

Oregon Emerald
An Independent University Daily
 PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF 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. Night editor this issue: Scott George

were left out on a limb with their purchases. A toboggan looks fearfully funny on a hill side denuded of snow.

The snow came, and the crash of breaking windows and hip bones was heard through the land. The snow has now gone, and an over-supply of winter equipment remains behind. What to do?

Plenty of us got a taste of the true joys of winter, and plenty of us long for more. Here's a gentle hint: The McKenzie playground is still open, and it contains plenty of facilities for a snowy and enjoyable weekend.

When the classes begin to bore you, and the days seem grey and soggy, a day or so up there might give you a new zest and a better appetite for your diet of Shakespeare and eon.

It's close, it puts roses in the old cheeks, and it makes Monday easier to greet than does a weekend of partying. We suggest it as a tonic for the "Winter Term Blues."

Prologue

JASCHA Heifetz, a true artist, introduced with delightful and poignant music, the great series of concerts, designed by the associated students to give substance to the intellectual and cultural life of the Oregon student.

Unfortunately, too many of the accouterments of culture and intellectual stimulation involve mere form. It is a shallow conception to regard great music as something that is essentially necessary to the advancement of personal excellence—something to make you cultured. The important thing is what great music does to the listener. Heifetz thrilled anyone who would listen.

Josef Hofmann, famous pianist comes next—February 10. Then on February 28 McArthur's court will ring with the rich voice of Roland Hayes, negro tenor.

The ASUO is offering to the students a chance to absorb that which is perfect. Both the ASUO and the students are to be congratulated.

The usual peaceful Eugenians are becoming noticeably aggravated over a snow-fall of four inches. We don't think they should kick until they get a foot.

One Man's Opinion

By STIVERS VERNON

The nation holds its collective breath and swallows its gum while the lean spectre of Dr. Townsend hovers over Washington.

Dr. Townsend's much publicized plan, aside from its purely mechanical phases, has so many aspects that it is doubtful if any one man is capable of authoritative comment upon them all. The first and most striking thing about this whirlwind movement, is the enormous number of signatories to the thousands of petitions circulated to force the hand of congress. And that is just what it amounts to. At present there are more signers to those petitions than there were voters for Roosevelt at the last election. Congress must do something. Whether one favors the passage of the bill or not, it must be admitted that the national legislative body is on the spot. If they pass it, somebody must stand by to take the consequences and congressmen are the logical goats. If they don't pass it—well, there will certainly be more than a few new faces on Capitol Hill when the irate constituency arises in its wrath.

Legislators and laymen alike agree that the Townsend plan has possibilities of creating the American Utopia. That's where the rub comes. There can be no earthly Utopia as long as human nature remains as it is—namely, just naturally cussed. If the plan were worked upon a people who were given to perfection of motive and idealistic action, the results would be assured. As it is, the American people are anything but altruistically inclined. Singly and en masse they are interested only in what touches the personal pocketbook.

In consequence, our lawmakers hesitate to write into the records any law which is so obviously suited only to a big-hearted, you-are-my-brother type of people. Its so appallingly different from the every-man-for-himself logic of our traditions.

For example, what assurance have we that pervasions of some of the various phases of the law will not creep in? What is to prevent Grandpa Jones, who has formed the lifelong habit of thrift, from salting down better than half of the \$200 per month instead of putting it back in circulation as the law would require? It would appear to be a simple matter to fool the authorities by misrepresentation—at least it was simple to fool the prohibition authorities. And what assurance have we that the enormous machine which would have to be set up to handle the distribution of pensions, would not revert to type and gobble up the funds for its own maintenance? Witness the obvious graft which infests so many Community Chest and public charities projects.

What would happen to our tradition of the virtue of thrift? Or is thrift a virtue anyhow? Would the American people rise up and desert their former habits? Would the great American pastime of cutting throats for a living go out of style just because there is no longer a necessity for it?

