

Oregon Emerald

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon

EDITORIAL OFFICES: Journalists building, Phone 3306—Editor, Local 354; News Room and Managing Editor, 353; BUSINESS OFFICE: McArthur Court, Phone 3300—Local 214

MEMBER OF MAJOR COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS Represented by A. J. Norris Hill Co., 155 E. 42nd St., New York City; 123 W. Madison St., Chicago; 1004 End Ave., Seattle; 1051 S. Broadway, Los Angeles; Call Building, San Francisco.

Robert W. Lucas, editor Eldon Haberman, manager Clair Johnson, managing editor

The Oregon Daily Emerald will not be responsible for returning unsolicited manuscripts. Public letters should not be sent to the writer's signature and address which will be withheld if requested. All communications are subject to the discretion of the editors. Anonymous letters will be disregarded.

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. All advertising matter is to be sent to the Emerald Business office, McArthur Court.

The Real Issues

It is a sad concomitant of our material progress that the rapid technical advance of the past century has brought in its wake a plague of problems, social and economic, that are almost beyond the understanding of the common man. In fact it is perhaps only a quixotic faith in the level-headedness of the common man that urges us to qualify his growing intellectual ineptness with "almost beyond."

As the Emerald editorially deplored yesterday, men the world over are becoming increasingly willing to withdraw from the headache that a deep consideration of these problems entails to attach themselves to the shallow slogans which men of stoutheaded or dishonest intellect, men of demagogic flair, purvey.

It is the way that leads to dictatorship. When men surrender the formation of opinions through the determined use of their intellect to having their opinions guided by catchwords, then democracy has failed.

It makes no difference if the slogan be "The Constitution," an appropos one like "Organized Greed," or "God Bless Dr. Townsend," or "Nazi," "Aryan," or "American"—when the people of a democracy withdraw from the travails of thought to the delusive haven of slogans, then popular government is doomed.

And, speaking of slogans, apparently we must expect a new one in disparaging reference to the Democratic, \$50 a plate, Jackson Day dinner. Whole political campaigns have been built on such a theme.

It recalls the comic opera campaign of 1840, when the pressing problems of the tariff, the land policy, and the stabilization of a skittish currency were forgotten while the Whigs shouted that Van Buren perfumed his beard, wore a corset, and ate out of golden plates, and William Henry Harrison was carried triumphantly to the presidency simply because he had licked a handful of Indians and boasted of living in a log cabin—quite a comfortable cabin, by the way.

Undoubtedly the coming campaign will have its share of such stuff. But it remains to be seen whether emotional catchwords and trivial fol-de-rol will befoeg the real issues.

What the election calls for is a democratic decision, on the one hand, of how far the government of the United States in the light of present day problems should enter the economic scene, and, on the other hand, whether the economic intervention of the Roosevelt administration has been on the right track.

What will be decided depends upon how alert the American people are to see that these real issues are not covered over with demagogic fustian.

The Radio Is Great, But Then---

A WONDERFUL triumph of science it is indeed to have music from Japan and bad jokes from England wafted into one's very own room at the very moment the program is being presented in a distant radio station. 'Tis a delight to the ear and soul to listen while distinctly foreign gutters mingle with a completely foreign static and push their way through the loud-speaker in a fascinating "guggle waak bluck."

There can be little doubt, radio is here to stay. We have no quarrel with radio, as you can see. But there remains one little point. With radios now a dime a dozen, every third student packs one in his trunk when he leaves home, and brings it out at school along with the toothbrush and his one-and-only picture, setting them all on his dresser, side by side. Thus far the three have common properties. True, the girl friend hasn't the whiskery growth of the toothbrush, nor yet the swarthy complexion of the radio, but it's still a free country, and we all have a right to be in some respects individualistic.

The scene changes to evening in the house. Outside a fine Oregon mist gently pours. Inside, let us say, several students hope to spend a few hours in study. (We put this in the form of a hypothesis, else we be asked for proof.) Then enters a subtle differentiation between the toothbrush, Madeline's picture, and the radio. For a while the toothbrush merely glowers and the picture only simpers, the radio bellers. And not only one, not two, not three, perhaps four and probably five radios are belling simultaneously, so that the din is inescapable, it pursues you to the living room, it barks on your heels in the house library, it hounds you in the sanctity of your own little room, it shrieks, it stamps, it is almost noisy.

How about a gentle plea for a few hours of quiet, a few hours of immersion in the grim business of searching for knowledge without being tortured into a reminder that, while we struggle with abstracts and contracts, life is a bit hey-dey at the Hotel Ambassador and music goes "round and round."

Just a suggestion. That's all.

