

Oregon Emerald

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon

EDITORIAL OFFICES: Journalism building, Phone 3300-
Editor, Local 354; News Room and Managing Editor 355.
BUSINESS OFFICE: McArthur Court, Phone 3300—Local 214.

MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is entitled to the use for publication
of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited
in this paper and also the local news published herein. All rights
of publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

A member of the Major College Publications, represented by
A. J. Norris Hill Co., 135 E. 42nd St., New York City 173
W. Madison St., Chicago, 1014 2nd Ave., Seattle, 1031 S.
Broadway, Los Angeles; Call Building, San Francisco.

William E. Phipps Grant Thuemmel
Editor Business Manager

Robert Lucas
Managing Editor

EDITORIAL BOARD
Parks Hitchcock, Fred Colvig
Assistant Editors
Malcolm Bauer, Barney Clark, Bob Moore, J. A. Newton,
Ann-Reed Burns, Dan E. Clark, Jr.

UPPER NEWS STAFF
Clair Johnson, Assistant Managing Editor
Reinhart Knudsen, News Editor
Ned Simpson, Sports Editor
Rex Cooper, Night Chief
Ed Robbins, Telegraph
George Bikman, Radio
Dan Maloney, Special

BUSINESS OFFICE MANAGERS
Ed Labbe, Advertising
Bill Jones, Assistant
Virginia Wellington, Sue Sue
Patsy Neal, Assistant

Day Editor This Issue Dorothy Dill

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.

No-Man Blinds Polyphemus

The inevitable has happened in Louisiana. Censorship of the press has been declared in recalcitrant Baton Rouge, and news comment subversive to the authority of der Kingfish will be punished.

It is the inevitable declaration of authority when it finds its right questioned. So it always is when long-established authority finds physical or even spiritual unrest nibbling at its props. Monarchy fought the popular challenge through strict censorship by taxing printed matter or by monopolizing printing for the state. Religion is still trying to meet the drift away from her folds by the use of indices prohibitorum and by wreaking the indignation of her faithful upon the wayward.

Intolerance of opposition, though, is even more severe when an upstart authority finds itself challenged. Power hitched to the rising star of a single personality—Napoleon, Bismarck, Mussolini, and Hitler—always has to stifle the cries of those over whom the star drags the wagon.

It is the way of authority trying to maintain itself.

There will probably be squawking, loud and long, about freedom of the press, and possibly demands that Franklin D. Roosevelt release the bird of freedom from the pitfall and the gin of Bayou state intolerance, but there is no hope from any power higher than the supreme court of the state of Louisiana. Freedom of the press in the federal constitution means only that the congress of the United States shall not pass laws abridging the freedom of the press. It is no restraint upon the states.

Huey Long recognizes that, no matter how much the public seems to be with him, it is a fickle giant; and, like Ulysses, he sees the need of putting out the Cyclopean eye.

While we hope that the rebelliousness in Louisiana is the sincere expression of a rising popular intelligence of Huey Long's menace, we fear that it is only an excitement aroused by certain business interests against whom the Kingfish is discriminating. Louisianans, for the most part, are still standing with their mouths admirably agape at their dictator's clever audacity.

When, and if the people of Louisiana recover pride and confidence enough to prefer their own rule to that of an ignorant boor, Huey can whistle for his censorship, because in the final essence censorship depends upon the prevailing mood of the people.

Frank Irving Cobb, late great editor of the New York World, knew the futility of suppression:

"Two thousand years of history bear witness to its folly. Nobody ever succeeded in bettering the weather by putting the thermometer in jail, and nobody will ever remove the cause of unrest and discontent by trying to suppress their manifestations."

When the spirit of a people is thoroughly aroused suppression is still worse than use—whether it be of law, belief or taste—mere legal proscription is only a straw across the flood.

Until the time that a people is thoroughly aroused suppression is still worse than useless, for it only incenses men with the hurt feeling that their thought is unfairly censored, as is exemplified by the feeling now gaining ground that thought in Oregon is unwisely hog-tied by the criminal syndicalism law.

