

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 Editor 3355,
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; 123 W. Madison St., Chicago; 1004 End Ave., Seattle; 1031 S. Broadway, Los Angeles; Call Building, San Francisco.

William E. Phipps Editor
Robert Lucas Managing Editor
Grant Thummet Business Manager

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

UPPER NEWS STAFF
Clair Johnson Assistant Managing Editor
Reinhardt Knaul News Editor
Ned Simpson Sports Editor
Rex Cooper Night Chief
Ed Robbins Telegraph Editor
George Blikman Radio Editor
Dan Maloney Special Editor

BUSINESS OFFICE MANAGERS
Assistant—Fred Fisher
Executive Secretary—Jean Cecil
Advertising Manager—Ed Labbe
Assistant—Bill Jones
Merchandise Manager—Eldon Haberman
Assistant—Ed Morrow
Assistant—Cliff Thomas

Assistant—Maude Long
National Advertising Manager—Fred Heide
Circulation Manager—Carroll Auld
Classified Manager—Dorris Holmes
Suzanne—Virginia Wellington
Assistant—Patsy Neal
Copy Man—Ed Prinaux

GENERAL STAFF
Reporters: Wayne Harbert, Phyllis Adams, Signe Rasmussen, Ruth Stora, Marjorie Kibbe, Helen Bartrum, Bob Powell, Jane Lagasse, Charles Paddock, Lefoy Mattingly, Fulton Travis, Hattie Dudley, Norris Stone, Al Fajardo.
Copyreaders: Victor Dallaire, Margaret Ray, Virginia Scoville, Dan Maloney, Margaret Venable, Betty Shoemaker.
Assistant Night Editor: Gladys Battelstein, Genevieve McNeice, Betty Rosa, Louise Krukenman, Elinore Woodworth, Ethyl Eymann, Betty McGiff, Marilyn Ehl.
Sports Staff: Bill McIntire, Gordon Connolly, Don Casciato, Jack Gilligan, Kenneth Wehber, Tom McCall.
Women's Page Assistants: Margaret Petesch, Mary Graham, Betty Jane Barr, Helen Bartrum, Betty Shoemaker.

Night Editor This Issue Rex Cooper

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.

Opportunity for the Senior Class
THERE are many direct and indirect relationships between the University and the city of Eugene. Of those which may be classified as direct is beautification.

It is impossible to underestimate the value of beautiful surroundings from the standpoints of either the University or of Eugene. Concentrated attention upon Eugene's parks directed by various civic and service organizations in close cooperation with the city council, the water board and the county court.

In this movement the University has played an important part as it should. Dr. DeCou as chairman of commerce park committee has contributed a great driving and organizing force for a more beautiful city.

Professor Cuthbert has offered valuable artistic and technical guidance in landscaping. University students have been commissioned to play important roles in improving the county park blocks in the court house area.

But in spite of the progress made so far, as Editor Anderson points out in an editorial reprinted from the Morning News under the Passing Show, needs still exist.

Directly affecting the University is the sad appearance of its "back door"—Agate street, which borders the tennis courts and Hayward field.

Equally important and even more distasteful to the eye is the east front of the graveyard which faces University street and McArthur court. Nothing has been done to beautify the parking strip or the weed-covered bank. Nothing has been done to screen the graveyard from passersby.

Dr. DeCou and Professor Cuthbert favor the use of adaptable evergreen shrubs which do not demand the expensive irrigation and attention that lawn requires.

Both the Agate street parking strip and the University area between the women's building and 18th street could be made beautiful at small cost by the use of shrubs.

The senior class is looking for a suitable gift to present to the University.

Where could a like amount of money be put to such advantage as in living green monuments which would attest to the glory of the class of '35 on Agate and University streets?

Wanderer Comes Home

OREGON'S own explorer comes back to his alma mater, Amos Burg, one of the most famous of the nation's young explorers and adventurers, will weave the lure of the seas, the romance of the world wanderer about his audience of students and townsmen when he tells them of strange happenings in far-away places today and tomorrow at the Colonial theatre.

Many men have gone from the academic fold of the University to become nationally famous. One of the most noted of these is Amos Burg.

Enrolled in the University from 1926 to 1928, Mr. Burg majored in journalism. A victim of wanderlust since he was 14, he left Oregon and set out on another of his now famous journeys. Since that time he has been commissioned by the National Geographic magazine and has written several articles for this leading pictorial periodical.

