

Oregon Emerald

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The Oregon Daily Emerald, official publication of the Associated Students of the University of Oregon, Eugene, issued daily except Sunday and Monday, during the college year.

Men must be at liberty to say in print whatever they have a mind to say, provided it wrongs no one. -Charles Anderson Dana, New York Sun

THIS 'N THAT THE FOLLOWING IS SUBMITTED for your amusement, information and entertainment. Draw your own conclusions:

Cyrenus Cole, United States representative, once said: "I never mail a letter in which I have expressed anger until the next day--then I destroy it."

At Oregon State college they are charging 60 cents for their antiquated "anti-automobile" license plates. Here we sell ours for 50.

Research into the student handbook indicates we still have in our midst a young man named Ethan Allen. This time the lad's middle name is "Ernest."

With apologies to John Greenleaf Whittier: Down the field came the football tread, Prink Callison marching ahead.

Mr. Whittier, who wrote the poem after which the above call-it-what-you-want was patterned, had the misfortune to live in the days when there was nothing to talk about except the civil war, and major-league football had not yet attained even its embryonic stage.

Old Grads of Oregon, we welcome you today. We call your attention to the new suits on our freshman football team and the coffee and doughnuts at tonight's rally dance.

This paper was requested particularly to mention the doughnuts when publicizing tonight's informal dance. At this time we call to your attention the fact that there also will be some dancing.

Three things every grad must do over the weekend: 1. Recognize and say hello to Colonel Bill Hayward. 2. Resolve to vote 317 X No. 3. Resolve to see that his friends vote 317 X No.

The consolidation measure alternately has been described by these onomatopoeic gerunds: wrecking, destroying, shuffling, juggling, moving, confiscating, etc. There still are: bombing, dynamiting, crashing, smashing, and ever so many lovely

A Decade Ago From Oregon Emerald November 4, 1922 Smoke-proof, Too? The Art building will be a wood-en structure covered with fire-proof stucco, with the exception of the lobby and gallery, where the displays and collections will be

exhibited, which are to be built of brick. In 32 trials before the student advisory committee, 27 students were found guilty of the charges brought against them and suspended or fined from 3 to 48 hours.

No Small Boys All concessions at every athletic contest during the remainder of the school year are to be handled by the Women's league. Money

words. If the bill itself weren't about to be annihilated, they might come in handy.

It's harder to be a charitable winner than a good loser. After we win the school election Tuesday, let's not rub it into our temporary adversaries. After that's ended, we'll settle down to be members of the same educational system.

To say in Corvallis Saturday: "Hector, we are here. But not to stay."

This is only another Oregon-Oregon State homecoming game. There have been many in the past and there undoubtedly will be more in the future. Let's conduct ourselves at this one with the same respectability and dignity that we have shown in previous years.

We are sure Oregon will win the game. We know it will win the election. However, even under such an auspicious outlook, the Messrs. Prink Callison and Alexander G. Brown are slightly nervous.

The famous Fielding H. (Hurry Up) Yost is for Hoover. He said so recently with the cry, "Don't change quarterbacks when the team is within scoring distance."

And another wizard of the gridiron whose preferences are all Democratic, answered, "Say, 'Hurry Up.' What do you call scoring distance, and does it take four years to score a touchdown?"

WHO'S SANTA CLAUS FOR HECTOR? WHO IS putting up the money for the Zorn-Macpherson bill? The question is merely rhetorical. We would like to know too. The parentage of the vicious measure has been cloaked in mystery every since its origin some months ago.

It is rumored that a prominent power company is putting up a large part of the pork barrel fund in order to wreck the municipally-owned Eugene power plant. It sounds improbable, but investigations seem to hint some truths to the assertion.

The town of Corvallis, because of the hope of unearned increment on its real estate investments, has contributed heavily, it is reported, to the backers of the measure. Their interest is obvious.

Even though the misinformed and misguided proponents of the measure had state wide support of their school wrecking project, there would not be any such huge slush fund available.

Whoever is paying the bills for Hector and Henry is not doing it because of love for the two. They expect to get theirs in one way or another. The power company rumor is not so improbable when all factors are considered.

