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Newspaper Versus Radio

THE eternal battle of the press to retain its position of leadership as distributor of news and opinion has been waged fiercely since the establishment of the first American newspaper in 1690. The radio, in recent years, with its great speed, and its ability to dig into newspaper revenues, has practically obliterated all other forms of competition.

Some editors in an attempt to keep abreast of the times have taken over their own radio stations. Others have merely become grey haired. American publishers are constantly faced with this ever-growing competition. How they will combat the problem in the future is hard to predict.

There surely is a place in the world for both radio and newspaper. And yet the vital place which the press has held in the past seems to be depreciating year by year. Perhaps one reason may be attributed to the obstinacy with which editors have clung to the traditional method of evaluating news. The tendency to "play up" stories such as the Hauptmann trial, has given them a great increase in circulation for the moment. But this type of story does not give them future solidity. Farmer Doe or mechanic Jones in the future may even desire to hear the vivid accounts of such proceedings through the medium of his radio.

Compared with the Hauptmann trial, the space and reader-attention given the recent all-important decision of the United States supreme court, was small. Although the American public is desirous of seeing justice properly upheld, any thinking person would agree that the gold clause decision was of far more vital consequence to the nation.

Perhaps in this contrast of values lies a solution. Suppose the American editor would tear himself away from the traditional tabloid type of news and inject in its place current problems of the world. It would mean a decided revision in the method of handling news. Economic trends, legislation, and the type of news which is now merely gazed at by the average American reader, would by necessity be written with understanding and in such a fashion that Doe the farmer or Jones the mechanic could see its important reference to his own individual circumstances.

Progress or Pink Lemonade?

THE callopie! The bandwagon! The circus is here again. Not the same circus, of course, but with the same side-shows, the same types of freaks, the same horse-throated barkers, and the same pink-lemonade ballyhoo.

In the panicky days of the fall of 1929 when the curtain fell with a heart-breaking crash upon the happy, gun-chewing, gin-drinking 1920's, wise men bent their heads together over cups of cold coffee to aver sagely that Americans had learned a lesson in the hard school of experience.

Never again would 120 million break-fast-hungry American citizens rush for the Morning Blab to see if "Ship wreck!" Kelly still remained aloft on the slippery top of a wavering flag pole; never again would five million hero-crazy New Yorkers cover Fifth avenue with 180 tons of tattered ticker tape and telephone directories for the individual glorification of a young gentleman whose single mark of distinction was the feat of taking an airplane up on this side of the Atlantic and setting it down again on the other side (he didn't even give any one a lift across).

With the depression the pseudo-Barnums were forced to retire before a more discerning public who thought in terms of farm debentures, gold standards, and unemployment insurance.

But now, five years after the holocaust, what is it that draws the attention of fickle

John Public? The bewildered mother and father of a more bewildered set of "five peas in a pod" are thrust on the vaudeville stage to be ogled at by less fruitful mothers and fathers: eleven "good and true," whose hero-making act it was to condemn a man to the electric chair, are approached with the proposition that they, too, would be welcomed on the footlight circuit; and 130 million pairs of ears strain to catch the latest gossip on a bombasting, gnomie, buffoon who proudly refers to himself as the "Kingfish."

No, we do not ask for a "Century of Progress." Just one decade of progress—actual progress toward excellence in civilization—would be something that really called for a blast from the callopie.

The Distant Trumpet

SHALL we write about the abolition of war? Shall we paint word nightmares of blood and spots of flesh? Or shall we grow purplish and rant about student fees? Why not dive into yats of figures and settle tax limitation enigmas?

No, not today. Because it is late in February and nearly March. And the mill race gurgles louder every day.

And the trees are tired of their barren attire and whisper of new dresses. The intense gloom of winter is giving away to brighter days.

There it is! We'll talk of moonlight and bees and birds and babbling brooks. And why not?

Oh yes, we know moonlight has been allied with madness. But need that be feared? It is a delightful madness.

Rain still falls on the campus. But it is a soft, cleansing rain. It doesn't chill as it soaks. It is a prelude to the sun that flings splashes of crimson on the world and announces the advent of another incomparable Oregon spring.

Need more be said?

Here's something, that if not entirely new, is certainly different.

Margie Setvin, a junior at the University of Denver, has as her hobby the collecting of buttons. She has over five hundred in her collection and all the way from Lily Pons to Sally Rand. Incidentally we wonder what Sally took the button off of.

One Man's Opinion

By Stivers Vernon

WE stumbled upon some statistics the other day which were so potent they almost exploded in our lap.

