

Oregon Emerald

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Success on the Ether

SUNDAY afternoon the ether waves carried another of the ASUO students concerts when the University concert band was broadcast over station KORE by the Emerald of the Air.

The University of Oregon has one of the finest concert bands on the coast. By many musicians at other universities on the coast it is rated the outstanding concert band in the West.

It was with a great deal of apprehension that the broadcast of this program was arranged. The poor location of the microphone for concert band reception raised grave fears for a suitable pickup in the experts' minds.

The result, however, was astonishing. Many who listened in on the program said the excellence of the broadcast truly rivaled an NBC or CBS program. The finesse and fine technique which Director John Stehn has developed in his band was brought to the radio audience in almost as laudable and excellent form as it came to those who attended the concert.

The Sunday broadcast was a remarkable success and it is hoped that these ASUO concerts will continue to be broadcast in the future, thereby bringing the music of the masters to many who cannot attend the concerts in person.

Enjoying It Openly

IN years gone by, the University has seemingly been oblivious to one of its great natural advantages—that of climate.

With the announcement by F. A. Cuthbert, professor in landscape architecture, that an open air theater will be completed and ready for use next fall, we are suddenly awakened to the reality of the many months of warm weather which we enjoy here at Oregon, and wonder why this project was never ventured decades ago. One season of the pleasure, which it is sure to provide, should be worth twofold the expense involved in its construction.

The amphitheater will be situated in the little theater area back of the music building, and will have a seating capacity for about 500 people. A generous parking space for automobiles has been provided for nearby. The grassed stage will be 75 feet in length with an elevation of two feet. Many campus shrubs and plants have been replanted in the vicinity for beautification purposes, and the old apple orchard will serve as a background to the lovely setting.

The utility of such an open theater is indeed great. Band concerts, afternoon teas, recitals, immemorable functions which have previously entertained audiences suffocating in warm buildings, will be presented in the fragrant out-of-doors warmth of Oregon's sunny afternoons.

Lomax Uncovers Applause Ethics

Editor, The Emerald:
While doing some research work the other day in the Friendly basement, I came across the following in the University column of the old Oregon State Journal of March 26, 1881:

"The decorum of the Lauean society is very good. We notice in an exchange that a certain literary society in this state has abolished the 'vulgar method of applause' by stamping the feet or clapping of the hands. Our members can clap hands yet, and we would like to see anyone attend the Lauean meeting on occasions when our humorous

speakers get as 'funny as they can' and not do so. The most refined method of applause is silence, but as Oregonians are not Quakers, the certain society above mentioned permits its members to assert their prohibition by waving handkerchiefs, in case a person had no handkerchief and could not borrow one, we suppose he would not wave any."

And in the April 9th issue—"A student can attend the University of Oregon on \$2.00 per week or \$50.00 a school year, and by adding \$30.00 for clothes and incidentals, for \$110.00."

In the June 30th issue it was announced by the president of the University that the receipts were \$14,969 and expenditures \$13,000 approximately.

Verification

THE Emerald has been charged by a group of students led by Mr. Neuberger of deliberately distorting the facts in a news story which appeared in Saturday morning's edition.

There special student representatives who attended the meeting have verified the factual accuracy of the Emerald news account.

We are convinced that the Emerald portrayed the news of the anti-compulsory fee meeting with all facts substantially accurate. With this contention proved to our complete satisfaction we feel that bickering over the matter is useless.

One Man's Opinion

THE active sponsorship of Senate bill 197 proved to be a rather expensive business for two local gentlemen. The two, Bruce Brundage and Al Cook, both local business men, received the sad news Wednesday that their summer homes on the McKenzie had been burned down. The damage was presumably caused by itinerants who either with malice aforethought or through criminal negligence set the blazes.

Nobody, at this writing, can say definitely that these itinerants were or were not the direct cause of the blaze. The fact of responsibility may never be established. "One Man" is not in a position to say or even insinuate that the fires were set by this or that person or interest. All we can do is to point out that both of these men were, on Monday, members of a delegation which went to Salem to pull for the passage of bill 197— which incidentally, would close the upper McKenzie to boat fishing.

