

Soviet Eyes U. S. As Prey, China War Lord Avers

He Raps Any American Recognition Toward Orient Factions

Japanese Meddling With Railway Improbable

By WILLIAM R. KUHN'S
(United Press Staff Correspondent)
PEKING, Oct. 28.—Any suggestion working toward regional recognition of Chinese parties by the United States, as was suggested by Senator Bingham of Connecticut, was rejected emphatically and unconditionally by Chang Tso-Lin in an exclusive interview with Karl A. Biekel, president of the United Press, and the writer, United Press Peking manager.

Firm Nationalist
"I believe in nationalism as deeply as any man can believe in it—but nationalism for the people, not for the benefit of war profiteers."

"Our first duty is to restore order and eliminate communistic agitation and clashing factions."

"No man in the world more thoroughly understands the plans of the Bolshevik than I, as the Communists, Boreidin, Karakhan and Joffe, all came to me first with their proposals before going to the southern leaders."

U. S. Next Prey
"They told me that after China they desired to penetrate the United States, which they felt to be their greatest enemy."

"I feel that America should understand that and know that I am fighting to suppress bolsheviks."

Chang Tso-Lin emphatically denied the reported possibility of the extension of Japanese railroad interests over the Chinese Eastern railroad from Changchung to Harbin or other extensions of Japanese railroads in Manchuria and outer Mongolia.

"You may hear that the Japanese control Manchuria, but I control Manchuria."

the battle would be staged on a soggy field. Rain could give little advantage to either eleven as the weights are not greatly different, although it would inconvenience Reinhart's overhead attack and increase the chances of breaks deciding the game.

Following the game the gridgraph in McArthur Igloo will start, giving the play-by-play account of the progress of the Oregon varsity in their classic battle with the Stanford Cardinals at Palo Alto. The gridgraph commences at 3 o'clock.

Bantam Squad Goes South To Meet Teachers

Coach Kerns Takes Light Team for Battle At Ashland

While Oregon's scrapping varsity is showing "Papa" Warner's Stanford crew the "why" and the "whereby" of football at Palo Alto, and while a freshman squad on Hayward field is attempting the same procedure in kind to the Husky babes from the north, another fresh squad will be making earnest endeavors to increase the mortality rate among the ranks of embryo teachers in the vicinity of Ashland Normal school.

This team under the mentorship of Bert Kerns goes to Ashland today and will be on hand tomorrow to meet the Normalites, Ashland Normal is a new institution, being a yearling itself as it was established only last year, and the class of football it will put out is very much an unknown quantity. However its team should measure up on the average, better than prep school calibre, and if it does the Webfoot backings that make the tour will have their hands full because last week they were upset by a prep team in Medford. The fresh team should be improved now with one game's experience and better co-ordinated play, and is expected to give the Ashland team an afternoon full of anything but peace and quietude.

Coach Kerns would not go under oath as to what his exact lineup would be for the opening whistle, but intimated that Hoskinson and Penrose would take the ends, with Schroeder in reserve; Liebe and Eckman, tackles; Thurston and Love, guards, and Hatfield at the pivot position. Alternates will probably be Belts, tackle; Douglas, guard, and East, center. In the backfield the starting four will be Brown, Blackburne, and the Boggs-Heiberg "touchdown" combination. Brown will be at full, Boggs and Blackburne halves and Heiberg will bark the numbers. Latoufette and Hall will jostle along with the team as alternate backs.

Reserve backs whom the coach will have in readiness to send in at any time will be Bert Tuttle, the speed boy of the squad; Ed Dvorak, a tall ball fater who has a knack at picking holes in the defense, and Leon Steen, a recent addition to the first string roster.

Indications were yesterday that

Communications

(Continued from page four)
tray of toast and coffee. At 7:15, the bath steward notifies Avery that his "bath" is ready, at 7:30 Jack performs his ablutions, and at 7:45 (that's as late as I could arrange to take it) I take mine. The bath is salt water with fresh water to follow up. At 8:30 breakfast is served—everything from grapefruit through fish and curries to vanilla pancakes. At 11 o'clock, beef tea and crackers are served, at 12:30, lunch; at 3:30, tea; and at 6:30, dinner—the big meal. So much for eating. Then the bar is open from 8:30 until 12:30, and from 4:30 until 11.

We have seen numerous flying fish gliding above the water, and at night the sea has beautiful phosphorous spots in it where the glow sticks waves.

In the time between meals, when we are not playing Mah Jong, swimming in the deck tank, watching the crew wrestle, looking for flying fish, exploring the stercorae, trying to learn the Japanese language, dancing, or watching movies, we are working on debate.