Did it ever occur to you that the Townsend plan might be a perfectly natural product of the increase in the span of life which science has presented to man? Honestly, it never had occurred to us. We thought it was a product of a depression weary land which was willing to try any variety of fantastic scheme which seemed to show faint promise of bettering economic conditions. Of course, it might be the latter also. Certainly no one can say that the Townsend plan would find enthusiastic backers during boom times. Everybody would be entirely too busy making money.

The statistics we mentioned were gleaned from the "Lancer," a column written by the eminent journalist Harry Carr of the Los Angeles Times. We seriously doubt if they were any more original with him than they are with us but we'll give him the credit just the same. Just for fun we'll quote you a paragraph or so from his figures:

"Statistics show that the United States is becoming a country of old people. The birth rate is falling off; the length of life is increasing.

"In 1850, 52.5 per cent of the population of the United States was under 20 years old; 38.5 per cent between 20 and 49. Over 50 there were 9 per cent.

"In 1930 there were only 39 per cent under 20; 44 per cent between 20 and 49. The proportion over 50 had increased from 9 per cent to 17 per cent.

"As there are no elements coming up to change this mathematical proportion, the ultimate figure will be: under 20 years, 24 per cent; 20 to 49, 41 per cent; over 50, 35 per cent.

"It is absolutely inevitable that the political power of this country will be in the hands of elderly people. Commercial statistics show that a vast majority of people are failures in life. A government run by the votes of elderly failures—with naive, childish ideas of the power of the government to hand out largesse—is something to think about."

If the readers of this column are like its writer, these statements come as somewhat of a shock. We had to read and re-read them before we could make up our mind on the matter.

Our first reaction was that of acceptance of Mr. Carr's premise. The more we thought about it, the more we began to wonder if perhaps he were not on the wrong track. Suppose the majority were in the hands of the younger groups. Certainly there would be no larger a percentage of successes in this group. And we persist in a belief that as the years roll on, man accumulates a certain wisdom which is not to be found during his younger years. The Supreme Court of this nation is composed entirely of elderly men.

Then too, we feel an instinctive resentment to that word "failure." Somewhere in the back of our mind, we have an idea that success or failure cannot be measured in terms of what a man does or does not know about money and finance. There are more subtle values which are concerned with fuller living, which must be taken into account. Mr. Carr, we are sure, would be the first to recognize such values.

No, we would not advocate that the government and its finance be turned over to other than experts in their chosen fields. But the "Lancer" refers to the voting constituency and we have a sneaking hunch that regardless of age, a man who understands human relations will exercise his voting franchise more intelligently than one who knows only of the success that comes from financial independence.

The Day's Parade

By Parks Hitchcock

A Pernicious Bill

A Message From Garcia

IT is thought that we praise too highly our state legislature for its action on various bills relative to the welfare of the University, let us cast a warning to it in order that it may not be beguiled and misled by a piece of stupid legislation that is now in its hands. This pernicious bill would create scholarships in the University to be given on the basis of scholastic merit.

An Appeal to Reason

The very unprecedented basis for these awards will no doubt convince our senators and representatives that the bill is sponsored by selfish and prejudicial persons who can hardly have the true interest of our University at heart, but if this appeal fails, this author humbly suggests that a petition be circulated to deter our legislature from carrying out this scandalous act. Such a petition might conceivably be phrased so as to appeal to their common sense, for in so much as no one has ever heard of scholarships being granted on this ground before, it stands to reason that it would be a grievous and irreparable error to commence this practice now.

Sic Semper Tyrannis!

We are aware that objections will be raised against this petition on the grounds that this scholarship is allegedly sponsored by no less a person than the president of the University, but we (at least) think that this can be no more than some vile rumor, and furthermore, if the president's interest must conflict with the true purpose of the University we (as loyal students) must take our stand in behalf of the school. For think in what a lamentable condition our University would find itself if it were to be overrun with dull pedants, bookworms, musty scholars and a like crew of dried-up moths.

A Protest

It is to the interest of every self-respecting member of the college to protest against this invasion of our social rights by those who would give scholarships on any other grounds than divine grace and athletic ability. We feel morally sure that the house or legislature (where every heart beats for justice and fairness) will overwhelmingly crush this bill.

WE think it is not amiss to here print the following commendatory letter:

Dear Day's Parade:

You have struck a stout blow for the cause of the better classes by your militant article favoring the compulsory collection of the \$15 student body fee. We agree heartily with your noble sentiments. Keep up the good work!

If, upon your graduation, you find no better employment, we will use our influence, to see if you can be made an assistant graduate manager. Until then, keep an alert eye upon the activities of the masses! And remember, a revolt nipped in the bud will never assume major proportions.

Yours ever,
(For obvious reasons we withhold the signer's name, but we may assure our readers that our heart swells with a pride that we trust is not unmerited.)