He is a member of the most exclusive explorers' club in America, the Explorers' Club of New York. He is a friend and confidant of Frank Buck, Admiral Bird, and of many other explorers and fellow members of this club.

Mr. Burg is tall, slender, with brown hair and blue eyes that are set in a tanned and weather beaten face. He has a charming personality, is diffident and modest about his travels. When he can be persuaded to

tell stories of his fascinating wanderings, he can spin a web of enchantment for his listeners by making them relive with him his thrilling adventures and his interesting experiences with strange peoples in foreign lands.

Amos Burg is a true son of Oregon. He was born in Portland. He went to school here. He has done invaluable service for his state, writing an article for the National Geographic on the Oregon country which was so attractive that it drew many people and students to the state.

The University is proud to claim Amos Burg.

One Man's Opinion

By Silvers Vernon

STEPPING for a moment into the realm of sport, with due apologies to that department, we might remark that there is no ecstasy on earth to compare with the joy that would fill our heart should Oregon State wallop the Trojans this weekend. There is, on second thought, but one thing that could more completely fill us with bliss. That would be for the Oregon football team to perform a similar service to humanity next autumn.

But that is too far away to worry about yet. For the present we would be hugely gratified if the Beavers would retain for the Northwest the coast basketball title.

As is the case with a thousand other Oregon students, this desire is not fostered by any great affection for the Corvallis institution but rather by a deep-seated and mighty animosity for the all conquering Trojan.

This obsession of ours about USC is like one of those mighty hatreds one reads about in books. It provides impetus for our life—or something. Anyway, we probably have it only slightly worse than the average Oregon student. The difference being primarily that we lost a lot of dough betting on Oregon before we learned of the Trojan jinx.

The Passing Show

EUGENE GRASPS AN OPPORTUNITY

FEW cities, even in the ever-green Northwest, have had as fine an opportunity as Eugene to develop beautiful parks. And few have exerted themselves as little in that direction as Eugene. It is true that Eugene years ago set aside two spacious and potentially charming areas as parks—Skinner's butte and Hendricks. The city also enjoyed the two county park blocks and then it had the millrace and the river and the boundless reaches of mountain and stream within a few minutes' drive. Perhaps the wealth of easily accessible natural park has been principally responsible for Eugene's delay in taking full advantage of the park possibilities within its borders. Whatever the cause, both Skinner's butte and Hendricks park have been allowed to run down at the heels. And the courthouse park blocks, trodden by thousands of feet, have remained as unhand-some as any public square.

However, it looks very much as though the period of neglect has passed. Perhaps the availability of federal work relief funds had something to do with it. Perhaps the driving force of Director Koch of the transient camp and his transients' sample accomplishments showed what could be done with a minimum of expenditure. Perhaps the people generally had grown tired of the shabbiness of their parks. Perhaps it was a combination of all those factors with the rise of earnest and intelligent leadership. Whatever the cause, more actual advance has been made in city park improvement work during the past few months than in any recent period.

Through cooperation of the county court, the city council and the water board, the park blocks are to be beautified. The University is now assisting the project by surveying the ground and preparing recommendations concerning soil changes, thinning of trees and suitable planting of grass, shrubs and trees. Last Armistice day found the entire community interested—a good share of it actively so—in beautification of the barren south slope of Skinner's butte, as the first step in making the area a memorial park. That also was a cooperative project in which the city council, the water board, the park commission, the veterans' group and the forest service worked under leadership of a new Chamber of Commerce park committee. Trees were planted and underbrush and litter cleared out. The water board itself undertook to maintain a small park near its new reservoir and has since agreed to furnish old pipe for laying a water system over the whole south slope to insure the growth of the young trees already planted and those to be planted later.

Money, of course, is scarce in these days of reduced budgets but it appears entirely possible that with FERA assistance provision may be made for irrigating. The plan presented recently by Chairman DeCou of the chamber park committee calls for a relatively small original outlay and almost no maintenance cost. With water available it will be no trouble at all to make the butte's south slope into a charming park.

The park committee isn't satisfied with its fine progress. It has now raised its eyebrows over the unkempt condition of the boulevard parkings in the streets out beyond the University. Lawns are said to be out of the question because of lack of irrigation facilities, but that hasn't stopped the committee. Again the advice of Professor Cuthbert of the University has been asked and low growing shrubs are reported as the answer to the problem. Residents along Agate and Villard are considering direct action.

