



PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

EDITORIAL OFFICES: Journalism building, Phone 3300- Editor, Local 314; 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; 1031 S. Broadway, Los Angeles; Call Building, San Francisco.

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

EDITORIAL BOARD

Henriette Horak, William Marsh, Dan E. Clark II, Howard Kester, Tom McCall, Fred Colvig, Bob Moore, Mary Graham, secretary to the board.

UPPER NEWS STAFF

Ed Hanson, cartoonist Woodrow Truax, radio editor Dan E. Clark II, news editor Miriam Eichner, literary editor Charles Radlock, sports editor Marge Petsch, woman's editor Ed Robbins, chief night editor Louise Anderson, society editor Mildred Blackburne, exchange editor LeRoy Mattingly, Wayne Harbert, special assignment reporters.

Assistant Managing Editor, this issue Gordon Connelly

Day Editor, this issue Gordon Connelly

Assistant Day Editor, this issue Pat Frizzell

Night Editors, this issue Jack Bryan Gale Putnam

Assistant Night Editors, this issue Marjorie O'Bannon Peggy Jane Peebler

REPORTERS: Lynd Tuppler, Paul Deuschmann, Ruth Lake, Ellamae Woodworth, Bob Pollock, Signe Rasmussen, Virginia Endicott, Marie Rasmussen, Wilfred Roadman, Roy Kamsund, Fulton Travis, Betty Brown, Bob Emery, Bernadine Bowman, Gus Meyers, Lois Ann Whipple, Jerry Sumner, Helen Dodds, Phyllis Baldwin, Charles Eaton, George Knight, Librarians and secretaries, Faye Buchanan, Pearl Jean Wilson.

COPYREADERS: Norman Scott, Gerald Crissman, Beulah Chapman, Gertrude Carter, Marguerite Kelley, Loree Windsor, Jean Galverson, Lucille Davis, Dave Conkey, Bernadine Bowman, Gus Meyers, Lois Ann Whipple, Jerry Sumner, Helen Dodds, Phyllis Baldwin, Charles Eaton, George Knight, Librarians and secretaries, Faye Buchanan, Pearl Jean Wilson.

BUSINESS STAFF

Dick Slight, promotion manager Betty Wagner, national advertiser Walter Vernstrom, circulation manager; assistant Tom Lucas Caroline Hand, executive secretary

Advertising Manager, this issue Don Chapman

Assistants Tom Allen, Bill Rice

OFFICE ASSISTANTS:

Jean Eifer, June Hest, Gertrude Wilhelm, Lucille Hoodland, Louise Johnson, Jane Slatsky, Betty Downing, Betty Needham, Betty Wagner, Marilyn Ebi, Dorothy Mahulic.

The Oregon Daily Emerald will not be responsible for returning unsolicited manuscripts. Public letters should not be more than 300 words in length and should be accompanied by 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 March 28, 1925, at Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates, \$2.50 a year, at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon. Postpaid, \$3.00 a year. All advertising matter is to be sent to the Emerald Business Office.

What Would Hon. Moore Do Other Than Talk?

CARRIED away by fear that the United States will be plunged into war as a result of the adoption of a neutrality proposal intended to keep the United States out of war, John Bassett Moore, the eminent ex-world court judge yesterday blasted the pending legislation as "a curious blend of homicidal with suicidal mania."

The vehemence of the attack was startling, and, considering that almost any measures would be better able to keep this country out of war than the "freedom of the seas" policy that certainly was the deciding factor for our entry into the world war, the bombast was rather unwarranted.

In his fear that we may be ultimately inveigled into cooperating with the rest of the world, Mr. Moore evidently overlooks the power of more than 50 nations against one aggressor, and cries that sanctions imposed in concert with those 50 nations will mean war. That is to take a very unflattering view of the mentality of those who control the destinies of that one lonely aggressor.

Destructive in context, blaring in tone, presenting no constructive suggestions, ex-Judge Moore's document will not help clear the issue at hand. By appealing to the traditional isolationist prejudices of the American people, Mr. Moore has set the clock back to the time, many years ago, when American could reasonably isolate itself. That time has passed. Now, America must shoulder her responsibilities as an integral part in the world mechanism, and such reactionaries as John Bassett Moore do but retard a little longer the ultimate decision that must be made.

