

# Oregon Emerald

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

Fred W. Colvig, editor Walter R. Verstrom, manager  
LeRoy Mattingly, managing editor

Associate editors: Clair Johnson, Virginia Endicott.

## UPPER NEWS STAFF

Pat Frizzell, sports editor.  
Paul Deutschmann, news editor.  
Bernadine Bowman, exchange editor.  
Gladys Battleson, society editor.  
Paul Flank, radio editor.

Lloyd Tupling, assistant managing editor.  
Edwin Robbins, art editor.  
Clare Leger, women's page editor.  
Leonard Greenup, chief night editor.  
Jean Weber, morgue director.

Reporters: Parr Aplin, Louise Aiken, Jean Cramer, Beulah Chapman, Morrison Bales, Laura Bryant, Dave Cox, Maryon Purley, Stan Holen, Myra Hulser, Dick Lahn, Mary Henderson, Bill Pengra, Kay Morrow, Ted Proudfoot, Catherine Taylor, Alice Nelson, Rachael Platt, Doris Lindgren, Rita Wright, Lillian Wain, Margaret Ray, Donald Seaman, Wilfred Roadman.

Sports staff: Wendell Wyatt, Elbert Hawkins, John Pink, Morris Henderson, Russ Iach, Cece Walden, Chuck Van Sooyes, Bill Nurene, Tom Cox.

Copyeditors: Roy Verstrom, Mary Hopkins, Bill Garrett, Reta Lea Powell, Jane Mirick, Tom Brady, Warren Waldorf, Theo Prescott, Lorene Marguth, Rita Wright, Jack Townsend, Woe Brooks, Marge Finnegan, Mignon Phipps, LaVern Littleton, Irene Dick, Frances McCoy, Lawrence Quinlan, Al Branson, Helen Bergeson, Judith Wedge, Betty Van Dellen, Stan Holen, George Haley, Geanne Esche, Irvin Mann.

Assistant managing editor: Day editor:  
Mildred Blackburne Bob Emerson

Assistant day editors:  
Lucille Davis  
Elbert Hawkins

Night Editors:

Bill Davenport

Assistants:  
Betty Bohnenkamp  
Mary Noto

## Blot on the Escutcheon

IT WAS just a year ago this week when a rampaging, championship-bent pack of Huskies ripped the feathers off a forlorn Duck by 20-point margins two nights in a row. But the most outstanding feature of those two games was not the skill of the Washington squad, nor the weakness of Oregon before their attack. It was a mass demonstration of rudeness by Oregon rooters that could scarcely be paralleled in the history of the University.

Saturday night was the worst. Friday the Ducks had been drubbed 42-23, and Saturday the Oregon squad was wobbling just as badly before the certainty of the Washington drive. Three thousand Webfoot rooters were in despair. Then there came what looked to all like a couple of raw decisions by the referee, and "boos" surged up in a mounting volume that wasn't stilled until the officials had awarded the Huskies two technical fouls.

Those two foul shots were by no means necessary to the Washington margin of victory; for they won 51-23. It wasn't the mere loss of points resulting from this mob disorder that made it so bad. It was the reputation for poor sportsmanship that it gave Oregon supporters.

A SPORTS commentator in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer the other day served notice that Washington has not forgotten that exhibition of discourtesy.

"All's fair in love, war, or basketball in the U. of Oregon seat of learning," he declared, "and the crowds use their vocal facilities in a manner which would shock those of us who prefer gentlemanly and lady-like audiences."

"They hoot, howl and make uncouth noises through tightly compressed lips, and the poor referee, he just stuffs a liberal supply of cotton in his ears, and hopes for the best. . . . A visiting team has to possess steel nerves to win down there—the hostility of the crowd is so strong that you can almost cut it with a knife."

But we didn't take this criticism lying down, by any means. What we resented particularly was the writer's characterization of Oregon rooters as uncouth and hostile in the present tense. We thought it was a rather broad conclusion to use those two evenings as evidence that Webfoot rooters are characteristically boorish.