All this shows what can be accomplished when a good-sized group of people decide something should be done, and when public bodies show a willingness to cooperate with each other and with the public. We'll wager that if a poll of the local voters were taken it would reveal a general wish for park development. It would probably show a desire, not only for beautification of present parks and parkings, but also for establishment of new sites, especially on the west side, which so far has been badly neglected.—Eugene Morning News.

Rhapsody In Ink

By the Octopus

TIME APPEARS IN A LOW BURLAP SLIP.

Sports

Last week, Newton Crum, Phi Gamma Delta's new president, laid a safe bet . . . Loudly wagered Prexy Crum from a parapet of his country mansion, Three Trees:

"\$25 goes to the man who can get a date with my Jan" . . .

Department of justice officials since then have searched every local suds salon for Crum, against whom have been filed charges of violating the Sherman anti-trust law.

An excited voice rang into the ear of a Eugene telephone operator some three nights ago:

"794-J please, and hurry."

The operator did hurry, too, for she recognized the commanding tones of the University's blushing student body president, Joe Renner . . .

Whilst the conversation raged unheard beside her, the mistress of the wire ways pondered at the enigma that Renner had created by his call.

Reason: 794-J was Nelson's number.

Art

Pure, old Octopusse is having a set-back—a relapse—a period of degenerate stagnation. The result: (With apologies to Longfellow and Kipling, and any of the rest of you mugs who feel you've been chizzled on):

- I
Worley,
Crum,
Squorly,
Dum.
- II
Labbe,
Gabbie,
Crabbe,
Shabbe.
- III
Phipps,
Slipps,
Tripps.

TIME GIVES THE CROWDS THE SLIP.

The Curious Cub

"Worthwhile People in a Nice Way."

Today, as the curtains part, who should be standing in the glare of the baby spot but—BETTY SHOEMAKER—a journalism major who was born in Roseburg, September 22, 1914. "And I have a habit of more than one birthday a year," she added. This is, she explained, because she likes cake!

Betty, in common with many other fine people, has brown hair and eyes to match, is about the right height and has a swell disposition.

Sports? She informed Bruin that she likes archery (a fact which gives point to our little narrative) and is an equestrienne, as well.

She is a member of Alpha Delta Pi and is affiliated with the women's athletic association.

Dates? "Very good dancers," she said, "and brains—to a certain extent!" She amended it to, "Certainly, they have to have brains," and when she saw these quotations on the note-paper the Curious One had, she threatened to tear up the notes!

Betty isn't high-brow—thank goodness! She likes short stories. Poetry? "No!" (quite emphatic). The University? "It's a marvelous institution." Her voice was ironical—very.

Betty's a very nice person to know and if this writeup would seem to make her appear facetious, put it down to the ability to think for herself, not cussedness, because she is a really gracious individual!

Writer Forwards Sports Opinion

Editor, the Emerald:

The basis for the true construction of any column dealing with athletics has as its prime requisite not the experimental background in any field of sporting endeavor, but rather the wealth of material amassed by the commentator on the divers branches of the field. Your sports critic is too definitely concerned with the narration of intimate achievements and too little grounded in the essentials of his craft. Lacking the proper founda-

tional materials for an interpretative analysis of the various activities which he views and upon which he must render critical judgment, his every effort has smacked of the adolescent.

His recent article, decriing the employment of the "freeze" in a close basketball contest, and his assertion that it was a "Charlie Mahan" who gained immortality for his five drop-kicks against Yale, are specific instances of a lack of scholarly presentation of the materials at hand.

Your sports commentator must be a student of the sports that he is attempting to analyze, and Mr. Simpson, in passing judgment on (Please turn to page three)

Fee Comment

Editor, the Emerald:

I am not at all sure that the immediate reason for writing this, my first letter to the Emerald, is worthy of consideration, but the issue of student body fees has greatly interested me, and has seemed important. The immediate cause for this answer: the Bickford, Cushing, Travis, letter of yesterday's paper.

No matter who gets the benefit of the publicity in this fight for optional fees, the issue remains the same. Mr. Neuberger has been wise enough to take a leading part in a live controversy from its beginning. Let the proponents of the move for optional fees throw their weight with the machine that has been set in motion, and something is likely to happen.

There is a sure method of defeating such a move as the one under discussion. That is to split the ranks of its friends. Neuberger has been accused of working on this proposition as a method of gaining publicity. How are we to judge the motives of others who attempt to lead revolution within revolution?