A President's Party

TODAY President Roosevelt's fifty-second birthday is being observed with birthday balls in 5000 communities. Even Alaska, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Canal Zone have scheduled parties.

The proceeds from these affairs will be used in the fight against infantile paralysis which President Roosevelt has fostered, in and out of public office. Seventy cents of every dollar of profit will be used locally and the rest will be sent east for use by the Birthday Ball Commission for Infantile Paralysis.

The use to which the President has turned these parties in his honor is typical of the highly social mind, in the scientific sense, which he possesses. The people as a whole have been quick to recognize his basic common sense. Nothing could have been more logical, more modest, nor more indicative of

good sound sense than such an action. It merely confirms the popular view of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The local party will be a dance at McArthur court this evening. The program will begin at 8:30 with a short appearance by the Eugene Gleemen, and will finish with dancing. The fee is a dollar a couple.

With no wish to be commercial, we might remark that there are few better uses to which a dollar could be put. The President's birthday party is one of the most interesting social events of the year. Any student who can find a dollar and a date should be among those present.

One Man's Opinion

By Stivers Vernon

Not all the facts which came to light during the two day stand of the state press conference on the campus, were concerned directly with the printing of a better newspaper.

In the courses of the various speeches and papers presented before the assembled editors, a number of these facts were driven home against our consciousness in a light other than that of a newsman. Of these facts and figures none were more potent than those given by Dean Allen in his treatise on the problem of newspaper circulation. To the newspaper publisher they presented a definite answer to the question of whether or not Oregon is a good field, compared with other states, for the publishing of news and feature material. By and large, however, the figures had more significance than that. They held the answer to the problem of Oregon's place in the national sun.

Whether it is due to the close proximity of such a self-advertising state as California or from some other reason, Oregonians are oppressed by an inferiority complex the like of which has rarely been seen on this planet. We are all proud enough of our home state, all right—but it is a sort of defiant proudness that says we are that way in spite of our state's demerits instead of because of her divers merits and accomplishments. What a change from the days when Oregon was a fabled promised land of milk and honey and any resident thereof swelled up like a horned toad and proclaimed to all and sundry the fact that he was from Oregon, the land where the soil yielded so many crops per year that there weren't men enough to harvest them.

Now an Oregonian in the presence of a southern Californian finds his tales pale by comparison. And it is not all because they breed a superior brand of liars down south either. The facts about Oregon's progress and her supremacy in many fields are not generally known and consequently are not bragged about.

The top-notch bragging point of them all is the fact, gleaned from Dean Allen's speech, that Oregon ranks FIRST in per capita literacy among the states of the Union. Think it over. With all our farm and small-town population, the per capita ability to read and write is higher in the states of Oregon and Washington than in any other—even the old Massachusetts Bay aristocracy. That in itself gives us an excuse to blow some buttons off our collective vest.

We are not poor either as the Dean took pains to point out. In spite of the miserable flivvers of the college lads, this state ranks sixth in per capita wealth. (Must not have counted us!) Forty-two other states have residents whose per capita wealth is less than ours.

And we are a civilized bunch too, we Oregonians. At least twelve of the national magazines with a nation-wide circulation, including the "big slicks," estimate that Oregon is from 10% to 120% better market for their publications than is the national average of states. In women's periodicals, Oregon is the very best market in the United States on the basis of her population. (Wee small voice: California is seventh!)

So on down the line. Oregon, instead of being a wilderness state perched on the edge of the continent and populated by a bunch of long-hairs, is a splendidly developed region populated by the most civilized people in the nation.

Oregon's place is in the bright of the sun, not in the depths of the cellar. It's a swell place to live but we'll never convince the world as long as we spend our time apologizing for the rain.

The Passing Show

THE COLLEGE PRESS

Press comment on the recent convention of college editors, held in Washington, D. C., would seem to indicate that these college journalists have sold their souls to Hearst, in return for a gay round of cocktail parties, banquets and luxurious trips. The current issue of News Week for instance, suggests that Mr. Hearst has thus managed to squelch the outbreak of critical editorialism which followed the declaration of his jingoistic attitude on war.

