

Oregon Emerald

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A German Student's Germany

By Carl-Gustav Anthon

A RIGID suppression of such human rights as free speech and free press naturally brings with it a certain amount of persecution. But the degree of persecution in Germany is not nearly as great as is commonly pictured in foreign countries. There is only one kind of persecution in Germany today—political persecution. Stories about religious and racial persecution are the result of false interpretation and personal grievances—property interests, hatred and prejudices. There is no persecution of Catholics, of Protestants, of Jews. In fact, one of the points in the official Nazi program explicitly guarantees toleration of all religions. No minister has been arrested for preaching his religious sermons. But it is the Catholic minister, the Jewish business man or the Free Mason who cannot keep out of politics, that is, anti-Nazi politics, who subjects himself to persecution and concentration camps. There are thousands of Jewish business enterprises—I have almost consistently patronized them—thousands of Catholic and Protestant ministers peacefully engaging in their activities and none are molested if they refrain from anti-regime activity. The 100 per cent Nazi, for that matter, is subject to the same penalties for opposition as is the Free Mason, the Catholic, the Pacifist, the Communist, and other foreign and strange elements. The prompt execution of the rebels (Roehm, Schleicher, etc.) on June 30, 1934 illustrates the fate of opponents, Nazi or not Nazi, Aryan or non-Aryan.

In many cases, of course, persecution is carried too far. Especially in those cases where some local fanatics—"110 per cent Nazis"—take the persecution into their own hands. Hitler himself is not informed of the many unjustified and cruel penalties inflicted upon harmless, noise-makers, and he constantly urges discipline among Nazis and wise judgment. And yet there are those who interpret the Nazi doctrines their own way, witness Julius Streicher, the most bestial scoundrel of the country, and numerous other narrow minded fanatics.

Europe Firsthand

By Howard Kessler

LISTEN to the tale of the bold Cornish major, a man with battles won; 'tis food for the mind, and food for the soul, and food for the senses.

Which is a neat way of introducing Major Bryant and his pipe of the Old Coastguards' hotel, Mousehole, Cornwall.

"Say, lad, ye'd better buy an extra pair of trousers," said the Major, meeting the young American in the hallway, after the young American had spent the afternoon in the rain on the rocks at Lamorna cove to prove to himself that such-and-such of a raincoat he had bought back home did not shed water. "This is a wet country. Come in by the fire and dry yourself." And the beetle-browed old major shooed his housekeeper out of the room, while the shivering Yankee dried himself out in clouds of steam.

Next day, reminding the American about the trousers, Major Bryant offered to take him into Penzance, the tourist center of the Cornish Riviera, for their purchase.

Out came the Sunbeam, of vintage 1920, but still in perfect condition, and we roared on the snaky road between cliffs and sea. Across the bay was the city, at the tip of southwestern England, but in between was fabled St. Michael's Mount, owned by an aristocratic family, every son of which, tradition has decreed, shall swim around the mile and a half circumference of the be-castled rock before being given the rights of manhood.

Remember the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Pirates of Penzance"? They had a lot of pirate trouble around here a few hundred years ago.

It seems the thrifty and unprincipled Cornishmen would put lights in the wrong places along this rugged coast, and lure ships to pile up on the rocks. That meant new pants for Junior and wine to go round.

Ah! but volumes have been written about Cornish scenery, Cornish superstitions, and Cornish pasties and clotted cream! Let's get back to the major, who is jaking curves on just half enough wheels, puffing nonchalantly on the old pipe all the while.

"Y'know," he says, dodging two pedestrians, with consummate skill, "we English build things for wear, Y'know, this little bus of mine is 15 years old; this suit I'm wearin' is 14 years old. Can't wear the damn thing out." Which must be very disgusting.

That might explain Cornish pasties. If you've eaten a few, you'll know what I mean. Cornish pasties in their mildest form are called meat pies, but when a Cornish wife starts searching for something to fill her pasties, she doesn't stop with anything so obvious as meat, eggs, fruits, nuts, vegetables, cereals, fish, bones, skins, you'll find them all and more in a first rate pasty; and if you chew for half an hour on one ingredient and it doesn't give way, you've probably got some old shoe-leather.