Evidently, disgruntled proponents of the optional fee controversy are unaware that in their hearty denunciation of leader Neuberger, they are merely adding to the clouds which already obscure the issue.

EUGENE T. STROMBERG.

Many Musicals Featured in Films

By Dick Watkins

Emerald Feature Editor

CINEMA—Some of the new film musicals now being produced, or already made, include Rudy Vallee's "Sweet Music"; Buddy Rogers in an English hit, "Dance Band"; Irene Dunne in "Sweet Adeline"; "All the King's Horses," with Mary Ellis and Carl Brisson; Grace Moore in "On Wings of Song"; "Folies Bergere," starring Maurice Chevalier; Jerome Kern's "Roberta," with Fred Astaire; Bing Crosby in Tarkenton's "Mississippi"; "Naughty Marietta," with Jeanette MacDonald; Max Reinhardt's colossal spectacle, "Midsummer Night's Dream" (over \$750,000 spent on it so far and much still to be done . . .)

ADD CINEMA—Speaking of pictures, that "Clive of India" film was the poorest example of an epic picture we have seen in many a moon . . . a pity that such a splendid cast should be wasted on such a miserable production, whose theme had endless possibilities of truly showing the heroic part Clive played in building the vast Indian empire for Britain . . . Also, that (Please turn to page three)

