

OREGON COED EMERALD

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NO New Deal in journalism is the all women's edition of the Emerald which makes its tabloid appearance today. Neither is it a "copy-cat" of the recent men's edition, for the gentlemen of the press had the advantage of the first competitive issue, and the editor too, had a weakness for tabloids.

Nothing sensational or startling—yellow, scandalous, or barely proper is attempted. The all-coed staff presents the kind of an Emerald it would like to see, should the publication be published in tabloid form next year; a balanced diet of the serious and the humorous—a newspaper that will have to be read!

Villard Comes to Oregon

OSWALD Garrison Villard will give the commencement address to graduating seniors in June. Oregon is fortunate to be honored by a man of Mr. Villard's calibre.

An editor who has espoused the cause of American liberalism and of pacifism, and a defender of small people whom he honestly believes to be downtrodden, Mr. Villard is today an example of a gentleman fighter. He has spent over thirty years in the discovery and attack of corruption in high places. His regret as journalist and man of world affairs is that his influence and sane moral courage have not had a chance to reach farther among the masses.

The University is honored, and awaits the words of an American gentleman it is proud to claim as friend.

Stein Reports Returning to Report

GERTRUDE Stein returned to Paris from the United States recently and returned from the United States with plenty to say. She said that certain interests in the United States were negotiating with her to report next year's Republican and Democratic conventions in her inimitable prose manner.

If Gertrude Stein pens proceedings of the 1936 presidential conventions, the American public has a new treat in store, for no one is quite so capable of capturing the spirit of the average nominating speech as Miss Stein at the height of her vague, cryptic style with its irreligious punctuation and wealth of repetition.

Miss Stein will probably not, however, report

either the Democratic or Republican convention, for her Paris interview definitely aligned her with Huey Long. The Senator will not end in nothing, she prophesies. He is stimulating and he will not end in nothing because he has a sense of human beings and is not boring the way some other gentlemen in the White House have been.

So, with Miss Stein the expatriate doing automatic hand-reporting of the conventions and endorsing Huey Long as no future zero, it looks like the coifing 1936 struggle will be lots of fun after all.

San Francisco Chronicle: A front rank radio comic is being sued for \$100,000 by his gagman. The expense of the archaeology alone must have been enormous.

Memphis Commercial Appeal: Add similes; An exasperated as a newspaper paragrapher whose typewriter table has a swayer and a wabbler that he can't locate.

Daily Oklahoman: If you think there is no more rugged individualism, you should see the spelling that comes to a newspaper office.

Well timed: Jimpson's address was well-timed, wasn't it? "Yes, two-thirds of the audience had their watches out before he finished."

The Passing Show

WE CAN HARDLY WAIT

WITH the Student Union building finally nearing completion after long years of anticipation and frustration, the numerous advantages which Montana students will derive from the new acquisition are becoming evident. The college union is a relatively modern institution in American university life. The first of these was dedicated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1895, just 40 years ago. It was soon followed by others and the scheme has since spread the length and breadth of the land. It has an unquestionably important place in the educational facilities of any modern school.

The conclusion of the World War found a sudden influx of "average" young men and women seeking educations. With this change also came a recognition on the part of college administrators that not only must improved facilities for study be provided but facilities for the enrichment of the extra-curricular life of the students apart from athletics be included.

The natural growth of student interest along many different lines probably has had a great deal to do with the growth of college unions. Increasing enrollments entailing the adoption of a Freshman week in order to acquaint the many new students with their new environment; complicated student organization involving elections, appointments of committees; were matters with which alumni of a quarter of a century ago were wholly unfamiliar. Today space must be provided for such purposes in addition to facilities for a student store, the production of university plays or dance floors for recreational needs.

All this serves to indicate that the Student Union building will be a busy place next fall. It will prove an important accessory to the major work which the university is carrying on and will possibly increase lagging school spirit and develop numerous social contacts which will give added color and flavor to our undergraduate life.

ONE WAY TO WRITE A POEM

By Eda Hult

There is nothing like being in love, or about to be in love, or just having been in love to inspire one to commit poetry—to paper. Or if you wish to write a poem and lack this prime inspiration the seasons will serve as a substitute. Any season can create a suitable mood. Think then what must be the almost inevitable result of a combination of the love element and seasonal sensitivity. Imagine the combination Springtime and about to be in love, or summer plus being in love, or Autumn plus alas, just having been in love. The variations are almost endless. I should say it could almost be reduced to a mathematical formula; and presto—we have a new theory of writing poetry.

Of course, one must take into consideration the kind and stage of love and the nature of the particular season, whether it is a bright or rainy spring, a gentle or a blistering summer. And remember, the kind or quality of the "poem" doesn't matter. It is the expression of our feeling. It is the does. Next day we may find the silly thing and say, "How absurd and adolescent of me!" But what

a satisfaction it was to write! How it transported us to being one with a force outside of ourselves!