We heard by the daily wireless bulletin today the outcome of the California-Oregon game, and had to endure the caustic comments of several California graduates and students on board. Day before yesterday we received two wireless messages, one from Alexander Hume Ford, editor of the "Pan-Pacific," inviting us to a dinner when we arrive in Honolulu. (Hurrah—another meal accounted for!) The other was from Stotemas University in Manila, challenging us to a debate when we stop there to meet the University of the Philippines. They must have wanted to debate us pretty badly, because the message was thirty-two words long at a rate of eighty cents a word. Figure it out for yourself.

We have moving pictures every other night, and dances in between. Nothing is overlooked in the way of entertainment. Yes, college may be all right, but to be on the deck of

a liner in mid-Pacific about eleven p. m. with a warm breeze blowing, a full moon shimmering on the dark blue water, and a marine's bride-to-be beside you—all!

BENOIT McCROSKEY.

Dislikes Flapper Mater

To the Editor:

As another alumnus, although feminine, I must voice my protest at your recent editorial in answer to the open letter of three loyal alumni which has seemed to cause you so much consternation. Of course, being a woman, I am supposed to know nothing about football, or rooting, or college spirit, or anything useful. But it so happens I do know all these things; I have shouted myself hoarse in years passed, I have sung with the rest of the co-eds until I couldn't speak, sometime it was in defeat, sometime in victory, but always it was in a spirit of high loyalty to Oregon and Oregon teams. I first saw Oregon during the throes of the war, but during that hectic period of readjustment, I learned to love the institution, more particularly the gallant front it presented on the athletic field against bigger and better equipped adversaries. Oregon meant something then, it stood for the highest ideals in sportsmanship and in scholastic standing. And we rooted for her because she was our alma mater, struggling along in the face of adversity.

And now you inform us that our mother has had her face lifted and is coyly trying to win back the old grads who have dared express to the present student body their opinion of the present lack of "Oregon spirit." We don't want such a mother, and how many of you,

youself, could really love a mother who has had to resort to such tricks to preserve the affection of her children? We want a good old-fashioned mother, to whom we can go in times of trouble and be comforted, into whose home we can bring our friends and have them welcomed with a real hospitality, a mother who will stand by in adversity, who will be gracious in victory. We will have nothing to do with this face-lifted mother. We want our old mother for whom we can fight until the last ounce, and defend to the last ditch because she is our mother.

You on the campus are perhaps not aware of the glaring comparison that was made by Portland people of the student bodies of the two Oregon institutions whose football teams played in Portland within a week of each other. We here in the city must listen to the remarks of the public and answer as best we can the question that is put to us everywhere we go, "What is the matter with Oregon?" We know darn well there is nothing the matter with Oregon. We've got a good football team, we've got a good institution. If the old lady has new fangled ideas and has had her face lifted, let her forget about it, and all the new frills she's put on. Let her go back to her real job of being a mother, let the band peel forth the old songs we know, the old yells we know. And you down there help her out, and put on the snappiest stunts imaginable for the Homecoming game to offset the poor impression left in Portland in the minds of more or less disinterested folk who judge an institution by the appearance of its students in public. Frankly, the stu-

dent body will have to live down the impression it made in Portland two weeks ago during the Oregon-California game for a long time to come. The onus of that criticism is falling upon members of the alumni. We appeal to that student body and are told we'll have to learn to love our mother with her face lifted. I repeat, she is no real mother if she has had her face lifted. But if she has gone through that disfiguring process, let her forget it, and again be the good old-fashioned mother whom we can love. You'll find us loyal in any event because, after all, Oregon's the only mother we have. But we do want her as nearly perfect as possible. You on the campus are there to make her perfect, and much as we regret the necessity of criticism, we on the outside must point out to

you wherein you are lacking. The criticism is not meant unkindly, but it is emphatic. What are you going to do about it?
GWLADYS BOWEN,
Oregon, ex 322.



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Football

(Continued from page three)
has elevated him to the opportunity of starting at the other guard in place of Bob Eckman and Don Devoreaux, who will be in reserve. Kenneth Hodgson, another likely guard, is making a heated bid for the line and will probably see action before the game is over. Bill Laing, center; Mayhew Carson and Alton Penrose, ends, and Marion Hall, tackle, will be other line reserves ready for Reinhart's call.

Reserves on Deck

Reserve backs whom the coach will have in readiness to send in at any time will be Bert Tuttle, the speed boy of the squad; Ed Dvorak, a tall ball fater who has a knack at picking holes in the defense, and Leon Steen, a recent addition to the first string roster.

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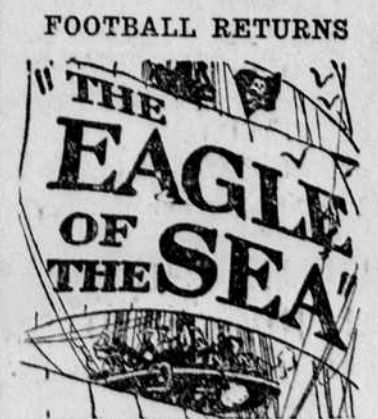
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