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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 March 1925 at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates, \$2.50 a year, at the postoffice. Advertising matter is to be sent to the Emerald Business office, McArthur Court.

Optional Fees And The Future

THERE is much wild guessing on the possible results of the coming election with reference to the student fee bill. One extreme faction claims that should the present optional feature be maintained, all will be well. The ASUO is functioning adequately now? It will continue to function that way. The cry of less fortunate students must be heeded and can only be by optional fees.

Diametrically opposed to this point of view is that of those who are inclined to see red where red isn't. They swear that, should the fees be made optional, all student activities will be doomed.

Mr. Straddle-the-fence sees the outcome under continued optional fees as no different than the present situation—which, he reasons, isn't so bad but could be much better.

Here is what will happen under optional fees.

There is a great possibility that over a period of time the student corporations as they now exist in Oregon and Oregon State college will become insolvent.

There is little indication that the University of Oregon, for instance, will in the near future reach an enrollment that will maintain as solvent an extra-curricular program that, in the last analysis, depends on volume of business. The possibility is more likely at Oregon State college.

Should this happen, who would pay the bill of an adequate extra-curricular program? The students? No—the people of the state would have expressed themselves as being opposed to such "compulsion." Would the laymen abolish the extra-curricular program? They would not. Rather they would dig into the old sock and bring out some 100,000 dollars for maintenance of that fund. The taxpayers directly assume the burden.

Are we as well off under optional fees?

What has happened to the University of Oregon debate team that but a few years ago brought the school national and international attention by its performances both on and off the campus. Today they are budgeted at \$500 and are lucky to get this. Is it a worthy activity?

The Emerald is operating under a budget greatly reduced with reference to previous years. The staff remuneration is incomplete and the finances necessary to publishing a complete, illustrated, and metropolitan newspaper are lacking.

(This discussion will be continued in the Emerald and will include a complete analysis of most of the necessary voter considerations.)

Dilemma of Youth

THE Emerald and newspapers of its type are in a most fortunate predicament. We are constrained from the partisanship which often can make the social duties of a privately owned newspaper so simple of fulfillment.

Bounded by the heterogeneity of our subscribers and, chastened by the fact that our organ is the voice of a state-owned institution, obliged to hold in respect a cosmorama of faiths, we have either to keep close-lipped on matters of general political excitement or to deal with them on an emotionally unstirring plain of reason.

Not so with a newspaper independently owned and responsive only to the urge of its own political genius. It can swell itself into a fury and cry "Boo!" or "Unconstitutional!" or "Entrenched Greed!" or "Wall Street!"—and start the sheep a-milling. Such slogans have not even to be sanctified by reference to the needs that liberty and equality—that justice itself, in the light of American ideals, would seem to impose.

Such slogans are blinds to cover intellects—not dishonest, we hope—but intellects so slothful or so poorly equipped that they will not or can not delve into the inards of matters. As though a critic should say simply of a work of architecture: "My lord! That's Byzantine—foreign—it has no place in America," without pausing to consider whether or not the work may be in a style that reflects a mood of the American spirit.

But what is the American spirit, what are liberty and equality—what are these tools of intellect which will enable us to delve into the inards of matters? It is all very puzzling. And that isn't so naive as it sounds.

Yesterday a class of senior students turned from a discussion of Alexander Meiklejohn's latest work, "What Is America?" to the question, "What are we as almost-educated young men and women to believe?" And in absolute ingenuousness a young woman said: "We don't know what to believe!" And she is not one of the babbling morons of which unfortunately every school has its quota—not by a long shot. She is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and she is known to be one of the keenest students on the campus.

She doesn't know what to believe. None of us young men and women knows what to believe.

Perhaps it is the fate of youth to be puzzled,

to challenge convention...much as it is the tradition for old men to find surcease in old values—but we today must be the most puzzled youth in generations. Old values are tumbling. We are an unfortunate generation: perhaps we shall never find a living mental peace.

We are a fortunate generation: it is ours to build among the tumbled values.

And we shall not be deluded by the catchwords of ignorance.

