

Oregon Emerald

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New American Side Show

LADE-E-Z and gentleman, step right up! Ten cents, a dime, the tenth part of a dollar, to see Maau—damn Dionne, the colossal, gigantic, terrific mother of the famous quintuplets.

The scene, as we envision it, is before the canvas dome of a circus tent a year or two from now; and what only a few months ago touched us as the heroic efforts of backwoods medical science to keep life in five tiny bodies so unusually come into the world has become completely Barnumized to the status of six-legged sheep and two-headed calves.

It is the confounded assiminity of the American people who seem constantly to demand something unusual, something spectacular, something "colossal, gigantic, terrific." We must always have someone to lionize.

Shipwreck Kelly sat on a flagpole for an incredible number of weeks, and some thousands of young boys worshipped him and emulated him by perching in trees for incredible numbers of weeks.

Well, one thing we can be quite sure of is that those who admire Madame Dionne cannot emulate her by going home and having quintuplets any old day in the week.

Following Up

LAST spring a group of four young men, Jay Wilson, Orton Goodwin, Sterling Green and Robert Dodge, was selected to represent the University of Oregon at a Japanese-American student conference in Tokyo, slated for the following summer.

The only expense to these students was that of the passage across and back. They were guests of the Japanese tourist bureau and the board of tourist industry after their arrival in Japan.

Now representatives from the group of 89 students who attended the conference last summer are promoting a similar conference for this coming summer. Rudie Wilhelm, Jr., of Reed college in Portland is the chairman of the committee working on this project.

Here is an intelligent use of the conference method. Not only does it give those directly concerned a new insight into the daily lives of others, but it gives them a personal acquaintance with one another which will make directly for more intelligent understanding. It cannot fail to encourage better feeling between the two peoples.

To the Japanese goes the credit for the first concrete advance with the idea.

To the representatives who went to Japan last summer goes the credit for the very important factor of continuing the good work which has been begun.

One Man's Opinion

By Stivers Vernon

AN aggravated politician in Portland lets out an awful squawk because Governor Martin put the kibosh on a pet measure which he—the politician—was sponsoring.

In a lather of patriotic fervor he opines that the present chief executive of this state has designs on the idea of becoming a second Huey Long. Whereupon, the population of this peace-loving commonwealth giggles and tells each other what they'd do to a Huey who raised his head in the Northwest.

No matter what one thinks of Governor Martin's policies the time is not yet ripe to liken him to the senator from Louisiana. In the first place he hasn't the strangle hold on his constituency that Long has. Martin does not have as many friends who would die for him nor as many enemies who would cut his throat if the opportunity arose. And the governor has not yet showed any indication of sticking an executive finger into the University's private and particular

little pie. Not that he won't—he probably will have to in some way or other before his term is up. If he can work around the chancellorship issue for the period of his term in the state house, he is a better side-stepper than we think he is. Then too, there is the matter of the bodyguard. No public character in these United States has reached the proportions of a public menace or a public benefactor until he has to have a bodyguard. As long as the Kingfish could walk the streets of New Orleans or Baton Rouge unattended, he was practically a nobody. It was only when enough people began to hate him so much that he was in danger of bodily harm unless protected, that he became a top-holer in the national picture.

And, by the way, Brother Long may have permitted his bodyguard—isn't his name Joe Messina?—to beat up one too many newspapermen. The fracas at the Baton Rouge depot the other day, in which Messina practically scrambled an AP cameraman, left a fearful taste in the collective mouth of the nation's news dispensers. In a convention of a national news-writers guild in New Jersey about this time, a resolution was passed condemning Huey's action and threatening to turn the power of the press against him.

Now if you think this is an idle threat just witness a couple of things this aforementioned power has done in the past few months. In the first place there is the case of Bruno Richard Hauptmann. He has constantly been referred to in press dispatches as "the stoic machine-gunner," or some other appellation which does anything but promote in the breast of the reader a friendly feeling for the Teuton. The press tried Hauptmann and found him guilty long before the courts took up the issue.

Or the case of Huey himself. The papers have devoted countless thousands of words to his mad escapades. These words may not always have been in strictest accord with his maneuvers but at least they played them up in a manner that was excellent publicity. The press, as a whole, has dealt favorably with Huey largely, perhaps, because he was picturesque and he was "news."

Now then, suppose they swing to the other extreme. Suppose the scribes malign him with such phrases as they tied to Hauptmann or perhaps ignore him altogether. What will happen to the Kingfish? Just this: He will fade from the national picture as quickly as he appeared and run back to the bayous of his home state where he belongs.

So don't worry about Governor Martin. Our guess is that he is dangerous to no established order—not until he gets a bodyguard.

