

Oregon Emerald

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The Oregon Daily Emerald, official student publication of the University of Oregon, Eugene, published daily during the school year, except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, examinations, 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.

presentation, with the result that the customers leave the theater steamed up to the emotional heat of a very cool icicle, but also very well fed. After the fourth act, fearing complete nervous breakdown, I went out and bought myself a light lunch, and the evening passed pleasantly enough, with now and then interruptions from the screen. The fellow next to me solved this problem by sleeping through the picture and waking up at the intermissions, when he had a gay time with a basket of bologna, well seasoned with garlic, and half a dozen hard-boiled eggs.

In Spain they cut "Flying Down to Rio" to three acts, which made it very difficult to get down to any serious eating, while in Germany they have only one intermission for each picture, but make that one half an hour in length and, with characteristic German frugality, fill up the time with slide advertisements of Mendelwerfers hair tonics and Blitzenhof's beer.

As in England, news theaters are popular on the continent. You pay little and the program, consisting of news reels and a few Mickey Mouse cartoons, lasts for one hour. Incidentally, the French put out news reels far superior to the Americans, with shots of world events that are as artistic as feature length films.

Except in Germany, American pictures predominate. Adolf is not going to have any Hollywood colossals from Jewish producers, as long as he can put out fine propaganda pictures such as "Triumph des Willens," a pictorial account of the Nazi Nurnberg congress that was packing 'em in wherever I went in Germany.

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.

Editor, the Emerald:

We have been very much interested in the formation of the Oregon Student Union or whatever it may be termed. However, we believe that this society should not, at least at first, become definitely associated with the American Student Union. We rather believe that it is first necessary to organize ourselves to consider more pressing local issues and eventually crystallize our opinions as to whether or not we should affiliate ourselves with the ASU upon the basis of what that organization may stand for from time to time.

While we believe that a society of this nature is needed we cannot see the value of national association in which we would be a suppressed minority and regardless of the wish of our local society, would be identified and branded as subscribing to the national policies and actions.

In summary, we believe that this society should be organized as a local group which shall stand on its own feet and be a vital factor in progressive but not radical thinking and acting.

We call upon those who have such a program in mind to support such a policy at the next meeting of this society.

David Lowry

Paul Plank

Other Editors' Opinions

Life's Sanctity

Exaggerated

WASHINGTON is not the only place where, of late, they have been inquiring into the causes of war. A royal commission has been sitting in London, digging with Britannic thoroughness into the doings of munitions makers, and some of its best pay dirt has been found in the footprints of that mysterious and rather sinister gentleman, Sir Basil Zaharoff.

The commission managed to slide a witness chair under the dignified person of Sir Herbert A. Lawrence, chairman of Vickers, famous for its production of war materials.

Sir Herbert did all right under direct questioning, making the customary denials that munitions makers have any wish to see war come into the world; but he made a little slip in a prepared statement which he read to the commission, and Sir Philip Gibbs, a member of the commission, pounced on him for it.

In his statement Sir Herbert referred to "an honorable but perhaps mistaken ideal respecting the sanctity of life and the iniquity of war." Sir Philip immediately quizzed him about it.

"I think," said the chairman of Vickers, "that the question of the sanctity of human life has sometimes been exaggerated to the disadvantage of certain other facts of public life."

"Do you think you could exaggerate the iniquity of war?" asked Gibbs.

"Yes I think I can," returned the munitions magnate.