The House of Morgan Or German U Boats

BEFORE the senate munitions committee on January 7, J. Pierpont Morgan, who, from 1914 to 1917 floated securities of foreign governments worth over two billion dollars and sponsored the issuance of over four billions worth of domestic securities, blandly stated that America entered the World War because Germany marched into Belgium, and because German submarines sank American vessels at sea. He could have said nothing more true and at the same time more false.

The ostensible reason given by President Wilson for declaring war on the central powers was indeed one of morals. To be sure, a vigorous and widespread propaganda campaign against alleged German atrocities did much to inflame the American people, and pamphlets were issued in the hundreds of thousands with the backing of extremely interested parties. It is difficult to debate with Mr. Morgan on the probable state of mind of the average impartially-inclined American had he been given a fair presentation of the problem from all angles.

However, there can be no denying that in the summer of 1916 congress gave the president wide powers permitting him to prohibit loans and to impose embargoes; that Wilson must have been influenced in his decision not to prohibit loans by a letter from Secretary of State Lansing which was only recently made public, and which declares, "If the European countries cannot find means to pay for excess goods sold them over those purchased by the United States, they must stop buying and our export trade will shrink. The result will be depression and unrest." There can be no denying that Ambassador Page cabled to Wilson on March 5, 1917, predicting a crisis in the United States if the allies were unable to meet their payments on a \$400,000,000 loan made through Morgan's. "It is not improbable," wrote Page, "that the only way of maintaining our preeminent trade position and averting a panic is by declaring war on Germany."

And certainly there can be no doubt that an American holding a \$1000 British government bond, the value of which would be destroyed in the event of allied defeat, would be rather more prejudiced in favor of the allies than if he did not own it.

Europe Firsthand

By Howard Kessler

CAPITALISTS cap it all with capital entertainment in capitals.

London! And a queue a hundred yards long outside the Trivoli, one of the finest West End theaters, for a showing of George Arliss in "The Iron Duke," the first picture made by the star for Gaumont-British, the new producing firm that is stealing Hollywood's aces and trumping its trumps.

The customary appendages of any London queue, a host of has-beens plays, sing and dance for the bored waiters. Here is a cracked tenor who boasts of having played in all the first-rate music halls of England in his time, who quavers out a popular tune and gratefully catches the odd coin thrown to him by men escorting fiances, anxious to appear generous and kindly. When the line slowly moves along, he repeats the same patter to those who follow. There are blind men with accordians, old men with harps, callow youths with banjos, men who tear caricatures out of paper, men who do acrobatic tricks, all making a living outside the theaters wherein once they shone.

Inside, after the exorbitant charge of a dollar for a seat in the gallery, one may be unfortunate enough to sit between complacent gentlemen who puff thoughtfully on cigarettes or pipes. It seems to be an English idiosyncrasy, one which you find in nearly every cinema of the country, but it is no less annoying to him who must look upon the screen through a haze of tobacco smoke. Ash holders are screwed into the backs of the seats. Regardless of what frightened Hollywood producers will write or say, England is coming up in the cinematic ranks. Gaumont-British is turning out pictures of finer quality than the hysterical cactus town, and the English are flocking to see them, innately patriots that they are. The British film masters are uplifting the tastes of their patrons while the Americans, by and large, are catering to the baser urges of theirs.

West End cinemas are expensive, it is true, but the suburban show palaces are quite as economical as ours. The Regent, the Euston, and the King's Cross cinemas, which I relied on principally during the two months in London, charge from six-pence to a shilling, or 12 cents to a quarter, for double feature bills. Their movies are a few weeks older than those around Piccadilly circus, and the same features will be playing at a hundred suburban theaters at the same time. This cuts down the imports of American films. Unlike its sister metropolis, London has no burlesques, and the censors keep the level of entertainment much higher than in New York. There are girl shows in the West End, at the Prince of Wales theater, and respectable music hall vaudeville at Holborn Empire, but you must go below the street for excitement, in some Soho dive, where the tough mugs are not actors, as in Paris.

The Trocadero is the elite dine and dance establishment, but they have a huge flunky at the door who intimidates all those who, like myself, have no trousers and coat to match.

If the girl friend is frightened by the Soho dives, take her to the Cafe Royal, which is as colorful as any eating place in the world and has sheltered some of the world's greatest master-minds, beauties and eccentrics. She will love the vast hubbub and the dazzling variety of humans that assemble there any night.

But perhaps you would prefer Hyde park, only one corner of which is monopolized with "aginnners." The rest of it has benches. And park benches have histories.

Like for instance those in Paris.



Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

Oh, for a gondola!

After yesterday's sample of weather we can understand why swimming is compulsory in P.E. We saw Willa Bitz thrashing around in high-heeled pumps and kindly offered to buy her a set of water-wings, but she said she preferred to go barefoot, or practically so.