Being a Consideration of Ground Hog Politics

WELL, well, groundhog day has come and gone, and the plump little animal has emerged for an instant, sniffed and dashed back into his pile of dirt to rub the snow off his rosy snuzzle. Even so, have the plump little campus politicians scurried from the depths of the fraternity house den, poked their inquisitive noses into the traditional wind, and dashed back—not into their pile of dirt—but to begin the collection of that pile of dirt, which each spring, when sufficiently piled, they blow systematically into the receptive eyes, ears and noses of a gullible campus audience.

Not that the possessors of the eyes, ears and noses will complain. No, they never complain. At least, they never have. But we, in our easy chairs, and veterans of at least three of the annual spring term politics, must rise in our righteous unselfishness and humanitarianism and complain for the poor dears.

"Forgive them, for they know not what they

do" might be one way of phrasing the first attack. But somehow that oft-quoted sophism has always seemed just a wee bit jelly-fishy to us. Because it would seem that, after several decades of vote-chasing, sidewalk-painting and speech-making, someone should begin to find out just what they do do.

The real question, therefore, is not "what they do"; it is "What shall we do?" including in that vague "we" all of those who are sick and tired of slap-stick campus politics, in which candidates are decreed by fireplace bosses and the ballots of entire organizations, made up of supposedly independent campus citizens, are auctioned off on a block emblazoned with the words—"You'll get yours."

What shall we do? That is the question. It is early yet; but already the air is filled with the usual odor and the ear is filled with the usual whisperings. As things are going, it looks like the same old hokum. And it will be the same old Oregon hokum, unless the students of good old Oregon stand up on their little used hind legs and demand a peep into the machinery of a rotten campus political system—a system born of petty personal greed and nourished by a general campus indifference.

And you, gentle readers, what's the use of being gentle? You can do your share in fumigating student government. The next time the house's Big Stick rises in the sanctity of the chapter room, and reveals that all the fellas in Rho Dammit Rho will vote to a man for good old Peter Pill; all you boys rise, also, and ask your first question: "Who the hell's Peter Pill?"

If they can answer that one, there'll be more questions coming; and not the least of them will be: "Whose student government is this, Peter Pill, yours or ours?"

More Building Money? Oregon Needs Theater

IF it is possible to obtain any more government aid for buildings on this campus, there is no more worthy or needed project than the construction of proper auditorium and stage facilities for the drama department.

For many years the drama department has struggled along on an old-fashioned and entirely inadequate stage, in a small, box-like auditorium. Choice of plays has been restricted by the impoverished physical conditions in which the department has to work.

The drama department on this campus has students with the ability to tackle some of the better and more difficult plays and directors capable of handling them, but they cannot produce them on the dinky Guild hall stage. Even if they were able to bring the high-royalty play to the campus, the 190 odd seats in Guild hall will not accommodate enough persons to make expenses which must therefore be paid out of an inadequate and unsympathetic budget.

Were the drama department to have a modern stage to work on, it would be possible to produce, not only the classics, but many of the bright, scintillating comedies, the powerful dramas, the effective plays which have but recently scored on Broadway.

Once the students were assured of a first-rate show at every production they would give enthusiastic support to the plays. The students would benefit; the drama department would benefit; and the University could acclaim its drama as it does its arts, its law, and its journalism schools.

Watch for the "Rat" Next Basketball Game

LAST Saturday night some 3000 fans slumped on the benches of McArthur court, and booed the referee of the Oregon-Washington game until he awarded the Huskies two technical foul shots. They made them both.

Now no one asks that the old Bronx cheer be completely eliminated. Such an expression of disagreement is quite natural, especially among people who are irritated, and pouty about the demise of the home team. It is impossible to prevent it. Why pretend that it can be done?

But there are boos and there are boos. And that chorus of "birds" that held up the ball game Saturday night was of a pale, watered, and sticky vintage—emanating from persons who were lacking in the elementary understanding of good taste and decorum.

The Oregon basketball team had been fight-attempt to subdue the Huskies. And when iting an uphill fight in a hysterical, desperate seemed that Oregon had the Husky backing up, when the crowd should have been helping every minute, several self-appointed big-wigs let that team down in a manner that is a positive disgrace to any one who calls himself a sportsman, or a gentleman. Even when the players, after having torn their hearts out in 35 minutes of gruelling play, turned to the crowd and asked for consideration, the crowd ignored that plea, and carried on the booing. Anybody participating in that booing could see what they were doing. They were GIVING, yes GIVING, points to the Huskies. And when Howard Hobson asked for silence, there was no quarter granted here.