The Curious Cub

"Nice people in a nice way."

Cubby did a couple of character sketches of people who are at least notorious, if not famous, and the managing editor (a stern lad) vetoed them.

Helen Bartrum, journalism major (Cubby seems to run to them) was born July 4, 1915 in Roseburg, Oregon. Portland is her home town and she graduated from Grant high, having held a position on the women's tennis team.

She has brown eyes, is brunette, a nice Hollywood smile, is very gracious, but declined to indicate the types of dates she preferred. (Past tense is accidental).

Tennis is her major hobby. Her life ambition is to make an insect collection for a museum.

Reading? Oriental literature, dear readers. But she really likes adventure stories better than anything else and was very honest—she likes the funny paper.

The University? "A very lovely place," says, which beats a lot of stereotyped phrases which Cubby has heard on occasion.

She is a member of Alpha Phi

Rhapsody In Ink

By the Octopus

TIME FALLS ON ITS TEETH.

Corporations

Five of the fairest daughters of Delta Gamma last week were honored in one of the largest mergers in the history of the chapter at Oregon. The great brick sorority building rang with joyful felicitations of a half a hundred girls who massed close around five jewel beladen sisters. These five Cupid had kicked in the shortribs. These five had been the recipients of various fraternity crosses, shields, hammers, tongs, scars, and stars during the days.

New stockholders in the corporation and their partners are listed below with the name of their respective badges.

Louie Larson, one Phi Kappa Psi pin to Nancy Rahles.

John Stope, one Sigma Nu pin to Betty Hamm.

Eud James, one Sigma Nu pin to Margaret Van Cleave.

Jim Watts, one Phi Gamma Delta pin to Betty Jeffers.

Jerry Halverson, one Alpha Tau Omega pin to Doris Bird.

Mergers of less size, but nevertheless important, were announced by the following couples:

Bernice Healey—Burke Tongue.

Kay Pasquel—Dick Williams.

Marian Dreyer—Bing Crosbie.

Miami marcher Henry Roberts gave Cupid a terrific jolt when he presented petite Pi Phi, Caroline Hand, with a slug of gold and gems on their first official date.

Letters

Charming old Oct gathered the following culch from the Wiches' Cauldron yesterday. There were two other letters, but they shocked the old fellow into near oblivion.

Dear Octopus

There seems to be the impression on the campus that during the past ten days I have acquired a wife . . . I AM NOT MARRIED, HAVE NEVER BEEN, AND HOPE TO THAT I NEVER AM.

Bill Haight.

Re your column, the "Octopus" is a misnomer. He should be called the "See Squirt."

A Nonnie Muss.

TIME MOTORS OFF.

and a pledge of Gamma Alpha Chi, women's advertising honorary.

Helen is extremely modest. Even after Cubby had let her return to work, she offered to call up two nice girls because she was afraid her own life story might be boring. If it is, the fault lies with the Curious One and not Helen, because she is a highly interesting person and very popular.

Opera Enters Life Of Silver Screen

By Dick Watkins
Emerald Feature Editor
HERE & THERE . . .

Although Enrico Caruso was a dismal failure as a movie star and utterly failed to impress the film-going public of his day, times have apparently greatly changed, judging from the number of opera stars running around studios at present, all of them, Metropolitan top-notchers . . . to name a few . . . Grace Moore, Mary Ellis, Gladys Swarthout, Richard Bonelli, Nina Koshetz, Lawrence Tibbets, and Alfredo Garrio . . .

Guy Lombardo has again been chosen by radio writers to top the list of the best dance bands, closely followed by Wayne King . . . Lombardo won the vote last year also . . . The most powerful short-wave station in the world is nearing completion in France . . . it will have a power of 120,000 watts and should be easily picked up out here on the coast . . . A new French book just out, "Le Jazz Hot," is a comprehensive outline of the history of jazz, with criticisms and reviews of the various musicians who were instrumental in creating cycles of jazz music . . . Tie this one! . . . It took a hill-billy record to top all others in sales last year . . . the name of it was "The Death of John Dillinger," and over 100,000 phonograph records of it were sold . . . Noel Coward has gone into the movies and is working on "Miracle in 49th St." . . . previously he has appeared in the stage productions of his own plays, "Private Lives" and "Design for Living" . . .

We pulled this one from Melody

And That's That



Again I See In Fancy

By Frederic S. Dunn

Mrs. Spiller's Old Classroom Bell

"Pap" Close, whose Christian name is Frank, but who always used to respond so genially to the affectionate title "Pap,"—Third Master Plenipotentiary of the Buildings and Grounds and Prerequisites, Keeper of the Privy Seal, Guardian of Extra-Curricular Morals, etc. (he held a few other cabinet portfolios which I have forgotten),—"Pap" Close has in his possession a prized relic of the old regime which I have just called to see and verify.

