approach that unattainable state of Utopian idealism.

Representative McGroarty of the state of trembling land and with a tempestuous and unstable population has introduced the much talked about plan of Dr. Frances E. Townsend which calls for the payment of \$200 per month to every person over sixty by the government.

A Sad State: Strange to say, the only red tape which would ensue, were this bill to pass, would be that the poor people receiving this mere pittance must spend it ere they receive their next two pictures of Jefferson Davis.

The exponents of this measure say that it would put more money into circulation, increase the average citizen's income, and enable these citizens to pay additional taxes to pay the people over sixty their \$200 so they could put it into circulation, etc., etc.

Taxing the Brain: But, then, the increase in taxes could not possibly make up for the many, many additional pieces of paper with the engraved head of Mr. Davis. If such were the case, the tax would be 100 per centum on the increase, and there would be no benefit to citizens engaged in business. Rather, it would be but one more time when a demagogue had passed the fleece of a sheep over the signs organs of the layman.

Makes Money

(Continued from Page One) will be necessary in the original plans.

Board Must Approve Plans: Chancellor Kerr also stated that after the money is available, contracts will be prepared, the approval of the state board of higher education will be obtained, and contracts forwarded to Washington for approval of the officials there. Following their return here, it will be necessary to advertise for bids. The routine should be completed, the chancellor said, and the contracts awarded in time for work to begin this spring. He particularly emphasized that there will be no delay insofar as the Board is concerned.

The immediate library project was presented to the PWA in October of 1933, according to Dean Gilbert, at which time it was argued on the basis of the need at the University for such a building. The petition submitted for the consideration of the administration was compiled largely from a number of surveys made in respect to the use which Oregon students made of their library facilities. It was found that statistics show that Oregon students make from three to four times as much use of library books as the average student in American colleges and universities.

The SEVEN SEERS



Someone has been holding out on us, but the truth will out . . . It took a long time to get on the inside on this one . . . "In case you didn't listen to the Oregon-S.C. game over the radio, you might not know that Maury Van Vliet, Kappa Sig from Oregon and star player, was believed to be urged on to bigger and better plays by the presence of our lady of affairs, Eleanor Day, in the grandstand . . . later, the story goes, he almost missed his train saying goodbye . . . we can't kid ourselves any longer . . . the little gal must have what it takes!!!" . . . This tasty morsel appeared in the U.C.L.A. Claw, gossip blue book of the southern campus . . . Good deception on the part of the nimble backfield ace . . . but it's nice to be in the know, even if a few months behind.

What's more, one Dottie June-man from down S-e-o-u-t-h is sporting a Theta Chi pin from some Oregon lad . . . Just which of the hill boys is minus his customary brass?

And then have you ever wondered if Barbara Weston, Pi Phi flash is making or breaking training rules for basketball's BoB Miller? . . . or if even a super woman could separate the Fiji's blonde Mike Pinkstaff and Bill Hutchinson? . . . why Jim Ringrose is obvious by his absence from campus functions and the usual bright spots? . . . Is there no free lance bit of pulchritude who will remedy this situation?

Why eternal triangles were very much in vogue last term? . . . especially the one featuring Tom Doughtinbaugh, Jack Woodward and Dot Ann Clark, sparkling little Tri Delt white joy . . . Looks promising, from all appearances, for Tom this term . . . Why it is that people act so stiff at campus dances? . . . every man carries himself as though some other man had his eyes glued on him alone.

Campus Brevities

Leaves School Due to Illness: Kathryn Greenwood left Wednesday for her home in Portland where she will remain the rest of the term. Miss Greenwood was forced to leave school due to illness.

Entertains at Dinner: Catherine Coleman, Elizabeth Bendstrup and Nancy Archbold were dinner guests of Mary Snider Saturday evening. Following dinner the party motored to Corvallis to attend the basketball game.

Instructor Ill: Joseph Angell, instructor in English, is in the infirmary with sinus trouble. During the absence of Mr. Angell, his classes have been taken over by other instructors in the department.

