

Oregon Emerald

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Life of Mr. Finnegan, Or Fun at Fifty

OLD Enoch Finnegan, the Flipperville flash, rolled his eyes appreciatively at the assembled audience, and prepared to relate once more the events that made him king of his kind.

"See that scar?" he asked the little fellows in the front row, pointing to his throat. "See it, hey? Well, I got that in the winter of 1933." Finnegan smoothed his patriarchal white whiskers and savored of his adventure of long ago.

"I was a big bull, bigger even than I am now," he began, surveying the group with ill-concealed disdain. "They don't get 'em that big any more. I must have scaled 1500, and you know," he added with dignity, "that's a lot of bull."

Finnegan's eyes grew dim with reminiscences. "One day, I told the old lady I was tired of sitting around in the cave being gawked at by a lot of split-finners, and I reckoned as how I'd do a little traveling on my own. Well, you know what a stir that caused," he grinned, "but I was a stubborn cuss, and the next day, sure enough I started up-river."

"I didn't see much for several days, but one morning I spotted a big scow at the side of the river, so I thought I'd just pop in to size up the situation." Mr. Finnegan's eyes began smolder.

"Now you'll hardly believe this, you youngsters who have been taught never to point at anyone, but a split-finner came out of that shack and stuck a big rod in my face, and 'BAM!' (his hearers flipped their tails involuntarily, and gazed at their hero with eyes bulging) something tore through my neck and scared hell outa me! Then I made tracks!

"Well, that's an illustration of the way these split-finners receive guests. And I wasn't favorably impressed by the way they stared at me, but," and Mr. Finnegan lowered his eyes modestly, "well, I put up a good show, and they seemed to like it."

"I overheard a lot of conversation too, while I was playing around. There were a couple of slack-looking lads who talked about capturing me and putting me in a 'mill-race,' and feeding me with freshmen. Then one fellow said he guessed I had come up to put my name in the presidential primaries in Oregon, along with junk collectors and anyone else who felt like becoming a candidate.

"But all I can say is, I figure we're very fortunate here. It must be mighty dangerous in Split-Finland with those rods; and from what I heard, there are a lot of those chaps who would have liked to be out there with me, swatting fish and just swimming around."

Mr. Finnegan puffed thoughtfully at this conclusion, then turned to his wife, who sat admiring her adventurous mate. "Throw me a line, will you ma," he said, "no, not one of the little ones."

Can't Oregon Drama Be Given a Break?

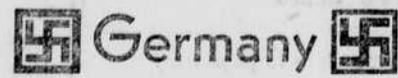
THE place for a drama department is in a building by itself where the members can concentrate on their work without bothering others.

The drama department on this campus doesn't like to be in Johnson hall and Johnson doesn't want them there, either. Why? Because the inadequate construction of the cramped, old-fashioned stage makes it necessary to drag every bit of scenery, freshly painted or not, that comes into the building through the main entrance to Johnson hall. The scenery must be brought in in small impractical sections, because there is only one small door to the stage. No regular stage door.

The necessity of using Guild hall as a classroom for other work cuts out all rehearsals, there, in the mornings. The irregular hours of the drama department is the reason for keeping Johnson hall, the business center of the University, open to anyone at all hours of the night. The sounds of rehearsals bother others in the building during the afternoons. The whole set-up is inadequate and impractical.

The University of Oregon drama department is trying to go somewhere, now, but the odds are against it. If they could have a building, auditorium and stage, to themselves where nobody would bother them and where they couldn't bother anyone, it wouldn't be long until the University of Oregon drama department would be enjoying the reputation its directors would like to, and could, give it.

A German Student's



By Carl-Gustav Anthon

ONE would think that the suppression of free speech and free press would arouse a great opposition both among the newspaper world as well as the public. Germany was one of the most advanced and enlightened democratic states in the world, and yet the facts show that it was possible to reduce her back to the Prussian form of government in less than three years. Americans think that it must require the most despotic and tyrannical police methods to force such a narrow regimentation of thought on the German people. They imagine present-day Germany to be in a state of barbaric terror where wholesale persecutions, bloodshed and torturing are everyday affairs.

Actually, however, Germany presents no such dramatic scenes at all. In fact, foreign travelers again and again have expressed their amazement and admiration for the unequalled cleanliness, quiet and order of things in German communities as well as in the great cities. The policemen, immaculately uniformed and extremely well-mannered, are courteous to the point of exaggeration. Government and military officials are very friendly and accommodating, more so, oddly enough, to foreigners than to their own countrymen.

It is surprising how willing the once independent, democratic press yielded to the oncoming political wave. The case of the Ullstein Publishing company, publisher of the Berliner Morgenpost, the Berliner Zeitung, the Vossische Zeitung, and various periodicals, vividly illustrates the unbelievably rapid metamorphosis from the most powerful publishing concern to a humble dependent instrument of Dr. Goebbels. The wealthy Jewish Ullstein brothers found it wiser to adapt their business to the inevitable future, millions of property being involved, rather than running the risks that accompany determined opposition. In fact, the officials of the concern denounced the independent democratic ideas of some of its younger editors, leading finally to their resignation. In the end, however, despite such shrewd, unscrupulous business maneuvering the Ullstein brothers did not succeed in retaining their power. They were amply compensated by the government for the loss of their property.