Clotted cream is different. Somehow, they cannot produce it in any other part of the world. Rumor hath it that it originated in Phoenicia, but Cornwall has the monopoly today, and its worth going to Cornwall just to taste it. I could try to describe clotted cream, but the English language isn't adequate, and I don't speak anything else but American.

When we have more time, the Major and I will finish that trip to Penzance and I'll tell you about our visit to the fishermen's inn, where old salts drink cider and stuff, and play dominoes and skittles. Funny thing, I always had thought skittles was a kind of pretzel.

You know, "beer and skittles."

Seeing big leaguers Joe Gordon and Ray Koch back on the campus reminded us that we'll sure be glad when baseball season gets here and we can eat peanuts in broad daylight without feeling embarrassed.



The Marsh of Time

By Bill Marsh

Last week ten of the best directors to be found in or around Hollywood went into a mental clinic, the object of which was to find out what America's most attractive girl looks like. The method employed consisted of each director's naming the girl, who, for him, was tops in charm and appeal. Three out of the ten picked Miss Olivia de Havilland.

Specifications for all the girls selected were taken and studied, then averaged, with the following results: The most attractive girl must be a brunette; (you bathtub blondes can go back to your own hair, now); she must be 24 years old; she must be five feet three inches tall, and must have gross bulk of 118 pounds; she must have brown eyes; she must be athletic; and . . . I can't figure this one out . . . she must have a husband. If she has a husband already, what's the use of being attractive?

Quick, Heeves, take to the boats! The Amazons are about to attack!

If you think the farmers in the Middle West are having a tough time with their crops, save your sympathy, and let Marge Petesch have it. She needs it worse.

Two weeks ago she betook herself downtown, where she did make the purchase of some sweet pea seeds. She took said seeds, and, following the directions on the containers, planted them.

Whereupon old man winter girded up his loins, and huffed and puffed, and presently, lo!, Eugene was becoated with ice. Presently the ice melted, and whoosh, down comes tons after tons of rain, which, taking the aforementioned sweet pea seeds which the cold had not killed, and gushing over them, washed them clear, out of the ground.

With patience growing short, la Petesch re-planted the remaining seeds. And now comes it snow, plus more freezing weather.

But Marge is from California. She hasn't yet learned to appreciate the bitterness of a northern winter. She doesn't know, yet, that up here spring commences on June 1, and not much before. But she'll find out, she will she will.

What whips these Drew lads are. Young Frank goes to Klamath Falls over the weekend, and returns with a gold medal for coping top honors in a cross country ski race down there.

While that is going on, his brother Greer goes up to Cascade summit on the week-end snow train, and whaps the blazes out of the other racers in the cross-country event held up there.

Meanwhile, their baby brother is off in the hills, dragging in a third place by the ears. That family was born with skis on its feet!

One of the first official acts made by Britain's new king, Edward VIII, was to have all the clocks at Sandringham Palace set ahead one half hour.

The clocks at Sandringham have been half an hour slow for years. It started when the new monarch's grandfather VII, invited a group of friends to Sandringham for an 11 o'clock shooting party. The

Material Wanted For Magazine

New Humor Publication Moves Into McArthur Court Quarters

Scruples, Oregon's new humor magazine, has moved into its new office in McArthur court, Winston Allard, editor, announced last night.

Co-incident with this announcement, Allard has issued a call for short whimsical or satirical word sketches suitable for the magazine. Scruples is rising from the ruins of the old Lemon Punch which was current on the campus until 1924. Scruples will be along the same lines as the Stanford Chapparral and the Harvard Lampoon.

The sketches should run around 150 or 200 words and all stories published will be signed in the magazine.

The first issue of Scruples will be out during Junior weekend and the second issue will be bound into the Oregonian.

The 35-page magazine will be printed on a heavy bond paper. The cover will be printed on a heavy bond paper. The cover will be finished in two colors, and will feature new cartoons each time. Each issue will have at least four full page cartoons as well as numerous other smaller drawings.

All material submitted for publication must be handed in at the Scruples office by March 1, Allard said.

Many auto accidents are caused by tires being off balance.

Other patients there are Abram Merritt, John David Hamley, Walter Naylor, Ralph Cathey, Wesley Guderian, Daniel Jordan, Richard Roberts, and Harrison Winston.