Its a swell idea—we are all agreed on that. But its chances of realization would be infinitely increased if the American people were motivated by such stimuli as move Dr. Townsend instead of by such promptings as those which created an Insult or an Al Capone.

The meeting will be held at the Masonic temple where Dunn will act as toastmaster. Both Beekman and Dr. Dunn have a dual membership, that of belonging to the Masonic lodge and to the Research lodge, whose membership is accorded to those Masons who are outstanding and accomplished scholars.

Benjamin E. Beekman, '84, former tutor at the University, will be here Wednesday evening, January 23, to address the Masons of Eugene, under the auspices of Eugene, No. 11, announced Dr. Fred-

eric S. Dunn, head of the Latin department and a member of the Masonic lodge.

Beekman, now an attorney in Portland, is the son of one of the original members of the University board of regents, C. C. Beekman, who was a banker as well as the Wells-Fargo agent at Jacksonville, Oregon.

The University of California band is soon to record a medley of college songs for Brunswick. We'll guess that they don't include the U. of Hawaii tune. (The Hawaiians recently trimmed Cal. in two football games; Dick Jugen's band pulls out of the St. Francis

Day's Parade
 By Parks Hitchcock

The I'm Alone

Sop to Business

AFTER years of international correspondence the United States has apparently decided to perform the mildly mortifying act of delivering an official apology to a sister nation. Whether congressmen decided that it would spare their constituents money if a close be brought to the incident or whether the wets finally persuaded recalcitrant Volsteaders among the legislators that the late Glorious Repeal should be made retroactive, at any rate the I'm Alone incident is officially closed.

The Sinking
 Some years ago the lookout on the coast guard cutter Dexter espied somewhere off the coast of Maine a snug lowhung vessel which unmistakably was a run-runner. To authenticate his judgment the captain of the Dexter ordered a shot to be fired across the stranger's bow, a standard request to leave. The I'm Alone apparently wanted to stay alone and beat a hasty retreat with the Dexter pursuing. In the course of her flight she hung out the Canadian flag.

A Tail Chase
 The officers of the Dexter, thoroughly convinced that the craft they were pursuing was a noted run-runner, ordered a pursuit in the course of which they fired on the I'm Alone. With either unerring precision or excellent luck they sunk the Canadian boat and since that night there has been a continual stream of official argument between the two nations. Canada alleged the I'm Alone was outside the twelve mile limit, and Uncle Sam claimed that she was on an illegal mission and must take the consequences of her premeditated action.

Sequel
 Sequel yesterday: Secretary Hull delivered a formal apology to the Canadian government and informed the Canadian minister that a bill would be introduced in Congress to obtain a little over fifty thousand dollars to pay Canada and the owners of the I'm Alone in damages.

AN effort to promote better feeling between business and the Roosevelt administration has been made with the grant by the administration of opportunity to be heard on all legislation affecting the economic structure.

Roper Acts
 This move was made by Secretary Roper who established a business advisory council of 52 members. The kicker in the act is that it promises nothing better than what has happened in the past to business. In fact, the recommendations of this committee of 52 need never be considered by anyone. Its proposals will be tendered both formally and informally to the secretary of commerce, who will pass it on to the cabinet.

Is It a Farce?
 In other words, business is now given a chance to recommend a recommendation for someone else to recommend to the cabinet and hope and trust that their recommendation will be carried out.

According to the administration, the Roper council is the answer to the queries of business as to what they could do to cooperate with the government. It reminds us of the old practice of a company giving a big stockholder a well polished desk with nothing to do except place his feet thereon, fell important, and invest more money in the concern.