Who do the students support? That exhibition of ignorance indicates that they reserve for themselves the right to go to the ball game and beat their own team. And if anyone on this campus has this conception of loyalty, he should be "informed" by those who know what it means to fight for a cause or a game and then has his constituency "rat" on him and pursue its own course of exercising his lungs in defiance of what is right—just for the sake of being a smart guy.

Watch for him at the next ball game!

Bible Lecturers To Visit Campus

Milo F. Jamison, organizer of the University Bible clubs and president of the Radio Bible Fellowship, with Irvin T. Moon,

scientist and Bible lecturer, will present an entertainment and lecture at the Y hut Saturday night at 7:30.

An effort will probably be made by the lecturers to organize a University Bible club on the Oregon campus providing there is sufficient interest.

UC Contributes \$500, Protests Olympics

Five hundred dollars will be contributed by the University of California for America's participation in the Olympic games. An amendment was added by the committee



The Marsh of Time

By Bill Marsh

Scolding

The booing at the game Saturday night was not only rude, but it was one of the finest displays of drivelling, yellow-backed sportsmanship that I've ever been disgusted by. Granted, a foul was called which looked like a raw deal from the stands.

But the Washington team had nothing to do with the calling of the controversial foul. They were merely playing the game. True, the Bronx cheering was aimed, not at the Huskies, but at the referee. So be it, the fact still remains that booing, whether deserved or not, is the acme of bad sportsmanship.

There's some condolence in the fact that most of the razzing was coming from sources not connected with the University. High school boys, small town get-hots and other specimens of one-cell fauna were responsible for most of the reverse cheering. I saw many University students trying to quiet these animal-like morons down. There's satisfaction in that.

I hope someone up at the University of Washington sees this column. It may serve as an explanation for the rudeness and discourtesy inadvertently shown their

team, not by the students of the University of Oregon so much as by the small town fans who don't like that particular referee, and who haven't much in the way of manners anyhow.

This one gets the prize silver-plated piccolo for the week's outstanding comeback.

Blondes? I don't like 'em. They get dirty too easily."

How many of you lads and lassies have ever climbed Spencer's butte? If you haven't, you really should. I struggled up for the first time the other day, and was completely delighted by the view from the summit. It falls just short of being magnificent. But it is beautiful, and it's worth every ounce of energy expended in getting up.

A columnist has a tough time. If a joke is funny enough to tell, it's been told. If it hasn't been told, it's not worth telling. And if it's risqué enough to be interesting, either the writer or the editor gets booted out of school.

Famous Last Words: "No, I'm sorry. I've had my date for the senior bowl for three weeks."

Now that the fast-talking Richfield reporter has returned from his vacation, he is acting as radio instructor to his elder brother, Dud.

Dud Hayes is a recent arrival in Hollywood from New York, where he was well known as a public speaker.

On the Camel Caravan tonight: Dean Janis will sing "Night on the Plains," while Kenny Sargent and Pee Wee Hunt will offer respectively "That Never-to-Be-Forgotten Night" and "You Gotta Pay the Fiddler if You Want to Dance." The Casa Loma lads will play "Jazz Band Ball" and "Copenhagen."

Twenty-four melodious popular favorites of recent years will be played and sung in a half-hour of uninterrupted music to be presented by Meredith Willson's orchestra, Tommy Harris, and Nola Day tonight at 7:30.

The number Willson has chosen for this program of "Music Americana Songs" include "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," arranged by Walter Kelsey; Willson's own arrangement of "A Tree Was a Tree," with Miss Day singing the chorus; a symphonic version of "Rain" by the orchestra, and Sam Coslow's song, "You Didn't Know the Music," to be offered by Harris.

NBC-CBS Programs Today 3:00—Woman's Magazine. KPO, KGW.

6:00 — Ben Bernie and all the Lads. NBC.

6:30 — Jumbo Fire Chief Show. KPO, KGW.

7:00—Swift Studio Party. KGW, KFL.

7:30 — Music America Songs. KGO and East.

