

Oregon Emerald

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Mechanical Pick-Pockets

PORTLAND'S Judge Crawford says pin-ball machines are lotteries; Lane county's Judge Skipworth says they're not. And meantime the city of Eugene is keeping a tight grasp on the \$2320 it has collected in licenses on the contraptions, at least until the supreme court gets around to passing on the matter.

But the suspense of waiting for our venerable judges to decide is not killing us. For we agree with our own Judge Skipworth.

Pin-ball machines are not a lottery.

A lottery gives a guy a chance; to win a lottery a person has merely to be lucky. But it takes more than luck to come out ahead of one of those mechanical pick-pockets. Not only does a person have to struggle against almost insuperable odds with the machine itself, but if it appears that the play is breaking even, the proprietor will rush over and slap an "out-of-order" sign on it.

Don't get us wrong, now. We aren't morally opposed to gambling. Contrary to W. C. Field's philosophy, however, we believe that a sucker should be given an even break. And no one ever got an even break on a pin-ball machine.

A FEW months ago, when cities throughout the state discovered that licensing of the machines offered a good source of municipal revenue and began socking on a rather neat levy, one operator expressed his indifference. "Hell, let them do it," he shrugged. "Let them take as much as they want to. I can get it back; all I have to do is fix the machines." And you can bet that he did, too.

And you can likewise bet that he put the odds against the player high enough to assure himself a neat rake-off. That the "take" on one of these machines is plenty high can be made a matter of simple observation for anyone who wants to fritter away an evening watching the nickle sports get gulled.

They push the little slide down, and the ball goes 'round and 'round. And . . . one and a while they hit a lucky one. But, filled with a plunging spirit and cheered on by a lolling gallery, they put their scanty winnings back in until the machine stops paying and they've lost it all. Then they flash a silly glance at onlookers—who meantime have turned their attention to the next gull—and mutter some wistful inanity like, "Well, I could have bought a beer with that last dime."

YOU can't win. Operators of the games don't even pretend that you can. That little metal tag that they put on most machines—"Game of skill, to be played for amusement only"—is a frank

admission that the most you can expect in the long run is the pleasure of dropping in nickles and watching the ball roll around. Which reminds us of a drunk we once saw in a restaurant, who was putting nickles in a pay phonograph, watching some gold fish swim around in an aquarium on top, and waiting for a winning combination.

Nope, you can't win. But you can't blame the operators of the contraptions too much; because they can hardly afford to let you win. They have to take a hoggish cut to meet the rapid obsolescence of their equipment; for the machines depend upon novelty as their main attraction, and when competing operators devise better nickle-traps—as they do every week or so—people will beat a path to their door. The life of a machine is short, and the players have to pay for them.

But, if it's any fun, let them go ahead and play them.

As for us, we'll play the horses. Like the marbles they go 'round and 'round. But it's more fun watching a horse any day than it is watching a marble.

The Renaissance of PE

SEVERAL years ago the intramural program of this University gained nationwide recognition as one of the strongest student sports participation schedules found among western colleges. The program has more than maintained this reputation.

Participants and directors have not been slow to take advantage of the opportunities for expansion of the program which have been afforded them with the completion of Oregon's new gymnasium. This year intramural, with gym class sports, is cutting into the roll of campus davenport decorators and turning interest toward the handball court and basketball floor.

In the old gym the intramural board was hard-put to work out a schedule which would include one major sport per term. This winter's program includes basketball—nearing completion with mid-term still in the offing—volleyball, handball, and wrestling.

WITH two basketball courts, six games engaging men of twelve organizations can be played in one afternoon. This is double the capacity of the old men's gym with its lone floor.

A closer check on the extent of the increased interest in gymnasium sports can be found in the record of the physical education department. Three hundred more students have taken out equipment this year than last. Increased enrollment in regular gym classes accounts in part for this jump in equipment issued. That the broader intramural schedule is in a large measure responsible for this increase will undoubtedly be shown when the figures on the number of students participating are calculated at the end of the term. At present, this is shown to be true, at least in a measure, by the daily count made of towels issued.

WHILE gym classes meet only every other day, the count of towels used and laundered this term is daily running about 250 higher. Larger class enrollments do not entirely account for this because the classes meet only every other day. This increase is directly due to student interest in physical education and the intramural program.