"On the Bandwagon"
 By DICK WATKINS

Now that we are once again back in circulation under our own colors, we'll begin our daily diet by answering some questions sent in over the week-end. To C. R.—Ray Noble is still down in Hollywood going musical chores around the Paramount Studios, such as arranging and conducting music for pictures including Bing Crosby's next release, "Mississippi." His latest records are "Isle of Capri," and "Blue Danube." To F. M.—Two cabarets both on the other side of the world from each other claim the distinction of being the largest dancing spot anywhere, the Santa Anna in Manila, P. I., and the Dorchester hotel in London, England.

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shortly, closing down the famed Embassy Room indefinitely. He is slated to replace Arnhem somewhere in Texas. The accordion is staging a comeback judging from the number of accordion studios opening up in N. Y., thanks to the popularity it has been given by Phil Baker on his radio shows;—Lud Gluskin and his Continental orchestra featured over the CBS on Monday nights, have just returned from playing ten straight years in various European clubs, cabarets and hotels.

We are going to stage a little poll to determine what O. of O. students consider the best ten bands in the country. (include Ray Noble or Jack Hylton if you like), and will send the results back to Melody News and Variety magazines. Base your selections on rhythm, originality, orchestrations, versatility, musicianship, vocalists, and anything else you think of, and write them in to the Emerald, care of the "Bandwagon," or just jot them down on a slip of paper and stick it up on the bulletin board of the "Shack." Also while you are about it, you might put down your idea of the best band now on the coast. Your cooperation will be appreciated. Thank.



More flashes and dots and dashes . . . the best tidbit of the week is that of the Beta initiation a few nights back . . . some of the fellows had to climb on top the Delta Gamma roof . . . one gal, before fainting, screamed, "Close the door; they're coming through the window . . ."

Mervin Rodda, King of Theta Chi, left about five weeks ago to attend his long's convention in Miami and last heard he isn't back yet . . . Last weekend Doug Ward, big handshake man of S.A.E., took another foreign trade trip to Portland, and ran into Strom-y weather . . . Error—mistake-error: Today's petunia and apology goes to Marsh "King Kong" Harrison, the man with the big grin . . . It seems his Washington, D. C. gal is doing a Brigham Young and coming westward . . . she will probably land in Kansas or Tennessee . . . Wonder how long the Bob Ryan-Violet Olinger combination will exist . . . Bing "boo boo" Crosby surely is slipping . . . men listen to him and that's a sign he's on the down grade . . . "Whoopie" Dave Montag, Phi Sig Cantor connoisseur, enjoyed Heifetz cause the fiddle playing made him think of Rubini-off and thereby he felt close to Cantor.

The Phi Deltas were plenty happy about last week's snow . . . Those dear lads waylaid all Phi Pih and Alpha Chis . . . snowballs were flying then the boys ganged up and washed the gals' "Lady Hester" off . . . some of the femmes who received the initiation were: Mary Morse, Edith Kronman, Virginia Younie, Venita Brous . . . Jean Pinney received a soaked bed out of the deal as the Phi Deltas threw missiles on the open-air boulevard of Alpha Chi . . . Flash and stuff: Rodda has returned to Eugene according to Stogee No. 3.

And George A. Dorris, ex-'80, son of the original Ben of our famed founders, resumed A trifle fearful that we might ascribe too great inkiness to his own immediate coterie of incorrigibles, he wanted us to understand that there were others just as caloric or worse, and he named such illustrious figures as George Washburne and Charlie Whiteaker of the First Class and Jake Wortman, ex-of the same. The diatribes of missionaries at Willamette, where he had been a student for two years, and the proverbs of his erst-while room-mate, E. F. Irvine, Editor of the Oregon Journal and member of the Board of Higher Education, had not availed very strenuously, for when Washburne came to the University, his versatility was not restricted to the class-room. One night, he led an assault on the campus water tank that used to stand somewhere to the southeast of the Condon Oaks and overturned it. A new water system was installed.

It was in the days of the newly organized Laurean and Eutaxian Societies, whose assembly hall was a cramped room in the northeast corner of Deady. They had a library to install, the only library the University owned for years, and the Regents, in recognition of their enterprise and worth, had ordered a partition torn out, throwing two rooms into one, which was to provide for both the Societies and the Latin classes of President Johnson.