AND SO last night we kept an accurate tabulation of Oregon untowardness. Sorry to say, the results were not definitely vindictive of our manners.

There were seventeen "boos," eight cat-calls, no hisses, no Bronx cheers, six jeered decisions, three jeers at undetected fouls, one laugh at a decision, and one baiting of a Washington player.

An extenuating feature of these vocal outbursts was that none of them were prolonged. But we don't really know how to interpret these statistics, for we have no basis for comparison. It might well be that the number, amplitude, and technique of last night's vocalizations were characteristic of a normal crowd of excited basketball fans. But, on the other hand, it might be that Webfooters demonstrated themselves to be incomparably more discourteous than the student bodies of, say Washington or Oregon State.

AS A matter of fact, the tabulation of gross animal noises among ball fans has never been undertaken on an exactly scientific basis, and until such a scientific treatment of these phenomena is made we are not prepared to accept the dictum of the P-I scribe. Probably the obstacles to such an endeavor at

exactness put it forever beyond accomplishment; but there is hope that the honor of the old alma mammy may be restored, if Oregon fans on their own impulse will exercise restraint over their more barbaric vocal urges.

## Get Your Tickets Here

THOSE dramatic Oregon Ducks passed the half-way mark in the conference schedule last night—passed it in first place, one half-game ahead of Washington State college and with an won and lost average of .750.

The team which sports experts a month ago were picking to place no better than third roared up and down McArthur court and battered the touted Washington Huskies for their sixth victory of the season.

We can't say I told you so. The Ducks aren't "in" yet in the conference race, not by several cinch shots. But last night they gave Oregon rooters a new thrill—the chance to yell for a team on top. Those rooters were grateful, too. They were of two minds last night as they whooped their exhausted way out of McArthur court. The more pessimistic and stolid fans were predicting an Oregon victory tonight. More imaginative and drunk with the heady wine of victory, others were wondering whom Coach Hobson would delegate to guard Stanford's machine gun man of the maple—Hank Luisetti—in the conference play-offs.

IT'S FAR too early for that kind of "iffing."

However, those surprising Oregon men played top-notch basketball last night. Aside from annexing high-score honors, John Lewis made himself the third man in Oregon's fast-breaking offense. Paired with sophomores Anet and Johansen, Lewis completed what a hockey fan would call a flashing front line.

Anyone who think Oregon's showing was a flash in the pan should think it over. There were five men out there last night, their motives conflicting directly with the Lemon and Green five as they chased the ball up and down the floor. Chuck Wagner and Bob Egge are a pair of guards who can play basketball on anybody's team—no fan could help but notice their hawk-like checking last night.

It's far too early to predict that the coast conference title will leave the Washington Wigwam for the first time in years. This is a year to shatter precedents—Oregon beat Washington for the first time in McArthur court last night, smashing one. It's too early, all right, to be that optimistic—but phooey on Duke Ellington if Ralph Schomp can offer a conference playoff as that long awaited bonus attraction.

## Miscellany

By ERNEST L. MEYER

Most serious of the charges again Dr. Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin, who this week faces trial before his board of regents on charges of incompetency, is that he fails to square pledges with performance. And in so doing has lost the loyalty of the more honest members of his faculty and the more discerning citizens of his state.

The charge is absolutely true. Dr. Frank is an eloquent liberal, a speaker of such persuasive poise and polish that in debate the weapons of his opponents remain ingloriously stuck in the syrup of his eloquence.

An example will make the point clear. The depression was late in hitting Wisconsin. And when it did strike with full violence in 1932 Dr. Frank was roaming up and down the country speaking, for a fee, from many rostrums and lading out his patent medicine for economic salvation. His recipe was "redistribution of income."

For the "Little Men"

On April 16, 1932, in an address to the American Academy of Political and Social Science at Philadelphia, he said: "A too exclusive concern with the interests of big men has stalled the economic machine. The key to a renewed economic life is the realization that the income of the little men will ultimately decide the poverty or prosperity of the economic order. Economic statesmanship must not rest until it increases generally the lower incomes of the little men."