Floods have recently played havoc in southern California. The Los Angeles chamber of commerce will probably capitalize on this by sending the information to residents of the drought area.

Huey, the Louisiana bad boy, believes that fights should be fought with brains not brawn. In either case we don't see how Huey could come back for the second round.

Italy's attempt to collect indemnities amounting to \$44,900 from the African empire, Ethiopia, seems to have taken on a "dark" outlook.

As soon as Ma and Pa Dionne memorized the names of the quintuplets, they began a vaudeville tour.

The Passing Show

THE RIGHT OF DISCUSSION
A MOVEMENT to "purge" American colleges of Communists, "sap-headed college boys and unbalanced professors," is gaining momentum throughout the nation. Syracuse, Columbia, Wisconsin, California, Chicago, Harvard, and other universities have been "exposed" as "hotbeds of radicalism," and it is expected that others will be attacked in the near future.

Started and vigorously pushed by the Hearst newspapers, the movement seems to be founded on motives much deeper and more obscure than the mere increase of circulation of the newspapers involved. It is militant, strategically planned, and ruthless. The despicable methods used by Hearst to collect the material for the Red scare news stories and editorials are exemplified by the "exposure" of Communism at Syracuse University.

A young man, giving his name as Richard Smith, called on Prof. John N. Washburn, of Syracuse, said that he wished to enter the university and was especially interested in the Russian experiment, and asked that liberal professors be recommended. The young man was a reporter on the Hearst Syracuse Journal. Professor Washburn's remarks, both at the first interview and at a lunch the next day where Smith and another Journal reporter represented themselves as violent revolutionaries, were splashed all over the front page of the Journal with distortions and misrepresentations, as an exposure of insidious Communist agitation in Syracuse University.

The same tactics were unsuccessfully attempted at Columbia University. The cry was taken up by other Hearst papers, Senator Hamilton Fish added his voice making charges against several other schools and editorials demanded "What do you propose to do about it?"

The campaign has met with some organized opposition, not because the opposing groups and individuals are in sympathy with Red agitators, but because they believe in the right of every man to state his opinions, and recognize the danger of submitting to such Fascistic movements as Hearst is conducting. A group of eminent teachers is attempting to bring Mr. Hearst's methods out into the open, and threatens to boycott his newspapers. Conferences of professors of journalism and of college editors have passed resolutions opposing any interference with academic freedom, and condemnation of Hearst's policies and tactics has been general and vigorous in the collegiate press.

American students, whether they are in sympathy with radicalism, or intensely opposed to it, should seize every opportunity to defend their right of discussion against campaigns which are clever enough to deceive a large part of the American people.—Daily Kansan.

The Day's Parade

By Parks Hitchcock

Will Mr. Tugwell Walk the Plank?

THE recent dismissal of Jerome N. Frank, chief counsel for the AAA has led to various predictions as to the fate of other noted liberals. Among newshawks this tendency has been strengthened by Secretary Wallace's firm stand behind Chester Davis, AAA administrator in the purge, and the further announcement that famed liberal Rexford Guy Tugwell, undersecretary of agriculture, vacationing in Florida, was not consulted on the ouster proceedings. Department officials admitted that this failure to consult the undersecretary was unusual.

Is Mr. Tugwell Safe?

In the same breath, however, they assert (through the voice of the secretary) that no attempt was being made in the direction of Mr. Tugwell's power. Mr. Tugwell and Mr. Frank were not only good friends but were in very close accord as to matters of policy, so many astute journalists are inclined to take the department's remarks cum grano salis.

Militant Mr. Jackson

Others who were asked to resign received a great many gratuitous compliments but nevertheless got the sack. Mr. Jackson, consumer's assistant counsel, alone refused to hand in his resignation and intimated that he may fight the issue; he is noted as one of the most aggressive and devoted liberals on the AAA. His chief, Dr. Frederick Howe, chief consumers counsel was likewise deprived of his job, but given another in what Mr. Davis termed the "interests of harmony and operating efficiency."

New Job for Frank?

As we predicted Mr. Frank will in all probability be offered a post in another part of the administration, or so sources close to the president have intimated; his value is too apparent to be overlooked unless he chooses, as he has conceded as possible, that he would rather return to his private law practice.

The Liberals Doomed?

It will, at any rate, be a subject of a great deal of interest in the next few months to see whether handsome Rex Tugwell's star remains on the ascendant. If he loses the administration's favor at this point, liberals cannot but take it as a premonition of their ruin in the present administration, an event which many of the more farsighted fear to be imminent.

The Curious Cub

The Curious Cub went a-interviewing last night and although he didn't climb on her knee, he did interview Miss Mary Finley Graham, the Emerald society editor and secretary to Bill Phipps.

Mary, in case you don't know it, is about five feet eleven, blonde, nice to the people who contact her and highly efficient. In her lap rest the destinies of many a gown and social custom.

