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Social Pressure Now

WEDNESDAY'S Morning Oregonian editorial commending President Boyer for his abolition of "hazing" as a means of enforcing Oregon traditions was good in spirit if weak in body.

Correcting the misapprehensions under which some well-meaning Oregonian editorial writer labored, it should be pointed out that "hazing" was not restricted to freshmen alone; that it wasn't the sophomores who sat around with "sadistic" and "barbaric" smiles on their faces while waiting for the next hapless victim. The punishment was dealt out impartially by members of the Order of the O to all offenders after they had been told of the charge and given their chance for defense. On several occasions the lettermen punished members of their own group for violations.

The Emerald has never advocated "hazing." In this the Emerald is in accord with the Oregonian editorial. But Oregon students wince when the Oregonian unjustly leads its 105,373 paid subscribers into thinking that hazing here has been of the dreaded sophomore-persecution-of-the-freshmen type.

The Emerald believes, as do the great majority of Oregon students, that Oregon traditions should be respected. Oregon students are proud of their campus. The failure to find any other way to enforce traditions, particularly those historic ones under which students do not walk on the lawns and do not smoke on the campus, led Oregon to revert to paddling this year.

With the abolition of physical force, the maintenance of a neat campus now depends on social pressure that must force the "recalcitrant" minority to conform with Oregon traditions.

A news item from Bend, Oregon says that a new form of "linkless" chain letters, with investment and possible income limited to five cents, appeared on the streets there recently. Persons accepting the copy after paying a nickel read:

"This is to help transport mules to the holy land. Now don't be a jackass and ask for your nickel back. Get yourself one like I did."

Ha, ha!

Legislation seems to be going a bit too far when it is necessary to look to the law books before proceeding with the clearing of the debris remaining following the recent destruction by fire of the state capitol. The fire itself waited for no legal opinion before doing its part of the work.

It's news when a mass march upon the national capital is made to throw bouquets, not brick bats, at those in power. The thousands of "AAA supporters" now camped on the Roosevelt stoop must be far more welcome than the band of bonus seekers which bivouacked in the Hoover backyard not so long ago.

The Passing Show

HAZING FORBIDDEN

OUR dispatch from Eugene, telling of President Boyer's stricture upon hazing at the University of Oregon, reports that "padding of students on the university library steps has caused much ill feeling," which we dare say is put it lightly.

As a matter of fact, it always is the case that where hazing is countenanced by the authorities, and the upperclassmen are free to practice it, they quickly go beyond mere disciplining of the freshmen and take up paddling as a science. If the freshmen unfeelingly refrain from smoking in the scared precincts or sitting on the senior bench, then they are hazed for being too perfect. A country with a big army and navy grows clamorous for something to do with it, and a sophomore with a paddle, which he is authorized to use, is no different.

No college or university ever has found a happy medium, permitting student self-discipline by violent methods but excluding license. If you allow one, then the other follows. And Dr. Boyer is following the general American practice when, as the only practicable solution, he bans hazing altogether. Admitting that there are many freshmen who certainly need something, it nevertheless remains best to leave them to the slow corrective of time. We realize how painful that advice is to the impatient sophomore. Nevertheless, it is best.—Morning Oregonian.

OREGON MOTHERS AND DR. KERR

RESOLUTIONS calling for the vacation of the office of chancellor of higher education in Oregon, adopted by the Oregon Mothers' club of Eugene, are synthetic, not spontaneous, expressions of sentiment. The mothers' group was only the foil for anti-Kerr forces. It was not the position of chancellor which the mothers wanted abandoned; it was the man holding the position.

While the board of higher education need not regard the resolutions as indicative of what all Oregon mothers think—their organization being utilized as a sounding board by the anti-Kerr forces—it cannot much longer defer the already belated decision on the chancellorship.

Mr. Kerr's resignation has been in the board's hands for considerably more than a year. Yet from all the public can learn the selection of a successor to Dr. Kerr is no farther along than it was when the chancellor resigned. If the chancellorship is left hanging fire indefinitely, the state has every right to think the board of higher education has not acted in good faith when it appointed a committee to secure a chancellor and the committee then proceeded to let the entire matter go along indefinitely.