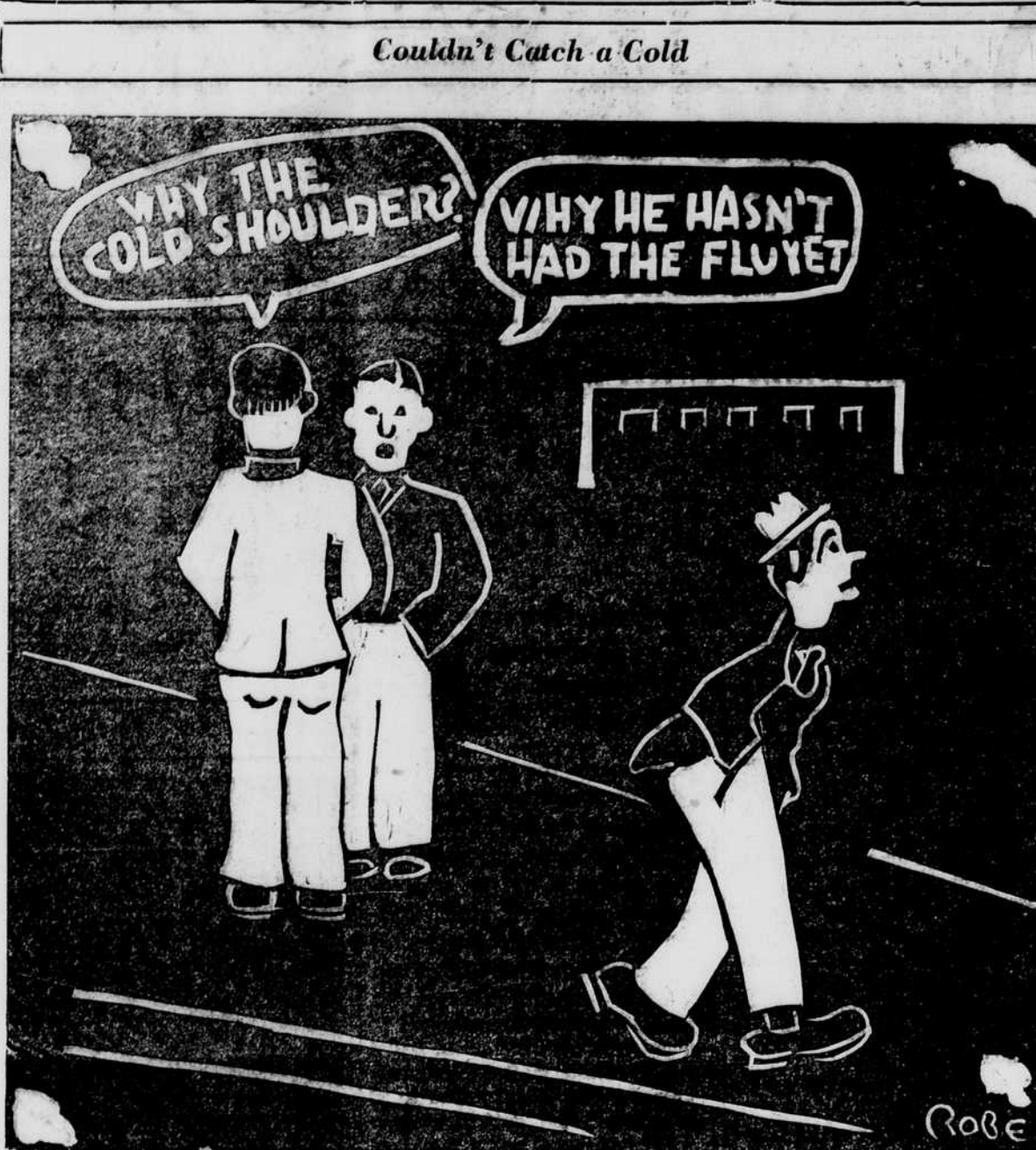
These are fine, fat and rolling phrases. Came the time to put them into practice. Governor Phil La Follette, taking the lead, voluntarily slashed his own \$7,500 salary 20 per cent. People of the state looked to Dr. Frank to follow suit, but Dr. Frank clung to his \$18,000 honorarium, his \$13,000 expense account, his free residence, his free deluxe Lincoln, his chauffeur, his \$20,000 revenue for writing and syndicating a column on university time and his paid-for speeches on behalf of the "little men."

