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LOOKING FORWARD AND BACKWARD

THE POLITICAL embroglio between Bill Bowerman and Bob Hall resolves itself into a few vital points. Briefly summarized, they follow:

1. Bowerman wanted to be chairman of the athletic committee and asked Hall for that appointment on the basis of his football record and interest in sports in general.
2. For unannounced reasons, Hall saw fit to take over the chairmanship of the athletic committee himself.
3. This left Bowerman heading no committee for the time being. He subsequently was named chairman of the music committee.
4. Rankled by this, and disturbed because Hall had allegedly not consulted him on A. S. U. O. appointments, Bowerman complained of Hall's methods in a statement to the Emerald.

Obviously, Bowerman was within his rights when he asked Hall to consider him for the chairmanship of the athletic committee. His notable athletic record speaks for itself. Just as obviously, Hall did no wrong when he kept the chairmanship for himself. Though not as outstanding an athlete as Bowerman, he is a letterman and is not unfamiliar with the sports situation.

In our opinion, Hall made his mistake when he appointed Bowerman head of the music committee. It is easy to imagine a big six-footer like Bill Bowerman, who raced 89 yards with a ball under his arm against the Washington Huskies, getting hot under the collar when presented with the chairmanship of the music committee after he had asked for a similar position on the athletic board.

It is no disgrace to be chairman of the music committee, rather it is an honor. But Bill Bowerman admits he never has been interested in music, says he does not think he was qualified for the position, and deprecates the situation in general.

To get down to bed-rock, neither Bowerman nor Hall is greatly at fault. The former was privileged to request the chairmanship of the athletic committee, although it was Hall's prerogative to bestow it upon whom he pleased. Hall was doing nothing out of the way when he named himself athletic chairman. It has been a precedent for the student body president to occupy that post.

But why Bill Bowerman was named music chairman must ever remain a mystery if we are to explain it. Bowerman himself cannot account for it. Certainly he must feel on foreign soil when he heads a group that must outline the winter-term concert program. No teacher in the music school could feel more out of place trying to call signals for Bill on the football field.

The entire affair is over now, and it easily can be forgotten. But it has accomplished one good. It has pointed out a grievous fallacy in our present form of student government. Bill Bowerman, who fearlessly comes into the open and lays his cards on the table, says he is not fitted to be chairman of an A. S. U. O. committee of which he is chairman. This is nothing against Mr. Bowerman, whose talent lies along other lines.

There are other A. S. U. O. committees—how well suited is their personnel? Politics play a deplorably large part in student affairs on this campus. A man who does things on the merits of the situation generally finds himself out in the cold. A man who speaks his mind and has the courage of his convictions doesn't get to first base. A candidate must pick John Jones as a running mate, not because John Jones is qualified for the position, but because John Jones has nine houses behind him, and nine houses can swing an election.

Bill Bowerman has done the student-body a service in arousing interest in a situation that was almost on the point of being forgotten. He has brought to the attention of the student-body circumstances that are a powerful argument for the student parliament.

A parliament without power, a parliament merely on trial, might not be such a bad experi-

ment. We recommend the following general rules if the parliament be re-convened:

1. That there be two delegates from each house. That the house president and another upper-classman, to be elected by the house, be these delegates.
2. That the Emerald, specified honoraries, the Yeomen, dormitories, and other recognized groups have the same representation they had last term.
3. That the presiding officer of the parliament be elected by the members.
4. That the steering committee outline the procedure for the body and decide upon discussion topics.
5. That the president of the A. S. U. O. head the steering committee.
6. That the president of the A. S. U. O. and the retiring chairman of the parliament, namely, Arthur Potwin, collaborate in appointing a steering committee of nine persons.
7. That the body be given no executive power WHATSOEVER until its worth has been proved. That the end of the spring of 1933 be the earliest date at which it can ask for power.
8. That all present student officers be members of the parliament.

Under such an arrangement, the group can be given a definite trial. Any radical outbreaks or unwise moves would mean its instant abandonment. There would be many obvious advantages. For example, take the situation of yesterday. If Bill Bowerman was not satisfied with Bob Hall's management of student affairs, he would only have to go before the steering committee and ask for a discussion of the problem before the parliament. The matter then would be considered by the committee, and brought before the parliament as new business, provided the committee saw fit to recommend such.

If the parliament succeeds, the students can thank Bill Bowerman for indirectly calling attention to its possible advantages. If it fails, there will be no hair off anyone's head, and we can sit down and think of some other remedy.

R. H. ROBBETT, PHI BETA KAPPA

HIS DIFFICULT task is to handle all the routine responsibilities of the Associated Students' business office. The affairs of virtually every A. S. U. O. committee and group are checked and followed by him. Long ledgers of figures and statistics are kept by him with painstaking care. He is one of the most valuable men in the employ of the Associated Students of the University of Oregon.

