

MYSTERY to HISTORY

By
GLENN HASSELROOTH

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"My Son, My Son!" by Howard Spring.

William Essex, son of a Manchester washwoman, when only 12 made up his mind when the town bullies pushed him in the mud, that he would some day rise above them, that when he married he would not let his children grow up lacking the things he needed and wanted in his impoverished childhood. He married Nellie Moscrop, whom he did not love, out of kindness to her father, for whom he had worked as baker's delivery boy. William and Nellie had only one child, Oliver, physically as beautiful as any living being.

Thus, with William Essex as narrator, we see his career as he goes from bakery to dddd ddd goes from bakery to toy factory to the writing of novels and plays. Through 40 years we follow his friendship with Dermot O'Riordan, his two daughters, and a son born the same evening as Oliver.

Together William and Dermot mapped out the futures of their boys, for each believed that "in our children we live again." But these wishes never saw fulfillment, partly because their intense desires for the boys' welfare got out of control, partly because the ways of the English middle class could not condone their actions.

Dermot's boy, Rory, grew up in the overpowering love of Ireland which his father had pressed into him since the day he could walk, and with curses against England upon his lips. Oliver, coddled by his doting father, lived a worthless existence, smug and unconcerned. The two boys developed a fondness for one another, but gradually grew apart from their fathers. Rory went off to support the Irish rebellion, and Oliver was turned into a killer by the war.

But there are more than these four who have importance in Mr. Spring's novel. There is Dermot's elder daughter, Maeve, one of the most appealing characters in the story, who set her heart on becoming an actress, and who starred in William's plays when she grew up. Nor could you forget Maggie Donnelly, daughter of an Irish Fen, who married Rory and pledged herself to the cause. And there is Livia Vaynol, the sophisticated and wanton beauty who was shared by father and son, and whose weakness tore them apart all but for good. On each of these the selfish ways of Oliver took some toll, as he killed, destroyed, and broke their hearts.

The title, in which the ending and essence of the plot are contained, is taken from the words of King David, who upon the death of Absalom "was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

The novel is long, old-fashioned, charmingly and dramatically told, and sad. But the tragedies found therein have forewarning, so that the shocks that come in reading, unlike those of real life, will not be too hard to understand and reconcile oneself to. Oliver's father, in telling the story, generally

On Behalf of Socrates, and Associates . . .

SEVERAL days ago Dr. H. G. Townsend, professor of philosophy at the University, submitted a question to his classes. It was his purpose, he said, to discover if he could what they thought the place of philosophy in a university was. The question was not wholly academic. It is possible with the retirement of Dr. Rebec that the philosophy department of the University—already skeletonized—will be reduced still further.

There are many reasons why people feel that such subjects as philosophy are unnecessary frills on the curriculum of a university. For one thing a tendency among colleges today is to give students what they want. And most students seek, above all else, to prepare themselves for a job when they go to college. At graduation they want not only a diploma but the certainty that their four years of work have made their worries over economic security immeasurably lighter than their comparatively uneducated fellows. If a school in a university or college has a reputation for placing its products, that school immediately bulges with entrants. The forestry department at the state college, the journalism school at the University are cases in point.

BUT a university is not a trade school. It must make concessions to practicality, to be sure. The young men and young women who are its products must be able to find employment when they graduate. Unless this

is possible a state university cannot long continue.

It must be remembered, however, that life does not consist solely of labor that the stomach may be filled. It has other sides—and unless it did it would not be worth the living. Part of the enjoyment of a university education comes from the increased capacity for being happy that the individual acquires. He learns to hear and understand good music; he can find satisfaction among authors whose works bored him earlier. In short, he becomes a better companion to himself.

PHILOSOPHY teaches no trade, offers no skill. About all of a practical nature that a graduate in philosophy can do is to become a philosophy teacher. But, abstract and impractical as it is, it offers definite advantages.

The student of philosophy gets the thrill of exploring the minds of dead giants; he learns the backgrounds of religion, of the various social movements and forces which have changed history. He learns to think clearly and logically through complex situations. Even difficult philosophers like Hegel—who perversely and stubbornly wrote as obscurely as he could—can be enjoyed.

All of this is but a part of the things philosophy offers to even a half-interested student. If the University of Oregon is to continue to call itself a university, philosophy is a part of its curriculum which cannot be spared.—R. P.

You're in the News Again, Barney

WHENEVER we run short of news copy around the shack the word is always passed along to get hold of Barney Hall and have him work out a story for us.

This time we didn't have to talk to Barney, because he was the news himself. Last night at the final senior class meeting of the year, another honor was conferred on Prexy Hall. His classmates decided that he was the individual "who has a record for faithful study and scholarship not below the average, and who during the school year, opportunities considered, has made the greatest progress toward the ideal in character, service and wholesome influence." With this decision they awarded him the Albert cup.

AND their judgment was good. Barney has completed four years in one of the most difficult courses the University offers with well above 3.00. Barney's early pace as a topnotch student resulted in his being awarded a junior certificate with honors. He has served on the debate team, as a member of several honoraries, as president of his hall, and as head of the ASUO.

This service has not been spectacular. It has rather been calm, steady, and thorough—the type of service that one cannot describe exactly when it is present, but which is noticed greatly when it is lacking.