In writing this I am aware that I sound like a demagogue and rabble rouser, or at least like one who begrudges the rendering unto Caesar. This I do begrudge when Caesar is only a Caesar on a soapbox.

What happened was that to balance the university budget Dr. Frank and a committee of regents he dominated put into effect a system of "salary waivers" whereby the faculty accepted pay cuts running from 12 per cent on a salary of \$500 or less to 16 per cent on a salary of \$3,000 and 20 per cent on a salary of \$20,000. The greatest burden thereby falling on the "little men."

Case of a Poor Scholar

I was living in Madison at the time, 1933, and I did not fully realize what this "salary-waiver" business meant until my wife and I had for supper one night a brilliant young scholar who was receiving from the university the staggering pay of \$30 a month. For his \$30 a month he corrected blue books for two large sections in philosophy,



helped his professor in secretarial and conference duties and used what spare time he could find to work on his doctor's dissertation.

This scholar had been cut 12 per cent on his \$30 salary, or \$3.60 a month.

"It means," he said simply, "that I have to give up cigarettes and one meal a day."

He was only a "little man," and to heck with him and his cigarettes. Meanwhile, besides his salary, Dr. Frank, who spouts about redistribution of income, was receiving as expenses from the state during the depression years: In 1931, \$13,068; in 1932, \$14,343; in 1933, \$16,513; in 1934, \$13,310, and in 1935, \$11,571.

And only last year Dr. Frank had the effrontery to recommend that the university income be increased by raising student fees, a proposition so shocking in the face of his own extravagance that it was promptly rejected by the regents.

Suiling a Tradition  
Now all this may sound somewhat picayunish, but it is important in analyzing the background of the revolt of all real Wisconsin liberals against the fake liberalism of Dr. Frank.

The predecessors of Dr. Frank were Charles R. Van Hise and Dean A. E. Birge, both of whom I knew, quite well. Both were liberals in spirit and so honest that they were under no compulsion to prove it in pompous orations. Both were respected for their scholarship. Van Hise in geology and Birge in biology. Both lived simply and when

they entertained, entertained simply.

Dr. Frank is no scholar and what respect he receives from the men on his faculty is based on called, in all justice, a Great Gliberal.—New York expediency rather than honesty. His opus, "Thunder and Dawn," is such a windy portfolio of pretentiousness that I have yet to find a member of his own staff who has managed to wade through its pages, a feat to which I lay claim with great modesty but with a still greater weariness.

And when the Franks entertain they entertain mostly and lavishly the bluebloods and bigwigs in politics and business and society and the high-salaried satellites of the prexy, with occasional paternalistic gestures toward the "little men."

The result in Wisconsin is not animated by "politics." It is a wholesome and needed uprising against an academic stuffed shirt who has betrayed the progressive and democratic ideals for which the university has been famous.

Neither is it a "surprise attack," which friends of Dr. Frank claim, because Dr. Frank has known for months and even years that he was slated for the skids.

It is revelatory to find the defense of Dr. Frank led chiefly by such well-known "liberal" organs and writers as the Herald Tribune, the pro-Landon St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Mark Sullivan, and especially Walter Lippmann, who in the field of journalism is another Glenn Frank. Each might be

## QUACKS

By IGUESSO



CAMPUS amateur ornithologists were in a stew last week as varied robins flocked to the University greens. Words flew as argumentation of what is and what isn't a robin prevailed. All agreed on regular robin red-breast, with whom everyone is familiar. He runs in little steps. But discord came with discussion of the smaller red-breasted species, classified as an Alaska robin. He hops. Question was whether the latter was truly a robin. This week argument can cease, as worry and sympathy increases for robin or non-robin, hopping or running through waist-high snow and slush.