The News Week, however, has been aping Mr. Hearst itself, in overlooking the purpose of the convention to play up its more sensational aspects. To all appearances these young men may have been merely spending a few gay vacation days. As a matter of fact, they had some real business to attend to. And while one might not care to say that they took advantage of Mr. Hearst's lavish hospitality to get together for their own purposes, it amounted practically to that.

These 37 college editors believe that a free and untrammelled college press would be a valuable addition to American journalism. Last year, however, five college editors were suspended or expelled for trying to replace the puerile editorializing of the average college paper with really vital and pertinent criticism. And as long as this situation exists, there is no possibility of a worthwhile college press.

The solution of the problem is to set up some sort of machinery whereby such cases may be tried, and the ousted editor given a chance to defend himself before impartial judges. That was the main purpose of the convention. It was accomplished, along with a few minor purposes which did not include education in Hearst policies. —Daily Kansas.

The Day's Parade

By Parks Hitchcock

The Senate Again Protects the People

It seems highly probable that Mr. Roosevelt will be forced to relinquish the teeth of his plan for American entrance into the world court if Senator Robinson's (Democratic leader) concessions are any forecast of the way the wind is shifting among that august body of our legislators.

String Again

The new reservation attached to the bill with the apparent hope of passage provides the eternal string which makes such honest attempts to further international stability futile; issues may not be subjected to the prior jurisdiction, without a prior treaty (ratified, of course, by the Senate) with the country with which the disagreement arises.

Oh, Brave New World!

To simple folk, who either fail to understand or innately distrust the circumlocutions of our governing body this clause merely means that we shall enter the World Court and submit to them any cases where we feel that a competent body of unprejudiced judges will declare us to be in the right, but if we feel that we are in the wrong, congress will of course refuse to submit the case to the jurisdiction of the court.

Gentle Jiu-Jitsu

By this excellent bit of legerdemain our legislative body will again definitely reassert its complete lack of integrity, while the very fact that opposition to the original action for entry into the court has forced the administration to insert this clause, cannot but reprove the instinctive cowardice of the majority of our legislators.

Inaction a la Carte

During the Hoover regime they realized the frightful economic mess in which the country was embroiling itself, yet they stubbornly refused to take any action for fear of incurring the anger of their constituents; for years they drank alcoholic liquors and semi-publicly derided the ill-fated Prohibition act, yet it was not until the people finally expressed their overwhelming disgust that they were prepared to take action; at present they allow the threats of the rapacious Legion to intimidate them into backing an act which they cannot help but feel is wrong and stupid.

Promotion in Proportion

Their careers are in general motivated, not by the desire to see sane and reasonable legislation proposed and enacted, but rather by the eternal hope of advancement and re-election, while the stupidest observer could point out that their measures are usually at least four years behind the wishes of the people.

Reactionary Bloc

And now, when the forces of reason seem to be temporarily in the saddle and the country is controlled by a man who seeks his motives not in personal profit and aggrandizement, and a motion which bids fair to advance us at least a step towards the maintenance of peace and the prevention of that ultimate stupidity, war, is placed in the hands of that learned body they spend their time in nothing save cavilling and equivocation, imposing endless reservations and restrictions.

And if it be thought for one moment that our legislators oppose the entrance into the World Court because of principles and motives that we of the people can hardly be expected to understand, let it be considered for a moment that it will hardly be those senators, grown hoary in demagoguery, who must face the imminent possibility of war, nor will it be those revered limbs that are exposed to the bullets of the enemy.

Ray Noble Wins Dance Band Poll

By Dick Watkins

Emerald Feature Editor
With Ray Noble so far in the lead that he is almost out of sight of the rest of the band contenders, it is useless to go polling any further so we'll wind up our little game with the grand finale today. Some 427 votes to be exact were tossed in my hat during the week the contest has been running with practically every horn-toting outfit in the whole U. S. being mentioned sooner or later.

Noble gathered in more votes for first place than did the next six bands put together, and was mentioned in some place, on nearly every ballot turned in, so we will have to concede him the winner, without the shadow of a doubt . . . the remaining nine in ranking order are: Casa Loma, Fred Waring, Jan Gerber, Ted Fio-Rito, Guy Lombardo, Eddie Duchin, Duke Ellington, Tom Coakley, and Jack Hylton . . .