He was dusting up the furniture in the Laurean-Eutaxian Hall, where the library was at that time installed under "Dode" Scott, when Professor Mary Boise Spiller, then retired from her old time position on the Faculty, came in on a round of visits to the old haunts in Deady Hall.

"What is that up there on the top shelf? That looks like my old bell! It surely is," and Mrs. Spiller, who clasped it, fondled it, jingled it a bit, tears just this side of glistening on her eye-lashes, for she was a Spartan.

I am sure that she had early discarded the old bell for a little tap-bell, and latterly there had been established a system of electric alarms. But here was the original one with which she had summoned

the "preppers" to and from their desks and perhaps from moments of recess.

A wave of emotion must have been in her heart as she turned to "Pap" and said, "Would you like to keep it as a memento, Mr. Close?"

And he has kept it ever since. That is why I called to see him and it, way over the crest of College Hill, on West 21st St. I carried it to the front porch and swung it joyously, irrespective of city ordinances,—a bell like the auctioneers would use to call the crowds around him, a bell such as many a country school teacher has used in assembling her children from "over the hills and a great way off," a bell such as you might wish in calling the cattle home or the reapers to their lunch,—a bell not quite colossal, but at least heroic.

And to think that such a bell with such portentous jangling was ever used in a University hall! But, have you ever seen the old photographs of Deady Hall, with the great wood pile obscuring some of the lower windows, and youngsters climbing all over it and grouped on the steps, girls in braids and calico aprons, boys in knee-pants and short jackets? They were children and the bell was none too loud.

Next in the series THE FIRST TRIUMVIRATE IN THE FACULTY.

News: "Meteorologically, January was the best plug month for the music business. Observe, these weather reports taken from headlines . . . January 1-10, ("June in January"). "Record Heat for Winter Hits 77 Degrees."—news item . . . January 12-16 ("Lost in a Fog") . . . "Worst Fog in Years Ties Up Harbor for Four Days,"—news item . . . January 17-22 ("Out in the Cold Again") . . . "Cold Weather Hits Winter Low"—news item . . . January 22-27 ("Winter Wonderland") . . . "Worst Blizzard Since '88"—news item . . . That Beaux Art Ball coming up Saturday evening sounds like a fine thing and will bear watching, but we wish they wouldn't keep the music a secret, for after all, that is half the jig, putting it mildly, and a little more publicity on that score would not be amiss . . .

Good Knight Will Be Heard at 4:45

By George Bikman
Emerald Radio Editor

At 4:45 our Good Knight on the Air will be heard on the Emerald program over KORE today. Sir Ned Gee, who is usually a night behind-in sleep—will lance the tender hearts of the fair damsels who listen to his romantic wooing, and he will no doubt render a sad sigh from the strong sires who might care to lend an ear to lulling love lyrics. Sir Chuck French will symbolize the Knight of Waiting, accompanying the vocalist on

his black and white charger—studio grand to you.

Olga Bacanova, Russian screen star; Eddie Dowling, comedian Tom Howard; Sam Byrod of "Tobacco Road" and the Six Spirits of Rhythm will headline Rudy Vallee's program today at 5:00 over NBC. Lanny Ross will sing a song especially written for him on the Show Boat broadcast at 6:00. "Essential Freedom—Freedom of Press and Radio" will be discussed by Bishop Francis J. McConnell at 11:45 this morning.

On CBS at 6:00 there's the good old Caravan with Walter O'Keefe, Annette Hanshaw, and Glen Gray's orchestra with more good music

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Right on the Campus

and fun . . . Wanted: More suggestions for an Emerald of the Air theme song . . . An especially well done playlet coming up on Friday's program, with the Emerald players producing.

Answers

- (1) Wren 71, lost 54, tied 19.
- (2) \$25,000.
- (3) Sinclair Lewis.
- (4) Fall term 1930; registration 3095.
- (5) Sir Jeffrey Hudson, during the reign of Charles I.
- (6) Harry Houdini.
- (7) 1916-17.
- (8) Council.
- (9) Majority.
- (10) 1931, total 1747.

Theater Class

(Continued from Page One)

eral weeks ago from a number of students who tried out for the various parts. Directing, stage instructions, costuming and stage settings are also handled by them.

"We give a number of these studio plays each winter, and in the past they have been very successful," declared Mrs. Ottilie Seybold, head of the drama department.

Send the Emerald to your friends. Subscription rates \$2.50 a year.

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