She was born? Yes, most certainly—in Juntura, Oregon, on September 11, 1916, which she unblushingly admitted, makes her precisely 19 years of age (or very close, anyway).

Hobbies? Swimming, golf, reading and the one she gets the biggest kick out of is driving a car. Mary thinks coeds are "a little pseudo-sophisticated for their own good," which should help answer one of the questions the men have been trying to figure out. The University is a grand place and Mary feels that two years are essential to any man or woman, not only for the expert training, but for the contacts in real walks of life with real people—but, she says, it's not, in her opinion essential to success (whatever that is).

She admitted coyly, "And Cubby, I have a vicious temper." Whereupon the Cub departed but not before he discovered she is not superstitious but won't take exams on Friday the thirteenth (if it can be helped), is fond of music and plays the piano for her own enjoyment; has as her ambition the desire to sit behind the society desk of a metropolitan daily, give orders, and go to parties; her pet date is tall, dark, and brainy but they're hard to find. Also another like—the Ouija board.

"Did you ever tell one to go to hell?" she asked. "They never work after that." The Cub never had (worked or told) so the interview was closed.

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Rhapsody In Ink

By the Octopus

Science

TIME SLOUCHES ON. Curious snoopers last week cleverly concealed a dictaphone in one of the "Three Trees" (from which Sigma Chi's new annex derives its name).

A few days later the smoothly turning disc unloaded its "CATCH" to a roomful of those same snoopers, by speaking as follows:

"... you say she weighs 200 pounds; then she must be a Gamma Phi... then you asked her what she thought of boys that drank and smoked—(at this stage a heat blister appeared on the disk, making all sounds temporarily indistinct. Opined Editor Octopus, waiting for the defect to be gried by, 'It's Tom McCall learning for the first time of what he did on that McKenzie party last weekend... that's not garlic, that a Pi Phi. The thrashing of typewriters in high drowned out further sound."

Art

The Octopus, Oregon Emerald's forty year old humanist, today commented bitterly on the wrecking of his column last Monday night, or early Tuesday morning.

"The perpetrator of the drastic alterations is not wholly unknown, for," said grizzled sage Octopus, "we have it from a reliable source that Bruno, Beta race horse, was seen through a lighted window of the University press building crouched over a linotype machine lapping the keys gently."

Medicine

Long ignored in the public print has been the law school's hard working nicotine squad. From early morn (8 a. m.) until far into the evening (11 p. m.) the bevy of wrinkle-browed, garrulous males which throngs the over-taxed curb has lent itself humbly to the thankless search for knowledge—How much smoke makes a puff? Not a common, ordinary B. A. puff, but a virile, ultra-perfect, between-the-case legal puff.

They're at it again: Bleary-eyed George "Thirst for Knowledge" Belt grasps the curb firmly and boists himself up among the cigarette butts... Slouchy Harry McCall warms to the argument and deftly flicks the ashes from Phi-Delta-Phi-Man Devers' Camel... Serious Art "Canby, I'd die for you" Clark pauses on a tort to scratch his ankle (It's Freshy Bob Anderson coming up for air)... The mere mention of heir is too much for Funnyman Mize who pulls a swoon to mask the all-too-evident recovery of a three-day-old snipe... But it remains for Little Stanley Darling to send the case to the jury with "But Nora is a nice girl."

Play Excerpts Radio Features

By George Bikman Emerald Radio Editor

You can get a good idea of how good the University players' latest production, "Dangerous Corners" will be by listening to their presentation of excerpts from the play on the Emerald broadcast today at 4:45 over KORE. And we secretly hope that Mrs. Seybolt will speak a few words into the mike, because her voice, in our opinion, registers just about as prettily as they come.

At 6:00 this evening on CBS Lily Pons, Metropolitan opera star, makes her regular Wednesday appearance with Kostelancz' orchestra and vocal ensemble. Jack Pearl, formerly Baron Munchausen, returns to the air at 7:00 as Peter Pfeiffer, assisted by Cliff Hall, formerly the familiar Charlie.

On NBC: Tony Wons at 8:15 a. m., The Girl Next Door at 1:45, a talk by Richard Whitney, president of the New York stock exchange, at 4:30; Mary Pickford and company at 5:00, John Charles Thomas, baritone, at 6:30, Jimmy Fidler's Hollywood gossip at 7:00; Lanny Ross at 8:30, Fred Allen with Portland Hoffa at 9:00.

Dance Bands to Change Around

By Dick Watkins Emerald Feature Editor
HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE—Ed Grayson and band leave (Please turn to page three).