What the board of higher education must do is to get busy on its selection of a new chancellor. Leaving the position vacant and putting the existing presidents in full charge of higher education would not long be satisfactory. The only reason such a step was proposed by the Oregon Mothers was because it afforded an immediate way to oust Dr. Kerr. Yet a chancellor is needed to correlate and lead all the higher educational facilities of the state. The board of higher education, meeting spasmodically, cannot do the necessary correlation work which falls to a chancellor. The man to direct all higher education in Oregon should be sought out and hired. Until the board does this work, Dr. Kerr should stay.—Coos Bay Times.

HELL WEEK IS TOTTERING

FOURTEEN of Stanford's fraternities have adopted the Interfraternity Board's anti-Hell Week plan, a progressive move which will bring local Greeks into line with many other campuses in ruling out excessive initiation practices.

Quick action by the others will bring Stanford into the category of a few other colleges where students have taken this sensible action on their own initiative, without a faculty rule being necessary.

An interesting contrast is found in Los Angeles, where Hell Week has been banned both at USC and UCLA. The difference lies in the fact that USC fraternities took no action on their own responsibility, but were greeted with an edict to that effect from the president of the university. At UCLA the interfraternity council, profiting by experience gained when two pledges were seriously injured a few months ago, took matters into their own hands and decisively banned rough initiation practices without official assistance.

The ten fraternities here which have not yet endorsed the plan will meet Monday night to consider it. Definite action on this measure will clear up the present argument, at the same time adopting a definite policy to be in force before present pledges are initiated.—Stanford Daily.

Anything Goes

By Dick Watkins

LOCAL — A new band of mysterious origin and unknown calibre is slated to make its initial appearance out at Willamette Park beginning this Friday and Saturday nights and are expected to hold down the stands till the first of the month... we haven't been able to glean much gossip concerning said 'X' band, outside of the welcome news that it will consist of a 12-piece outfit, including a sax quartet and two co-ed entertainers, and only hope they can all kick through with some good music... Commencing June 1st, the Ten Commandments move back in for a three-week stand of Sateve dances only, and will be followed in, by this new orchestra who will hang their hats there, for the duration of the summer... NEWS ITEM — Due to King George's intense dislike of dancing, a court ball instead of a state ball was held this week, at Buckingham Palace, in honor of his Silver Anniversary Jubilee... Apparently had a state ball held, the King would have had to dance the opening quadrille, so a court ball was arranged in its place, and His Majesty was left to roam about, at will, as a spectator entirely... Poor George! what a beating he must be taking during all this Jubilee rigamole.

ASCAP (Am. Soc. of Composers, Authors, and Publishers), have just released a few figures on what they term, "The Murder of Music," so in case you're interested, here are a few statistics on the subject: — The U. S. radio audience has grown from 16 to 60 million from 1925 to 1932... total radio-set sales in 1929, reached nearly 600 million dollars, but slumped to 125 million in '32... app. 4 millions were spent for broadcast advertising in '27, while in '32 they jumped to 40 millions... royalties from phonograph records slumped from \$887,732 in '26 to \$36,600 in '32... 19,000 musicians were employed in motion pictures in '25—in '32, only a bare 3,000... sheet music sales dropped from \$3,500,000 to \$827,154 between 1925-32... the average life of an outstanding song-hit selling over a million copies, prior to '25, was 16 months... since '31, total sales of the best songs seldom reach 200,000 copies and their lives are rarely prolonged after 3 months... it is estimated by the President's Committee on Recent Social Trends, that of all the money the public spends on musical entertainment, 1 1/2 billions go to motion pictures; 525 millions to radio; 166 millions for theaters and concerts, 24 millions to dance halls and night clubs; and the composers, authors and publishers who turn out the tunes, firmly hold the sack at the small end of the horn, getting in return for all their work, a measly \$1,704,000 to be divided among all of the Tin Pan Alleyites... there just ain't no justice, no-how... nufsd...

Thomas Sets

By Frederic S. Dunn

(Continued from Page One)
Details of the parade have been modeled after the opening parade of the Olympics. Jack Campbell, parade marshal, appointed his six aides yesterday: Fred Lieualten, Dave Macquire, Bill Paddock, Stan Smith, Bob Zurcher, and Stan Bronberg.

