

"FAITH THAT REMOVES MOUNTAINS" IS INSPIRED BY CULEBRA CUT

Dorothy Reed Tells of Her Arrival at Moro Island and of Swimming with Sharks

(This is a continuation of a series of excerpts of letters from Dorothy Reed, former Oregon student, who is now on the Y. W. C. A. teaching staff in Balboa, Canal Zone.—The Editor.)

The canal is an inspiration in itself. The locks are wonderful in their construction, but the old Culebra cut is to me the most inspiring thing of all. It renews your belief in the "faith that removes mountains," and makes you stick to your job despite the constant knocks and discouragements which seem to come every day.

When you realize that the builders of that cut had to deal with native labor, work in the broiling sun, and day after day find their work of the previous day seemingly done in vain when the cut would slide into the channel, the things that you have to cope with seem petty in comparison. If anyone doubts the power of God, let him view the canal and see there the work of the men who had faith and belief in that power, and through that belief, made this "land divided, the world united."

I went to the camp the same day I landed, and truly that was a camp to be remembered. There I met my executive, who was very much surprised to see me, she is a peach and I could ask for no one fairer and more considerate to work with. At camp we swam with the sharks, hiked in the jungles with the jungle animals, picked our own pineapples, coconuts, bananas, mangos, papayas, daily saw the ships of the four corners of the earth pass on their way through the canal, for our camp was on an island out in the Pacific.

Moro Island is the island where Morgan is supposed to have buried his treasure, and so it lent an air of mystery and charm to the camp. Across the bay from the camp was another island, three miles from us, Tobago Island. To look at it from camp was like looking at a brilliant post card, and had I sent such a picture home, you would probably say, "very pretty, but not real."

The water was blue as blue, the native huts of bamboo and thatch, or adobe and tile, as colorful and picturesque as if out of a story book, the water dotted with the native fishing boats or the native canoes dug out of tree trunks and called cayucas (ki-you-cas). The cocoanut and banana palms and the pineapple patches made it look more like a painting than ever, and I could have asked nothing more beautiful.

When we returned from camp the

new secretary arrived, and with her came another secretary, enroute to Valparaiso, South America. The latter proved to be an Oregon University friend of mine, and you can imagine how happy I was to see some one familiar. Miss Jeens was wonderfully nice to us and showed us the sights of the whole isthmus. We went through the fortified islands and saw the mounts, 14 and 16-inch guns on each; we went to old Panama and saw the ruins and the old bridge built in 1635 and used on the road to the sea during the time of the old explorations; we saw the native villages with their huts of bamboo and thatch and their naked kiddies playing with the jungle animals and sleeping on the dirt floor of their huts with the same animals; we went to the Leper colony and saw the remarkable work they are doing there with the poor old souls sentenced to the island; saw the work in handcraft with the natives at the Corazal hospital for the insane; went through the locks and saw the inner workings of these immense gates swung with the pressing of one small button, an engineering feat which must be seen to be fully appreciated, went all through the East Indian, Panamanian and South American shops in both Colon and Panama City and nearly broke the bank buying all the gorgeous things we found there, ivory carvings, old brasses, silks for a song, beautiful linens for next to nothing, Egyptian tapestries, Cherokee Indian things dug from the old graves of the Darien Indian country, some of them hundreds of years old—oh, we saw everything possible to see.

I have 10 colored clubs across the isthmus and in the interior, five white clubs at this end, adult classes in dancing and gym, three physical education classes at the Atlantic at the end of each week, an outing club with a trip each week, a rally, a play or field meet nearly every Saturday, the household affairs to look out for, planning of menus and ordering the commissary and handling three native servants and trying to keep peace with them, talking in half English and half Spanish—oh, it's heaps of fun. I certainly have little time to consider being homesick, which is most fortunate, for I have had a couple of attacks and the spell of the tropics influences such states of existence, and intensifies them as it does everything here.

We went through the canal on Labor Day and it was a fascinating trip. We went out in the agent's launch and boarded a Norwegian cargo ship by way of the pilot ladder to the amusement of the crews of three ships standing by, and we were given a cheer when we climbed over the rail without having fallen in. She was loaded with nitrate from Chile and the captain was much afraid of a Caribbean hurricane which was reported off our coast as he was overloaded and feared an explosion, or a fate like that of the Swiftstar if he hit the storm at its height. We had a wonderful trip and the old canal just filled you clear to the brim with the magnitude of the achievement, and it is a beautiful trip through the cut, through the dying forest of Gatun lake, through the three sets of locks, through Miraflores lake, and from Gatun dam on to the Atlantic breakwater.

Laura and I went to the club for dinner that night in Colon and saw

the life we had heard about. The Army and Navy seem to forget the uniform when they are out for a good time, and it makes your blood boil to see some of the things that go on in public with men representing our nation.

TREES ABOUT CAMPUS ARE GROWING RAPIDLY

Forsythia and Japanese Plum Tree Brighten Campus With Spring Blossoms

The Japanese plum tree, which was set out last fall on the campus on the west side of the Woman's building, has put out numerous tiny shoots and buds which show that it intends to live.

The tree is quite large and, owing to its size, H. M. Fisher, superintendent of buildings and grounds, was afraid the tree might not live. This is the second Japanese plum tree on the campus. The other one is now blooming beside the Friendly hall kitchen door. The fruit of this tree is very delicious, says Mr. Fisher.