A lot of our females who customarily bare their beezers to the breeze dripped into classes looking like drowned rats. Betty "Beanbag" Bean in particular looked as if she had just come out of the tank. We expected her to bark for a fish, so sleekly seal-like was her coiffeur.

The other day we saw a herd

Is This A Sound Idea?

W. M. KIPLINGER

W. M. Kiplinger edits a successful Washington newsletter. He gradually discovered that he had invented a new literary style. Appropriate to his uses; perhaps to other uses. He challenges college students to experiment with it. Dean Allen brings it back from Washington. Here is Kiplinger's story in his own words:

This is a shop-talk to teachers—to teachers of journalism. The talk is by a writer of utilitarian matter. Purpose is to urge a new style for the writing craft: Sweep-line style, one full line to a statement or a thought. Brevity, brevity. Essence. Main point. Scant detail. Speed. The sweep-line style: A sweep of thought in a single line. Your eye moves left to right, to the end, and THERE'S the whole thought. The mind is relieved of the burden of carrying over to the next line. The mind CAN carry over. The mind CAN do anything you require of it. But relieve the mind, and ease the eye. It's a different writing style.

Other points of the style, beyond single-thought single-line: Key word or key phrase first in sentence or paragraph. Guide. Impression is enough. No need to fill in tedious detail. Reader does this for himself. Not exact? No. Often no need to be exact.

Don't insist on full sentences, nicely rounded—grammar rules. Omit subject, object, verb, predicate, if suits you, if sense is clear. (Is sense of THAT line clear? It's faulty grammar, but is it CLEAR?)

Emphasize with TYPE: Conversation is LIVE, print is dull. In your talking you UP some words, down some words, and trail off—You can simulate live conversation in type. Well, DO IT, then.

Meter, if you can, within your work time limit. Try to avoid breaking words or thoughts at line-end. It's disconcerting to eye and mind.

In reader's interest, be brief: Say it in few words. All readers are overburdened. They CAN'T read what they SHOULD.

You writers: You write twice as much as your readers need. Sometimes you try to show how much you know, forgetting readers' time.

You publishers: You find it CHEAPER to fill your columns with expanded writings. Brevity takes more money, more man power. But brevity, at higher cost of production, can be made to PAY. I KNOW. (I have a staff of 8 men to turn out 1800 words per week. But it pays.)

You teachers of journalism: Is this cryptic style good? No, not for straight new writing, not for bulk of reporting, because of the urgencies of speed and mechanical make-up.

But for editorial writing, for policy writing? Yes perhaps. In these there's need of EMPHASIS, of gripping the reader's mind. And column width can be adopted to fit the chosen style.

How far can you go in using this style? I don't quite know. It's not a substitute for straight smooth writing of conventional type. But it has its uses, mainly as a stimulant, antidote for stodgy style.

Urge it onto editors? No. Old dogs learn no new tricks. Urge it onto editors-in-the-making? Yes. They will adapt it. Your young men will grab the style when they feel the need of VIGOR.

Readers don't analyze or understand style, but they APPRECIATE. They vibrate, they feel. This makes them receptive, and they THINK.

There's plenty of compensation for discarding formal writing. (This sample is an EXTREME illustration of the style.)

of Alpha Phi's squatting in a booth at the side and joined that. It wasn't long before Jane Chapler began flipping water at the Bystander Naturally, we retaliated by striking her over the head with a rolled-up newspaper. While she was hunched over, trying to avoid the blows, one of her sisters came to her defence (?) and poured a glass of ice-water down her neck. That's what we like about sorority life, it builds up such a bond of sisterhood. One for all and all for one, as it were.

Lucas went tromping around the shack last night all of a twitter. It seems that he wanted a crew of men to help him move a desk over to the Press.

"Let it go," says we, "you can do it tomorrow."

"Oh, no," grumbles Old Brass-face, "It has to be done tonight. Otherwise the Emerald can't come out."

"Why," we query? "Well," he says, "I wrote an editorial. Then I cut a couple of paragraphs out and pasted the rest of the copy together. Then I laid

it down on a desk, and went to the phone. When I came back I found that the editorial was glued to the desk. I couldn't move it without over to the linotypes. Now how about four or five of you fellows helping me?"

"If it's all the same to you, Bob," we suggest timidly, "wouldn't it be a little bit easier if you would copy off the edit on the desk and send the copy over to the Press?"

"Yes," he says sadly, "it would, but I would have loved to see the expression on Frank's face when we staggered through the door with that desk and asked him to run it off on the machine. I never have fun!"

TERSE VERSE "The rain is raining furiously, Each lawn's a lake, Each street's a sea; And me, with gallons in my shoes, Think longing thoughts of Southern cruises!"

"He thinks about suicide all the time!"