So it's Ellington for the ball, huh? Good stuff. The more name bands the better. Which brings to mind the tale of a trick Maestro Ben Bernie played on a Dakota tank town this summer.

The good maestro, after much persuasion, had condescended to take a week-end flyer from metropolitan Chicago and play in Brown's Valley, South Dakota. And all for only \$1500 (fifteen hundred bucks) too.

Now the citizens of said tank town were only about 200 in number. But they scored the countryside, advertised with skill, and on the BIG night managed to draw some 700 (seven hundred) couples at \$3 (three bucks) a throw. A slight profit.

The attempt was a success. tank town's citizens three weeks later again wired Mr. Bernie in his Windy City hideout, again offered \$1500 (fifteen hundred bucks). Wired back Economic Royalist Bernie: "Fifteen hundred bucks question mark stop will send you my trumpet player

stop answer soon stop love stop Ben stop kidding me." It's a fact

A one-word characterization of College Side's Newt Smith is "stolid," according to Ignesso. With typical sarcasm, Brother Ignesso II comes back that he thinks the description perfect with the "t" left out . . . "solid."

Speaking of Smiths, one of our top faculty men has the name and precedes it with a S. Stephenson. A vocabulary plus plus is one of his many recommendations. Many many words he knows, and specializes in correct use of all.

Students who enjoy brilliant conversationalists and have similar aspirations would do well to cultivate Oregon's Oxford-trained Prof. Smith. A brilliant mind for recollection is his. Only slips are noticed by third-termers in his courses, when jokes repeated become too familiar. They're usually good, though.

DUCK TRACKS . . . From all reports Sunday's ski train might have been more appropriately named with a "whi" preceding the "ski." . . . Phi Sig's perfection in chastity, Cece Barker, had the usual monotony (?) of a special-delivery letter every Sunday at the dinner table broken this weekend by a long-distance call Saturday night from his beloved and betrothed WSC coed. . . . Which reminds us that friends of Althea Peterson contend she still receives two a day and three on Sunday from handsome Bill Schloth, now at Harvard. . . . Letters, not phone calls. . . . Sunday's society told of the marriage of ex-alum secretary Bob Allen and former campus leader Velma Farnham. . . . Last week we called Irwin (O-one) Cory's crooning at the park melodic with a question mark. Parkites Saturday disagreed, came out of usual silent stoogy shell, and applauded with some vigor. More than surprised were leading Sig Chi claquers.

## FOOT Lights

By EDGAR C. MOORE

TODAY'S ATTRACTIONS  
McDONALD: "Plainsman" and "Dangerous Number."  
HEILIG: "Theodora Goes Wild."  
REX: "Texas Rangers" and "Three Married Men."  
MAYFLOWER: "Dimples."  
STATE: "Follow the Fleet" and "Nine Days a Queen."

"Theodora Goes Wild" at the Heilig and she brings to us a new and different Irene Dunn, a dyed-in-the-wool comedienne. This is probably as light and easy as any comedy that will come this year. It definitely had something to it that held interest and at the same time drew a multitude of laughs.

Miss Dunn as Theodora is a small town girl, taken to writing stories of the "true romance" type. While at her publishers, she meets an artist, Melvyn Douglass, who follows her home and creates a scandal by his attentions to her. She finally falls for him and then finds out that he has a wife.

She goes "wild" in trying to induce Douglas' wife to get a divorce and it makes perfect entertainment.

Bringing to life "Wild Bill" Hickok, is "The Plainsman," at the McDonald, a fast moving tale of the frontier days after the civil war. Jean Arthur comes closer to stardom for her excellent performances in this picture. She plays as "Calamity Jane," frontier beauty and woman of action and Hickok, played by Gary Cooper, falls in love with her.

This picture could easily be taken as a memorial to those who helped open the West for the immigrants.

The photography is exceptionally good.

. . . For sparking eyes today, ZTA Rosalynne Kitchen. . . . A very damp, saucy, slushy, sopping Quack, thirty.

