

# Oregon Emerald

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## No Icy Dunking

TRADITIONAL mourners of the passing of traditions were given another beef last weekend when frolicsome, bewhiskered sophomores decided not to dunk their beardless brethren in the anaretic waters of the mill race.

Although it was artfully announced by the soph vigilante committee as an act purely and altruistically designed to aid health service workers in their battle against the current wave of "flu," it is more likely that the decision was prompted by the University administration, who in late years have frowned more and more on hazing—especially the sort of hazing, like mid-January mill-racings, that might result in injury to its victims.

Whoever gave original impetus to the decision, it marks another welcome crisis in the last lingering of mill-racings and other traditional putative tricks.

The attacks on hazing have had an ever-greater telling effect on the ancient institution. We can hardly wait for the last spasm.

## Education for Marriage

OF ALL the things about which today's generation is apt to become smug, perhaps our educational system is the most likely. Which is all right.

It is quite indisputable that the educational set-up has taken huge strides forward, and that opportunity is given students of real ability that has never before been offered. Along with this there has been an attempt to change the curricula to conform with changing trends of thought. Every year we get further away from the stodgy confines of the three "R's."

Students learn to become artists, business men, dramatists, educators, and journalists. They learn, in fact, a great deal about how to get ahead in their chosen vocation. But, surprisingly enough, in a world which prides itself on its advance in almost any field you'd care to mention, the vital problem of the most intimate human relationships is still badly neglected.

PREPARATION for the one thing which almost every college student will face—marriage—is left to chance. And so, bright young things that they are, they go out into the world, perhaps accomplish some degree of financial success—and, in one case out of six, make a royal mess out of their married life. In a day when youth is better prepared than ever before, theoretically, to meet life's problems, the shadow of divorce grows menacingly dark.

Stronger than the need for abstract, often useless, knowledge is the need for instruction in how to manage the marriage relationship, when it comes, in a sane way. For upon its success depends much of the individual's happiness and adjustment to life.

THE presentation of the love and marriage lecture series on this campus now is an attempt to meet that need. It is an effort to help the student to achieve a clearer, saner viewpoint; to answer his questions, and to direct him towards a course of action which will enable him to get the most out of his marriage.

The advantage of education along other lines has been recognized and eagerly accepted, often in connection with things not vitally important. Surely the advantage of education for one of the most important things in life, marriage, should be accepted as eagerly.

## Men and Nations

By HOWARD KESSLER

Where were we?

Ah, yes. Our hero, Adolf, had just failed miserably in his entrance examinations to the Vienna architectural school. Or he had been highly commended. We weren't quite sure, since Rudolf Olden wrote the former story in his biography "Hitler," while Heinz A. Heinz related the latter in his biography, "Germany's Hitler."

Both men are German journalists, both men are able to cipher, but one of them is simply currazy.

To continue:

Heinz: "The work was hard, and for five solid years Hitler never knew what it was not to go hungry, daily."

Olden: "He can have been at work for no more than a few months, perhaps weeks."

Heinz: "We get the impression of a fearfully serious and responsible-minded young man debating these things as youths of his age in England might debate the chances of the cup-tie."

Olden: "It is the picture of a young man who even before he was mature had already lost his grip, of a man declassed, who, arrogant and uncertain at the same time, could not harmonize his ambitions with his opportunities."

Heinz: "Whole weeks would go by without Hitler so much as bugging out of the house. He camped in his room like a hermit with his nose stuck in those thick, heavy books and worked and studied from morning to night." This from his Munich landlady.

## Beer Hall Politician

Olden: "He was now able to indulge his eloquence around the beer table. He preached his political theories to his casual neighbors in the beer halls without arousing offense."

Heinz: "Yes, yes, Hitler was always the one to buck us up when we got downhearted; he kept us going when things were at their worst. Often, he would take another man's place if he could... preferably a family man's... and volunteer for the extra dangerous job in his stead." This from a war comrade, Ignatz Westenkirchner.

Olden: "Hitler was a crank. He behaved quite differently from the other soldiers. Hitler was not among the storming front rank. He palpably spent the entire campaign as an orderly with the regimental staff."

Heinz: "A band of hefty and enthusiastic young supporters were specially told off by Hitler himself to keep the doors, and to act as ruthless chucks-out at the very first sign of disorder."

Olden: "Truckloads of yelling young bullies... every entrance to the meeting was guarded by groups of these violent young men. Hitler picked out bullies and rowdies with a natural leaning to violence."

Heinz: "People needn't wonder why we love the Führer. He was always for us small folk. He never had no time and no wish to think of himself." So says Frau Schwyer, and relates a heart-warming tale of Hitler's gratitude and appreciation towards his friends who gave him a little food after his release from Landsberg prison."