Air Y' Listenin'

By James Morrison

The Air Angle

Adele Astair, talented dancing sister of Fred Astaire; Percy Grainger, internationally famous pianist, formerly of Portland; Stoopnagle and Budd; the Pickens Sisters, Frank Black's orchestra, and La Kazanova's Gypsy orchestra form the array of guest talent on the Magic Key of RCA program from 11:00 to 12:00 noon tomorrow.

Rubinoff and his orchestra will celebrate their fifth anniversary on the air by featuring an original composition, "Maestro Rubinoff," written especially for the occasion, during the Chevrolet program this evening at 6.

This brings to mind the excellent new Casa Loma song "Meet the President," introduced by Pee Wee Hunt Thursday night. It is a rather lengthy ballad which tells of the founding of the Casa Loma corporation and Glen Gray's triumphal election to head the group. The last line of the song is, "Glen Gray, the president of Casa Loma." It is written somewhat along the line of "Rhythm Is Our Business," and there is plenty of places where the band has a chance to "take off."

While Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle vacations in the West, the other half of the famous comedy team, Bud!

DANCE TONIGHT at WILLAMETTE PARK BALLROOM For reservations call 1929. Free transportation call 272.

The Marsh of Time

By Bill Marsh

Friend in Need

A friend in need is a friend indeed. And such a friend is one Howard Kessler. The other day various worthies in and around the Emerald office handed me something in the nature of kidding for writing with my feet on the desk. So, comes it today the Kessler lad, and approaches me with a pocket-battered clipping from his home town newspaper.

The clipping was an A.P. report, and read as follows: "Justification for the man who likes to work with his feet on his desk was suggested today by scientific experiments at Colgate university. The experiments showed that feet higher than head posture speeds mental work."

Kessler, m'lud, you are not only a gentleman, a traveler, but a hero as well. My undying thanks are yours.

Pursuit

Humanity in the raw is a Helluva looking thing, isn't it? Funny how thin our veneer of civilization is, and how easily that veneer rubs off and sends us back, thousands of years, to the savage, brutal instincts of the fang and claw.

Take that poor devil Lindbergh. He's like a wounded animal, fighting, running to escape the persecution of the publicity he both fears and hates. And what happens? Every smart reporter in the world wants to interview him. Why? So he can tell them again how his first-born was murdered? So he can tell them again how he is constantly tortured with fear for the safety of his other baby boy?

Lindy fled to England seeking peace, rest, and the protection of iron-clad British law. He and his loved ones have the protection of the British law all right, but no peace or rest as yet. At Liverpool he and his wife and baby were practically in a state of siege when

Hulick, picked up a baton and formed an orchestra. Not only that; his boys won't starve with the rest of us for a while, anyway, for he's signed to play nightly at Morton Downey's new club, the Trocadero in New York. The team will start another radio series in February.

Forty-two years ago on Valentine's day the Meyer Kubelskys of Waukegan, Illinois, wanted a girl baby, but they got Jack Benny. Jack changed his name to Benny when he started out in vaudeville as a violinist.

NBC-CBS Programs Today 9:30 a. m. — A Half Hour in Good Taste. KOAC. 5:00 p. m. — On the Campuses. KOAC.

Your Hit Parade. KPO and network. 6:00 — Rubinoff and His Violin. KPO, KGW.

Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra. KSL, KOIN. 6:30 — Shell Chateau. Hollywood to KPO.

9:00 — Carefree Carnival. KGO, KGW.

(Paid Adv.)

FELLOWS:

For your tux accessories—ties, shirts, collars.

MAN'S SHOP BYROM & HOSELTON 32 East 10th Street

Phone 95 Phone 95

ELLIOTT'S For Better Food

Try a tender, juicy steak or roast from our market. You'll be more than pleased.

We give S & H Green Stamps on all purchases.

Elliott's Grocery Corner 13th and Patterson

reporters surrounded their hotel room demanding personal interviews.

Civilized? Maybe. But when wolves, human wolves, pick up a scent, the civilization all rubs off and back we go, back to the savage, cruel law of the pursuing wolf pack.

Although vivacious Betty Grable and Jackie (the kid) Cogan, have announced their engagement, they can't marry for at least two years. Miss Grable's juicy contract at R. K. O. will not tolerate matrimony until she's 21.

Pins

The University of Minnesota has one of the finest, brainiest schemes that I've ever heard of. Back there, any coed found wearing a fraternity pin is fined \$10.00.

Falling in love is an expensive proposition anywhere, but back there . . . O-o-w, just think. On top of shows, dances, flowers, gas, etc., a nifty little item of \$10.00 every time you spade up the Greek jewelry and plant it in a new garden.

SKATING at the MIDWAY ROLLER RINK Every Night 7:30 to 10:30 Skates 25c Admission Free Matinees Tues., Thurs., Sat., & Sun. 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.

Still \$9.95 for \$5 On Your ASUO Card (Paid Adv.)