To date there has been no person who would step forward and claim the responsibility for opposing this measure. There is plenty of opposition, no one doubts that for a minute. But when it comes to mentioning names other than in rumors—nobody seems to relish the honor.

For this reason, the public mind is very likely to associate the two closely related fires with these unknown parties. We admit to such a feeling. It may seem strange to the student in a state university, but there are in our own backyard, feelings and animosities which border onto those of a Kentucky feud. Between certain elements among the population of the McKenzie and of Eugene, there is undeniable friction in no small degree. The bank fishermen hate the boat fishermen and vice versa; the conservationists hate the despoilers, etc. etc.

We do not propose in this column to devote space to a further discussion of the merits of the bills which are rivals in the state legislature. It should be pretty clear to the observer just where we stand personally.

But wouldn't it be a hot one if a good hill-billy feud would spring up over the sponsorship of these two measures? By feud we mean just what the two fires would indicate—violence! The elements are all there. Since the river became a fisherman's paradise, these elements have been at work and now we have them almost bursting into flames—literally—over the present proposed legislation.

What would be the result? In the first place a lot of useless bickering and probably a considerable sum charged up to damage and loss to the participants. Second, the whole thing would be the best publicity that ever struck Oregon.

No, we don't advocate a warlike display by the rival camps. We consider such action would be extremely foolish. However, if the hotheads of the crowd should assume sway, every newspaper on the coast would carry countless inches of space about the McKenzie. And would the folks from round about go for that! The McKenzie would become a household word much like the Kentucky hills. And a tourist would no more think of coming to Oregon without seeing the McKenzie than he would think of going away without seeing Crater lake.

Silly, isn't it? Yet from such combinations spring the most beautiful publicity stories on record. Oregon has long felt the crying need for color. Well, if the idiots persist in coming to blows over the issue, Oregon is likely to have plenty of color. The only trouble is that it might be red.

The Passing Show

SENATOR Staples sort of took the wind out of Dick Neuberger's sails when Dick was going strong attacking compulsory military training in the University. Staples asked him (Dick is a fourth year student at the University) if he had taken his two-year required course in military. Neuberger replied, "No, I went up and told them I wouldn't take it." At both the state institutions conscientious objectors are released from the compulsory drill. The state board of higher education went into the matter with great thoroughness, and decided to continue the old policy, though with exemptions for those with scruples against war and military drill. If the youngsters don't want to drill let them come to Willamette where they can dance instead.—Salem Statesman.

particularly those in the last paragraph.
Very truly yours,
Alfred L. Lomax,
Professor of business administration.

Kahn Dismayed

Editor, The Emerald:
On Thursday evening I left a brief advance notice of the optional fee meeting scheduled for Friday night, at the Emerald office. This was not used in Friday's Emerald, although on Saturday you printed a prominent story telling how few students attended the meeting. These facts are prima facie evidence of your prejudicial handling of news; you did not deem it sufficiently important to announce

The Day's Parade

By Parks Hitchcock

A Modest Proposal

IT is with nothing short of whole-hearted approval that we view the passage of Senate bill 204, authorizing the state board of higher education to collect \$15 per year to finance student body enterprises. This admirable piece of legislation should have received the unanimous support of the legislature at its inception, and now that that fearless body has shown its sincere interest in the welfare of our institution by crushing the scurrilous and selfish interests that combated passage, we trust that they will leave no stone unturned until they have carried into effect many other such beneficial deeds.

Minor Objections

We are not ignorant, indeed, that there have been sundry objections on the grounds that there are certain persons (for the most part obscure and little known) who are financially incapable of assuming the additional responsibility. The stupidity of such an argument cannot be immediately apparent; for aside from the obviously self-centered interests of the persons who dare to offer this idle criticism, the simplest dolt cannot but be aware that the University is no place for the poor and indigent; it should cater only to the upper classes, who by their financial independence will reflect nothing but glory and honor to the University's name.

Long May She Wave!

