

Oregon Daily Emerald

An Independent University Daily
PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
EDITORIAL OFFICES: Journalism building, Phone 3300...

—virtue, honor, self-respect and a sadly depleted pocketbook.

And now, after having been back at the old grind for some time, we think it would be nice if someone would flirt with us again...

Hugo the hermit was sentenced to life imprisonment. He'll probably be irked unless he is given solitary confinement.

One Man's Opinion

Are you a big bug? If so, prove it by displaying the family coat of arms on your stationery!

Many of the movie stars have a leaning toward fancy engravings on their letter-heads, we are told. Something symbolic to indicate the long line of aristocracy from which they sprung.

Yes, we are thinking seriously of having a coat of arms for our very own. After what the editor said about this column the other day, we believe that crossed pick and shovel handles would be very apropos.

We can't help wondering about that chap who came out here from the mid-west in December to start some promotional work.

The season during which the gentleman made his debut into Eugene business affairs, was the busiest this city has experienced in several years.

Oregon students know all about the post-holiday season slack-up in business. There seems to be no place for the college man or woman who would like to put in a few hours each day to tide over.

We still want to know what that gentleman thinks about Eugene business now. Fact is, we intend to ask him. When we find out, we'll let you know—that is, if its printable.

The Passing Show

COLLEGE EDUCATION PAYS A.S.U.C.

"I believe in student activities and am disposed to be suspicious of an American university which does not evolve them, and of students who do not take part in them.

"A university is not only what the founders, the alumni, the trustees, and the faculty make it; but more conspicuously, what the students make it. Loyalty to the University can best be expressed by recognition of what the institution should be and determination to play a full part in making it so.

To newly entered students, and to others who are not Associated Students, we extend this message. The card is worth far more than the sum you pay.—Daily Californian.

"30" IS WRITTEN FOR PICTURESQUENESS. No longer will the words "Seventy-three" signify the personal greeting that it once did in New York state.

With the passing of the wire operators goes a picturesque style of journalism and a school which has contributed many capable men to the editorial forces of the American newspaper.

Volumes could be written on the influence of operators on newspaper English. Copy was persistently being edited to save time and space. The code boiled whole sentences of standard news events into a few letters, as "salk," which meant "shot and instantly killed," "ictic," which meant "The identity has not been established."

Day's Parade

By PARKS HITCHCOCK

Old Age Pension

More on Huey

SENATOR WAGNER'S old age pension, although it will hardly equal the sanguine expectations of Dr. Townsend and his adherents, will fill a considerable gap in our present social set-up.

The proviso for the old-age pension calls for, not a general tax as in the case of the unemployment insurance plans, but an individual tax upon the wage earner and his employer, the pension to receive at the age of 65, an amount commensurate with the number of weeks and years he has paid the tax.

If the present bill gets through congress (as it very probably will) the government will likewise go into the insurance business, for one clause of the act specifies that citizens may invest additional sums with an higher pension in mind at arrival at the eligible age.

ALL is not well in Louisiana, the land of that piscatorial parasite known as the Kingfish. Indeed, Hooi's foes are most wrathful, hold great meetings, utter threats and call his henchman Governor O. K. Allen names and say that he should either resign or commit suicide.

What, Gennum Hooi does not make the mistake of replying to the head of the anti-dictator movement with the traditional "As a Southern Gentleman Suh, Ah demand a retracsuhm of youah statement." Instead, he has the henchman put guards around the state capitol.

A few weeks ago the general opinion was that everything ran smoothly in the southern state and every one was satisfied. Evidently, however, many hundreds of people have come to the conclusion that Hooi is not the friend of the people and acting only in the best interests of the people as he has said he is.

Palmer Will Direct Discussion Of Cooperatives For Wesleyans
By Charles Paddock
Probably the most unusual among young people's meetings this Sunday is that of Wesley club, Methodist group. A series of meetings for study of cooperatives has been undertaken.

George P. Winchell will speak on "Personal Relationships." Clay Palmer's Sharmar group meets at 8:00 Sunday evening.

The Christian Sunday school, led by Victor P. Morris, meets at 9:45. The church is located on Oak between Eleventh and Twelfth. At 6:15 p. m. Mr. and Mrs. Morris have charge of Christian Endeavor, to which all college-age students are invited.

Regular services will be held at the Baptist church, Broadway and High streets. Students are especially invited to the morning worship and the B.Y.P.U. meeting at 6:30 p. m. Captain L. H. Nixon teaches the student Sunday school class, which meets at 9:45 in the morning.

Catholic mass is held at St. Mary's church at 8:00 and 10:00, both low and high mass. Confessions are held on Saturday from 4 to 5 p. m. and from 7 to 8 p. m.

Music in the Air

By George Birkman and Dick Watkins

Our publicity note failed to reach you yesterday, so now we hand a thank you and back slap to the members of the Emerald players who performed yesterday: Milton Pillette, Jane Lee, Jane Lagassee, and Robert Bennett.

Today at 4:45 on KORE you may hear an allegedly intellectual interpretation of campus news and thought of the past week.

On CBS today the New York Philharmonic children and young people's concert, under the direction of Ernest Schelling, will be heard in an hour program at 8:30 a. m. Too early?

The Big Ten on NBC at 9:00 tonight; and Let's Dance from 9:30 to 12:30. Sunday: Opera Guild (in English) at 5:00; Frank Munn and Virginia Rea at 6:30; Jane Froman at 7:00; Walter Winchell at 8:15.

