

# Oregon Emerald

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## Millenium Arrived

WEEKS OF WONDER as to what body of rules guides the administration of student government on this campus come to a close with today's announcement that the executive council, empowered under the constitution adopted last spring, has at last drawn up and approved a set of by-laws.

Interested students whom suspense has led to await great and radical change in the new by-laws will be surprised to learn, when the complete code is published tomorrow, that no material departure has been made from the regulations that have governed the ASUO in the past. This fact will be gratifying to all who have found no cause for complaint in the way student government has traditionally been conducted. But it will be a sore disappointment to members of the student body who believe that the by-laws should clothe the rather barren ASUO constitution with a more energetic and responsible government.

Nevertheless, the new by-laws do provide the necessary general framework of government, and they are better than nothing. They at least provide a basis from which the change toward a more representative and active student rule can be made.

THE GREAT complaint with the status quo of ASUO government is that its character depends to a large degree upon the character of its officers. It may be said that this is true of any system; it can't be better than those who administer it.

In this respect, the ASUO has been fortunate this year. Both Fred Hammond and his successor, Gib Schultz, have done their utmost to conduct a clean and energetic administration. But the ASUO will not always be so fortunate. The possibilities of "grave politics" that the present set-up affords make the character of student government pretty much of a gamble.

"Cleaning up campus politics" is a clarion sounded each year about this time when political fences are forming. A cynical campus, however, has become hardened against expecting any real answer, even though promises are insincerely uttered by candidates every spring.

But this may be the year of the great millenium. Who knows?

## Family Re-Union

DOWN SOUTH, students of two major universities became a little bit excited over a football game last fall. Several days before the game, just as they were beginning to soak up the spirit of the thing, the lads split open a few heads, which didn't matter much, and in their enthusiasm tipped over a street car. The presidents of the schools threatened to cancel the football game, but it was played despite the fact that thirteen of the most energetic supporters from one of the schools languished in jail. Probably most of the thirteen couldn't tell you off-hand today which team scored the first touchdown.

This was a demonstration of the keen, inspiring rivalry that can exist between schools which, because of their nature and location, are competitors. Two schools so situated—and we're glad that they are not the ones in the above example—are Oregon and Oregon State college.

GRADUATES from way back when Oregon men were men and the University professors quaked in their shoes as they walked across the almost barren campus, may raise the complaint about lack of "colorful rivalry" and good old interschool "hatred." If there is a dearth of this rivalry, it is fortunate and commendable. However, the absence of brawling between rooters of the two state institutions can probably be better attributed to a more common sense attitude and a more clean-cut conception of spectator sportsmanship. When the final gun sounds, the game is over, in the records, it is

a memory and not a fighting issue. In the last two years, spectators of both schools have tolerantly recognized this fact and a finer relationship between the two schools has been a by-product.

The relationship between Oregon and OSC is not all that is to be desired, however, for it is one of tolerance. There is little positive acceptance or recognition of a close tie between the state's two major schools. Neither institution is big enough to thumb its nose at the world; and, for all purposes, a close bond of understanding and feeling is to be desired.

The opinions which students at Eugene and at Corvallis hold of each other, the interest and friendship which exists, indeed even the conceptions held of the nearby campus are those which have been formed by direct personal contact, as man to man. There has been little intermingling of the student bodies as such, no formal group get-togethers.

AN OPPORTUNITY for opening up and fostering conviviality will be afforded just eight days from today when the so-called Lemon-Orange Squeeze will be held in Gerlinger hall after the State-Oregon game. Although Oregon is the host and the proceeds of the affair go towards turfing our Hayward field, Beaver cooperation has been asked and the dance will be presented by the two student bodies in the first cooperative effort of this sort which has been made, at least in recent years.

The Lemon-Orange Squeeze has possibilities. Properly handled it can accomplish a great deal of good, for it is the symbol of good will, the meeting of emissaries of neighboring educational "nations." As a regular social feature, it should be one of the major events of both schools for the year. It can and should foster that positive relationship which may replace mere tolerance. In fact, it ought to go quite a ways in making every student say and feel towards the enrollment of the other school: "I'm glad to go to different schools with you fellows at the same time."

## 'Hell Hath No Fury'

WRATH OF outraged womanhood is vented in today's comment column when a disillusioned coed accuses Oregon's males of being crude, inconsiderate, and completely innocent of those little refinements with which civilization has attempted to gloss over the primitive brute.

Filled with bright ideals of "knighthood in flower" the little girl descended upon the campus. But alas, it was not long before these ideals fell, trampled beneath large, brogue-clad feet of mannerless Oregon males.

