

# Oregon Emerald

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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

## DON'T BE ALARMED

VAGUE rumors have emanated from Corvallis to the effect that the Zorn-Macpherson school-confiscating measure will be sponsored by that community "as soon as the time is ripe." These reports are not to be taken seriously. Just when the time will be ripe for the dead Zorn-Macpherson bill to be resurrected we hesitate to say. We thought it was so extinct that it would take nothing less than the trumpet of Judgment even to make it turn over in its grave.

The voters of the state killed the measure by the most decisive count any bill ever was defeated in the history of the initiative and referendum in Oregon. The mandate of the people is not to be regarded lightly; Mr. Hoover, Mr. Smoot, Mr. Bingham and numerous of their associates will bear out that contention. The backers of the Zorn plan may be mistaken, but they are not foolhardy. They know their measure is as dead as a door-nail. It is not likely that they will waste precious dollars trying to resuscitate it. We hope the University never has more to worry about than the chances of Hector Macpherson's bill being resubmitted to the electorate.

## ON RELAXING PROFITABLY

AT Rollins college in Florida, when the problem of improving students' use of their leisure time arose, two committees were appointed to make studies, reports, and proposals. One represented the faculty and the other, students. The student report contains many points that might be used here.

They would have none of the idea of hobby groups under faculty leadership on the grounds that the intervention of faculty members tended to cramp the freedom of many students—they would attend for "apple-polishing" purposes or would stay away for fear that it would be thought they were practicing that ancient and transparent subterfuge.

Any appearance of cultural value in the recreational activities should be avoided, it was emphatically stated. The basis was:

"If the scholar, working eight hours a day in pursuit of culture, is offered cultural pursuits in whatever time he has to spare, according to this view, he is not relieved from his studies nor provided with an atmosphere which leads him to return to his studies the next day rested with a ready mind."

Is not this the weakness of our numerous clubs and discussion groups? Subjects closely allied with class work are propounded and expounded by would-be intellectuals who all too frequently have only a smattering of knowledge or a one-sided view of the topic.

To get away from this, the Rollins students suggested nine items that look good and which could probably be carried out without considerable expenditure of time or money. They follow:

I. "The installation of the preceptor plan in fraternity and sorority houses in order to raise the tone of conversation, which takes up most of our

chewing tobacco, and outja boards are banned; plunges through center will be penalized by half the distance to the king row.

LOST—Senior sombrero last week. Reward.

See Yourself

The Homecoming bonfire, the Armistice day parade, football game, and many other campus and Eugene scenes will be shown at

tonight's Movie ball at the armory.

Who is the Scarlet Pimpernel? That is the mystery play revolves that is to be given at Guild theatre tonight, Thursday, and Friday.

He Made Pioneer

A. Phinister Proctor, noted sculptor, creator of Oregon's Pioneer, is a guest at Hendricks hall on the campus today.

spare time in the houses, and to stimulate greater interest in things intellectual.

II. "The installation of a circulating library, to be maintained by the college library, for the fraternity and sorority houses and the college dormitories.

III. "More art exhibits by the art department for the benefit of students.

IV. "More recitals by faculty and students of the conservatory of music.

V. "Expansion of the activities of the student glee clubs.

VI. "More dramatic matinees by the dramatic arts department.

VII. "Better transportation accommodations for students desiring to hold week-end parties at near-by Florida beaches.

VIII. "Expansion of the intercollegiate athletic program to include soccer and track.

IX. "Expansion of the intramural athletic program for women students."

The University is fortunate in its music, arts, dramatics and athletics. The library system was proposed here last year but seems to have been blotted from the picture. The preceptor plan might be worth a trial. Most unfortunately, the climatic conditions discourage week-end parties at the near-by beaches. Anyway, the water's too cold.

## SUBSCRIBE TO OREGANA

The Oregonian is an essential campus enterprise. Without it there would be no complete record of the year's activities. The Emerald sets forth the doings and goings-on day by day, but the Oregonian is the medium by which those activities are preserved for future years. If you want to see who was captain of the baseball team in 1923, you turn to the Oregonian. If you want to know who was president of your sorority 12 years ago, again you refer to the Oregonian.

The year-book should be an integral part of the school's extra-curricular activities, but at present there seems to be some doubt as to the security of the Oregonian's future. The financial stability of the enterprise is in danger. The only way in which it can be bettered is for the subscription drive now under way to be a complete success. To lose the Oregonian would be a campus tragedy. It is imperative that we come to its aid by entering our subscriptions.