Some choice records out this month include Ozzie Nelson's "It's Dark on Observatory Hill," also well done by that fast-climbing Dorsey Brothers outfit; Freddie Martin's "I'm Growing Fond of You," and "Just a Fair Weather Friend"; Hal Kemp's "I've Got an Invitation to a Dance," and "One Little Kiss"; two vocals by Lanny Ross, "The World is Mine," and "Water Under the Bridge," and two other first-class discs by the star of Ye Town Hall Revue, James Melton, "A Little Love, a Little Kiss," and "Your Eyes Have Told Me So."

Captain Dobbis, who has worked himself up to being one of radio's highest paid performers, will head a new million dollar program to be released over the CBS in a few weeks, with Horace Heidt's entertaining band par excellence furnishing the musical end.—Ruth Etting is slated to breeze back to the air-lanes pronto, backed by Red Nichols and his Five Pennies;—Joe Penner plus his feathered side-kick, Goo-Goo will soon be at work on a second picture, following the record-breaking success of "College Rhythm";—two featured bands have added more girl talent to their shows; Fred Waring now boasting of an all-girl glee club headed by Kay Thompson and Phil Spitalny with his array of 30 girl musicians; an interesting yarn has come out regarding that "Let's Dance" show which takes five hours each Saturday night. An NBC ruling does not permit musicians and actors to go out during the whole period of their performance, but due to the exceptional length of "Let's Dance" something had to be done about the 100-odd artists in the various bands taking their turns before the mike, so a nearby drug store has been allowed to open up a lunch-counter in the NBC dressing-room adjacent to the studio, from 10 p. m. to 4 a. m.



Weather Bound in Cornwall

By Howard Kessler
Emerald Foreign Correspondent

MOUSEHOLE, Cornwall, — I came to Cornwall because I felt like writing a novel, and when you feel like writing a novel there are really only two things you can do: write the darned thing or forget about it. Cornwall is as good a place as any to forget about it.

The first five days I saw the sun at least 30 minutes every day, but then I didn't give Cornwall a fair chance, as on the morning of the sixth day I packed my bag and caught the next train.

"8:30 a. m. Gad, what a dazzling day! Stand before open window and inhale quickly three times with idiotic hopeful grin on face.

"9:00. Just a few clouds scudding along. Better wait a few minutes till it clears, then for that long walk.

"10:00. More than a few clouds and not so much scudding.

"11:00. Lots of clouds and practically no scudding.

"12:00. Consultation with everyone you can corner. Hopeful look disappearing. Looks bad.

"1:00. It is bad.
"2:00. Fine mist.
"3:00. Mist.
"4:00. Light drizzle.
"5:00. Drizzle.
"6:00. Light rain.
"7:00. Rain.
"8:00. Moderate downpour.
"9:00. Downpour.

"10:00. To bed discouraged. Listen to the wind sighing (or sagging) about the gables, the rain battering at the windows. Well, maybe tomorrow..."

This village, Mousehole, is an intriguing fisherman's hang-out, just eight miles from Land's End, where Americans go to stand on the last rock of England, so that they can tell their folks back home that they have stood on the last rock of England. Before leaving Canada I read that Mousehole was "one of the most charming cillages in all England," but that was written a few years ago. Cornwall, the English Riviera, has suffered from the reign of tourism and you find orange peel in King Arthur's castle as you do among the Roman ruins. In winter it's not so bad, as even stout-hearted tourists don't particularly care to wallow through seas of mud just to stand on England's last rock in the rain. They prefer sitting in one of the innumerable inns of England, sipping White Rock. Which reminds me that the most interesting hours I spent here were at the old Ship Inn, where sons of the sea gather each evening to have a pipe and a glass (or two) of ale, to play dominoes and skittles, and to trade boldstrous tales of the briny. Even a disastrous fishing season didn't seem to have curtailed their salty humor.

vehemently to show his indignation with such a principle. But you can see how quickly Johnny would forget a phrase he had to write out 500 times after classes.

Bryant also gave me a brief resume of conditions in this neighborhood, and without much strain on my questionable intellect I could see that things were bad, in spite of my informant's placid: "Oh, we'll get along. We always have."

Cornwall depends upon tin mining, agriculture and fishing, and since most of the mines have closed (much of the machinery indeed, has been shipped to South Africa); farm products bring small returns; and profits from fishing are non-existent (it is reliably estimated that each "drifter" which went out for the seven-week herring season this winter, lost 500 pounds), well, there is the situation.

Considerable of my visit to Cornwall was occupied in perusing printed matter relating to this land of legend and superstition. I found a few interesting notes, and since you may be coming this way yourself some day my conscience dictates that I should help you out. There's a good book, "Cornish Saints and Sinners" from which I pilfer a paragraph:

"Cornish maids don't like cool lovers and you may kiss early and often and be thought none the worse of by the maid you are sweet on. If nothing comes of it, the kissing part will be all right and can be wiped out or carried forward at pleasure. Kissing is a mode of salutation in some districts where the population is stationary, and a strange kiss is welcome, as varying the flavor."

Further information may be had by enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope to 13, Liverpool Street, King's Cross, London, England.

But my favorite short story still is: "He was fired with his ambition, so he was fired, with his ambition."

UNIONIZATION PLANNED WASHINGTON—Claiming they have information that some employers are joining in a move to fight unionization of workers, labor leaders today disclosed plans for an alliance among employees of five great industries.

The unions to be grouped into a working alliance were named as the textile, oil, steel, automobile, and tobacco industries. They have an aggregate membership of almost 4,000,000.

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