Olden: "But it is altogether doubtful whether he has ever shown much gratitude."

## The Putsch, 1923

Heinz: "Hitler's immediate neighbor being shot dead dragged him to the ground in falling, severely wrenching the Leader's shoulder... Hitler's chauffeur found him somehow, and with screaming brakes brought the car to a standstill beside the fallen Leader. Hitler dragged himself to his knees... and then on to his feet... one arm helpless... and was making to get into the car when he blundered over something in the way. It was the body of a boy, bleeding and senseless."

"Hitler caught it up as best he might with the arm still sound, and dragged it to the car, and was shoving it in when one of the police sprang forward with his weapon leveled. Hitler thrust the boy behind him, to cover him with his own body. In the nick of time he gained the automobile."

Olden: "At the first shot Hitler had flung himself to the ground. He sprained his arm, but this did not prevent him from running. He found his car and drove into the mountains."

With respect to the story recited above, Herr Olden writes: "Not a word of all this is true; this does not prevent it from becoming part of the National Socialist mythology."

Which all goes to show that no matter who owns it, a male bovine is still just a lot of bull.

## Campus Comment

(The views aired in this column are not necessarily expressive of Emerald policy. Communications should be kept within a limit of 250 words. Courteous restraint should be observed in reference to personalities. No unsigned letters will be accepted.)