## A COMMUNITY PROBLEM

FROM up in the apple country known as Yakima comes a news item that is encouraging. The first person convicted of driving while intoxicated after the repeal of the prohibition laws was fined \$100 and sentenced to 60 days in jail. And the judge said he was ready to give the maximum of \$300 and 90 days.

If that judge can convince persons in his jurisdiction that they should not drive while under the influence of liquor, he will undoubtedly save the community considerable sorrow and expense. That judge evidently figures drinking and driving is a community problem and not one for the individual alone.

The Portland papers for the past week-end carry several stories of accidents in which alcohol and gasoline figured prominently. And it is to be expected that there will be many more until those who like their beverage find that it will not mix satisfactorily with gasoline.

It is to be hoped that Oregon justices will follow the example of the Yakima judge in attempting to stamp out this menace to the motoring and pedestrian public. If we are to have liquor, we must be guarded against its injudicious use.

## THE NATION THINKS OTHERWISE

A GREAT many people have asked why a straw vote conducted on a university campus would be so divergent from true national sentiment as was the one conducted at the University of Oregon.

In the face of the greatest Democratic landslide in history practically every university in the West declared itself in favor of Mr. Hoover, the Republican candidate. The obvious falsity of figures may be easily traced with a little study. It is only too apparent that the students at any higher educational institution are bound to be from families of comparatively comfortable means.

Granting this, it would seem to indicate that the wealthier families, the families more firmly fixed on the social scale are Republican. True. These families have not felt the true harshness of the crisis current during the present regime—they have not been bitten by the keen-edged scimitar of hunger and stark need. They are more firmly in favor of a continuance of the present change of things. They are still optimistic after three years of whippings.

On the other side of the panorama we see the lower classes, the classes that constitute the majority of the American voting public. Gloomy and disheartened by the effect upon their personal comforts and fortunes of the present party they are for a change. They cry for "a new deal."

Thus can be seen the two sides of the picture. It is regrettable, only, that there is no closer contact between the two. It is almost unbelievable that our tightly bound little collegiate world should be so blissfully oblivious of the sufferings of the outside world as they are.

Let us enter a plea for better understanding. After all, an election is but a small thing beside the fate of a people.

Everything in nature has a purpose, but no one has discovered what is the purpose of the 460 species of fleas.—Dr. E. Bardsley.

My pet aversion is the twisting of history to meet the requirement of romantic fiction.—Emil Ludwig.

Smoking during examinations, and in some lecture courses, is allowed at the University of North Carolina.

It is only the ignorant who despise education.—Publius Syrus.

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## Looking Backward

By KEN FERGUSON



## CAMPUS CARAVAN

By DAVE WILSON

SECRET desire... that our psychology experts would prove that a student's powers are at low ebb on Mondays. That would make me feel happier when I labor away on Tuesday's drivel.

Collegiate racket No. 468... Invite a theatre manager up to the house for Sunday dinner. Ask over a dozen charming co-eds and plant the manager in the midst of them at the dinner table. If he doesn't stand up and invite the whole gang down to the show-house after dinner, he's a piker.

Credit for this bright idea goes to the Phi Delt, who worked it as smoothly as a U. S. C. end run last Sunday. The words were no sooner out of Manager Ray Jones' mouth than the great emigration began to the McDonald theatre.

One disappointed member returned to the house an hour later and said he wasn't able to get within a block of the theatre.

A columnist must use care in selecting words. While laboring on a previous paragraph I asked Associate Editor Thornton Gale if it would be libelous to refer to a sorority as a "seraglio."

"To which sorority do you refer?" was Gale's comeback.

But we looked up the word in the unabridged and decided not to use it... although a law major informs us that under the laws of Oregon proof of truth is a sufficient defense against any libel suit.

Question of the hour... "Will we have beer by Christmas?" The obvious answer is that nobody will have anything this Christmas. But, getting down to brass bottle-tops,

editor of Hearst's Washington Herald.

Mrs. Longworth, widow of Nick Longworth, former speaker of the house, is brilliant, if not gifted, and through the prestige of her position and the vitriol of her tongue dominates Washington's ultra-fashionable official group more completely than any other whip-cracker in the capital.

Now these two charming women are most essential to our story. It is around them that the new changes will revolve. Mrs. Longworth, fifth cousin of the president-elect, came out openly for Hoover. It is not likely that the new president and his wife will soon forget. Mrs. Patterson, on the other hand, is the editor of a Hearst paper.

The significance of these relationships lies in the fact that ever since their debutante days Alice and "Cissie," as Eleanor Patterson is called, have carried on a bitter and unremitting feud.