Similar was the fate of the other newspapers. They merely interpreted the trend of the times and did what other people did. Today they are all co-ordinated. They hardly deserve the name "newspaper" any more.

The Marsh of Time

By Bill Marsh

Congratulations, Toni. Your flair for doing the unexpected is an admirable trait, much to be envied. It's great to be a really fine nut, isn't it? And what would the world be without unpredictable people like you? I don't know. But I've got a hunch it would be a pretty boring spot to live on.

Lullaby

Hold your hats, folks, while I ask you what encephalitis is. Give up? Well that's what you get when you go to sleep and don't wake up . . . no, encephalitis isn't a four-bit name for kicking the bucket . . . your heart keeps on beating, you keep breathing just as you do when sleeping.

Encephalitis is a rare ailment, and so little is known about it that when cases of it do occur, doctors are usually at a loss to do anything about it. Take the girl in Chicago, Patricia Maguire, Oak Park's "sleeping beauty," who has been sleeping soundly for the last five years. She's perfectly normal in all ways, except that she absolutely won't wake up. Her health is perfect . . . and still she sleeps peacefully on.

Encephalitis, eh? By gum, I'll bet a penny that's what Bob Hackney has.

There's a tank-town collich somewhere in Mississippi which charges tuition according to grades. Students earning all "A's" pay only \$75.00. As the grades go down, the tuition charges go up. The shortest way to a good grade is through the pocketbook, eh?

But just think. Down there, if you flunked out of school you'd have to pay a couple of hundred bucks for the privilege of doing it. Ow!

Latest dispatches from Europe and Great Britain indicate that

Air Y' Listenin'?

By Jimmy Morrison

Emerald of the Air

That popular entertaining team Ned Gee and Chuck French—will be heard again today at 3:45 with popular and vocal and piano numbers.

The Air Angle

Deane Janis, the Caravan's featured songstress who won high ranking among radio's favorite singers in a recent nationwide poll of radio editors, will sing "Stardust" as a highlight of the Camel Caravan program with Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra tonight.

Other vocal features will include (Please turn to page four)

Student Library

(Continued from page one) said. Two other doctors were called in for immediate consultation on the suspected case and are keeping the patient under isolated observation now.

The length of the ban on social events was not set by Dr. Miller but definitely carried through the coming weekend and until further notice. The inter-dorm, Delta Tau Delta, Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Kappa, and Sigma Nu dances were affected by the ruling.

Those students in the University infirmary are Margaret Harbaugh, Jean Larson, Walter Engele, Dewey Paine, George Williams, Roger Pendell, Robert Barnes, Robert Teepe, Rupe Park, Cyrus Cook, and Edell Bryant.

The 11 patients in the Pacific hospital from the University are Frank Beers, Ralph Cathey, Wesley Guderian, Jack Hazlitt, Daniel Jordan, Jay Langston, Bernard Nelson, Alfredo Fajardo, Richard Roberts, Harison Winston, and Kenneth Wood.

Dr. Miller Bans

(Continued from page one) Portland yesterday and today attending an alumni meeting regarding the plans for raising funds for furnishing the browsing room of the new library, and could not be reached for comment.

Mrs. Marian Watts, reference librarian, said that students, often fail to ask for information when unable to find the material for themselves. Very few people know how to use the Reader's guides and International guides which contain a classified list of articles published in all national and international magazines.

Miss Rise learned her library

over 200 people have perished, due to the extremely cold weather and freezing gales prevailing.

And I'll bet 190 of those victims met their untimely ends by slipping on ice and smacking the backs of their heads forcibly against the pavement.

Note how funny the campus looks these days. Everyone mincing along, waving their arms around. Looks like a huge rehearsal class for interpretive dancing or something.

Buenos Aires, South America, has a college which was graduating students one hundred years before Harvard . . .

I expect a check from Yale most any day now.

Optimism

I suppose that writers who turn out crook and detective fiction for so long as Charles Francis Coe has, become suspicious by proxy, as it were. At any rate, the aforementioned Mr. Coe, determined to prove to his wife that roulette wheels in casinos were crooked, took Mrs. Coe to the Casino in Havana.

Mrs. Coe placed a \$5 bet . . . the wheel was spun, and it heeled nicely to her number . . . she collected \$500.00.

Mr. Coe spent the rest of the day sulking in the shade of a palm tree.

There's a silver lining to every cloud, even the darkly ominous one of politics, national, state, and local. Out of the stinking welter of mud-slinging, oratorical nails driven into ridiculous political planks, and election promises consisting of equal parts of guff, baloney, and hot air, arises the cheerful thought that in most cases, thank God, only one of the aspiring candidates can be elected!

work at Columbia university, and then returned to the University of Oregon, where she has since been applying her knowledge of library book-distribution. The system used in the University, she said, is similar to the systems used all over the United States, and is one of the simplest types available.