8:30 — The Camel Caravan. CBS, KSL.

Leo Reisman's orchestra. NBC.

The Air Angle

Enter Sam Hayes, the tutor.

Art Appreciation Course Broadcast From KOAC

"At the sound of the gong it will be exactly three o'clock," and with this announcement over KOAC every Thursday afternoon, Professor Bernard Hinshaw's class in art appreciation begins.

In this unusual radio class, which is broadcast through the services of the extension division and sponsored by the Oregon Federation of Women's clubs, there is no such thing as rushing frantically to class before the professor locks the door, nor is there any praying that he will absent-mindedly forget to come to class. Members who are enrolled in the course may sit comfortably at home while they listen to the lecture and work in obedience to instructions.

"Art is pretty boring when it is only talked about," said Mr. Hinshaw, who conducts his course in a novel manner. Unlike most art appreciation courses, this radio class involves active participation on the part of those who are enrolled in it. Calling it a "discovery" class, Mr. Hinshaw conducts it through experimentation on the part of the students, as well as by lecturing. Each member is provided with a certain set of materials with which he works while the lecturer is speaking.

"Frankly, we're isolating, restricting our study of art. We realize it is not the whole of art, simply its formal side with which we deal, for we are interested in investigating its architecture," said Mr. Hinshaw, "we attempt to unify all art, not in terms of its subject matter or story, but in terms of

way. We shall certainly try to make arrangements, but for a week, at any rate, they must be tentative; we will let you know as soon as possible when anything definite is decided. "We may say that the earlier in March you can come, if the trip is arranged, the more convenient it will be, as our examinations will be looming large towards April 1.

formal elements which give a picture its mood."

While Mr. Hinshaw lectures about lines, color, light, dark, and space as architectural elements of art, his class draws these lines, experiments with color combinations and with light and dark spacings, thus visualizing for themselves the meaning of these elements. "Lines can be life. They can be flesh and blood. Vertical, horizontal, and diagonal lines all have different feeling and mood," Mr. Hinshaw enthusiastically explained.

Students are enrolled from all over the state. There are many in eastern Oregon as well as along the coast. Besides those formally enrolled a considerable number of people listen in to the lectures. Various high school classes in art tune in on this radio class every Thursday afternoon. A 75-cent fee is charged for enrollment. This covers the cost of working materials and mimeographed lesson plans which are mailed each week to the students.

One of the greatest attractions of this radio class is that there is no conventional attire demanded. Housewives can leave on their aprons; sleepyheads can attend in their pajamas; and even the plaid tie which came on the Christmas tree can be worn without causing acute pain to others of the class. All one has to do is tune in on the radio, use a magazine or a breadboard for an easel, and comfortably listen to the lecturer's instructions.

This "discovery" class could not help but be a success!

Meanwhile, we are extremely sorry for the delay and uncertainty, but feel sure that under the circumstances, you will realize that they are unavoidable."

The speech team of the University of Oregon is planning a trip to the University of Washington March 1 to 6, and had considered going on up to the University of British Columbia.

'Barney' CLARK The Bitter Bystander, Heeds a Coed's Cry!

Co-ed Presents Problem

Barney Solves Problem

Dear Broken-Hearted: If you think you're going to do any long-distance weeping on my shoulder, forget it. I'm too busy to do a Dorothy Dix for love-love co-eds. Tell you what, though. You ship me a buck an' a half, and I'll see that you get the Emerald for two terms. Then it gets into the terms. Also, you can keep up on what the bright kiddies are saying and doing at the U, read of Marge McCall's namblings on the sports page, and scan the soprano twittings of Marge Petsch on the woman's page. It's almost as good as being on the campus. Better as a matter of fact. It's cheaper! Sincerely, Barney.

Dear Barney: Has my boy friend been true to me? Since I couldn't come back this year, I've been worrying myself sick about what Bob's been doing down at school. Is he two-timing on me? Please write and let me know. Hopefully, Kay.

The Oregon Daily Emerald Suggested the Solution

Let the Emerald be a daily reminder of you to those who expect too much correspondence from the busy student. The Emerald presents news and comments including the many campus activities that tend to make the life of a student

a busy one—all of which will be of real interest to those at home. Subscription rates: \$1.49 for the remainder of the school year, or \$1.00 per term. Phone subscription to 3300, local 214.