LAST Saturday between halves in the Gonzaga game a group of funsters, mostly freshmen, filed onto the field in a topsy-turvy array, each dressed in what his particular brand of humor thought the best and engaged in a ten minute orgy of passing the ball to everyone in sight, including the water boy, and tackling the referee.

In an outlandish array of costumes, most of which were an attempt to pass off as members of the female sex, they resembled more than anything else a group of naiads "gamboling on the green."

And yet those dear little lads tried so hard. They just couldn't resist their collegiate overjoyment in being able to show how amusing they were before those nice old dads.

Down at Stanford they stage something that is at least organized and more than often attractive to entertain the visiting fans at a football game. Spelling stunts, songs, and well-planned tricks are executed with some semblance of an attempt to get across.

Up here every year the same bunch of yokels get out on the field and go through the same repertoire of idiotic tricks. Why can't we get something amusing?

"I gave my all to the university," said Marion Zioncheck, one time president of the University of Washington student-body, in speaking of his experiences in being ducked by Washington students following his criticism of the graduate manager's office in 1928.

Zioncheck is running for congress on the Democratic ticket. Still ready to give his all, we presume.

A little too wise, they say, do ne'er live long.—Thos. Middleton.

Jackie, the Kid In "Trouble," his new picture, Jackie Coogan displays his pitching ability by throwing everything but the kitchen stove at Wallace Beery.

Vote 317 x No.

By KEN FERGUSON



CAMPUS CARAVAN

By DAVE WILSON

EXPOSED! I just discovered that the "embryonic Phi-Betas" who are preparing the menu summaries of daily lessons for the Toastwich Shoppe are none other than Chuck Stryker and Steve Kahn.

Night-flying wild geese are still going south. We sort of expected to see them heading toward Corvallis this fall.

Dr. Schumacher: "Suppose the United States had a referendum vote on going to war. How would the women vote?"

Robert T. Miller: "They'd vote for war, of course. There's an appeal in a uniform."

Adele Hitchman: "But there wouldn't be much appeal if all the men left the country!"

Let's take a little stroll through the student directory. Among our outstanding freshmen, according to this little guidebook, we find Elmer Brown and Lester Goldschmidt. Well, well.

Our interest aroused, we go further and discover the following prominent sophomores: Fred Anderson, Jack Clare, John Creech, Magdalen Zeller Cross, Ray Force, Dorothy Hilde, Sterling Green, Bob Guild (he was a senior last year), Caroline Hahn, Bruce Hamby, Ned Kinney, Bill Morgan, Ed McKeown, Maurice Pease, Ed Schweiker, Elizabeth Scruggs, Fred Stanley, John Kitzmiller, Hal Short, Louis Vannice, and Audrey Williams.

Before we cast the directory aside, we carefully cull a number of names which might cause people making introductions trouble at times. Pin these up on your wall and practice pronouncing them slowly and distinctly, so as to avoid any ambiguities:

Miriam Boozer, Sigrid Christ, Drew Copp, Carrie Crab, Charles Darling, Paul DeBlock, Barbara Dielschneider, Marclay Elsaman (really?), Frank Fulewider (a big shot), Harold GeBauer, Grade Gittings, Louis Grafioso, Elma Havemann (thanks), Dorothy Hindmarsh, John F. Hollolpeter, Naomi Hornshuch, Dick Hussey, Evelyn Karkeet, Elizabeth Kleinsorge, Ed Kunkle, May Lovelless (sorry), George McShatko, Richard Mumaw, Theodore Natt (you worm), Chrysanthe Nickachou (excuse the sneeze), Orpha Nofsker, James Pigg (go right ahead), Kathryn Pista, Katherine

LEMON-O SHINE PARLOR

First Class Service at All Times A Trial Will Convince You Dyeing Shoes Our Specialty Alder Street Near 13th

Washington Bystander

By KIRKE SIMPSON

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 3—(AP)—When Woodrow Wilson formed his first cabinet, perhaps none of the men called to his side was selected more for the impression he had made personally upon Wilson than was Lindley M. Garrison, war secretary, now dead at 68.