Lack of Funds Hinders

Because of the inability to get more funds some of the library's periodicals have been stopped, the librarians said. If the magazines are in the bindery students will be allowed to get them.

In the specialized departments of the English reserve and Condon library, less difficulty in helping students is encountered. The only confusion in these departments results when students are seeking books without knowing either the title or the author, said the librarian.

Health Week

(Continued from page one) ferent groups are: Fredrica Merrill, Delta Delta Delta; Marion Beth Wolfenden, Alpha Phi; Martha McCall, Pi Beta Phi; Gayle Meyer, Hendricks hall; Jewell Bowman, Alpha Omicron Pi; Jean Paulsen, Chi Omega; Ruth Lake, Zeta Tau Alpha; Nann Brownlie Kappa Alpha Theta; Elaine Goodell, Kappa Kappa Gamma; Faye Buchanan, Alpha Chi Omega; Alice Rogers, Alpha Gamma Delta; Jane Brewster, Gamma Phi Beta; Jean Beard, Alpha Delta Pi; Hazel McBrien, Delta Gamma; Helen Row, Alpha Xi Delta; Dorothy Elsonsohn, Phi Mu; Lorraine Hunt, Sigma Kappa.

Senior Cops Officiate

Girls assisting Helen Bartrum, chairman of the week, include Jane Bogue, Frances Watzek, Regan McCoy, Irene Schupp, Phyllis Adams, and Marge Petsch.

Members of the Senior Cops are Reva Hens, Ebba Wicks, Dorothy Bergstrom, Roberta Moody, Peggy Chessman, Henriette Horak, Adele Sheehy, Nancy Lou Cullers, Mary McCracken, Marvel Twiss, Elaine Sorenson, Margaret Ann Smith, Virginia Younie and Marge Petsch.

E. P. Biggs

(Continued from page one) notices of both London and New York. The Daily Telegraph, reporting a recital in London, spoke of his "most finished playing" and said that "he used his resources with the ease and certainty of one to whom the organ loft has yielded all its secrets."

Wen Scholarships

Winning the Thomas Threfall open organ scholarship at the Royal Academy, Mr. Biggs studied organ under the famous G. D. Cunningham; piano with Claude Pollar; and composition with J. A. Sowerbutts. He also won the Hu-

bert Kiver open organ prize at the Royal Academy.

He broadcast from British Broadcasting corporation studios and worked with His Master's Voice Gramophone company. He was chosen by Sir Henry Wood to play several times with the orchestra at Queen's hall, and in addition was chosen to play at the annual prize giving ceremonies before the Duke of Connaught at Queen's hall.

Mr. Biggs was elected a sub-professorship on the staff of the

Royal Academy and also is an associate of the institution.

Wins High Praise in States

Coming to America the following year, his debut recital at the Wannemaker auditorium in New York received high praise; the New York World saying that "an exacting program demonstrated beyond question that he is one of the foremost organists of the day," and at Fort Worth, Texas, critics said that "he could play better with his feet than many organists can with their hands."

His program tonight represents a summary of different periods of composition for the organ, commencing with the works of the 18th century masters, Bach and Handel, and including the romantic school of composers of 19th century as represented by Liszt, and ending with the modern French compositions of the 20th century. The recital is presented under the auspices of Mu Phi Epsilon, upperclass national music honorary. The funds will be used for its scholarship fund.



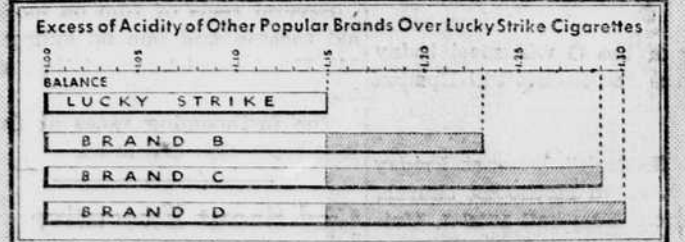
A LIGHT SMOKE

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO

Luckies are less acid. One of the chief contributions of the Research Department in the development of A LIGHT SMOKE is the private Lucky Strike process, "IT'S TOASTED." This preheating process at higher temperatures consists of four main stages, which involve carefully controlled temperature gradations. Quantities of undesirable constituents are removed. In effect, then, this method of preheating at higher temperatures constitutes a completion or fulfillment of the curing and aging processes.

Luckies are less acid

Recent chemical tests show that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%.



RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS

Luckies - "IT'S TOASTED"

Your throat protection - against irritation - against cough

YOU CAN ALL HAVE YOUR SOCIAL EVENTS AFTER THIS FLU EPIDEMIC LETS UP. CHECK THOSE COLDS - ITS ONLY FOR OUR OWN GOOD.

I FEEL O.K. DOC.

NO HOUSE DANCES.

NO DIME CRAWL.

ED HANSON