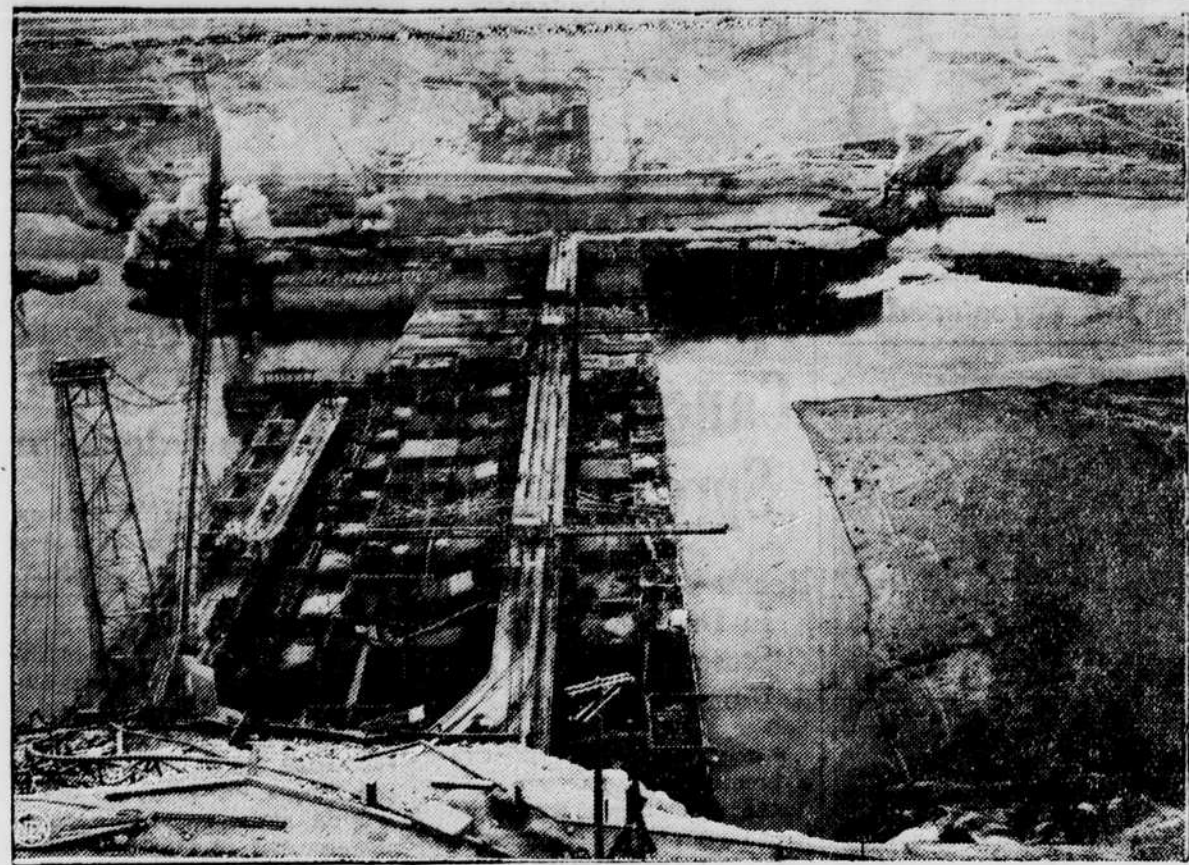
### BIGGER AND BETTER

To the Editor: To keep the record straight, I'd like to say that the other day I allowed myself to be misunderstood by your Emerald reporter, and the result was a statement unfair to dictionary salesmen and their good. What I thought I was telling the reporter was, that the smaller dictionaries were of little value aside from providing the spelling and pronunciation of words; I do not recall saying that the small dictionaries "contain nothing of pronunciation." This, obviously, is incorrect. The salesmen, too, I am informed, are chiefly concerned with vending a very respectable abridged dictionary for \$3.50. The one point, however, that I intended to get over was correctly reported: The smaller books can't tell us enough about the words. A big dictionary is to a small one as a modern refrigerator to a little old-time icebox. My newswriting students reported Thursday that almost all of them have dictionaries, most of which they brought with them to the university. If this little flurry contributes to the encouragement of the dictionary-browsing habit, it will not have been in vain.

GEORGE TURNBULL

### NO REFLECTION

To the Editor: It has been with considerable surprise that I have noted the hue and cry raised



Through four slots, shown above in the west section of the Grand Coulee dam in eastern Washington, the mighty Columbia river has been diverted from its course. The downstream cross-river cofferdam has been closed and upstream a cross-river dam, at right is approaching completion.

by a chance remark of mine to one of our worthy faculty members. I meant in now way to cast any reflection upon a school so widely known as a great University.

The work of Educational representatives of the various publishing companies is meant to be constructive, not destructive. These representatives are sent out by the publishing companies to study the needs of educational life, to seek new educational books, to find out the general educational

trends and are in fact the link between the schools and the book makers.

I note with interest the statement of your librarian, Mr. Douglass. Having spent several years on the staff of a large western University library, I can truthfully say, "The good usage (sic) the students of the University of Oregon make of their library is indeed laudable."

GEORGE E. PEASE,  
Rep. Funk & Wagnalls.

## Hop's SKIPS & JUMPS

By ORVAL HOPKINS

### ABOUT "WINTERSET."

Maxwell Anderson wrote "Winter set" in verse because he believed that ordinary prose breaks down under emotional stress, that it becomes incapable of expression. So the movies take his play and proceed to prove the very point he makes.

To read Anderson's play as published is to realize the force and power of his, if not all, poetry. Without this impetus the movie becomes quite an ordinary gangster-revenge story.

In his preface, Anderson says, "Winter set" is largely written in verse... which makes it more of an experiment than I could wish... But that didn't stop Hollywood. Hollywood saw a play which was a hit and maybe would make Hollywood some dough, so Hollywood grabbed it and tried to cash in.

It was obvious that the picture would have to present an opening and I have no kick with the one adopted. It should have been obvious that, regardless of the manner in which the play ended, Hollywood would change it. But I'm such a sucker I went down thinking maybe they wouldn't, just this once. But they did.

Anderson's play gives Mio no miraculous, bawdy escape from his gangster friend. And he gives Miriamne opportunity to prove the love she has so beautifully spoken throughout the piece. Both are killed by sub-machine bullets at the end.

That didn't stop Hollywood either. Hollywood had them running gayly off through the rain with the cop on the beat as the gangster (hooray hooray) is killed by his own gunman.

THE picture just isn't there without Anderson's poetry. What snatches of it as are used seem so startling as to throw you off even further than you already are. Mio's scathing speech about New York's finest, the police, is cut to one-third its length—needless to say, not the best third.

"The bright, ironical gods! What fun they have in heaven! When a man prays hard for any gift, they give it, and then one more to boot that makes it useless." This speech of Mio's pops so suddenly into the atmosphere that it means nothing, in the movie. It doesn't mean anything in the play.

"Winter set" just isn't the thing for Hollywood to grasp onto. In the first place verse is practically impossible, at least thus far, on the screen. The fact that two of 1936's best pictures were Shakespearean need not change that. The first, "Midsummer Night's Dream," was a lavish, pretentious, pageant, packed with star-names. The second was the oldest, most popular love story in the world, also with a "big name" cast. Besides, as has been said, Anderson wrote

## De'ouring the Columbia River

### "Winter set" as an experiment.

The least Hollywood could have done would have been to experiment along with him.

The actors, Burgess Meredith as Mio, and Eduardo Cianelli as Trock, are naturally above reproach. The thing wasn't their fault. Margo makes the run of movie actresses look like amateurs, but there is still a question about her voice.

As if movie magots hadn't done enough they apparently shoved "Winter set" off on their worst staff of technicians. Time and again Meredith's voice is drowned out by the swelling, stirring (yah yah) music. And poor Margo had but to turn away from the mike to become quite intelligible. They might have followed her a little way.