This editorial refers specifically to Ronald H. Robnett, assistant graduate manager. He is the hub of the wheel that turns the Associated Students' machinery. His files contain the complete records of the activities of the student body since the association was formed. At his finger tips is all the information ever required from his office. Methodically and efficiently, he fills a position that demands constant attention and conscientious effort.

Robnett is a graduate of the University. He understands student problems and student affairs. Possessor of a keen analytical mind, he wears a Phi Beta Kappa key from his watch chain and is one of the most brilliant men ever to have matriculated here. Seldom does he occupy the center of attention, and never does he ask for it. This term he has cooperated splendidly with the Emerald in the conducting of its affairs. The administration of the paper appreciates that fact. This editorial is published as a testimony of that appreciation.

YOUTH FACES THE PRESENT

LATELY it has been the habit of many employers, particularly those who never saw the inside of a college, to question the value of a college education. They point with something like pride to the records made by many of their employees who were not college men.

It is not the purpose of this editorial to debate the point whether or not university training makes happier plumbers, or better plumbers, or plumbers more useful to society. Most people believe that a liberal education does not help in preparation for the technical trades.

But to the man whose contacts in life are broad, a conception of the arts is invaluable. In the strictly technical sense, a knowledge of Shakespeare would not help the chemist. It is unnecessary to point out that only part of his life is spent in the laboratory. The rest of it must be lived as a test, and whether or not he intends to spend it in a test tube or diversify his interests is entirely up to him.

It has been a rather discouraging prospect that has faced recent college graduates. Reports from various universities show that from only 10 per cent to 50 per cent of last year's graduates have found positions. The encouraging feature of the situation lies in the fact that many of those employed have returned to college for further training, realizing the advantages of a liberal education.

25 YEARS IS A LONG TIME

TWENTY-FIVE years is a long time. Most of you haven't lived that long. Twenty-five years ago Professor Herbert Crombie Howe was teaching Wordsworth classes over in Villard hall, just as he is at 2 o'clock every afternoon now. In that class back in 1907 sat students much the same as those who sit there in 1932. The boys were Tom-Swift suits and the girls were dressed in petticoats to the floor, but otherwise there was not much difference.

And Professor Howe talked of the artistry and word-paintings of William Wordsworth and described the places the immortal poet visited. A member of that class was a girl who this week sent Professor Howe a post-card from England telling him she had just seen the places described 25 years ago in the old classroom in Villard hall. Twenty-five years is a long time. Almost a middle-aged woman now, that girl of long ago was so impressed by Professor Howe's lectures that a quarter of a century later she recalled them in England. That is a remarkable tribute to a course and the man who teaches it. When a lecture survives for 25 years, it is a lecture of which its deliverer can be proud.

Twenty-five years is a long time. Dr. George Finley Bovard, president emeritus of the University of Southern California, who was head of the institution from 1903 to 1921, died last month.

Is Your Dad Coming? By KEN FERGUSON



CAMPUS CARAVAN By DAVE WILSON

AT LAST something worthier of campus attention than our daily dog-fights. Civil war has flared up between the high priests of student government.

Bill Bowerman, the vice-prexy, laid down a strong paper barrage against "Hitler" Hall, A. S. U. O. president, in yesterday's Emerald. Hall is keeping his big guns under wraps, clutching the four portfolios he holds in the University cabinet with a firm grip. The student parliament will meet to appoint the seconds and choose the weapons.

"Vote on, vote on, for mighty Bobby Hall. "Speaking of votes, we'll get them all. "We'll drink another one for Bill Row-er-mun. . . . Where are the songs of yesterday?"

Looking at the bright side of things. . . . Bill's the first student body officer we ever heard admit that he didn't have anything worth while to do.

"He appointed me chairman of the music committee, and I don't know anything about music," Bill sobbed. Shucks, boy, music's a nice field. Stick around and learn about it.

"Cap" Roberts, senior man, offers to trade Bill his forensic committee chairmanship for the musical chair. Bill can't say he doesn't know anything about debating after writing yesterday's manifesto.

Of course, it was just a coincidence that Bowerman left town with the football team yesterday

promenade by carol hurlburt

"THE mill-race is running awfully cold this morning." A stern masculine voice bit the words off tersely.

"What do you mean by putting me in Promenade. . . wearing a black derby?"

Ray Force telephoned me at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, rousing me out of a soft warm bed, just to tell me about the mill-race. Furthermore, he has threatened and promised to throw me in.