It is significant that the University's enrollment this term is less than last but that the gym's "basket enrollment" is going up. One of the major ingredients of that nebulous concoction, education, is physical culture. In formal exercise programs Hitler and Mussolini, in their roles as dictators of two great nations, have shown their recognition of this fact. Oregon's methods of equipping students with "sound minds in sound bodies" differs radically from those of dictatorship. Physically, the end is the same. Oregon is in the vanguard in the renaissance of physical culture.

Beautifying

(Continued from page one) Mozelle Hair, head of the correspondence study department of the University, who is also a member of the planning commission, is to have the Willamette river straightened, and then to have the railroad tracks moved alongside the river. This move, she explained, would eliminate all the dangerous crossings entirely. Only one overhead railroad viaduct would be necessary at Judkin's point.

Crossings Eliminated Furthermore, the project would concur with the present movement throughout the state to eliminate dangerous grade crossings, she pointed out.

"I think that if the students should be interested enough to ask for something to be done about the crossing dangers near the campus," Miss Hair remarked, "it would help to create public opinion in favor of such a project."

The city planning commission has laid the plans before representatives of the railroad, the government, and the state highway department. Miss Hair explained, and they were all interested.

"They all thought it had possibilities," she said.

Warren Smith

(Continued from page one) Oregon mineral industries as some sort of program with substantial backing is badly needed in this state.

May Be Notified "I have been notified that I will probably be called by the senate committee on mining," Dr. Smith continued, "but until I am called before that body, I do not wish to discuss the matter further, especially as I am not the chairman of the committee that prepared the bill."

Designed for the development of Oregon mineral policies, the bill would bring into existence a de-

partment to handle this work. It is at present in the hands of the geology departments of the University and of Oregon State college.

Admiral Byrd

(Continued from page one) "He was really very enthusiastic about our University," said Carmen. "His eyes sparkled as he sat back, relaxed, and queried, 'Wasn't that a grand applause the students gave me tonight? In my estimation they rank along with the University of Colorado for attentiveness, number attending and response.'"

According to the young women, Admiral Byrd seemed relieved that for the first time in days he would be able to have a day of relaxation on his way to San Francisco.

MRS. SCHWERING TO TALK Dean Hazel P. Schwering leaves the campus Monday to speak before the Business and Professional Women's club of McMinnville on "International Relations." She will be back in her office Tuesday.

No man works at TAYLOR'S, adv. Send the Emerald to your friends. Subscriptions only \$3.00 per year.

HARGIS IS ILL. D. E. Hargis, instructor in speech, is confined to his home because of an attack of influenza.

QUACKS

By IGUESSO



FLASH . . . It's coming back. And it's going to be bigger, better, greener, fuzzier, and funnier. Iguesso knows. He stopped in for a peek at a Bavarian clothing establishment the other day. And there it was in the process of making. By now it ought to be on the way. Again the campus shall be honored. Once more all will stare with envious gleams as Bob Knapp walks by in a NEW GREEN BAVARIAN HAT. Bob, friends say, favors each mail man with anticipating looks. He's never been the same since someone stole the original bonnet.

Nobody loves us. Nobody brings us our meals. We don't get excited from classes. We don't get to sleep late mornings. Pretty girls don't hold our hands and whisper sweet nothings. It sure is hell to be able to stay well and not get to go to the infirmary.

And then they make it an honor to be sick. Get yourself all worked up, score 102 and you belong to Stelma Flu honorary fraternity. No paddles and no fees, either. It just ain't right. What's there to live for?

And then to top it off, do the boys ever line themselves up in good shape. Western union yesterday hummed with messages from temporary infirmary nurses. Play-girl and formal clothes had been left in Portland. But not for long. Bill Vermilion, for instance, is squiring Nurse Pruyne to the Theta Chi formal Sat. eve. And Nurse Bradley has accepted a date with Sigma Chi's blond boy, Fayette Thompson. Why can't we get sick?

BROTHER IGUESSO II, connoisseur-of-women extraordinary, and a lover of triple-deck words, describes Kappa Igrid Liljeqvist's attitude as smart - pseudo - sophistication. Theta Cynthia, sister by blood and not sorority, was on the other hand an example of super-superior - sophistication. Cyn by the way was at last reports attending Stanford after some time spent as society editor on the McMinnville Telephone-Register.

