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"True Princeton Gentleman"

JOHN DUNCAN SPAETH, whose commencement address will give godspeed to the class of '36 when it pushes off next month, is by no means a stranger to the campus.

Dr. Spaeth's long suit is his eternally boyish wit, which makes him the kind of teacher that every young professor must aspire to be, and the kind whom every student must long to have.

Few men well-qualified as he could be chosen for sending a body of champing young graduates out into the world, for there is in Dr. Spaeth something of the pioneer spirit, a spirit that has made him dare to undertake a new career.

A legend at Princeton, according to Time magazine, is the account of Dr. Spaeth's parting words to a Princeton crew before it went up against a crack team of Harvard oarsmen.

"Dinner at Eight" Will Be May 21-23

New York Critics Hail Play As Season's Best; Edna Ferber is Co-author

Playing dates for the University theatre production of "Dinner at Eight," by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, have been set for Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 21, 22, and 23.

In "Dinner at Eight" Kaufman, author of many Broadway successes, and Edna Ferber, known internationally for her powerful novels of American life, have combined their talents to create a scintillating and moving drama.

Horace W. Robinson, director, has assembled a cast of 24 students from the Guild Hall players and technique of acting class to fill the roles which range from an Italian chauffeur who is quick with a carving knife to Carlotta Vance, a fading beauty of the stage.

"Dinner at Eight" will be presented on the Guild theatre stage in the University administration building. The theatre workshop class will construct the setting designed by Horace W. Robinson and act as technical crew for the production.

Slugsy Gunn

with overalls on?" inquired the disappointed interviewer. "Oh, I lost Al's pin down the drain, and was trying to get it back." She displayed seven rusty fraternity pins, an Eagle scout badge, and a button that said, "War? We say no!"

"I'm here to delve into your history," said the reporter importantly, opening his notebook. "Straight A's," announced Slugsy proudly. "You see, the prof and I..."

In exasperation, the reporter swung a right viciously, but Slugsy deftly side-stepped, then grabbed his arm, and with practiced ease, swung him over her

got somewhat of a jolt to find Coach Spaeth jumping up and down on the dock, roaring: "We beat the s! We beat the s!"

In a letter to Dr. James Gilbert, accepting the commencement invitation, ex-Coach Spaeth insists that Time magazine has maligned him. "My friends know that it is not my custom to speak in blanks!" he cracked.

Chafing all year with resentment that holidays should be pared and schedules juggled so that commencement exercises may be held before summer vacation, students can now consider the game worth the candle, for the chance of hearing Duncan Spaeth will prove a delightful and illuminating compensation.

The appearance of Dr. Spaeth, veteran educator, sports enthusiast, good fellow, and "true Princeton gentleman," is an event for eager anticipation, and one that will not be soon forgotten.

Hilarity in Hitlerland

AN edict prohibiting a sense of humor! That should be Hitler's next move. 'Cause some day 60 million people are going to bust right out laughing in Germany, and Charlie Chaplin will have to hide out in the woodshed.

A few weeks ago the head of the German church in Naziland revised the Bible to conform to National Socialist policies. Salient features of the new Bible was a new fifth chapter of Mathew, in which good Nazis were adjured that in case some ignorant persons should slap them on their right cheeks, they should not immediately rise up in wrath, but wait for an apology.

Last week a copy of Hitler's favorite piece of literature, "Mein Kampf," was promised to each bride and bridegroom, as they left the bridal halter, in Germany. Presumably it will take its place in the embryonic library of the newlyweds, alongside such indispensable works as "What Every Young Married Couple Should Know," and "Care and Feeding of Babies."

This week Adolph perpetrates another gem of humor with the order that the popular sausage must henceforth be addressed by only one cognomen, that determined upon by the National Socialist party. No nation can be really united in spirit with a dozen localized names for sausages, says Hitler, so "Frankfurt yellow sausage" becomes extinct in Nazi usage.