Congratulations, Barney—and thanks for another news story.

keeps his emotions well under control; perhaps he is at times a little too well in mastery of himself. If he had not been so, his story might have been unbearable to read.

As it stands, "My Son, My Son!" is a heart-touching chronicle of a man's love for his son. William's plans for Oliver's future, his frequent inability to see through his love into the hate in the son's nature, the bit by bit realization that there is little left that is good in the boy, the final meeting before Oliver goes to the gallows, and the numb sorrow that follows make up a novel that one may go quietly sad about and be quite unashamed to praise.

Pollock's Folly

(Continued from page six)
cover and then opened the prize to see if the title was what he thought it was . . . Alas and alack, our Boy Scout had been taken in . . . the title was "Dix-Huit Propositions Amoreaux" . . . The youthful professor in his haste had overlooked three letters in the word "Proposition" . . . You figure it out . . . I've had my laugh.

OH, AND ONE on Stevie Smith to wind up the day on . . . It concerns his Literature of the Renaissance which meets on Wednesday among other days . . . now next Wednesday, according to a stern and very official faculty bulletin, has been declared a holiday in or-

der that the University may adjourn to the fairgrounds and watch the ROTC go into its song and dance . . . But this bothers hard-hearted Stevie not at all . . . His Literature of the Renaissance will meet as usual . . . Most of its members are women anyway and Professor Smith is a confirmed disbeliever in the old saw, "there's something about a soldier—"

Well, I had to finish it with something . . .

Side Show

(Continued from page six)
East averaged \$309,000,000 from 1931 to 1935. Imports were \$417,000,000. Total investments are \$770,000,000.

Imports from the Far East are economic necessities for the United States: rubber, silk, tin, tea, and spices. Exports relieve America of burdensome surpluses.

Nevertheless, America's stake is small. Capital investments in the Far East total only 5 or 6 per cent of American foreign investments.

America's position, then, is not to sink a cool billion in a navy pointed toward the Far East. The investment there is less than the cost of the navy. There may be a time in the future when trade will be big enough to warrant such protection.

The logical step is to let Japan step in. Let her develop the logical step is to let Japan step in. Let her develop the title of "Golden Hair Girl," at China in her way. Perhaps we

would profit more from trade with the new nation than we do now from the trade with a dormant China?

Her Beauty Won



The blonde beauty of Lillian Nelson, 17, of Hemet, Calif., won her title of "Golden Hair Girl," at a contest staged in Long Beach.

Elizabethan Era Comes to Life at 'Two Gentlemen'

Small But Approving
Audience Sees VLT,
University Players

By ELIZABETH A. JONES

An audience of approximately 100 people last night saw the opening of William Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona" in the garden theater to the accompaniment of chirping crickets and the drone of a passing mail plane at the initial production in the playhouse among the trees behind the music building.

The delightful comedy was fully appreciated by the modern audience, who saw it presented very much as it must have been done in the time of the great playwright in Elizabethan England. Rich costumes of brilliant colors, a glitter with gems, were effectively set against the green shrubs of the wings.

Gayle Buchanan Scores

Gayle Buchanan as Julia, very capably handled a part which called for a delicately done, "unself-conscious" treatment.

Probably second to Miss Buchanan were the comic characters Launce and Speed, played by Eddie Hearn and Wilfred Roadman of the VLT group—not to omit Crab, Launce's dog, whose misadventures were quite as much appreciated by the University audience as they must have been by frequenters of the pit of the old Globe theater in London.

Valentine, hero-gentleman of 16th century England, was convincingly played by Gerry Smith, while the weather-vane lover, Proteus, was done by Jack Lewis. Alice Sieling was a charming Silvia.

VLT Contributes

The Eugene Very Little Theater group also contributed Thurio (Gene Edwards) as the dandy-rival of Valentine, and Antonio and Panthino, played by Bill Tugman and C. A. "Shy" Huntington.

Professor Robert Horn was the Duke of Milan, irate father of Silvia. The wise little maid-in-waiting, Lucetta, was played by Iris Franzen.

The singer, John Devereaux, made outstanding the moonlit serenade scene when he sang "Who Is Sylvia."

Few Rough Spots

Difficult lines and unfamiliar style of language were well handled during most of the production, with a few obviously rough spots. Dialogue moved rapidly, leaving the audience with a keen appetite for the ensuing action.

Others in the cast included: Helene Parsons, Lois Masters, Betty Fiksdal, Derwent Banta, Phil Ackerman, Millard Pedigo, Henry Kemp, Archie Holman, Madeline Giustina, Gwendolyn Kremmel, Donald Scott, and Robert Christner.

Dance Group Elect Heads, Plan Picnic

Claude Sevier was elected president of Master Dance at a meeting held Wednesday night.

Beverly Young and Lorraine Larson were elected to the secretary and treasurer position for the coming year.

Anne Waha and Ellen Torrence were elected as junior members to the group and Sadie Enos and Muriel Beckman were made senior members.

Plans for a picnic to be held at the home of Mrs. Virginia Kerns next Wednesday were made. Members are to meet in front of Gerlinger hall at 5 o'clock Wednesday.