

Oregon Daily Emerald

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The Oregon Daily Emerald, official student publication of the University of Oregon, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays and final examination periods. Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

Transfusion by Endowment?

CHARLES Erwin, president of the class of 1938, has announced the appointment of a committee to study the possibilities for a senior endowment. The news is significant when it is noted that action was taken without any official suggestion, but arose out of student interest in such a move.

The committee has a large task before it. First of all in the study of types of endowments, a large and complicated field awaits the scrutiny of the committee. Secondly, in arriving at recommendations to be submitted to the class, they must exercise care and discretion with an eye toward plans which would be practical and feasible for the present class.

The idea of an endowment has been suggested before, but with little success. Oregon students have not been particularly well supplied with cash, nor have they been spurred into aiding their alma mater by tradition or precedent.

THE suggestion, which has arisen among members of the senior class, shows a desire to help the University with what it needs the most—additional funds. Lack of endowments or substantial gifts, and the necessary curtailment of state funds has prevented Oregon from developing new educational fields and expanding old ones.

Because of these deficiencies Oregon and its students have been plagued for many years by the problems of crowded buildings, lack of laboratory equipment, loss of professors because of low salaries, and the myriad of related difficulties caused by insufficient funds.

HIGH standards of Eastern institutions are made possible largely through gifts. For one well-known college contributions totaled \$1,250,000 over a period of three months, according to a recent report. This is more than the University is allotted by the state legislature for the entire year. At Harvard there is a well-established tradition among graduates to accept an unvoiced pledge to give their alma mater at least \$100 in their first 20 years after graduation.

Forecasting such a tradition on the part of Oregon alumni is premature on the basis of the news of a committee to study the problem of a senior endowment. The start made by the seniors is, however, a step in the right direction.

The idea deserves the careful attention of seniors. Whether it be accepted, discussion will present the endowment suggestion to the campus, reveal its possible defects, or show its intrinsic value.

SIDE SHOW

Edited by . . .

Paul Deutschmann

All is not progressing so smoothly in the Japanese-Chinese war. The expected easy victory over China's disorganized millions has developed into a real battle with Japan's military efficiency bogging down in the strategic Suchow area.

Coupled with the announcements of the stalled Rising Sun regions, come reports of cabinet difficulties in Japan herself. Trouble has arisen over the demands of militarists that the drastic mobilization law be invoked. The present premier, Prince Konoye, beset with illness, has been handicapped in his fight against the measure.

Yesterday morning, with oriental politeness, he apologized to the "emperor, the soldiers in the field and the people generally" for having been sick, which reminds us of an old Chinese custom.

In pre-Republic days, the emperor was held personally responsible for great disasters. When things became particularly bad, he would lie himself to his local temple, kneel before his gods, pray them to forgive

him, the sole, solitary cause of the disaster facing China.

But Prince Konoye need not apologize to the people for being sick. He might rather get the military "destiny" men to ask humble pardons of a people who have put up with a great deal from twentieth century "samurai."

While the cabinet situation in Japan is rather clouded at present due to lack of authentic reports, the future has numerous possibilities.

For example: continued failure of troops in the land of the dragon will awake some popular resistance, even though censorship keeps accurate news of the situation dark. In the face of this resistance, which may be increased when economic conditions get worse (as international experts say they must), the military party may force the invocation of the mobilization law.

With the mobilization law in effect resistance to the war will

probably be stopped forcefully. The evil effects of this, however, will tell on Japan in the future.

The possibility of Japanese armies giving up the Chinese campaign as a bad investment are about as slim in the immediate present as thinking of someone assassinating the emperor. The supreme conviction which has characterized the Nipponese war machine in recent years will not be overcome until economic paralysis makes continuation absolutely impossible.

The other alternative, that the Japanese will smash through to more victories, must also be considered, even though it looks doubtful right now. If victory comes soon enough Japanese problems will be eased.

At any rate the events which are occurring in the land of Confucius bear watching. The casual observer may dismiss it with a nod as "an Asiatic affair," but the outcome of the present war will have a great and lasting effect on the history of the entire world.

In the Mail

WASTED SPACE

To the Editor:

Just what, if anything, has John Pink got on the ball that the rest of us haven't, that would cause you to waste one whole page on the silly drivel that you printed yesterday about his leaving school? In one of his so-called articles he mentioned the fact that the

Emerald wasted reams of paper in printing stuff about the political hash . . . What in the name of decent journalism does he call that stuff that filled up page six in yesterday's edition?

The Emerald, as I understand it, is supposed to be a newspaper, not a place for would-be publicity seekers to spout their stuff . . . stuff that even

the editor of the lowest tabloid wouldn't use as space fillers. There wasn't a single sentence in that whole page of thoughts that were of no interest to anyone except Pink.