The Vicious Cycle



'Right His Chief' Women's Editor

Editor, the Emerald:

I think all this fuss about the men vs. the women is just too amusing. I get the biggest laugh out of the men saying they are so smart when everybody knows any smart girl can lead any one of them by the nose. Well, if they think they are as smart as all that why don't they show it when they take us out?

I haven't seen a man on the Oregon campus who doesn't talk about anything except how good he is and how he was a star athlete in high school and all that. And if they think any smart girl is going to swallow all that they are entirely mistaken. We won't do it. What I mean is, a girl wants something more in a man than just a handsome face and a line you can catch a fish on. That is, I mean a smart girl.

I think the editor (or is it editors?) of the women's page is perfectly right about most of the things she says. If Mr. J. A. N. thinks cosmetics and things like that are bad, why doesn't he look around at every other campus on the country? Maybe he doesn't like them, either.

I want to say that I am right behind the editor's? of the woman's page and I hope she keeps it up.

CHARLOTTE MCGILL

J. A. N. Comes Back

Editor, the Emerald:

Just a word to the people who read the first four paragraphs only of my letter of approximately a week ago; namely, "Jean Montesano" and the editor of the woman's page.

"Montesano"—his identity has been revealed to me—has displayed his usual failing of not being thorough in his reading. He says, "in one corner Marge Petch, and in the other J. A. N." He is quite wrong. J. A. N. is in Marge Petch's corner and backing her up. Montesano will note that if he reads my whole letter.

The women's page editor calls me an "antagonist," and says no point is sufficiently advanced for her to grasp my meaning. Perhaps I should use words of one syllable.

Therefore the translation of the last paragraph of my letter is as follows: I concede that the girls are right in their squawk and that it is the task of the men to bestir themselves to remedy their ways so that the girls will no longer have any interesting subjects upon which to write for the women's page.

J. A. N.

ON CRUISE

Dorothy C. Keber, ex-'27, of Mt. Angel, is on a Mediterranean cruise with her father, Joseph J. Keber. They will visit Egypt, the Holy Land, and Constantinople. On their return trip they plan going through Rome, Switzerland, and Germany. Miss Keber's brother, Rev. Robert Keber, is taking an advanced course in church liturgy

Again I See In Fancy

By Frederic S. Dunn

Our First President-Elect Chose OSC

As George Washington was not the first president of the United States but was preceded by a pro tempore President whom history should therefore capitalize, there are probably not a half-dozen alumni who know that John W. Johnson was not the first choice of the Board, when they met in executive session on April 8, 1876. The latter was tendered the chair in Mathematics, which again is a matter of surprise, for Professor Johnson can not be discovered in our memories from amo, amas, amat. Greek and Latin were offered to President B. L. Arnold of Corvallis College, which was still operating under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

It is not difficult to diagnose the attitude of the Board in the selection of a President. J. W. Johnson was at the time Principal of the Portland High School, the only one then existing in the State, although there were numerous academies. The Board may have felt that the new University should have at its head a man of greater titular prominence and experience, and that the Principalship of a High School, irrespective of the incumbent's eligibility and proficiency, did not provide a glamorous enough background. How greatly were they subsequently disarmed of any thought to derate Johnson, once he was installed as President!

The man upon whom the choice of the Board fell was profusely decorated with degrees, widely experienced in administrative positions, and withal, most happily known throughout the State, Dr. Thomas M. Gatch. He had once before been President of Willam-

ette University and now, after an interim in California and as Principal of Portland Academy, was a second time occupying the Presidency at Willamette.

Much that was transacted at this meeting of the Board was either proleptic or later annulled. Prof. Arnold failed of re-election at a later session, though he was subsequently offered a Professorship. As for the Presidency, Thomas Gatch may not have been intrigued with the prospect of exchanging a long established institution, situated in the Capitol City, for one hardly as yet born, and located in a village with no future in sight. No communication is on record. He may not even have been apprised of his election, for subsequent minutes apparently start all over again. At least Thomas Gatch continued at Willamette and Professor Johnson's election to the Presidency of the University of Oregon was consummated in time for him to issue an attractive little bulletin over his signature and to open the University in the fall of 1876.

But in the University's fourth year, Thomas Gatch resigned the Presidency of Willamette to accept

(Please turn to page four)

Faculty advisor expects 225 "FREE" gasoline miles

CUTTING CHOKE 1/2 THIS WINTER

Super-SHELL can save him up to a cupful of gasoline every cold start. Just 1/2 cup saved each time on 4 starts a day will mean 225 extra gasoline miles for him during winter

Super-SHELL offers definite savings to anyone using ordinary winter gasoline. As much as a cupful on every real cold start. And always a saving in any weather, due to Super-SHELL's "warming up" in 1/2 the former time.

Remember: Super-SHELL is Thermoized—and only Super-SHELL brings you this advantage.