It all began, according to Washington Merry-Go-Round, one night when Cissie monopolized the time of a young nobleman, keeping him all to herself in an upstairs library of the Roosevelt hotel, after he

had sat next to Alice at dinner. The next day Alice sent Cissie a thoughtful little note:

"Dear Cissie: Upon sweeping up the library this morning, the maid found several hairpins which I thought you might need and which I am returning."

The answer was just as pointed: "Dear Alice: Many thanks for the hair-pins. If you had looked on the chandelier you might also have sent back my shoes and chewing gum."

While Alice Longworth now has a battle royal on her hands, she probably finds some modicum of satisfaction in the removal of Dolly Curtis Gann from her officially high position. Time was when these two carried on a rivalry so intense as to scandalize almost the entire nation. Dolly Gann held that she, as half-sister of the vice-president, should take precedence at dinner parties and official functions over Alice Longworth, wife of the speaker of the house. Dolly won.

Dolly is a strapping, titian-haired social climber from the Middle West. She tries to conceal her origin and her humble beginnings, but at the psychologically wrong moment flings her plump arms out and calls, "Come kiss me, Charlie."

Both she and Ettie Garner have done their own cooking and bent over their own washtubs, but Ettie is a wallflower of a different calibre. She has been earning her \$325 a month as her husband's secretary and caused a number of raised eyebrows by installing an electric stove in one of the rooms on the first floor of the capitol where she cooked favorite dishes for Jack. She continues to sort out his laundry and darn his socks.

The vice-president is the chief dimer out of the administration, but since most of the functions which he is forced to attend are staid and uninteresting affairs, it will make little difference whether his wife is a social leader or merely the component of all the virtues.

Whatever else the Roosevelt regime is sure to bring, it will replace the Hoover formality with an atmosphere of informality in which the personality of the First Lady will be felt as more than a repetition of that of her husband.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14 (AP)—How will the new first lady reign over the White House?

At a recent party at Hyde Park, home of the Franklin Roosevelts, a guest looked on interestedly as Mrs. Roosevelt sat on the lawn, talking with animation.

"A charming family," said this friend, "and a charming hostess."

It was a compliment spoken of a woman whose social experience and background include residence in two capitals—Albany, where she presides over the governor's mansion, and Washington, her home during the time her husband served President Wilson as war-time assistant secretary of the navy.

House, once home of her uncle, the late Theodore Roosevelt, and friends expect her knowledge of its social ways to be of value to her in directing it during the next four years. Her reign, they predict, will be one of dignity relieved by the proper measure of informality.

She and Mr. Roosevelt probably will be the only continuous resident members of the family at the White House, friends believe, but often there will be family visitors, especially on holidays.

There are four generations of the family now living. Mrs. James Roosevelt is the president-elect's mother. The children are James Roosevelt, who married Betsy Cushing, daughter of Dr. Harvey Cushing, Boston brain specialist; Elliott Roosevelt, whose wife is the former Betty Donner, daughter of William Donner of Villanova, Pa.; Mrs. Curtis E. Dall, who was Anna Eleanor Roosevelt; John, 16; and Franklin, Jr., 18, both students at Groton.

Mr. and Mrs. James Roosevelt have a daughter, Sarah Delano Roosevelt, aged eight months, and Mr. and Mrs. Dall, a daughter, Anna "Sistie" Eleanor, aged 5, and a son, Curtis "Buz-Buz" Roosevelt, aged 2.

"Sistie," who once wanted "to buy some money" at a shop in order to help some poor children, is expected to be a regular visitor at the White House, and the other members of the family will be on the scene frequently.

The sons may expect advice when they desire it, no matter how busy their father, as indicated by an incident during the convention when Elliott asked his father for help on a business problem and received it at length despite the exciting events in Chicago.

## B.O.O.K.S

## Emerald Of the Air

Winfield Atkinson, winner of the Jewett after-dinner speaking contest, by virtue of which he will represent the University in the state contest to be held in Portland on December 9, will deliver his winning talk over KORE on the Emerald-of-the-Air program at 12:15 today. It's a WOW, folks, better get an ear-ful!

A continuation of the dramatic skit, "Mr. Bill and the Stroubles," will come to you as usual this evening at 7:15.

Did you hear Lenny Hoyt and his Royal Collegians yesterday? If you didn't, you missed a red-hot half hour of shin-tickling syn-copation.

Get the habit! Turn the dial! Listen to your Emerald-of-the-Air.

this program by fostering narrow patriotism and a pugnacious and distrustful attitude toward other nations. It also tends to make respectable militarism and the shame of war, and to make glibly young men anxious to try out the knowledge of warfare which the R. O. T. C. teaches.