The considerations that governed Mr. Wilson as to virtually all other cabinet selections then appeared very obviously those that had to do with building up administration influence in congress.

Each was a factor in welding the party machinery that functioned so smoothly until the world war emergency arose.

Garrison, however, was in a little different category. In him President Wilson found a man of force and vigor, although he probably did not expect his war secretary to serve as a vital cog of the legislative program the president was framing.

It was perhaps personal liking more than anything else that brought Garrison to cabinet service.

And, as it happened, the very qualities that made Wilson single out Garrison were to make Garrison the first to break away from that Wilson cabinet circle that remained so nearly intact throughout eight stressful years.

They parted over methods to be applied to reserve army development. Garrison had become convinced that reliance upon militia, the national guard, under any form of dual state and federal control was dangerous.

His project for a purely federal reserve force to be known as the continental army, solely under federal authority, grew out of that conviction.

Mr. Wilson agreed, but not to the point of threatening to veto the national defense act of 1916 which provided instead for a federalized national guard. Because of that Garrison resigned and withdrew permanently from politics.

Yet what happened? When the United States entered the world war in 1917, hardly 14 months after Garrison's resignation, the bulk of the land forces it raised for the struggle were in then what was styled the national army, as distinct from the regulars and the national guard units.

And the national army, on a scale of millions where Garrison had dealt in hundreds of thousands, was almost exactly what he had fought to attain in his continental army plan. It was a purely federal force, free of constitutional restrictions on the organization and employment of militia.

More than that, the counter plan of Chairman Hay of the house military committee for a federalized national guard also en-

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Emerald Of the Air Bruce Hamby, I. N. S. correspondent for Eugene, will be with you again today at 12:15 with his weekly sports talk presented by the Emerald-of-the-Air.

promenade by carol hurlburt THERE is a charming little book entitled "Among Us Cats" (and if you haven't read it... it's mostly pictures... you should). It is dedicated to "all those who stay out after midnight," and I do hereby dedicate my column to these same brave souls.

Strolling up Thirteenth or down University, you may not notice a man or a girl who is fashionably dressed; but, on the other hand, if there is some note of striking individuality about a costume, you remember it. The main trouble with the way in which American women dress is that they all try to conform to certain style dictates rather than trying to bring out their own striking differences.

Against a background of pretty little co-eds, all curly headed, broad-shouldered, high waisted, and bright-lipped, and a mob of be-arded, be-sweated youths, you will note the arresting and solitary figure of Professor W. R. B. Wilcox, clad in a long black cape and wide slouch hat.

You will note Nancy Nevins, for she uses no make-up and wears a sophisticated little chapeau that is cocked down over one eye and is tipped up in the back. Peggy Sweeney invariably wears black or red. Don Eva is always garbed in gray. Virginia Kibbee chooses brilliant and vivid colors.

Betty Rice is distinctive for her swanky tweeds. Ty Hartmus is unique for indulging in red with her red hair. Al Wall has never worn nor owned gloves. Professor Lance Hart defies campus custom by wearing a loose black bow tie.

And so it goes. Do we dare to ask the question: "What price individuality?" We Select for Promenade: Mary Augusta Schaefer, because she paints her mouth deeply purple.

Vote for Fred Flisk, Democratic candidate, for County Judge, Class of 1897, member of the Board of Regents, 1923-29.—Paid Ad.

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Back to Fight for Oregon WELCOME GRADS! For Best of Food---Drop in at GOSSER'S

WELCOME GLORIOUS GRADS TO 1932 HOMECOMING WE'RE VOTING 317 x No THAT WE MAY CONTINUE TO WELCOME YOU Beard's Willamette 957

FOR THE O. S. C. GAME 85c ROUNDTRIP CORVALLIS Sat., November 5 SPECIAL TRAIN Direct From Campus to Bell Field and Return Lv. Villard Hall, 11:15 A. M. Ar. Bell Field, 1:15 P. M. Returning After Game From Bell Field to Oregon Campus Southern Pacific Phone 2200 for Details



Vote 49 X for Donald Young Democratic Candidate for District Attorney I have practiced law in Eugene for twenty years, and served as deputy district attorney for three years (1918-1921). Paid. Adv.