All of which, we fear, is too, too bad for the poor girl, who would probably be the first to stick up for women's right to invade a man's world on what she fondly terms a man's basis.

But regardless of determined efforts to prove she can "take it" as well as a man, today's woman is just as much of a softie as she ever was. She can't get over expecting to receive consideration and a few attentions from the hardy males who escort her about, and whom she meets on the campus. And perhaps she still has a right to.

After all, if a man chooses to assert his hairy-chested masculinity, he should at least pick on someone his own size.

## Camups 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.)

### IDEALS SHATTERED

To the Editor: As a freshman I suppose that I really have no right to make any complaints. Still there comes a time in the life of even a very humble and insignificant freshman girl when she turns from green to red and rises up in righteous wrath and demands an explanation.

The cause of this outburst is probably my unbalanced outlook on life, but please give me a hint.

Have things come to such a pretty pass that a girl is forced off a rainsoaked path into a marsh of slushy grass because she fears for her safety as a crowd of Oregon's mighty athletes stomp towards her? Is it too much to expect of an Oregon male to hold a door open for a woman? Has this era of equality of the sexes brought about a complete dismissal of the old habit of hat tipping? Do Oregon men take females for mind readers, or don't they bother about introductions?

Please inform, for I fear that some of my beautiful ideals of knightly and gallantry are being shattered. L.F.