Coakley wins the nomination as the favorite coast orchestra, by a walkaway, although Jimmy Grier and Hal Grayson were given a lot of good boosts . . . The Tea Commanders were given more mention

than any other band in Oregon, which was a nice showing too, for the local youths . . .

All in all, this has been a lot of fun and darn interesting to see how many of you stand on this matter, and will shoot the results eastward pronto, for there seems to be a national college poll going on in which we were asked to enter . . . so muchas gracias again, for your cooperation and interest on this deal.

Don't forget about that President's Birthday Ball being held tonight in the Igloo. It is going to be a great affair with two bands purveying the music so there will be all the dancing you want. The proceeds are going for a very worthy cause, so your attendance up there will be a fine thing, and a good time can be had by all.

Callis To Play On Radio Today

By George Bikman
Emerald Radio Editor

Dowell Callis, classical pianist, makes his first appearance of the term on the Emerald of the Air broadcast today at 4:45 over KORE.

To get in good receptive mood, listen to the Curtis institute of music in concert from Philadelphia over CBS at 4:15; a biographical sketch and the music of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart will be featured. On the same network Little America will stage its President birthday ball at 7:00 this evening. Col. Frederick Palmer, noted war correspondent, will speak from New York, and Miss Elisa Ford, model who posed for the birthday ball posters, will dance (via wireless) with the men of the Byrd Antarctic expedition in the two-way broadcast. At 11:30 Roosevelt himself will speak.

Ted Fio-Rito outfitted his NBC bandmen in smart new basketball uniforms and last week lost a spirited baseball game to Nick Stuart and his orchestra members, 18-11. Convinced that his outfit is still "The Tops" Fio-Rito and his catcher, Announcer Tom Hanlon, challenged the victors to another game scheduled for next Sunday. On NBC today: Mary Pickford and stock company at 5:00; John McCormack with William Daly's orchestra at 6:30; One Man's Family at 7:30; the President's birthday party at 8:30.

Lettermen

(Continued from Page One)
ing specially designed in keeping with the motif of the affair.

Tickets on Sale

The opening whistle will blow at 9 o'clock, and precisely at 10 the features will be presented. Songs, dances, and speeches are being rehearsed by 15 (odd) members of the football team, with a couple of baseball stars, swimmers, and track men thrown in for good measure. Here are a few hints on what to expect—one hairy-chested football player will represent a bathtub, another Mae West, a third a tiger woman—or a female Tarzan, as the case may be.

Tickets for the dance went on sale yesterday afternoon, and all Order of the "O" members are canvassing the campus. "They only cost six-bits, fellers," says Arne Lindgren, chairman of the Limp. "And it's strictly informal, too," chimed in Bob Miller, Sherwood Burr, Howard Patterson, Winton Hunt, Cosgrove LaBarre, Eddie Vail, Ned Simpson, and Fred Nowland, the other members of the committee.

Two Teams Guests

Members of both the Oregon and Oregon State basketball teams will be honored guests at the dance, and presentations of famous campus personages will be made from time to time by the master of ceremonies. The winner of the coaches' dance will be presented with a pair of ear-muffs, which are guaranteed to keep out the sounds of moaning Monday morning quarterbacks, Tuesday high-point men, and Wednesday home run hitters.

A special dating bureau is also being provided for the benefit of girls who don't know any Order of the "O" men and who want to have dates with them. Just phone 1024 and ask for Bob Parke, dating bureau head, and all requests will be filed.

Ballet Russe

(Continued from Page One)

Tatiana Riabouchinska in the dance of the bluebird. Lichine's command of the stage, his prowess in the sheer technique of the classical ballet, completely captured the audience, and from the popular point of view marked the evening as his. It was distressing, however, to the reviewer to see Tamara Tomanova's amazing "elevation sur les points," raising of the body upon the toes of one foot from a completely prostrate position in the same ballet go completely unapplauded. The choreography of this ballet seemed somewhat dull when compared with the elaborate and symphonic choreography of Massine's "Le Boutique Fantasque."