Campbell handles Parade
Campbell and his committee will have charge of the organization of the parade, erection of the victory shrine and queen's throne and will escort the winners of each event to the victor's shrine.

Queen Mary Morse and her princesses will occupy the throne at the meet and will award the winning contestants their medals and ribbons following the completion of each event in victory ceremonies.

The University band under the direction of John Stehn is scheduled to take an extensive part during the meet. The ROTC unit is furnishing color guards for the parade and the Order of the O, officials of the meet, and student body officers will lead the procession.

Wuxtra! Bikman Gets Fan Letter

By George Bikman
Emerald Radio Editor
Folks, we've done it! After we've spent countless hours before the microphone, someone has broken down and sent in a fan letter. Our colleagues having pored over every syllable unceasingly, we bow before their demands and put the

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Is It All Right to Run This Story?

My Dear Mr. Bikman:

Did you know that you had a most ardent fan? Of course you couldn't know. But you see, unused to writing fan letters as I am, I've had lots of inexperience. Every day (except Sunday) I turn on KORE at 4:45 to listen to your magnetic voice. My little dog, Hodge Podge, even stops spell-bound while you are talking. Would you like to hear about Hodge Podge? But, oh, excuse me, this is a fan letter.

I enjoy the musical program when you arrange for Gobbie Barretson. Honnie Jogg also is fine. But best of all you are your wonderful poetry programs. It must be wonderful to be able to read words with such understanding. And your partner has a wonderful voice, too. All in all the poetry programs are wonderful. And the musical background is wonderful too.

I should like to ask a great favor of you. I know movie stars do such things, but I should so much enjoy having of you a picture. I should like to see what produces such lovely sounds. If you can send me a photo, I shall gladly send you 25 cents or whatever the charge is, and I'll even pay the postage.

I hope you do not consider me too bold for writing such a letter. And could I dare to think that you would be interested in learning about someone, such as I, who faithfully and eagerly reserves each day (except Sunday) at 4:45 for you?

Devotedly yours,
Measias Measaxine Reasankeasin.



Again I See in Fancy

By Frederic S. Dunn

Croquet, the King's Game

If the students of the first generation could not dance they could go to church socials. If they could not play Bridge, there was one game that was countenanced even by the Faculty,—and that was croquet. Battledor and shuttle-cock, blowing the feather, charades, consequences, were parlor games, but, out-of-doors, croquet was the King's game. Never shall I forget the gray-bearded men in cutaways and silk ties, on a playground near the Luxemburg palace in Paris, seriously engaged in a game of croquet on a Sunday afternoon.

Every reputable home toward the close of the eighteen hundreds owned a croquet ground in the back yard or somewhere on the lawn. The newer set, the more fascinating were those glossy mallets and balls with their gay stripes of varying colors! The aboriginal in us permitted us to choose according to our chocolate or lime dispositions, others by virtue of preference either for blondes or mauve in eyes or braids, still others "because yellow was the winning color." Psychology was an unknown term, but we had it just the same.

The First Baptist church now covers a famous "tourney field" in Professor Bailey's yard where the good Doctor himself took his only known recreation in croquet games with his student roomers or chance guests. Alums have confided to me that Doctor Bailey's spirits rose or fell with his luck, and that they would slyly see to it that he won, because it was like seeing him turn from the blackboard to his classes in Analytics, with face all agleam with his triumph.

Just to mention another,—for they were everywhere,—Mrs. Croner had a croquet ground in her backyard, where the boarders played till darkness drove them in. There were two eligible daughters in the family, but, just across the street were also two very live anes named Whiteaker, who would boldly invade the premises. Mother Croner once told Anne and Stell

that "she wished they would give some one else a chance to play once in a while," but the boys, who were wise to the situation, would still occasionally sneak the Whiteaker sisters in through the side gate.

It would not be sound ethics to detail the various expletives which would come involuntarily when you tripped on a wicket. Neither would it be wise to speak of a faulty conscience, if you judged the ball when your opponent's back was turned. This is not an "experience meeting."

Next in the series: TIMMY SWORE THEY WERE TOAD-STOOLS.

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