Bouncy Block Boulevard

THE extremely bad condition of the little road—we have named "Bouncy Block Boulevard"—which serves as a connecting avenue for vehicles between University street and Eleventh avenue needs a few more days of continued endurance and patience from every driver who chooses to chance that shortcut.

Those who are acquainted with the conditions will agree that if all the bumps and choppy places were laid end-to-end, the road would be no different than it is. The crinkly surface is due to heavy oil trucks which cross from highway 99 to the University power plant, but the nature of Oregon weather, and the large amount of campus traffic augments the deplorable condition of the roadway.

It would be economically unwise to pave B. B. B. at this time since negotiations are now being made to transpose the Southern Pacific tracks and highway 99. This would provide a direct outlet for University street and eliminate the use of B. B. B. About all that can be done at present will be a replenishment of gravel by University workmen, as soon as the men can be spared from immediate work on federal jobs. Until that time which is only a matter of days or probably hours "hold your hats" and take it easy along the Bouncy Block Boulevard.

"I Move to Adjourn"

FOR many years the University faculty meetings were never properly adjourned unless the motion for adjournment came from Timothy Cloran. Dr. Cloran seemed to be adept at knowing just when the time to stop had arrived. He would then make the motion for adjournment. At the faculty meetings, rarely did anyone anticipate him in making this motion.

Today Timothy Cloran is not present at the faculty meetings to make his favorite motion. The Grim Reaper seconded Dr. Cloran's last motion for adjournment.

For the first time in years Dr. Cloran missed his classes, again he was not there. Seriously ill he was taken to the hospital where the meeting was adjourned on December 8.

Students and friends of Dr. Cloran felt that for once he had made a mistake, that Death should have tabled his motion. For everyone who knew Timothy Cloran felt that their meetings with him should never be adjourned.

All meetings with friends must close. But it is sad when illness takes away such a respected person as Dr. Cloran and adjourns all intercourse with such a brilliant and entertaining mind.

The Safety Valve

Letters published in this column should not be construed as expressing the editorial opinion of the Emerald. Anonymous contributions will be disregarded. The names of contributors will, however, be regarded as confidential upon request. Contributors are asked to be brief, the editors reserving the right to condense all letters of over 300 words and to accept or reject letters upon the criteria of general editorial importance and interest to the campus.

1441 Ferry Street Eugene, Oregon January 9, 1936

Mr. Robert Lucas, Editor Oregon Daily Emerald University of Oregon Eugene, Oregon

Dear Bob:

May I commend you very highly for the clear and unbiased appraisal of the fee situation in this morning's issue of the Emerald. You have been very fair. In view of the fair and open attitude which you have taken I am taking the liberty of pointing out some facts.

Every term the ASUO drive committee asserts that the value of the student corporation card is very much greater than the \$5 price. This figure is arrived at by computing the costs of concert admissions at a figure of \$1.10. As is well known, this is an outright falsehood. Last night at the Ted Shawn appearance the ASUO card holders were relegated to the balcony or the bleachers. These seats sell for 55c. This happened at concerts last year and before that. This false advertising is a reflection upon the good faith of the ASUO officials.

I have a letter from Earl Snell, secretary of state, advising me that the arguments in favor of the student fee bill were financed by "Mr. Edwin T. Reed, editor of publications, state system of higher education, Corvallis, Oregon." It would be very interesting to know by whose authority Mr. Reed made these expenditures.

I have been informed by University officials that the agreement is to have the ASUO pay \$135, ASOSC pay \$135, and each of the normal schools pay \$10. However, when I called upon Graduate Manager Rosson on two different occasions he knew nothing of the matter. I don't know exactly why Mr. Rosson wasn't informed of this agreement if it was made. The funds were advanced, for expediency and due to the emergency, from the business offices of the schools I have been informed, and that the ASUO and others interested will pay them the amount expended on the argument.