The third ballet was easily the favorite of the audience, the Polka for the principals were necessary

Now We are Getting Some Place



Again I See In Fancy

By Frederic S. Dunn

And Nimrod Was A Mighty Hunter

The happy little city of today can not appreciate how some of its beautiful residential districts were once swamp, or barren hillock, marooned in swamp. They say Rome was once just like that, therefore—but there is too much play somewhere in that "fallacy of ambiguous middle." Anyway we had the swamps, all around us and right in our corporate limits. There was one in our front yard, separating me from the girl o' my dreams, such that my classmates would occasionally greet me with "My bonnie lies over the frogpond." That's right too,—the frogs would keep us awake, of nights.

Older residents will recall how Alder Street was simply an entrance into the country or a way to the two cemeteries, and that only two structures relieved that great expanse, the McMurray and Driver homes, which were miles out from town, though now only on 18th, and 23rd streets. Whenever I tramped out to Dr. Driver's for milk and eggs, it seemed to take me hours in transit.

And then there was the vast desert between the University knoll and Judkin's Point, the district we now know as Fairmount. Both the low lands to the west of Driver's, where the Amazon played at will, and to the east of McMurray's and on northward through Fairmount, would be transformed into great lakes in time of heavy rainfall. The ducks and geese knew all about it, long before the donation claims were surveyed and allotted on which Eugene now stands.

Our first President knew it too. He had to go through some mud to get to the nearest sidewalk from his first home on West Broadway, just beyond Charnelton Street. A

farm-bred boy before he traveled across the continent to Yale, his nostrils sniffed in the aroma of the watery lowlands around Eugene. Unquestionably, too, he heard the honk of the geese as they swarmed so low overhead. And our first President became a famous Nimrod.

It was a regular practice of his, in the rainy season, to lose no time, after the close of Friday's schedule, in donning big pocketed coat and high rubber boots and striking for the duck resorts in the Amazon or Fairmount districts. Many of his similes and metaphors were derived from his hunting experiences—"the man that tried to pull himself over the fence by his boot-strap," "the hunter that swung his gun around as he discharged it, in order to bring down the entire flock."

On occasion President Johnson would invite a student to accompany him, very frequently Bill Cardwell, '84, then rooming with Ben Beekman at Underwood Castle. They would start out on Friday evening and sometimes not reappear until Sunday morning. And the President seldom permitted any engagement, social or otherwise, to interfere with those weekend duck-hunting expeditions. The two, Johnson and Cardwell, professor and student, would return weighted down under belts loaded with birds. Thereafter Cardwell, says B.E.B., the Underwood boarders would gorge themselves on duck or goose.

Oh! Piffle, let's go mad! Behold what civilization hath wrought! Next in the series TOO MUCH PARALLAX.

Send the Emerald to your friends.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

BEAUTY SALONS
Individual finger waves, 35c.
Love's Beauty Salon. Phone 991.

DRESSMAKING
PETITE SHOP
573 13th St. E. Phone 3208
"Style Right—Price Right"

NEW SHOP
Aladdin Shop at White Electric Co.

OREGON STUDENTS
Have your car serviced correctly at Ernie Danner's Associated Service Station. "Smile As You Drive in '35." Phone 1765. Corner 10th and Olive.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—Large combination radio and phonograph. Phi Gamma Delta. Phone 660.

CLASSIFIED ADS
10c PER LINE

PHONE 3300
EMERALD CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

One gallon gasoline a week saved by engineering student

CHOKO CUT 1/2 ON EACH COLD START

Three cold starts every day with a saving of 3/4 cup per start saves a full gallon per week. At this rate, a motorist should get 126 to 252 extra gasoline miles during winter

Only Super-SHELL is Thermalized. That means it is made to vaporize more effectively at lower temperatures.

The result: you use the choke only half as long. And you can save up to a cupful of gasoline on every cold start.

You even save in the mildest winter weather—and enjoy smoother, faster starts. Why not try Super-SHELL today?