Gambling is a vice. Slot machines are evil, and betting is worse, but so what, when it's interesting Thursday Doc Edwards' bet his grey jacket against Toni Lucas' other pet, a stray cat. She lost and gave Doc the cat.

Puckered but plucky Toni bet again. This time on the block went renowned pet lamb, now named "Samantha." Doc put up his dog. He lost. Like a good sport Loser Doc went to get the pooch. Meanwhile Sig Chi brothers, tired of the dog's inability to remember house - breaking training, had heaved it out. At last report Doc was still looking for dog, and promising to leave it on Gamma Phi sleeping porch in answer to accusations about his character.

DUCK TRACKS . . . Memories of childhood days come back when I see the WPA workmen scot by on that kiddiecar steamroller in use lately . . . Were two Tri-Delts ever surprised Wednesday. What they believed fake telephone calls asking for dates with Admiral Byrd turned out to be true. Free entertainment, a fine dinner, and a swell time with the Admiral and his pal was their lucky break. Byrd, it seems, was honored recently by Eastern members of the sorority. The girls? Marie and Jean . . . AOP's sweet Helen Mitchell doesn't have sparkling eyes as some admirers contend. Terse characterization—the embodiment of a pleasant giggle . . . Saw Dean Landsbury, usually capped, with hat the other day. Only recognizable feature of the jazz-hating dean was his constant cigar . . . For today's sparkling eyes how about Betty Crawford? . . . For a literary gallop through nonsensical nothing try Stanley Walker's "Mrs. Astor's Horse." . . . Quack, thirti.

Girls in the infirmary today are: Ruthalbert Wolfenden, Miriam Gilbert, Betty Onthank, Jerry Chessman, Dorothy Hagge, Veneta Brous, Jeanne Sherrard, Virginia Ireland, Ellen Adams, Barbara Burnham, Amy Johnson, Betty Dye, Mary Jane Piper, Betty Smith, and Prudence Price.

Boys in the hospital are: Brock Miller, Walter Wood, William Dougherty, Gordon Williams, Pat Frizzell, Vernon Bugler, Homer Craham, Walt Bratney, Bill Zimmerman, Norman Rankin, Herbert Ehrman, Fayette Thompson, Albert Holzgang, Woodrow Robinson.

102 or Bust for Dear Old Sickma Flu



102 Degrees or Bust—or What Happened to the Cough-syrup (hic!) Highballs.—By Horatio P. Alger Slugg, III.

EMERALD'S Quiz of the Week

In the results of the first two tests, the men seemed to do better than the girls, so this week the test was given to three girls and their scores will be compared with those of three boys next week. The scores of this week are: Irma Jean Randolph, a senior in journalism, who made high point score of eight; Marionbeth Wolfenden, a sophomore in social science, who answered six questions right; and June Powell, a sophomore in physical education, who also made a correct score of six. What can you do on it, girls? The answers are elsewhere in the paper.

1. Dr. Howard Taylor, psychologist, said recently that a maniac of the paranoic type, they do sound dangerous, is a: a. Student who has been flunked out of school. b. A person who believes he is a victim of circumstances. c. A person who thinks he is being persecuted. d. A person subject to moods.

2. The Baldwin \$100 prize is given for: a. A formula to cure bald heads. b. An essay on Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin. c. An essay on state or local governments. d. An essay on business ethics.

3. Cameron Beck, who told us the way to success recently, is: a. Personnel manager in the New York Stock exchange. b. A Wall Street magnate. c. A broker in the New York Stock Exchange. d. A psychology professor.

4. An editorial in the Emerald, actually written by the editor, entitled "Christianity in Practice" advocated: a. Going to church every Sunday. b. Vesper services in the music building every Sunday. c. Transient relief. d. Practising the Golden Rule.

5. L. F. Henderson, who rated a front page story recently, is: a. An alumnus of Oregon. b. A member of the board of higher education. c. Speaker on the love and marriage series. d. Curator of the herbarium.

6. Paul Smith, who also had his name in the paper, is: a. One of the Smith boys. b. Manufacturer of cough drops. c. San Francisco journalist. d. Next speaker at University assembly.