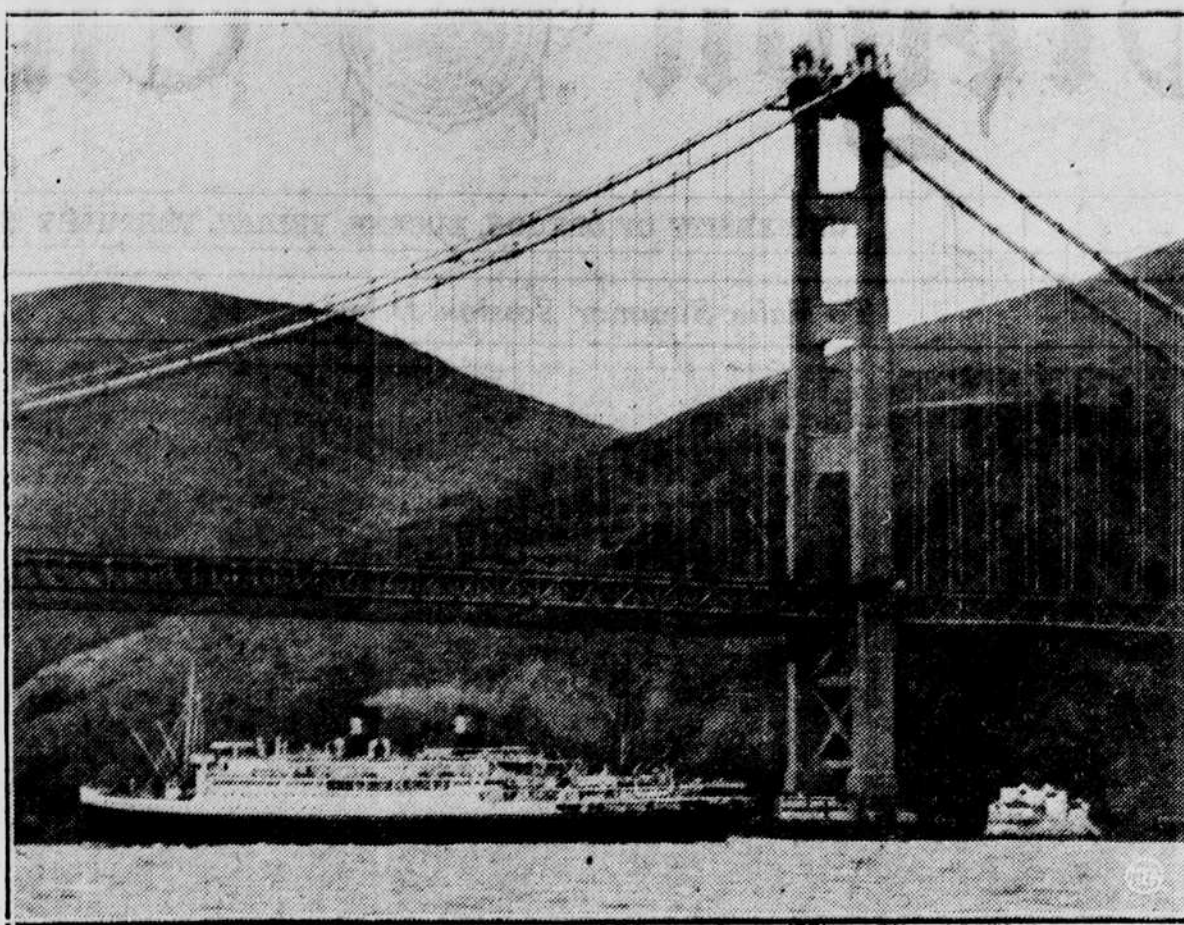
### DIRTY TRICK

To the Editor: Whilst I have heard many profs comment and even praise the various labor movements that have forced employers to give their workers sanitary and healthful working conditions, the administration has been playing a dirty trick on the journalism school.

In a place where students are constantly working over typewritten and small typeset matter the lighting is woefully inadequate. And what is probably more immediately distressing is the fact that the restrooms are shut up each evening promptly at five o'clock—they don't do this to any other school, why should we be the victims?

Please, dear editor, would you try to do something about it? ply

## First Strike-Bound Vessel to Clear Bridge



The Hoover, above, was the first American vessel to pass under the Golden Gate bridge in 100 days because of the maritime strike. Outward bound from San Francisco, destination the Orient, the Hoover is passing under the Gate bridge, which is nearing completion.

# BLACK MENACE

By H. RIDEM RAGGED  
EPISODE SIX

"Second to Die"

What Has Gone Before: A mysterious being whom headlines have sensationally named the "Black Menace," holds the campus in terror. One victim has already met a horrible death and prophecy has been made for the second to die, one Din Toomas.

The boys at the Delta Kappa Phi house were surprised, it is needless to say, when they found Tom Masters getting up not more than five minutes after he was called. This was exceedingly unusual, for it was Tom Master's habit to have his name on the call sheet for every half-hour interval between 6:30 and 10:00, and even then he sometimes slept in till noon. And here was Tom Masters getting up with the freshman.

It was table talk at breakfast, and when Tom presented himself among his house brothers, he was immediately besieged with questions.

"Don't you realize what day this is?" he queried in return. A chorus of negative answers.

"Fools," Tom chided, "this day will go down in history—this is probably the biggest day the University campus will ever see. There's murder in the air. Today is the fatal day for one Din Toomas, by prophecy of none other than the Black Menace."

Divers remarks and opinions followed; Tom did not wait to enter in the discussion.

"Sorry I can't stick around and talk, so you louts could learn what's going on around the campus, but I've got to hit me someplace where I can concentrate. I'm going over to the College Side where I can drink my coffee in quiet."

Not many minutes later, Tom was sipping his coffee amid the quiet of the College Side. Of course, he thought, there was noise of a kind—with so many people crowding about in the aisles and around the pin-ball machines, with a hot game of early morning bridge going on in the next booth, and occasional shouts to waitresses from seniors in rear booths—but it was a quiet noise, not the kind that disturbs one's thoughts.

The matter at hand was Din Toomas. He had refused protection. Had shouted vociferously something about civil rights and freedom when Tom asked to be his official bodyguard for this fateful day.

The death prophecy over the police radio had set no definite time—a difficulty which necessitated someone's being with Din Toomas all day. This Tom had arranged. Reluctantly, Honey Lorraine had consented to offer Toomas her company during the first part of the day.

The plan was a very simple one. It had worked out almost by itself. Honey was afraid, and had remarked, "Suppose he were to be killed while I am with him?" And the answer was obvious—Tom would see that others were with him too—plenty of others, all with nothing to do. Then it was that Tom had thought of the College Side.

The clock on the back wall pointed to 8:15.

Tom heard a couple in the next booth shuffling out of their seats, a remark from the girl, "C'mon, we're just in time for our eight o'clock."

## Hop's SKIPS & JUMPS

By ORVAL HOPKINS

BEING practically helpless before the barrage of words being turned out daily in the noble sheets of the nation regarding the Supreme Court beef I shall give you a few bits of what the boys who are supposed to be in the know are saying.

Starting locally I find Carl Smith, of the Journal's Washington staff, on the fence regarding the proposed judiciary reform, although he leans toward favoring it, saying, "... no lightning changes can be reasonably surmised from the Roosevelt proposal. In the course of time the new blood would tend toward liberalism, but the youngsters would in turn grow old and there would be no assurance that all of them would remain constant in sympathy with the views of the president who appointed them."

Johnny Kelly, ditto for the Oregonian, against it: "Should the present plot to stack the Supreme Court be successful then the three constitutional branches of government would be rolled into one. ... Wherein would the situation differ from Italy, Germany, or Soviet Russia?" Tut-tut, Mr. Kelly.