Where is the "revolt of youth"? It is sadly lacking in our schools. American youth accepts complacently the traditional dogmas in the fields of nationalism and economics. We never seem disturbed by the thought that we may be a lot of glibly asses.

Chester E. Flory.

## A BROKEN JOURNEY—by Morley Callaghan (Scribner's)

Somewhere some reviewer has said that Morley Callaghan is a gifted writer who has never become a novelist. The truth or the falsity of this statement must rest largely with the individual reader in a consideration of this, the author's latest published novel.

Callaghan, because of his frequent appearances in the "Midland" and other western magazines, is perhaps better known to many of us in this section of the country than other younger writers. And though his work is a continuation and a projection of the hard-boiled sentimentalized attitude toward contemporary life, which has arisen somewhat earlier in the work of Hemingway, Faulkner and other post-war novelists, he merits your recognition for the occasional flashes of brilliance and grace which permeate his best work. He is a writer with obvious sincerity and stylish charm.

But in "A Broken Journey" there are glaring inconsistencies of plot structure and characterization. They are faults which may no doubt be attributed in the main to superficial influences inherent in the central stream of contemporary American literature. If one feels admiration for the positive virtues of the novelist (and it is difficult not to), there is the desire to overlook the peccadilloes committed by him.

The author's theme is that of two women, mother and daughter, in love with the same man. Mrs. Gibbons, the mother, sex-starved and sex-obsessed (posterity will have no difficulty in recognizing the date of this book), confronts her daughter, Marion Gibbons, with her love for the young man in question, Peter Gould. So the first climax is reached. It is hardly timed. But Marion throws over her claims, and the mother makes her clumsy advances from which the bewildered young man retreats with confusion and some disgust. He retreats to a quiet back-woods life with a parasitical brother, while the two women are left to fight out the issue on the home front. But now Mrs. Gibbons, aware of her dishonesty and her broken defences, discloses to her daughter that she once lost a fine young feller because she waited too long, because she refused to love, and after relieving her mind she urges the daughter to go to the young man. She does but finds she is too late, for the young man has been seriously injured by a fall. He may never again leave his bed. Marion, consumed by her mother's sensuality, is driven finally into the arms of a young woodman, from which she emerges with loathing and disgust. She makes her way home and the book ends.

The book should have been a powerful novel of fate, but it falls short, perhaps through the amassing of false climaxes which fall like wet sponges on the fevered and expectant brain of the reader (for the plot is absorbing and potentially great), perhaps through the futile element itself which, through a too complete absorption with modern technique, evolves into an inferior quality of irony.

But the book, for the virtues listed, is recommended. Callaghan has a clear vision and a compelling directness which will undoubtedly carry him far. Had I not a substitute for an argument on the subject, I should say that the author's vision and uncompromising directness is comparable with that of the earlier D. H. Lawrence novels, though the approach is different.

## The Safety Valve

An Outlet for Campus Steam

All communications are to be addressed to the editor, Oregon Daily Emerald, and should not exceed 200 words in length. Letters must be signed, but should the writer prefer, only initials will be used. The editor maintains the right to withhold publication should he see fit.

To the Editor of the Emerald: May I remind you that in spite of your long editorial of the other Tuesday you avoided answering my question—what place has the R. O. T. C. on the campus? Does its compulsory nature accord with the American ideal of personal liberty? Is it tolerable in a nation that initiated the Kellogg-Briand pact?

"Backward ever backward" seems to epitomize your point of view. You parade the ghosts of the past before us to justify your position. Yet I doubt if you would be willing to return to the life and standards of Lincoln's time much less that of Napoleon or Julius Caesar. These men lived in a world far different from ours. War had not become the paramount evil that it is today. War, as late as Lincoln's time, was chivalrous compared to modern warfare. It did not threaten the continuance of civilized living.

Are we of the twentieth century to remain servile to the outworn customs and standards of the past ages? In an age of easy communication, swift transportation, and mass production with its insistent demand for greater markets the traditions of a different age must be replaced by new ones which are in accord with modern conditions. Universities should be ahead of the times in this endeavor to bring our policies and actions up to date. Universities should train men to manage national affairs and foreign relations so as to make war a thing of the past as soon as possible. The university should push back men's horizons and make them world-wide—provincialism is out of date. It should point out the greatness (and profitability) of our race as a whole rather than a narrow loyalty to one branch and the futile attempt to profit permanently at other's expense.

The R. O. T. C. interference with

## Washington Bystander

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She is no stranger to the White