All this is purely personal of course. By all means see "Winter set." You may think it's swell.

## Campus Calendar

Students in the infirmary today are: Carl Jones, Aaron Rubino, Margaret Paulson, Bernice Howell, Dorothy Ash, Polly Lou Todd, Margaret Johnson, Irene Williams, Felker Morris, Melvin Johnson, Milton Johnson, Kenneth Leatherman, Bill Pengra, William Pierson, Barnard Hall, Avery Combs, Robert Albi, Betty Baker, Betty Dye, Brock Miller, Betty Pownall, and John Beckett.

Theta Sigma Phi members please look on bulletin board of journalism shack today.

Mortar Board will meet at the Chi Omega house for lunch today.

There will be no Phi Beta meeting tonight.

Alpha Delta Sigma, men's advertising honorary, will meet Wednesday at 4 p. m. in Professor Thacher's room in the journalism building.

## Passing Show

(Continued from page one)

ite non-intervention proposals. Representatives from England, Russia, France, Germany, and Italy are attempting to ban all foreigners from the civil struggle.

### Last Nighter

They rang the bell for the last time in his home town on Tommy Loughran, 34-year Philadelphia veteran of ring warfare, Tommy wound up what he said will be his last Philadelphia appearance by decisioning Sonny Boy Walker in 10 rounds.

The man who licked several heavyweight champions but who never held the crown gave Walker eight pounds and decisively out-pointed him. At one time in his years of campaigning, Loughran decisioned almost every major heavyweight, gave Max Baer boxing lessons, decisioned the giant

## Tune 'er Out...

By JACK TOWNSEND

Our good friend Bob Pollock has gone out of business. That is, he has gone out of the business of writing this column of radio chatter. Studies and a job have forced him to give up his brain child. Poor boy.

So he up and says, "Jack, what about you preaching the gospel of publicity that is put out by the various networks?"

So I says, "O.K., Bob, providing you will act as our guest artist once in a while."

So here goes:

Anna Sten, that exotic screen star will come to the rescue of Ben Bernie and all the lads, when she will act as his guest star for the evening. (Guest heck! She gets paid for it.) She will probably do a few scenes from her picture "Nana." KGW—6:00 p. m.

Who Am I? That program where a popular or historic person is described and it's up to the radio audience to guess who it is, will be aired tonight with a well-known cartoonist as the unknown quantity. It's our guess that the answer will be Rube Goldberg.—KGW—7:45 p. m.

How not to dig an oil well or something like that will be aired this evening on the Philip Morris program. It seems that one Daniel Purvis had a harrowing experience one time, when he was digging for oil in the mid-west and... well anyway, listen to the program and you will hear the rest of the story. Leo Reisman and his orchestra will furnish the musical side of the half hour.—KGW-8:30 p. m.

Fred Astaire will toss away his top hat while he brings listeners the gay abandon of Greenwich Village night life during his program. The playlet will be built around the new hit tune, "Slumming on Park Avenue."

Francis White will sing Conduc-

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tor Johnny Greene's "The Night Is Beginning." Conrad Thibault will sing "I Got Plenty O'Nuthin'" as a salute to George Gershwin, who was its composer and is now writing the new songs for Astaire's next picture.

Last but not least, the old favorite (at least he's our favorite) will tell how his faithful nag, Rasputin, is very ill and so will be unable to continue his training for the Santa Anita handicap.—KGW—6:30 p. m.

If you'll notice, dear readers, all of the programs that we have listed are due to be aired over KGW. But that isn't our fault... it's the fault of the NBC publicity department, as that is all that they sent in their daily news report.

As for the CBS programs, that is something that we will have to arrange for, as they seem to have forgotten that there is such a place as Eugene, Oregon. We'll have to see what can be done about the matter.

Shorts—Ken Carpenter, Bing Crosby's human dictionary is going to outdo Simone Simon in the matter of phoney names. Henceforth he will be called Ken Ken. It all came

# Oregon Emerald

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about when Bing made a pun (of all things). It seems that a stooge asked Bing, at one of the rehearsals, if he knew whether he flaunted or flouted somebody.

"No," punned Bing without a blush, "but Ken can."

The nickname stuck. Did you know that Harry (Park-yarkas) Einstein is going to be married... that Buddy Rogers is a No. 1 man in the language of the polo field... Helen Broderick is more witty off the air than she is on the air?

Well, that's enough for the first time, especially with such poor material at hand. We'll seein' ya.

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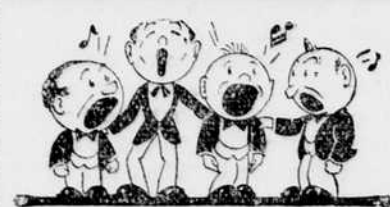
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