Ray Tucker, in the Eugene News, another on-the-fence: "The scrap has smashed social, family, party lines. Congressional corridors sizzle with steamed talk. Cocktail parties break up in rows over the issue. ... Men on the street split about 60-40 against the judges."

Rodney Dutcher in the Register-Guard, also a straddler: "The cold fact is that the battle will be one between conservatives and liberals. ... Now there's an astute observation."

Senator Soaper: "Some days we pop from the hay as young as a Tennessee bride, only to pull in at night feeling as old as a Supreme Court justice after reading the newspapers."

FRANK R. KENT, an aginner, calls the proposal "the president's plan to circumvent

and seize the Supreme Court" and "this comprehensive scheme for bending the courts to the New Deal will;" goes on, "if Supreme Court had decided the New Deal measures were constitutional . . . the proposal Mr. Roosevelt now makes would never have been thought of—and everybody knows it."

Dorothy Thompson recognizes need for a loosening of the court's bonds on Congress, but says she "would prefer to have (the issue) met by courage rather than subterfuge."

Heywood Brown, on the fence: "Mr. Roosevelt is fighting for his life, and liberals who join in the attack upon his supreme court plans are likely to find that even if they win they will end up with more burnt fingers than chestnuts."

General Hugh S. Johnson: "It would be a swell idea for the opposition to stop screaming and jumping up and down and to keep the debate on the issue and an enemy of the Constitution Mr. Roosevelt as a dictator and an enemy of the constitution, the republic, mother, home, and flag. . . . It is bonhead strategy and rotten tactics."

Walter Lippmann, probably the champion aginner: "No issue so great or so deep has been raised in America since secession. No blow has been struck which . . . would so deeply injure the moral foundations of the republic."

# Tune 'er Out...

By JACK TOWNSEND

Today's Best Bets  
6:00 p. m.—Hollywood Hotel—KOIN.  
6:30 p. m.—Twin Stars—KGW.  
7:00 p. m.—Senator Wheeler—KEX  
7:30 p. m.—Varsity Show—KGW.  
8:30 p. m.—Hal Kemp—KOIN.

While on the subject of dance orchestras, it might be interesting to note that Hal Kemp and his orchestra rates number one position in the professional dancing class circles. This was shown in a recent poll of the classes. Kemp returns to the air-lanes this evening at 8:30—KOIN.

On the Hollywood Hotel program we get an airing of the Black Legion film which played at the Heilig last week. The story has been changed in places, adapting it to radio audiences, but it should be good.—KOIN at 6:00 (yes, we realize that's the dinner hour, but . . .)

The Pontiac Varsity show will salute the University of Pennsylvania this week. Penn is noted for its superb productions using campus talent, so the show should be the best in weeks. The eighty-piece band will be one of the main attractions.—KGW—7:30 (Wonder when Oregon gets a chance?)

Meredith Willson will present one of his "finds" on the Carefree Carnival this evening. An untrained tenor is the surprise package of the broadcast on KGW—9:00. Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, will explain why he and several other congressmen are opposing the president's latest move to change the Supreme Court.—KEX—7:00. ....

Diabetics: Here's a hot tip! Don't tell anybody who told you, or don't even tell anybody, we promised we wouldn't.—Benny Goodman and orchestra will play for one of the campus dances during the spring term. . . . sh . . . sh . . . Pick and Pat, of Pipe Smoking Time, are taking two-weeks vacation in the south (to get atmosphere, so they say) . . . Bobbie Breen (again) is soon to have his own program on the air. . . . they're calling Eddie Cantor the "Maker of Stars" around Hollywood. He's put Rub-inoff, Parkyakarkas, Bobby Green, and Deanna Durbin on the map as far as radio is concerned. . . . and still some guy (he writes a radio column in the Oregonian) can sit back and pan this Dean of Comedians. . . . That's about enough.

court which is tipped against him by one or two votes."  
Mrs. FDR: Three guesses. There they are, children. Pick one out and bite off a chunk.

**Kumonover**  
says Joe, "If you want a real meal of tasty, succulent food—or a delicious after-theater snack."  
Vintages served with meals and sold to take out.

**Imperial Lunch**  
755 Willamette St.

Tune 'em in  
**HAL KEMP and KAY THOMPSON**  
**Chesterfield's Friday Night Show**

music and.. rhythm

**ALL COLUMBIA STATIONS 8:30 P.M.**

**Oregon Emerald**  
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