## Tune 'er Out...

By JACK TOWNSEND

### TONIGHT'S BEST BETS

6:00 p. m.—Ben Bernie.  
6:30 p. m. — KGW — Packard hour.  
7:30 p. m. — KGW — Jimmy Fidler.  
7:55 p. m. — KORE—Basketball.  
8:30 p. m. — KOIN — Pick and Pat.  
9:00 p. m.—KGW—Death Valley Days.

Comes the revolution! Our friend Pollock didn't like the way we ribbed him the other day about his grand column that he didn't turn in, so he goes and writes something that he calls a radio column, but if it's a radio column then we're a boiled owl. Here it is:

By BOB POLLOCK

Today the Townsend act is repealed and the original Tuner Out goes on the air, saying nothing—about as usual.

Recently—because of a pair of sevens and a five from home—we accumulated a radio. One of these Monkey Ward mantel models. Downtown they put the old bite on you for \$12.95—so it cost us \$8.50.

Nice little outfit—brings in KOA, XER, KORE—and the landlady, howling like hell about the noise. Also brought in a law student weaving homeward from the shingle-hanger's brawl at the Del Rey . . . smart lad—his mother having been badly frightened by an unabridged edition of Webster some time before his premier—and he stood incoherently in the middle of the floor and muttered about women and a babe in Seattle—but this is a family paper.

About wrestling. Went to a match the other night in the local well-padded wring. Well-named. The boys do their earnest best to do just that to each other's necks and the heart of the grunt and groan public. Sat in a ring-side seat—because of an Annie Oakley.

Comes the semi-windup. Sailor Trout and a guy with whiskers called Otto Luger. Bout goes on for a few minutes, suddenly Trout hoists his carcass into the air and lets go a flying drop-kick that fans the Dutchman's whiskers but misses him entirely. But the lads in the two-bit seats cannot see this. So—with

## Oregon Emerald

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official student publication of the University of Oregon, Eugene, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, examination periods, the fifth day of December to January 4, except January 4 to 12, and March 5 to March 22, March 22 to March 30. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rate, \$5.00 a year.

BUSINESS STAFF  
Circulation Manager.....Caroline Hand  
Asst. Jean Farrens  
Frances Olson.....Executive Secretary  
Copy Service Department  
Manager.....Venita Brous  
National Advertising  
Manager.....Patsy Neal  
Assistant: Eleanor Anderson.  
Collection Manager.....Reed Swenson  
Friday Advertising Manager: Charles Skinner; Assistants: Maxine Glad.

an expression of awful agony on that part of his face visible above the hirsute decoration—Luger sits on the back of his lap, holding his puss. Would suggest Otille recruit a few actors at the Armory for her next production. Those boys can really put it out.

Prize. The head-writer who scribbled when men of the desert had taken Jerusalem: "ARABS CAPTURE CHRIST'S HOME TOWN." Thirty.

## Passing Show

(Continued from page one)  
for the nation's motion picture audiences.

### Misses New Deal Issues

Only minor new deal issues were ruled upon by the supreme court decisions were handed down. Important issues concerning proposed yesterday as the last of its formal national legislation are expected to be brought up at the next session Monday.

## Eugene Propeller Club Installed by Portlander

Because G. K. Conyer, president of the Port of Portland Propeller club, was absent Philip Thurmond, secretary of the Portland Propeller club, presented the Port of Eugene Propeller club with its charter at an installation banquet last Saturday.

Mr. Thurmond discussed the general objectives of the club. Calvin Crumbaker, professor of economics, also spoke.

Glenn Kantock, student president, was general chairman of the program. A. L. Lomax, professor of business administration, is honorary president.

No man works at TAYLOR'S. adv.

SCIENCE PROVES THAT  
BETTER SIGHT LIGHTING  
CUTS DOWN DRAIN ON  
YOUR VITALITY!

With poor lighting you are  
wasting your energy . . . injuring  
your eyes . . . and spoiling  
your own chances for better  
grades.

Don't guess about your light  
. . . have it checked. Electricity  
is so reasonable in Eugene that  
the price cannot be considered  
in comparison with your sight.  
New type I.E.S. study lamps  
make adequate lighting possible  
in any room. Let us check  
your lights.

Eugene Water Board