7. An outstanding feature of the recent nationwide broadcast of the University Symphony orchestra was: a. Don Casciato singing "O Sole Mio." b. The University Swing band. c. Hal Young's rendition of an aria from Manon. d. A personal talk by Willem Von Hoogstraten.

8. Rear Admiral Byrd in his talk Wednesday night advocated a peace plan. It was: a. A six months' war moratorium. b. Gratifying Germany's desire for colonies by giving her the Antarctic. c. A war to end all wars. d. Sending Hitler and Mussolini to Antarctica.

9. And since names make news, here's another one for you. Dr. Marder, who is trying to be Oregon's most hated prof, has for a first name: a. Osear. b. Arthur. c. Oswald. d. Percival.

10. According to the latest campus survey, men prefer: a. Girls who say "Oh, you wonderful man." b. No girls at all. c. Girls who are independent. d. Girls who belong to sororities.

Campus Calendar

Gene Wade, Edwin Stanton, Jerry Turner, Earl Swanson, and Charles Bailey.

Tailor-Made?

(Continued from page one) minutes. The "vanilla-flavored" steam penetrated the tobacco.

In this way, Mr. Godfrey has solved the problem of how to cut down on smoking expenses because fifty of these vanilla-cured cigarettes cost only five cents, whereas, by the package, fifty cost 37 1/2 cents. Besides, he cuts down on the number he smokes because of the time and effort involved in rolling them and in the number of them given away to well-meaning chizzlers.

Send the Emerald to your friends. Subscriptions only \$3.00 per year.

Oregon Emerald

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FOOT Lights

By EDGAR C. MOORE

TODAY'S ATTRACTIONS McDONALD: "The Plainsman" and "Dangerous Number." HELIG: "Man Who Lived Again" and "Cavalry." REX: "Trail Dust" and "Kelly the Second." MAYFLOWER: "Thank You Jeeves" and "Daniel Boone." STATE: "Powder Smoke," "Walking On Air" and the Sinn family on the stage.

Well, you unlucky people, we're out again, and instead of being able to give you a lot of snappy stuff on the "Gold Diggers of 1937," we find that they left town two weeks ago and even "After the Thin Man," "Great Guy," and "Three Smart Girls" have gone with the wind.

While "in" at the big house up there on 13th at Onyx, we didn't see the movies. But we did get a much better show than we could have seen elsewhere, not to mention the numerous "side-shows." We got the low-down on the "white parade." They were all swell, even the one that came around in the middle of the night (it must have been at least 5:30 a.m.) and poked the little glass tube between our teeth. She, as did the rest of them, held our hand. Claimed she was seeing what our pulse was. Must be our power over women!

There was Sadie, Mazie, Suzie, Hannibal, and maybe even Betty was there. Each doing her part, whether it was the wite pills, the green pills, the pink ones, or when we were exceptionally good, it was the little red capsule they would bring. Not being able to swallow such obstacles, we found them definitely NOT to be without taste. They must have helped 'cause we're out again.

To get back to the white parade. They're working harder for their money than we are. One difference is that they get it. All of them are deserving girls and if it wasn't for the fact that we are all tied up with the ballerinas from the Ballet Russe, we'd try to give them some social life, but maybe it's a break for them that we got out when we did, and before we became very violent.

By the way, it looks like "The Plainsman" would be a pretty good bet for the week-end. CURTAIN.

(or in-laws). Only memories. You've probably heard of some of the organizers.

One of them is the ever-present Jack Benny, who used to starve on the fiddle (and still would if it weren't for the rest of the cast); Walter Winchell, who was pretty cute as a hooper (would you believe it); Charlie Butterworth, who earned free board reporting lunch-on clubs and still eats hamburgers from habit; Fred Astaire, whose bread and butter came from hoof to mouth (and still does); and Ben Bernie, whose violin drove Winchell out of the theatre into journalism.

President's Ball Tonite

ORCHESTRA Armory 7th & Oak

HOW TO PRAY

(Sermon at 11:00 A. M.) "Lord, for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray; Just for today. Help me to labor earnestly, And duly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Father, today."

DRIFTING UNCONSCIOUSLY

(Sermon at 7:30 P. M.)

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Corner Broadway and High Sts. Minister: A. J. Harms, M.A., Th.D.

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