Smedley Butler, in his recent assembly address on the campus, declared that the most powerful weapon for the prevention of war is a sense of humor. Granted he was in large measure right, what a boon to the rest of the world it would be if Germans today say Hitlerism as others see it! And what a brand book of humor could be made out of a compilation of the orders issued by Hitler since the birth of his dictatorship in 1933!

1936 Freshman Counselors Meet

Dean Hazel Schwering spoke to a number of University women yesterday, introducing them to the principles and ideals of fresh counselors, while Josephine McGilchrist explained the system under which they were to work this coming year.

Describing the different attitudes that would be adopted by freshmen, Dean Schwering told how each girl would have the opportunity to help bewildered newcomers in adjusting themselves to the friendly spirit of the Oregon campus.

"It is a challenge," she said, "to every one of you to see how much influence you can have on them. Be sure to remember to foster the 'hello' spirit and also that you are University of Oregon women."

The latter statement was made to impress upon her listeners the importance of the atmosphere they would create by their letters this summer.

Under the new plan for this year, freshmen will be assigned throughout the summer, at which time counsellors will immediately correspond with their "little sisters," encouraging a friendship for the coming year.

Eugene Mothers To Name Officers

The Eugene Oregon Mothers club will meet this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Gerlinger hall to elect officers for the new year, and to make plans for entertaining visiting mothers during Junior Weekend.

The meeting will be a social tea, of which Mrs. Dan Johnston and Mrs. Herbert M. Roome are in charge. Assisting them are Mrs. A. F. Sether, Mrs. S. A. Sexsmith, Mrs. B. W. DeBusk, Mrs. William Barker, and Mrs. J. R. Nasholm.

Mrs. Louis E. Bean is now president of the organization, and Mrs. Cal M. Young is secretary. Mrs. Hazel P. Schwering, dean of women, will speak at the meeting. All Eugene mothers are invited.

Send the Emerald to your friends. Subscription rates \$2.50 a year.



Innocent Bystander

So you thought I was dead, eh, my flabby-faced sextette? That shows how little you get around, my pretties. Even Marsh knew that a flicker of life still lingered in the old hulk and Marsh is practically vegetable at that!

This is a subject I really hate to go into but it must be done, if only to expose Harold J. Noble.

The Marsh Of Time

This writer hates to go Winchell on you lads and lassies, but half a dozen or so people tipped me off to some dirt that is so dirty that I can't resist printing it.

For you chaps who like to listen to the clink of the chips once in a while, I have an interesting story. It concerns itself with one Nick-the-Greek, the most colorful gambler ever to thrive in the land of suckers and plenty.

The cards weren't marked, yet the other players always seemed to know what his hole-card was. He looked around, innocently enough, and noticed a mask on the wall behind him.

In spit of that handicap, Nick cleaned up. And here's how he did it. In the clean-up pot, his highest card showing was an ace, while his highest rival hand boasted only a jack.

The following ditty is respectfully dedicated to Harold J. Noble, in awe and wonder. Our Pal Hal Tell me not in mournful tones,

king, and his pair of bullets took the huge clean-up pot. He had torn off a corner of a king card, and held it to the corner of his buried ace during the betting, thus cheating the cheaters into thinking he had an aching high instead of a pair of aces.

Europe Firsthand

By Howard Kessler Yesterday there came a letter from the slender, swarthy, young Blue Shirt whom I met in Malaga, the radio enthusiast and Fascist who hoped that some day he might come to America and make his fortune.

This winter has been here many tourist specially English. I want to know if it is possible to make some business in your Country with some tipic Spanish object.

If you are so kind telling me if it is possible to sell it in your Country, I thank you very much. Are you interested in stamps collection? I can send you stamps from my Country that I am quite sure you have never seen.

Among policemen, firemen, letter carriers, and waiters, the last named are most likely to be afflicted with flattening of the arch of the foot.

Advertisement for Half & Half tobacco. Features a large illustration of a man smoking a pipe and several packs of Half & Half tobacco. Text includes 'HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!', 'No Bite!', and 'The Safe Pipe-Tobacco FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE'.