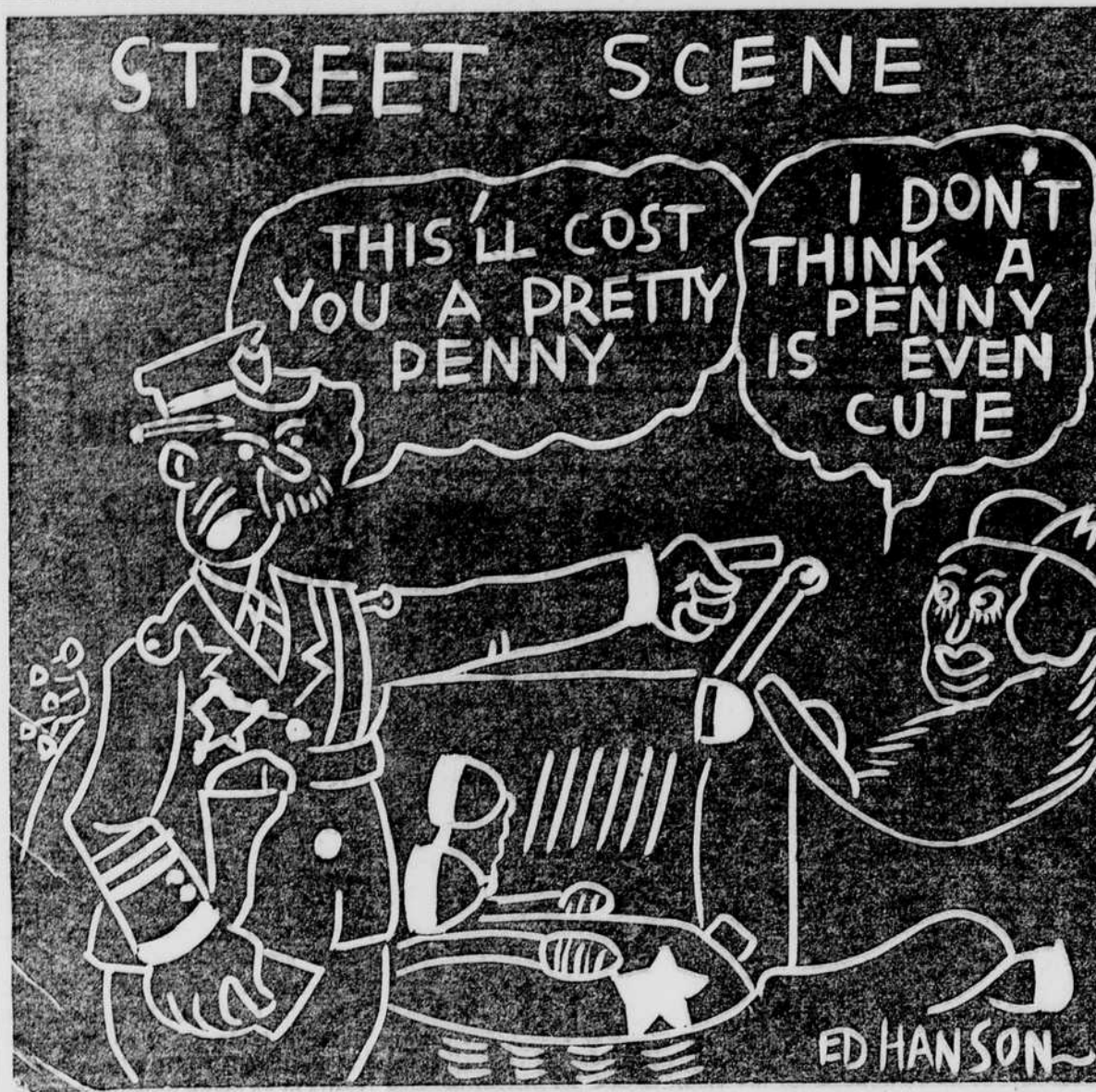
Little unintentional revelations like this can be of more importance than weighty disclosures concerning production schedules and profit-and-loss statements; for while it is good for us to find out all we can about the way war, the weapons war is fought with, and the dividends that are made therefrom, are tangled all together, it is even more vital that we know just what sort of men the war-makers are.

It is hard to get an exact definition of the thing which we prize as civilization; but assuredly one of the things that make it most worth preserving is the slow growth of this belief in the sanctity of human life.

That was something of which the cave man never dreamed; it came into being by long and painful stages, with sacked cities and burned homesteads and stark crosses to mark its route, and if we lose it we lose the soul of civilization itself.

Probably it is easy for a man grown rich on the sale of the tools of death to lose this belief. But when he does, it is good for us to find it out. It emphasizes the division that human society must make.

On one side, war; on the other, peace. On one side, those who doubt that life is especially sacred or war especially terrible; on the other, those who still hope to see the race rise above its limitations and march from the dusk of early morning into full dawn.—Eugene Register-Guard.



The Marsh of Time

By Bill Marsh

Tobogganing

Skiing was invented by Norsemen. But the Norse are a hardy race. It's almost impossible to kill one. That's how they survived the process of inventing ski jumping, too. Take a Scandinavian of any variety, strap a pair of skis to his feet and throw him over a cliff. Is he killed? Not on your tinfoy.



Emerald of the Air

Skits from "Street Scene," University theatre presentation tonight, will be heard over KORE today at 3:45.

The Air Angle

After spending a winter season as night club impresario and entertainer, Morton Downey has decided to return permanently to radio. He will join the Evening in Paris Roof program beginning February 17.

The noted radio tenor will become a permanent feature with Mark Warnow's orchestra and the Picken Sisters. He replaces Odette Myrtil, singing Parisienne, and Milton Watson, tenor.

Seventeen years ago Downey was a singing saxophone player in Paul Whiteman's S. S. Leviathan band. Some people have been overheard expressing regret that he didn't stick to the saxophone.

Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, now dashing about the country on a vaudeville tour and giving a weekly broadcast over NBC each Friday night at 9, have decided that travel may broaden most persons' minds, but it certainly flattens them out. It's a gay life on the road with Waring, though—if you can take it. Fred says he loses from one to two pounds a week. Tonight the glee club will be heard in "Liebestraum," more commonly known as "Dream of Love."

Mabel Todd, singing comedienne with Al Pearce and his gang, will have "Rhythm in My Nursery Rhymes" with her number on the show tonight at 6. The Three Cheers, whom you formerly heard with California bands, will sing "Lights Out." Harry Sosnick's orchestra will feature "It's Been So Long" and "I'm Sittin' High on a Hill Top."

Morey Amsterdam, comedian with Al Pearce for three and a half years, is confined in a Chicago hospital, convalescing from an appendectomy.

Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, and Merle Oberon will be Dick Powell's guest artists during his full-hour Hollywood Hotel presentation over CBX tonight at 7. The trio of screen stars will preview

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of tobogganing is to crawl into a revolving concrete mixer and let the machinery grind you around for a few minutes. But it's not a very good substitute. In a concrete mixer there's no snow to fly down the back of your neck.

Toboggans have been known to attain tremendous speeds. Usually when they really do get going, the national guard has to be called out to help the ambulance crew locate the pieces which have scattered lavishly about by the toboggan's crashing into an unforeseen stump.

Gangway! Track!

Who-o-o-omph . . .

D . . . blank . . . H . . . Blank . . .

@*&**** . . . Hell's bells.

Which would make you practically a sissy among ardent skiers, who think it's the best fun in the world to go hurtling hundreds of feet through space with nothing between them and the devil but a pair of boards.

Try it some time. If you live, you'll grow to love the thrill of grace and speed and wind whistling in your ears. If you aren't so lucky, lighting on your head off a ski jump is one of the quickest and least painful ways to die. Spectacular, too. You'll die a hero.

B. W. A. W.

(After the Whiskerino) we'll give you an E-Z shave. Your face will feel fine.

KAMPUS BARBER SHOP
Across from Sigma Chi

BUY THE BOX

This Valentine's Day give her a better box of candy—Johnstons and Davenport's.

A Complete Stock of St. Valentine's Day cards. Send them to your friends. Wire Western Union at the drug store.

CLAYPOOL, VAN ATTA DRUGS
886 Kincaid Phone 1086

Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

Like a whiff of ripe old Cheddar a wisp of gossip drifts in from the Oregon office to the effect that Geo. Root is burning like a haystack.

Gentle George, it seems, conceived a photographic cover for his Oregon, the photograph to be of an Order of the "O" man in conversation with a co-ed.

The idea was fine, but when Geo. borrowed an "O" sweater and draped it over his own BROTHER and then inserted his GIRL as the representative co-ed, the odor was terrific. Even his own staff members began to give him the bird in no uncertain terms, since they saw no particular reason for putting two unknown freshmen on the cover of the Oregon.

Geo. couldn't take it. Already somewhat inflated with the idea of his own importance, he grew sulky under the heckling, finally blew up and threw Marge Petch out on her ear. Horak became incensed at Root's Napoleonic posturings and when Petch lost her job she stopped speaking to Geo. and is now on the verge of throwing her own job in Root's face. The atmosphere over in Friendly (?) hall, they tell us, now resembles the lull before the storm. And all because Gentle George wanted to keep the Oregon in the family as it were. At least Oregon subscribers will be able to see what the Root family and female friends look like.

And that should be a treat!

On the bulletin board was a note

addressed to us. Inside was one line, "You lie! The Thetas ain't got 42 rugs!"

True enough, but Chandler and Clark could roll at least two Thetas in each rug they do have, easily. And that would keep them from getting lonely as they lie there in the dark.

An incident that happened the other eve left Freddie Colvig, the Sigma Nu intellectual, a little shaken. He was looking for the Student Union meeting up in Gerlinger, and, not knowing what room it was in, asked a stooge for directions.

"Right down to the end of the hall," chirps the stooge, "and through the door there. You can't miss it."

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EVERYBODY'S Informally INVITED To Dance SOPHOMORE WHISKERINO Johnny Bush's Orchestra 75c a Couple

I have my clothes Moth-Proofed while they're being cleaned! SMART woman all over the city are availing themselves of our new cleaning method—the MONITE Moth-Proof Cleaning Process! Send your woolen garments to us today. You'll be delighted with the results. Woolen dresses, cleaned and moth-proofed, only \$1.00 UNIVERSITY CLEANERS Campus Branch of Eugene Cleaners Phone 3141

Located on the campus for your convenience THERE'S A REASON There's a reason for the increasingly larger patronage of the corsage business of Eugene's oldest established florist. Sixteen years of furnishing flowers and especially corsages to University students is our experience. You cannot do more to insure the success of the evening than to send a De Luxe Corsage from The University Florists 598 East 13th Street Phone 634

EASY WAY TO CLOSE WINDOW AND TURN ON STEAM ON ZERO MORNING . . . AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE ROOSTER SEES SUNRISE AND BEGINS TO CROW AND FLAP HIS WINGS. BREEZE FROM WINGS STARTS BLADES ON WINDLASS REVOLVING WHICH PULLS CATCH AND ALLOWS WINDOW TO DROP SHUT. ATTACHMENT ON WINDOW—LIFT TURNS ON STEAM IN RADIATOR CLOUDY DAYS STAY IN BED P.A. HAS THE FLAVOR! AND I GET MORE PIPEFULS OUT OF THE BIG RED TIN LISTEN, MEN: DON'T DECIDE ABOUT SMOKING—TOBACCO UNTIL YOU'VE TRIED P.A.'S "CRIMP CUT" FOR SLOW, COOL SMOKING. PACKED WITH MELLOW FLAVOR. AROUND 50 SMOKES IN THE BIG 2-OZ. ECONOMY TIN PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!