We may indeed offer a silent prayer of thanks to the worthy solons who have (with their eyes ever fixed upon the shining temple of Truth and Justice) made this valiant attempt to rid the University of those of the Lower Classes who stubbornly insist on taking advantage of the educational opportunities which are by rights the inalienable heritage of the ruling class. The danger in which our social structure would be placed if the Vulgar and Common were allowed to avail themselves of our advantages, is immediately apparent; such a piece of legislation as Senate bill 204 has done much to better the atmosphere of the University and to protect our inherited rights.

The Plan in a Nutshell

We trust that it will not be presumptuous if we were to offer (as the spokesman of the upper milieu) a simple proposal for the weeding out of economic undesirables from our University. After protection of our youth from such making the initial step toward the sullying elements, should the state senators stop now? NO! Additional taxes should and MUST be added. It is imperative that our legislators should find other taxes! Students could be made to pay for the dances and social events which are the backbone of collegiate life; a subsidy might be levied for the creation of a revolving fund to finance delinquent fraternities; a pension might be created for the graduate manager; a toll levied on all campus walks; it would not be difficult to tax students for the construction and maintenance of a campus dance hall with possible bowling alleys and billiard tables adjoining.

Dual Purpose Served

All these taxes (which could easily be arranged by due process of law) would serve a dual purpose: first, to advance and promote that "social polish" which is the first requisite of university men and women, and secondly, to rid the University of the riff-raff from the lower social strata which infests and deadens the University at present.

Is it too great a rashness on our part to suggest these measures to the state legislature? We trust not. It is our hope that in considering them the law-makers will credit our presumption rather to the interests of seeking and establishing the Truth than to any hope of personal betterment. For we ourselves would be the first to pay such additional taxes, as we are the first to applaud the passage of Senate bill 204.

The Curious Cub

Cubby, over, or rather, in spite of his tea cup, managed to corner Jim Cushing, freshman, between a glass and a water pitcher. The Cub leaped nimbly (over the pitcher) and found out several interesting things.

Jim was born September 16, 1916, in Los Angeles, which, by the way, is his home town (city). He's a journalism major with no hobbies in particular, except running cars into the mill—except when he timidly admitted having done a couple of weeks ago.

He reads "Reader's Digest" because, he says, it gives the "world news in a nutshell." (unpaid adv.) Poetry? No, he doesn't read it, but writes it. (but no sonnets). Clarence Budington Kelland and Stewart Edward White are his pet fiction authors.

Type of date? He dodged that. Ate you gone steady? "My God,

Duke Ellington To Make World Tour

By Dick Watkins
Emerald Feature Editor
HERE & THERE & EVERYWHERE . . .
Duke Ellington and his band are once again slated to hop the AT-

Rhapsody In Ink

By the Octopus

TIME THROWS A FIT.
Corporations
Curly-haired Fiji lover, Dick Mears, was seen petting a forlorn black spaniel in the College Side. Betrayed Mary Ann Skirving declined to comment.

Art
Seldom does the Octopus, the sweet old squid, reprint the works from other pens. Today, however, he relented to the extent of extracting the following from the Leigh Burr (no relative of the Lehigh grinder of Kincaid street).

I think that I shall never see
A "D" as lovely as a "B".
A "B" whose rounded form is pressed
Upon the records of the blessed
A "D" comes easily—and yet,
It isn't easy to forget
"D's" are made by fools like me,
But only God could make a "B."

Letters
Such anonymous letters as follows are constantly being dropped into the Witch's Cauldron. Too lace like to make whole stories, they fit in nicely as mere tea time jabber. (These missives not appearing were too subtle for the Octopus, clod that he is.)
Dear Octopus:
Quite by accident we discovered an exclusive hangout of our friends Moody and Bauer. We are sorry to have interrupted their little tete a tet on the back stoop of a nearby—very near—degenerated public institution.

Paul Wagner is slitting Wally Hug's throat on the other side of Willamette . . . Straight dope.
We hear the Phi Psi founders day banquet was quite a success. (Let's hear a little more about this, fans. Ed.)
We notice Dick Shearer running a close third to the two Frenchies.
We think the Octopus is a *!(**?)&(!!! Signed (A friend) (Smile when you say that, my friend. Ed.)

no!" he exploded. Finally, after much argument about kinds of dates, he said, "I told you it was a blonde last time!"
He has letters in basketball, baseball, and a junior high athletic letter for football. Likes tennis, swimming and hiking. Also enjoys dramatic work and has done quite a bit of it. The University? "I like it, especially the journalism school."
Oregon vs. California? "Oregon's all right, but the life down in California is better. But I like the people up here a lot more than those in my native state."
There he is: Jim Cushing, blonde, five feet-eleven, gray-green eyes and tips the scales at 158 pounds. Cubby says: "He's well worth knowing."