Due to Mr. Rosson's ignorance of the matter considerable confusion and misunderstanding was in evidence. It is hoped that Mr. Rosson will be kept informed in the future and avoid such misunderstandings. Meanwhile it is interesting to speculate upon the propriety of the funds being advanced for such political purpose by the business offices of the state's schools.

Very sincerely, S. Eugene Allen.



The Marsh of Time

By Bill Marsh

Well, if the Shawn dancers didn't do anything else, they convinced a lot of people who talk too much anyway that the human tongue is the least important and least expressive part of the entire human body.

No Fishing

That little squib about it's being illegal to shoot jackrabbits from Los Angeles streetcars started something. Now my good friend, George Backus, steps forward with the interesting information that it is also against the law in California to shoot whales from moving automobiles.

Evidently the old bromide about being as "Easy as shooting fish" didn't originate in our neighbor state to the south.

(Now watch every wiseacre in Lane county come forward with the information that the whale is NOT a fish, but a MAMMAL!)

Fire

Seems that there was a star reporter on a daily in Petaluma, Calif. Rings one day the bell over his desk, indicating that the fire station had received an alarm. So gallops outside the reporter, leaps into his faithful chariot and Hells off down the street miles an hour, arriving at the fire station just in time to pick up the trail of the equipment. By dint of daring driving, closing his eyes when crashes seemed utterly unavoidable, our hero caught up with the fire engines and stuck right with them until they arrived at the scene of the fire.

The reporter opened his eyes, looked around, and lo and behold, they were back at his office! Smoke was pouring out of the pressrooms in the basement, and a very glorious fire it was, all neatly staged not ten feet away from his own desk.

Enterprising, what?

Kicking about the rain is getting to be a standard pastime in and about the campus. I'd like to make a suggestion. Just to the east of us, barely fifty miles away, lies one of the Pacific Coast's most beautiful winter playgrounds.

Try a weekend of skiing and playing in the snow and tingling cold of the mountains around McKenzie pass sometime. It's really lots of fun, besides putting roses in pale complexions. And it leaves you in a far better temper for Monday morning classes than does a weekend of partying.

Femininity

Whoever wrote that song "Stay as Sweet as You Are" wasn't much of a chemist. For the average girl contains only one-quarter pound of sugar. But she contains enough material to make ten bars of soap. Her body holds enough magnesium for ten flashlight photos. She is supplied with ten gallons of water. (I've often wondered how a woman could turn on so prodigious a flow of tears on such short notice). Also, enough gluten for ten pounds of glue, enough sulphur to rid a large dog of fleas, enough lime to whiten a large chicken coop, glycer-

The Marsh of Time

es Marsh, Clark, and Moore burst into hyena-like laughter. They are still laughing fifteen minutes later when the lad returns.

"Please," he says, addressing The Two, "that woman there said that Mr. Shumaker had my paper."

"Shumaker!" gasps The Two. "What's your name again?" The youth murmurs his name again dutifully, and Clark rushes to the cut files, leafing through them furiously. He shakes his head, "Sorry, I got the name wrong I guess."

The lad is persistent though. "Where can I find Mr. Shumaker?"

"Room 5, Deady," volunteers Moore in unctious tones. Marsh has a death grip on his typewriter and is bright purple from the neck up. As the victim leaves Marsh croaks from the side of his mouth, "That's a biology lab, Moore."

The trio rolls on the floor and screams. A half hour later and the door opens again. It is the victim, perspiring faintly but still stout-hearted. This time Lucas is in the room. The child-like gaze of the lad falls on him.

"Please," he says, are you Mr. Shumaker?"

Only God saved Marsh from apoplexy.

Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

I doubt that this column is destined for much success today, since at the typewriter on our port side is Mr. Eugene Allen, a sincere youth, who is busily engaged in editing a few bitter facts about the ASUO and its inequities. He makes us feel sad.

As a matter of fact, the ASUO makes us feel sad. Just as a wayward child gets most of a mother's sympathy, the ASUO is the recipient of all our affection. It is such a puny little thing and so willful. It can't help being led into falsehoods and evasions, and it is too immature in its outlook to rise above the sordid influences that tempt it from the straight and narrow. It doesn't mean to be bad, but it doesn't know how to be good.