Emerald of the Air
 By GEORGE Y. BIKMAN

Evidently there are still people who don't know how to go about getting on Emerald of the Air programs. To the uninformed, know ye that the programs are broadcast daily over KORE under the management of the radio editor of the Emerald. Aspirants should get in touch with the Bikman boy, and the best way to do that is to see him at the Journalism building between 5 and 6.

Ned Gee, the blond lad with the wavy blonde hair and azure blue eyes will show you how he wowed them at the Broadway last fall. Chuck French, who might be described with the same adjectives, will accompany.

Lawrence Tibbett will sing Me-phistophiles's Invocation, from "Faust," on his program today at 5:30. He will also do a radio version of the Rogue Song. Other NBC offerings: Grace Moore at 6; Bill Robinson, tap dancer, on Ben Bernie's program at 9; Franz Lehar's operetta "Paganini," starring Gladys Swarthout and John Barclay at 7.

On CBS: H. H. Nininger of the Ninger laboratory, Chicago, will discuss "Our Stone Pelted Planet" during the Science Service program at 1:30; Grace Hayes, stage and radio singer, will be guest artist on the program with Isham Jones and his orchestra at 6:30. And Bing Crosby with the Mills brothers at 6:00.

Americana

By STANLEY ROBE



One Way to Tear Out Partitions

By Frederic S. Dunn

"Well, if history doesn't repeat itself!" interjected Ben F. Dorris, '15, winner of the Argonne and raiser of nuts, as he listened in on his paternal uncle's rehearsal of student pranks of the late seven-dies. And he began to regale us with the clandestine account of a punch bowl of his own days that had a good sized splinter in it. But, "Go on, George. You have the floor."

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League of Cities Backs State Bill

Uniformity in city government will be aided by the University's bureau of municipal research and service if a bill introduced to the state legislature is passed, Herman Kehrl, director of the bureau, said today.

The bill of which the League of Oregon Cities is sponsor, provides that the attorney general give opinions to the research bureau on matters affecting the relation of the city government with counties or the state regarding the application of general laws and constitutional provisions affecting cities. The municipalities will secure their information through the research bureau.

The decision to uphold the bill was made by the league at a meeting of all the representatives which was held in Salem last Friday. Herman Kehrl, executive secretary of the league, attended the meeting.

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Even You Aren't Immune—

Things come up every day that cause you worry— You can't get along on the twenty-nine fifty that Dad sends on the fifth, so you've gotta find a nice cheap room near the campus— You could use a darn good car, providing it was somebody was discarding for fifty-bucks— And boy if that pen you lost last week would only show up, you'd be the happiest man in the world. And there's no reason why you can't be—

More Impressions And Expressions

By Howard Kessler

EMERALD Foreign Correspondent LONDON — Breaking ice all through England in railway compartments. Each passenger carrying a book, and sitting huddled in a corner with never an eyebrow lift to his neighbor.

"The Englishman's home is his castle." "Ah yes, you're from America. Tell me, do these gangsters actually go about shooting people on the streets? And do the newspaper reporters actually push themselves in ahead of the police and solve crimes? We shouldn't allow that, you know."

Eventually you learn where to find the news, and after a time you begin to like the people.

"Ah, but Perry is the greatest tennis player in the world. You can't get away from that." And you can't, in England.

Football crazy, even as you and I.

"We love our 'bobbies.'" No central heating. Brrr!

"So they sentenced him to hang? Well, I didn't think he was guilty . . . but the jury knows what its doing."

Breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner, supper, all find a place in expandable stomachs.

"Things are picking up, just as we expected."

The biggest Christmas in history. They leave but always (well, almost always) return to England for their declining days.

"Hail Britannia!" "For there's no place like England!"

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Alumnus to Talk To Masons Here

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