Returns After Illness: Wanda Russell of Oklahoma City, who attended school here last term, was stricken with appendicitis shortly after arriving at her home for the holidays. She is expected to return to the campus today.

Back in School: Corvin Calavan, law student, who underwent an appendectomy January 3, was able to attend classes Wednesday.

Visits in Corvallis: Eleanor Higgins visited in Corvallis over the weekend. While in Corvallis she attended the Alpha Tau Omega winter dance.

Back After Illness: Doris Springer, who spent several days last week at her home in Portland due to illness, returned to the campus the early part of this week.

Visits on Campus: Mabel Holmes Parsons, professor of English in the Portland extension center in Portland, visited the campus Monday. While in Eugene, she was a guest at the home of Dr. and Mrs. George Rebec.

Attends Congress in Salem: Dr. Warren D. Smith, professor of geography and geology, left the campus Monday to attend the Oregon Mining congress which is in session in Salem.

On Business in California: Hugh E. Rosson, graduate manager, is in Berkeley, California, on a business trip.

Attends Committee Meeting: Dean James R. Jewell of the school of education spent the day in Salem yesterday where he attended a committee meeting.

Motors to Portland: Ida May Cameron had as her guests Venita Brous and Edwina Anderson who motored with her.

The Glorious Future

By ED HANSON

NEW LIBRARY MORE BOOKS MORE STUDIES

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W.S.C. - JAN. 21

W.S.C. - JAN. 22

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Our First Scapegoats

Students of eocene days were neither more cherubic nor more diabolic than those of contemporary classes, if I can believe what George A. Dorris, ex-'80, has been telling me. He avers that he is the only survivor of a limbo of the "unredeemed" of that earliest student body, and that the boys, he said nothing about the girls except one, and she it was who snatched him from the abyss, the boys just naturally gravitated (or precipitated) to three different stratifications. The top and bottom layers were fairly well defined, but the intermediate lamination was rather "wobbly, you understand," and George used the proper gestures.

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An old photographic group of that time reveals a triumvirate of young men, whose lolling, nonchalant, easy-come-easy-go, attitudes are precisely what you would expect of the characters attributed to them by their lone representative. With George are shown his two pals of sulphurous reputation, George Noland, '82, whom his associates dubbed "Spartacus," and Absalom C. Woodcock, '83. These three, it would seem could be expected to do anything at any time and anywhere, an indispensible triad in any imaginable deviltry fresh from the crater of old Vesuvius.

of imps for instance, had no scruples against descending into the vortex and there, in lowest Tartarus, would guzzle-guzzle. "It was a starry night in June" (maybe), "the air was soft and still" (except for the guzzling), the triumvirate had been swelled to an octette, if not in numbers, at least in capacity and brotherly love. A perfect tartaric time they were having in the jolly good fellowship of such kindred spirits as, perhaps, Henry McGinn, ex-'80 and Jim Raley, ex-'81, not yet the Colton of La Grande, when, to their horror, in stalked John W. Johnson, Praeses Universitatis Oregonensis, stalked, looked, paused, noted each one, grinned not, spake not, stalked back up the stairs and out again.

The imps in silence looked at one another and there was simultaneously flashed "Well, goodbye, boys. I might as well go home and pack up."

Next in the series, ONE WAY TO TEAR OUT PARTITIONS.

Music in the Air

By George Bilkman and Dick Watkins

The Emerald of the Air today brings you Stan Bromberg with his magic violin. Milt Sugarman accompanies on the great studio grand . . . And tomorrow something new. Consider yourself being kept in suspense.

Kay Thompson, who rose to fame on the "California Melodies" program, heads the new girls glee club to be heard on Fred Waring's hour program tonight on CBS at 6:30. She is a protegee of Raymond Paige, CBS conductor in Los Angeles. At 5:30 the chain presents Everett Marshall, heading Broadway Varieties.

On NBC: Richard Himber (KEX) at 4:00; Rudy Vallee's Variety hour at 5:00; Paul White-man's Music hall at 7:00; Standard Symphony hour at 8:15; Waltz Time at 10:15.

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