A row of yellow forsythia planted on the south side of Susan Campbell hall is in full bloom and several other shrubs are budding. Mr. Fisher fears that a few of the plants set against the brick wall in front of the Woman's building have been killed or nipped by frost.

OTTE OF IOWA IS RATHER VERSATILE YOUNG MAN

Iowa City—F. Lowell Otte, Iowa all-conference football end, will appear in the University of Iowa's production of "Twelfth Night," which is booked for production in the University theater here, and will then take the road. While Otte is treading the planks in the evening, he is scratching the cinders during the day as one of the university's distance men, and he also has the reputation of being a student of Phi Beta Kappa caliber. Besides this, in a psychology test given here last fall to more than 700 students, he was one of two to make a perfect score.

PHI BETA KAPPA ELECTS FIVE WHITMAN SENIORS

Whitman College—Five members of the senior class of 1924 were welcomed into membership in Phi Beta Kappa, national honorary scholastic fraternity, by George L. Lawrence, president of the Whitman chapter, at chapel service last Tuesday. The names, major studies and addresses of the new members are as follows: Darwin E. Bennett, biology, Waseo, Oregon; Bertha E. King, music, Greenacres; Vladimir B. Rojansky, mathematics-physics, Kiev, Russia; Margaret I. Thygeson, English, Sedro Wooley; Martha C. Young, Latin, Oakland, Oregon.

GRADUATE PURCHASES POLK COUNTY PAPER

Earle Richardson to Run Dallas Publication

Earle Richardson, a graduate of '20 of the school of journalism, is completing a deal for the purchase of the Polk County Observer, a weekly paper, published in Dallas, Oregon, and will probably take charge today. The paper was formerly owned by E. A. Koen.

For some months after his graduation, Mr. Richardson worked on the Cottage Grove Sentinel under Elbert Bede. After working for nearly a year on the staff of the Portland Oregonian, he bought a half interest in the Clatskanie Chief. About a year ago, he became editor and publisher of the Elgin Recorder, a weekly paper, published at Elgin, Oregon. He recently sold his interest in the Elgin Recorder to J. M. Cummins, of Arlington, who is now publishing it.

Mr. Koen, former owner of the Polk County Observer, will take up another line of business for a while in Portland, but he intends later to enter the newspaper world again.

RADIO DEBATE IS HELD FIRST TIME IN HISTORY

(Continued from page one)

of Nations," he declared. "What we are discussing is the Bok Peace



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The Oregana Scholarly Habits

—There's a lot of talk about scholarly habits these days. A bite to eat at the OREGANA in the afternoon is a scholarly habit. It will rest you—and you can return to work with a little zipper.

"Eating Is Believing"

SQUARE DANCE IS STAGED AT NEBRASKA UNIVERSITY

University of Nebraska—An old-fashioned country square dance, with men dressed in overalls and blue shirts and the girls in gingham aprons, was held here, sponsored by the college of agriculture. About 300 students appeared in this costume, and several men wore genuine cowboy outfits.

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Lost—Sunday, Eastman kodak, black, in leather case, near U. of O., or on highway to Cottage Grove. Valued as keepsake. Phone 6. Liberal reward. F 28-29

"God on the Campus"

A senior stopped me recently as I was passing his fraternity house and asked me to interpret this text for him: "In Him we live and move and have our being."

If happens that Sunday is a day observed in the Unitarian denomination as Young People's Sunday. So it occurred to me that here was a text suggested for my use. The problem which was perplexing our senior was this: What does a God in which one lives and moves and has his being mean to him?

Now I am wondering if there may not be quite a number among the University student body to whom a similar question has occurred. It is certainly one which can very naturally arise in a period when the facts of the universe are being presented to young people in a new light.

I am asking that those of you to

whom this question of what does God mean to those who find themselves living in a universe as interpreted by science which seems greatly changed from the one of their earlier years, to first bring the problem home to yourselves as individuals by asking yourselves the question: What does God mean to me?

My further invitation is one which offers you the hospitality of our little Unitarian church, hoping that in my sermon on "God On the Campus" I may, through my own mental and spiritual experiences suggest something to you which may be helpful and interpretative.

A special musical program has been prepared for this service, in which Robert McKnight will sing a solo and Beulah Clark will play a flute solo. —(Paid Advertisement)

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To Whom?

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"What's the use of it?"

Michael Faraday saw the real beginning of the age of electricity nearly a century ago when he thrust a bar magnet into a coil of wire connected with a galvanometer and made the needle swing.

Gladstone, watching Faraday at work in his laboratory, asked, "What's the use of it?" The experimenter jestingly replied, "There is every probability that you will soon be able to tax it." The world-wide use of electricity that has followed the Faraday discovery abundantly justifies the retort to Gladstone.

Faraday's theory of lines of force is constantly applied in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company in devising new electrical apparatus of which Faraday never dreamed. Every generator and motor is an elaboration of the simple instruments with which he first discovered and explained induction.



In 1880 the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of New York City, insulated a generator of 1200 lamps capacity, then considered a giant. By continuous experimentation and research the General Electric Company has developed generators 900 times as powerful as this wonder of forty years ago.

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