After all, boys will be boys!

Conversation-of-the-Week: Voice outside: "What lovely, curly hair you have Lloyd. Do you use a curling iron?"

Tupling: "Naw. I sleep in a short bed!"

The spirit of Joe College leered down on the campus the other day, when Dan E. Clark II revealed himself as a master of the run-around. The Two was sitting typing at the main desk of the editorial office. The Marshmallow and Bob Moore were banging away at their machines on the other side of the room.

The door opens and a large, simple-looking youth ambled in. No judge of appearances, he looks at The Two and queries, "Are you the English K professor?"

"Yes," says The Two slyly. "Well," says the youth, "can you tell me what my grade was?"

"Just a moment," says Clark, flashing a warning glance at Marsh, who is beginning to get red in the face. He picks up a telephone directory and thumbs through it rapidly.

"What's the name," he snarls? The youth murmurs something, and Clark looks at the book. "You got a C," he admits grudgingly. "Do you want your paper?"

"Sure," is the answer. "Well, I don't have it here. You'll have to go over to 104 Villard. Ask Mrs. Fleming there for it."

The youth murmurs his appreciation and bows out. As the door closes

Again I See In Fancy

By FREDERICK S. DUNN

Candlemas, Anno Domini 1896

It seems unbelievable that, when Villard Hall was first opened to occupation, there were chandeliers of kerosene lamps in the auditorium, suspended by long awkward rods from that high ceiling.

During the Junior Exhibition of 1891, right in the middle of one of the orations, the glass chimney of one lamp became over-heated and crashed in splinters upon the settees and floor below. In that antiquity, when the campus was so far severed from near inhabitation, those dark corridors of the University buildings were spooky affairs. As a boy I feared them as we used to do the unfinished, murder-haunted, lower stories of the Portland hotel. Even when electric and arc lights were installed in Villard, only the assembly room and the hallways were lighted, while the class rooms were left in the gloaming. On gala evening occasions we would be obliged to leave the doors of certain rooms open in order that light from the halls might penetrate, while we robed or masked of "dolloed-up."

The Class of '96 was rather rebellious that Senior English was required to meet at 4 p. m. in the winter. Before the arrival of five o'clock, reading was impossible and

only the dim outline of Professor Carson could be discerned. But there were certain vocal emanations that indicated her unperturbed presence. And, one day, in that semi-darkness of Room (), a dash of super-intelligence sizzled in the brain of Clarence Keene, arch improvisator of then.

When the score in Senior English met the next day, before Dr. Luella had begun the barrage, there was a sudden and simultaneous flash of matches, and twenty candles flickered and flared. First amazement, then the faintest glimmer of a smile, and lastly frigid rigidity, seized her Professorial Dignity. "Put out the candles, please!"

And '96 sat in the twilight therefrom. But there was a curious epilogue to that Candlemas fiasco of Anno Domini 1896. The time for dismissal arrived. Dr. Carson fumbled through her text, but seemed unable to distinguish one page from another. Finally, sweetly, as if utterly ignoring the beautiful irony of the case, she asked for a candle light in order to make the next day's assignment.

Next in the series, WHEN FRIENDLY HALL WAS JUST 'THE DORM.'

Last Chance \$1.50 DOWN PAYMENT Today Will Hold For You a Copy of the 1936 Oregana (Paid Adv.)

Dean Jewell to Speak in Wenatchee Soon Dean Jewell, of the school of education, will make the formal address at the annual banquet and meeting of the Wenatchee, Washington, Chamber of Commerce January 27.

Every Day Is Dunker's Day At the COLLEGE SIDE If you are one of those who grab your breakfast on the run, you will find no better coffee and, any place on the campus for 10c. MEALS - COUNTER SERVICE

Start the New Term Right! HAVE ALL YOUR Clothes Cleaned BY OUR EXPERT WORKMEN We have a special service on clothes for students at slight additional cost. Eugene Steam Laundry 178 West 8th Street Phone 123