New Air Theme Song Is Sought

By George Bikman
Emerald Radio Editor

Darn, we're stuck! We gotta get a new theme song for the Emerald of the Air program. Too many people complaining it's not dignified enough. And it is true that the raz-mat-zaz stuff is hardly apropos for poetry programs and the like. So in with your suggestions, if you're interested, and we'll change it. But pronto, please.

The Bennett sisters, Roberta and Mary, will entertain today at 4:45. These auburn-tinged ladies are not to be referred to, George, as "two red-headed harbingers of melody!" Ok—dole, Roberta sings, and Mary accompanies. Their programs are good.

C. A. Bonner, superintendent of Denver's state hospital, discusses "Mental Health, Happiness and Efficiency" on the Science Service program at 1:30 today. Bing Crosby with the Mills brothers also on CBS at 6:00, and Frank Luther, tenor, is guest star with Isham Jones' orchestra following. At 8:15 Representative Hamilton Fish speaks on "Communism."

Arthur Beddoes, 23-year-old tenor formerly starred with Vincent Lopez, sings in a brand new program over NBC today at 1:45. "Simplification of Local Government" is the general topic to be discussed by the secretary of the National Municipal League at 4:30. Lawrence Tibbett at 5:30, Grace Moore at 6:00, Beauty Box Theatre at 7:00, Leo Reisman at 8:30, Ben Bernie at 9:00.

When the girl friend orders \$16.40 in "vittles" and "bubbles" . . . and you have only \$5.90 in the kick . . . don't get the heebies. Light a sunny-smooth Old Gold. It has a positive genius for raising your morale and lowering your blood pressure.



Again I See In Fancy

By Frederic S. Dunn

The University's First Janitor

Memories of them still breathe a living sweetness with the older Alumni who knew them, a gentlemanly elderly couple who made the basement of Deady Hall a bower of flowers and a haven of welcome.

Students by the score each day pass that little lichen-stained obelisk-shaped monument in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery, perhaps even sit on the crumbling stone coping of the lot, smoking Murads the while nonchalantly, knowing not that there lie interred side by side, asleep underneath that red-berried holly bush, two of the courtliest, best beloved people to honor the University Campus, Frederick Dudley, premier janitor, and his wife, Nancy.

I can remember, as a boy not yet in the public schools, of being sent "away, way out into the country" to take a lunch pail to my older sisters at the University and of peering in through the basement windows of Deady Hall. There is a picture in my mind of a grey-bearded man and a little crippled bent-backed woman who limped about with a crutch. A suite of rooms on the sunny south side of the basement and towered the east part, had been partitioned off for the Dudleys and this they had made an inviting cosy nest, in striking contrast to the rest of the basement which was left unfloored, a storing place for wood and all sorts of junk.

Answers

- (1) Five.
- (2) Goldenrod.
- (3) God's own boys.
- (4) Joe Lillard.
- (5) Sandwich.
- (6) Luther Burbank.
- (7) "Choppie" Parke.
- (8) Mossy water.
- (9) Turkish headgear.
- (10) Grover Cleveland.

Mrs. Nancy Dudley, in spite of her crippled condition, was remarkable for her cheerfulness and her motherly thoughtfulness for the students, her medicines, her rocking chairs, her warm rooms and wraps always at their disposal. She was a marvel in neatness, making that old basement bloom with flowers and vines. Two alumnae have told me, rather ruefully and shame-facedly, of a strawberry festival the girls of the Eutaxian Society were giving, renting dishes from down-town but borrowing of pecking in through the base-

Gouged by a Gim-me Girl?

... light an Old Gold



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AT TRYING TIMES . . . TRY A Smooth OLD GOLD