Suppose we take as an example the combination—Autumn, plus being in love, plus the complications of loved one absent and autumn day dismal. We have been looking out of the window watching the thin drizzle and aching with an unnameable sorrow till we can no longer keep our thoughts pent in. A descriptive line—maybe two—comes into our mind. Frenziedly we find paper and pencil to capture the words before they disappear. Hesitantly, maybe with a substitution of a word or two, we jot them down—

This Autumn, too, has thin and gentle rain,
 A scarcefelt hoary mist to damp one's hair.

Ah! That's somewhat the way we feel. Then, in line with thoughts of whom ever we are in love with at the time comes—

A mem'ry laden dusk is waiting there

Where silver fingered clouds bend low again.

"Silver-fingered!" Eureka, what a sensation! It is glorious! It relieves the pain like the soothing hand of an angel. We turn to part

three of the formula—

O, you of whom this autumn brings recall,
 Can now forget that southward winging bird
 Whose haunting cry was all the song you heard
 Through all that hateful, gently raining fall.

It's coming along fast now with scarce a revision. Ah! It's going to be a sonnet, we perceive. That means fourteen lines. We now have, let's see—eight. That leaves six to go, and it appears they're rhyming a-b-b-a.

Perhaps you shall, some hot November day,
 When sick of arid Californian heat
 Suddenly remember cool wet grass beneath your feet
 And air as moist and soft as any May.

There are two many syllables in that "suddenly remember" line, of course, but—well, we might fix that later. By this time memory of the loved one has become so vivid we can almost see him outlined against the gathering dusk, his dear face a blurred white in the moisture laden shadows. But even so our longing for him can hardly compare with our longing for the

A Rip in the Ranks!



SONNET

(a la Edna St. Vincent Millay)
 Perhaps when I am old and drained of fire
 I shall forget this quiet agony,
 The burning thrust of beauty and desire
 And the blank nothingness you've given me.
 Incredible the heady beat of Spring
 Should fail to find your image in my breast
 Or the white line of birch not be a wing
 To thought of you, O, proud and unpossessed.
 But time, grim leveler of highest hills,
 Can doom to silence the most bitter cry:
 So when I'm old and dim-eyed, unfulfilled,
 This slow unreasoned passion soft will die.
 This hopeless hunger for a far untasted thing
 I shall forget your never answering.

—E. H.

This Is News

By Jane Lee

The regular Saturday program, "This Is News," will be given this afternoon at 4:45. In a new dramatic presentation of the latest campus happenings, with Lucille George, Stan Bromberg, and Bob Cathey of Junior weekend fame. NBC is the center of many programs this weekend. Tonight at 6:45, "Education Today," a musical program under the auspices of the California state department of education, will be presented. At 7:30, a dramatic series by Samuel Dickson with Chief of Police William J. Quinn, narrating, is scheduled. Al Morris and his Bal Tabarin orchestra can be heard at 8:30, and at 10:05 Griff Williams' Hotel Mark Hopkins orchestra comes on.

last two lines of the "pome." Before the pencil is quite bit in two it comes—

And so with cloud mist falling do I search the gloom
 To find you out and bring you to my firelit room.

A sonnet! We have writ a sonnet! Shakespeare, hang on to your laurels! Feverishly we reread, rewrite, replace, delete, and finally leave it as it was before and hide it carefully away in some very private place—lest anyone find and know our secret. Precious, beautiful thing! Some months later we run across it tucked so lovingly away. We read, smile a little, and find it makes a convenient bit with which to start a fire.

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A Common Miracle

That spring is such a common miracle in no wise makes it any less a one. Because the pear tree has blossomed innumerable springs before lessens not one degree the thrill of orchards coming alive. Surely this sky is no bluer, this grass no greener than in Aprils heretofore. Why then must I feel a quickening pulse at each sign of this age-old regeneration, each south scented wind, each bird cry? Must I become excited because a leaf opens? Ah, but this is a new leaf. Never before in the history of the world in all the gardens of the kings or in all the forests of primitive ages has this particular leaf opened. These shiny green blades scarce discernible above the furrowed brown of the field are new—new as the morning.

Of what use to tell the lover that other women just as fair as his beloved have lived and died in generations gone? What is that to him? Even were he to believe her soul reincarnate, never before to him has earth been blessed with so sweet a combination of soul and body. Likewise it useless for me to tell myself that spring has been and shall continue to be an annual awakening following the equinoctial rains long after I am one with grass and daffodils. There is nothing can convince me of its permanence. These blossoms shall fall. The delicate white pools on the clods and the grass testify to the transitoriness of this so frail a beauty. It is not possible that they should ascend to the branches again, that each splendid petal should find the twig where once it clung significant. How they, too, must have hated to yield their brief hold upon eternity and float to where they lie now with gently curling edges under a sunswept sky. Their mute obedience to a law we, too, obey but cannot understand is a link between us. Perhaps it is as well that immortality is not for us to understand. Surely, not till men are gods will they cease to wonder, or cease to believe that this spring, this spring alone, is the miracle and shall not come again.

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