Toney Baritone On Air Today

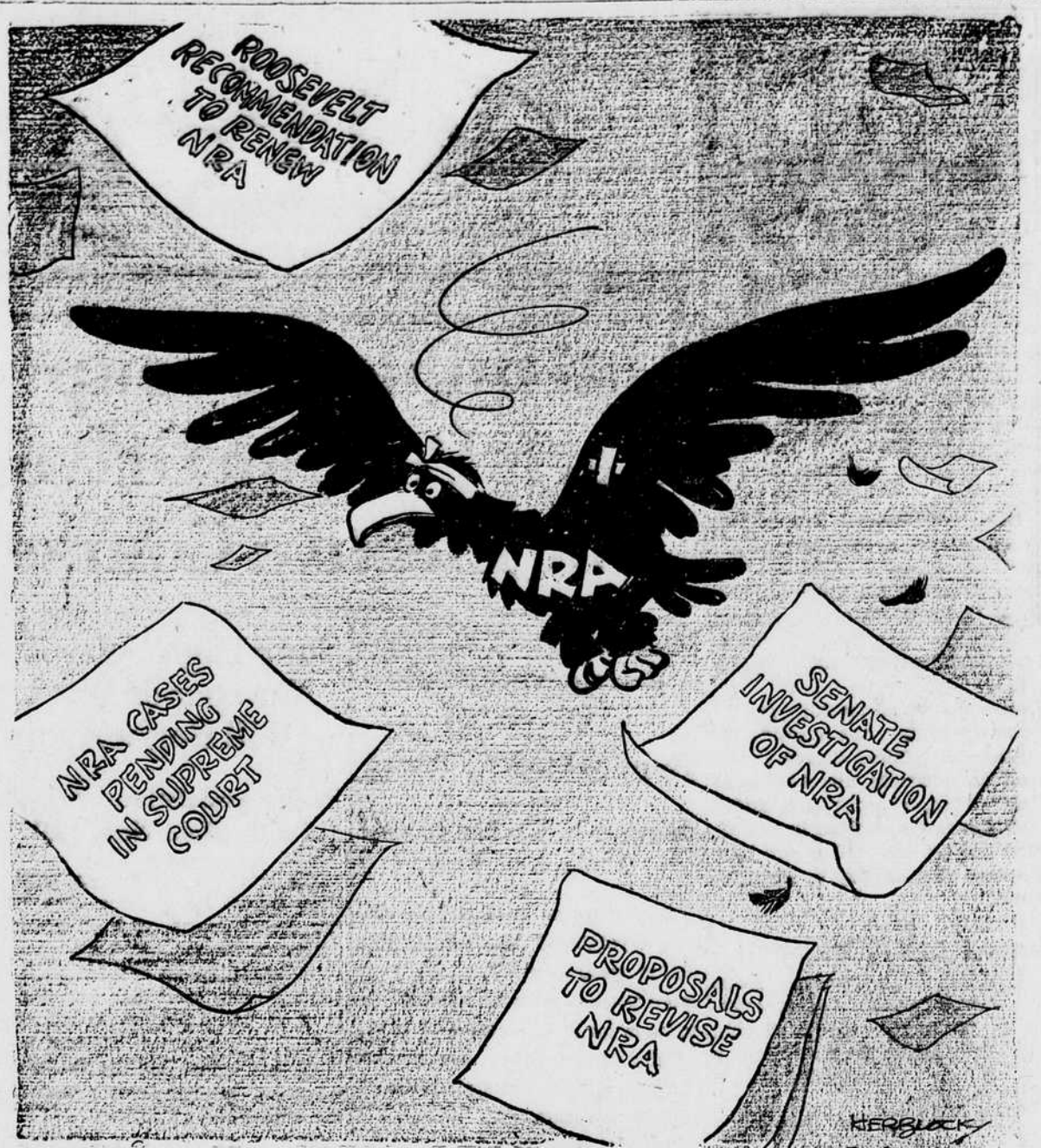
By Jane Lee

Emerald Radio Sec't

That toney baritone, Don Caruth, will make a "C" trip this afternoon at 4:45, hitting all points west in a fifteen minute vocal tour. Don is the modest lad who was the soloist for the Westminster quartet last week—and he's anything but modestly good!

Request programs head the score for NBC this evening. Lawrence Tibbett is on at 5:30, and at 6:00 golden-throated Grace Moore will give an all request program. Also an orchid-and-sealion battle of repartee is scheduled for Ben Bernie's program tonight, at 9:00. "Ben" is taking the bull by the horns and inviting his perpetually friendly enemy of the air-waves, Winchell, to appear as his guest artist. When those two get together at the same "mike" anything is liable to happen.

Continuing through the day are varied rhythmic programs with Leo Reisman's orchestra at 8:30, and at 10:15, Tom Coakley at the Palace Hotel. After 11:00 it's time to sign off with Lombardo at the Ambassador. If you can't take heli out, tune in.



Again I See in Fancy

By Frederic S. Dunn

The Grandfather of Clocks on the Campus

It was not a "grandfather's clock" such as used to stand on the floor, towering as high as one's head, and ticking so cheerfully as to keep the whole manor in rhythm yet it was the grandfather of all time-pieces on the campus, the first to hang on varsity walls. And when President Johnson's Latin classes shared the Laurean-Eutaxian Society hall in the northeast corner of Deady, it was the "regulator" for the entire institution and proudly vaunted the title across its glass front.

I can truthfully say that no one looked into the face of that regulator oftener and more appealingly than I. For I watched the provokingly even swing of that pendulum and the exasperating tedium of those clock-hands not only a student in Prof. Johnson's classes, but also subsequently as pretentious successor to a great master. This sounds most ungracious, that as

instructor I could also pray for speed in the passage of time, but those were days when everyone took Latin—gastropods, monads, isosoles, et al., except a few who wriggled out of requirements through some disability or otherwise. And with a teaching-load that for years was upwards of thirty hours, is any wonder that I sometimes pondered whether Seth Thomas was a candidate for damnation or beatification?

But that regulator I came to regard as a precious heirloom of a golden age. As the Latin department peregrinated from building to building, it was my request that the clock should accompany me, until it came to rest on the wall of Oregon, 107. I used to push a table over to the wall in order to stand upon it and wind and set the clock whenever the janitors of then would forget it.

Perhaps it was because I had to watch it over my left shoulder, perhaps it was that the regulator lost its pace in dreaming of past

generations,—at any rate, its servicing became more and more frequent, and finally all the coaxing and winding could not induce the pendulum to swing. A tick or two, and it would die.

And thus it remained, its hands pointing pathetically, helplessly, at ten minutes of eleven, while I sought in vain for requisitional aid. We were in the throes of one of our delectable referendum campaigns,—the Latin budget was nil,—the regulator meanwhile indicating, as if with uncanny premonition, as if with uncanny premonition.

(Please turn to page three)

Answers

- (1) Prohibition.
- (2) Benjamin Franklin.
- (3) Florida.
- (4) Jaw bone of an ass.
- (5) Died at age of 969.
- (6) Hamlet.
- (7) Seven red, and six white.
- (8) Agnostic.
- (9) 32.
- (10) Marie Antoinette.

Fussed by a Faux Pas?

light an Old Gold



When Uncle Elmer steps on your bridal train just as you are about to ankle down the aisle . . . don't let the episode upset you. Take time out for a sunny-smooth Old Gold. And presto! . . . You'll feel serene again. Darn clever . . . these O. Gs.

AT TRYING TIMES . . . TRY A Smooth OLD GOLD