Women have, on the average, larger feet than their mothers and grandmothers. Size two and one-half, which was fairly common 30 years ago, is not stocked now, the average size today being five.

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Air Y' Listenin'?

By Jimmy Morrison

Emerald of the Air

Bucky McGowan, fast-fingered dance band magnate of the campus, will be heard playing popular piano selections over KORE today at 3:45.

Local Bands

There oughta be a law against people getting sick. With the ban on campus dances continuing through next weekend, the musicians "playing their way" through college are beginning to think the play is a tragedy.

Reports have it that Art Holman's orchestra has left for the South. Accurate information will be graciously received.

The Air Angle

Bart Woodyard's orchestra, formerly of Portland, made its farewell appearance last night at the tropical roof garden of the Alexander Young hotel in Honolulu. You'll probably be hearing him again soon in California.

Replacing Bart on CBS Monday evenings at 9:30, Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiians will be heard on "Hawaii Calls" program from the beach at Waikiki. Owens will play many of his own compositions which have been hits in this country, including "Hawaiian Paradise," "To You Sweetheart, Aloha," "Hawaiian Drinking Song," and "Oni Oni."

Deane Janis, the Caravan's popular songstress, will sing "That Lovely Night in Budapest" with the Casa Loma orchestra tonight at 8:30.

An amusing feature of the program will be a novelty number, "Mutiny on the Bandstand," sung in the inimitable manner of Pee Wee Hunt, and Kenny Sargent will follow with a sweet one, "Don't Laugh When I Cry." The band will take off on the closing "whipper," "Who's Sorry Now?"

Fred Waring's broadcast tonight will come from Cleveland, Ohio, where he and the troupe are winding up a five-weeks' personal appearance tour of the Middle West. Besides the glee club and the Lane sisters, Priscilla and Rosemary, Barbara (Snooney) Blair will harass Fred as usual. Paradoxically enough, Miss Blair's street waif character part has earned her a swanky apartment on Park avenue.

NBC-CBS Programs Today
3:00—Woman's Magazine, NBC.
5:30—Lawrence Tibbett, KOIN, KSL.

6:00—Ben Bernie and All the Lads, KPO, KGW.

6:30—Texaco Fire Chief Show, KPO.

7:00—Swift Studio Party, NBC.

7:30—Songs America Sings, KGO.

8:30—Camel Caravan, KSL.

9:00—Waring's Pennsylvanians, KOIN.

Professor Dunn

(Continued from page one)
He had been completed, however, and re-sculpturing was impossible because of the time limit set for the work, Professor Dunn said.

When asked if the library board would make provisions for a new representation of Aristotle, M. H. Douglass, librarian, said that it depended on Miss Dunberg's ability to finish all 15 heads within the period allotted for the work.

Professor Dunn said that he believed that such a presentation should not be that of an idealized Greek, but should represent Aristotle as he is now known, because of the great influence of this philosopher on the world.

The head was the first finished by Miss Dunberg and has already been sent to Portland where it is to be finished.

"I am rather chagrined at the way the committee acted on this matter," Professor Dunn said.

"When I called Dean Lawrence at the art school he ignored my request to discuss the representation of the head of Aristotle."

Dean Ellis F. Lawrence is head of the school of architecture and allied arts.

Announcement:

You Are Cordially Invited to Attend Our **Yarn Style Show** To Be Held at **Del Rey Banquet Room** **Wednesday, February 26** 3:00 to 5:00 p. m.

New! Captivating Spring Styles in Women's Dresses, Coats, Sweaters, Infants' Wear, Afghans, etc. Direct From New York as Well as Those Made Locally Will Be

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ETERNAL LOVE

I love to see the glinting stars
And love their silent song;
I love the glory of the night—
Its tale is never wrong.

It tells of an undying peace
Where worries fade away;
It tells of rest and wonderful sleep
Before the coming day.

It tells the story of God,
His blessing to each man;
It tells the story of His love
And of His wondrous plan.

It tells how He has well ordained
His kindness for mankind;
For night doth part us from our fears
And terrors of the mind.

I love the quiet peaceful night,
The glinting stars above;
Together here they tell the tale
Of His eternal love.

—Franklin Lee Stevenson.

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