Let's keep the Emerald a students' paper, not a paper that celebrates the return home of every small town punk (or maybe it should be spelled pink)

From where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

In our aimless meanderings today we happened to wander up to McArthur court, where Horace Robinson and his overall-clad crew were preparing the immense stage for the forthcoming production of "Peer Gynt."

Just in case you haven't imbibed any of Zollie Volchock's publicity yet, we will explain that the stage for "Peer Gynt" is being built in the balcony at McArthur court, a job of no mean proportions. The steps or seats, as you will, in the balcony must be taken into consideration, and the whole stage is constructed on these different levels.

Nine different scene changes will be made, with the limited material at hand called to represent everything from a Norwegian hillside to an oasis in the Arabian desert. And we may say that when Robinson gets through with it, it will, and with the greatest degree of effectiveness.

This business of building a stage out of nothing is no new thing to Robinson. Working within the cramped limits of the Guild hall stage, Robinson has produced some unbelievably fine sets. Witness the difficult tasks he attempted with the sets of "Ethan Frome" and "Bury the Dead"—tasks which might have stumped a less ingenious designer. But not Robinson.

Working with sheer immensity, this summer Robinson designed the huge stage for the Oregon Trail pageant presented in Eugene. This stage, the largest outdoor stage in the world, was 600 feet long and 80 feet wide—and if you don't think that's a lot of stage you should have seen how its proportions dwarfed the more-than-two-thousand members in the cast, along with numerous covered wagons, cattle, horses, and such.

The most striking thing about the pageant stage, aside from its size, was the lighting, for with lighting Robinson succeeded in giving the impression that this outdoor stage extended only to the limits its mountainous backdrops set—the background of undecorative fairground surroundings was blotted out completely.

Indirect lights were concealed in trees, behind drops, were arranged to shine through salt water, producing a blurred, soft effect—Robinson's ingenious mind clicked neatly, from the time he sat down to brush his hair out of his eyes and draw the original plans for the stage to the screwing in of the last light bulb before the performance. And when we say ingenious we mean ingenious, for Robinson, usually called on to work within a limited budget, is a wonder at turning out the mosta and besta of stage with the least and most dubious materials at hand.

Today, when we went up and looked at the obstacles Robinson has to overcome in staging "Peer Gynt," we would have shrugged out shoulders and said "it can't be done"—if it had been anyone else besides Robinson. For we know his magic habit of turning a few dubious-looking boxes and boards into a stage that's really and undeniably "sump'n."

What would you do if someone told you you had to create an Arabian desert oasis out of a bunch of steps and of blue-green boxes in varying sizes? Probably, just like us, you'd call it a day and go home and take up the study of the Chinese language, or something easy.

The stage is hard, it seems, on others besides Robinson. Ellamae Woodworth, president of Master Dance, assured us that leaping up and down its various levels was a bit more than tiring. She optimistically presumed, though, that it would probably take off that extra ten pounds she had put on—she showed us where.

When we wandered in, a tub of paint had just been spilled, and a bright blue-green stream of it dribbled down the steps. What with that, and the lavish amount of it splattered on the white overalls and splashing the noses of the busy crew, it seems surprising there would be enough paint left to paint the scenery. We shuddered when we looked up into the dim reaches of McArthur court ceiling to see several of the stage "hands" teetering about on the precarious-looking catwalks too far overhead to be comfortable.

But everyone seemed happy, paint-splattered or no.

Incidentally, we admired the splendid impartiality Zollie showed on publicity folders for the production in his happy combination of "The majesty of Ibsen, the melody of Grieg, the mastery of Robinson." "Ibsen," he adds coyly, "would have loved it."

We bet!

with a full page spread that is totally lacking in interest and entirely devoid of anything that is newsworthy.

Jack Townsend.

P.S. My how time flies? Why in yesterday's edition the date line read Saturday, April 23, 1938, and here several hundred of us students were under the impression that it was only Tuesday, April 19, 1938.

J.T.

COMING EVENTS . . . ?

To the Editor:

Albeit a bit tardily and albeit crowing is in poor taste, I am impelled to comment on a recent strange event in the local world of sports.

One day last week we were informed by the Emerald that a touring team of hockey playing lassies from the golden state of California were planning to pay us a visit and demonstrate to our modest little

girls in green just how this vigorous outdoor game ought to be played. It seemed as though they were to show us how in the first half, then choose up sides for the second half so there could be a real contest.

Came the appointed day, the game was on, and lo, a strange phenomenon. For instead of acquiescing meekly in the learning process the girls in green took matters into their own hands, and when the smoke of battle cleared the score was Oregon 2, California 1.

Gentle reader, a moral is to be drawn. What the girls in green do in the springtime the boys in green are apt to repeat in the fall. And when Graybeal, Rowe, and the rest start going over, under, around and through some of the California lines next autumn, never let it be said that we didn't predict just such a strange phenomenon a long, long time in advance.

Bill Williams.