Last spring when Dick Neuberger asked me to write a fashion column, I thought, "At last, a safe job. No chance to make professors angry (Dr. Lesch has been cutting me for the last two years); no chance for small town lawyers to sue me for libel; no chance for girls to become hysterical and shriek epithets; no chance for being fired. And now comes Mr. Force.

"You'd better wear your bathing suit or old clothes for the next few days." "Are you awfully angry?" "No, but I'm pretty griped." He chewed the words.

"And if you ever put my name in the paper again, I'll take you to Crater Lake and make you walk home."

The most practical thing in li-

MOONBEAMS By PARKS (TOMMY) HITCHCOCK

We Select for Promenade: Dickert Guild, Ned Simpson, and Dick Neuberger, because they have promised to protect me from the vengeful Mr. Force.

Of course, Bob can't call the student parliament into session. That's one thing he has no authority to do. Since Art Potwin, parliament chairman last spring, is now with us in only an ex-officio capacity, control of the parliament falls to Bob Miller, veteran "behind-the-throne" politico and chairman of the steering committee for the parliament.

Miller says he wants a Bowerman vs. Hall debate at the first session. Plans are to move the meeting from Guild hall to McArthur court, where there's room to set up a ring. Reserved seats go on sale Monday at the Co-op. Enough of that!

Dear old Jerry-the-Cop! He's happy now. Saw him right back in action yesterday P. M., forcing a poor student driver to the 13th avenue curb with wide waves of the hand, holding up traffic both ways. Isn't the Law majestic?"

Went down and looked over the dear old Campa Shoppe last night. All the broken glass will be inside the building from now on. We were afraid the remodelers would jack up that bump in the floor and run a new building under it. The Oregon's traditional, just like the Oregon seal and the senior bench.

"The Old Fudger," who writes a column for the O. S. C. "Barometer" that looks like an oasis in a journalistic desert, says nice things about us. Thanks, boy. We may let you on the staff after we take over your sheet.

Well, what's this about Wally Hug and Clark Thompson working down at the swimming meets the other night? They were in a state of semi-nudity when in comes Theta P. C. leading other members of her famous tong. It appears the girls had wandered down from upstairs in Gerlinger where the Get Wise party was in full swing only to find these two virile chaps. Screamed a lot, too.

What's this we hear about Doc Huestis, little Mandolin Gilbert and Jimmy Brooke going out into the country hunting for bedbugs the other week-end. Didn't get a one. Pretty poor for a dean's daughter.

What's this wild tale about Jack Rae and Sam Shank investigating the court records downtown?

Well, well! We see where Jay Russell Wilson and William Warren Gearhart are economizing on the gearing situation. They go around to the sororities every Saturday night and play bridge. Took in the Chi O's last Saturday.

Well, the SPE frosh took it on the lam the other night. They were heading for Portland but they only got to Junction City. Ran out of gas or something.

We see Jackie Stahl isn't around the Kappa house so much this term.

We see Dorothy Madeline Esch is getting a great kick out of

wearing Shanghai Lil's earrings up at the Tri-Delt tong. Incidentally, the Shanghai girl swears in Chinese up there when things don't go right.

A certain person informs us that Edmund Everts Charles is the recipient of several letters giving advice to the lovelorn and timely hints on how to make a public address.

And Mahr Reymers! He was seen on the night of Wednesday, the 18th, at 9:50 on the corner of 12th and Alder kissing a very certain brunette Chi O. No, we won't say who. Ask Mahr.

Where were Anderson and Elsie Peterson last Sunday night?

The great Myron Fletcher Pinkstaff is at it again. It is rumored that he was doing some double-dating with some Washington Tri-Delts the other day.

We've been wondering for a long time when the Fijis collected that bet from Tommy. (After the UCLA game)

Washington Bystander

By HERBERT PLUMMER WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 20. (AP) — New Hampshire's senior senator, the witty sharp-tongued George Moses usually comes first to mind when mention is made of the Green Mountain state's representation in the senate.

and satire are responsible for that. Moses' witticisms, wisecracks New Hampshire's other senator, elected the same time as Moses and who has served only four months less than he—Henry Wilder Keyes—is not only less generally known, but perhaps is as little known nationally as any of the senators.

Senator Keyes, 69 years old, florid-faced and with hair almost white, makes few attempts to step into the limelight of the senate. He has served 14 years in that body, is secure in his seat until 1937, but it is a rare thing for him to make a speech.

To see Keyes in action it is necessary to drop in on a meeting of the committee on public buildings and grounds. As chairman he does most of his talking there.

Keyes might also be seen in action later this fall when Harvard and Yale play their annual football game. He'll be there doing a lot of talking—for Harvard. He hasn't missed a Yale-Harvard game in years. As a matter

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