

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

LET'S HAVE YOUR IDEAS

At the outset of this term the Emerald stated that it would not hesitate to alter a previous stand, once proven its original decision was wrong. We now move to adhere to that declaration.

A comparatively brief time ago the athletic and executive committees abandoned minor sports here. This paper commended the action and advocated the general idea back of the move. We now withdraw that advocacy and simultaneously urge the student-body to submit suggestions for possible means of raising the finances necessary to reinstitute tennis, golf and swimming on the University's athletic program.

The Emerald will take it upon itself to be a clearing house for these suggestions if the students will try to figure out how the minor sports can be financed by the student-body. We realize the financial perils confronting the A. S. U. O., so at this time do not ask them to appropriate the necessary funds. We do, however, believe that it is a mistake to weaken the school's athletic program by abandoning its lesser activities, and urge the students to take an active part in the campaign to readopt minor sports here.

A few possible suggestions that might work out are: The showing of sports reels (Bobby Jones, Bill Tilden, etc.) at local theatres, dances, exhibition matches, and so forth. Address all communications regarding ideas and suggestions to the Editor of the Emerald, care of University of Oregon. All worth-while notes will be published in the Safety Valve column.

HOW THE HOWES DO IT

AN Oregon graduate of whom both the University and his father may be proud is Dr. Henry V. Howe, head of the geology department at Louisiana State university. His skilled observations and learned comments on fossil beds recently unearthed in the bayous of the south have attracted the interest of the nation's leading scientists. In an Associated Press news dispatch elsewhere in this paper his activities are recounted in considerable detail.

Dr. Howe is a son of Herbert Crombie Howe, professor of English here and the sole person on Oregon's athletic committee actually rich in athletic experience. Dr. Howe graduated from the University of Oregon in 1916. He later served with the American expeditionary forces in the World war and obtained his doctor's degree from Stanford in 1922.

As head of the geology department at Louisiana state, Dr. Howe has made himself nationally known by his frequent jaunts into the country's scientific spotlight. His latest project with the animal relics is only one of many such enterprises. His father can well congratulate him when they meet at Baton Rouge next month, Professor Howe already having been named to accompany the Oregon football team south for its inter-sectional jamboree with Louisiana state. Through Professor Howe, the Emerald extends the student-body's felicitations to a former student, Dr. Howe.

SUPPORT THE "Y" DRIVE

THE campus Y. M. C. A. opens its financial drive today. When asked to give, think of the Association not just as a building, a room, a meeting, or a "place to play ping-pong." Think of it as an intercollegiate movement that aims to rally on each campus a group that stands for something. Think of it as an organization of up-and-coming young men who are really doing something, for its activities are all things that deserve your recognition and support.

The local association is not a cloistered group

of men, disdainful popular opinion and nourishing its spiritual life and fellowship in retirement. Neither is it a group that seeks popularity by always giving its approval to the "status quo." By refusing to court martyrdom or to curry popularity, the Association has an opportunity to transform but hits own fellowship and the life of the campus.

The local organization is neither monastic nor compromising. It has something creative to add to the individual and social life of the campus. After all, the task of the "Y" is not one of "getting along" with the campus, nor one of "running away" from it; it is more one of transforming it.

The giving of money has always been for many students a thing to be escaped when possible. Such people possibly do not experience the joy of promoting the successes of a cause in which they believe, by giving money to it.

The college man will be faced by many philanthropic enterprises when he graduates into community life. These may be extremely important to the welfare of society and may depend for their life upon his support. He should learn in college how to accept such social responsibilities.

Then, too, it is not just a matter of giving. When it comes right down to it, it is really paying. It is value received for value given. You owe the "Y" something for services, tangible or intangible, which it has given you. Pay your bill!

TRAINS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

It is past midnight. Eastward and westward extend the long steel lines of the railway track. One end of those rails is in South America, the other in the Arctic circle.

The campus is deserted. The rushing waters of the mill-race murmur softly below the embankment. The thin white shaft of the semaphore stands out in the moonlight, its green lantern above signalling its message of safety up and down the line.

Far off in the foothills of the mountains a locomotive whistle shrieks three times. No. 16 is coming. Fifteen minutes pass and again the whistle sounds. It is only five miles away now. The rails begin to hum their warning of the approach of 100 tons of flashing steel. The beams of the headlight reflect on the pastured slopes back of Springfield.

Then the train roars over the trestle east of Eugene, and the noise of its boisterous passage is caught in the ravine and echoes along the rails. The warning bell at a grade-crossing begins to tinkle. A mile down the line, its ring can barely be heard above the clatter of the trucks on the rail-spaces.

An automobile stops cautiously at the crossing. The train flashes around the curve, the wheels of its coaches grating on the flanks of the rails. It crashes over the crossing, plunges onto the embankment and heads into Eugene at 45 miles an hour. It is a crashing, plunging mass of steel and iron and fire when it passes the campus.

The drive-wheels of the big mallet are a mass of spokes and rims in the dark. The piston rods slide in and out of the cylinders like things alive. Dimly in the red glow of the fire-box can be seen the engineer. He leans from his cab, one hand on the throttle, the other on the air.

The locomotive is gone in the twinkling of an eye. A long string of baggage and mail cars comes next. Inside busy clerks are sorting letters and packages for their respective destinations. The coaches that follow are brightly lit, but most of their passengers are asleep. They sprawl over their uncomfortable seats in grotesque positions.

The dining car is pitch dark. It is dead-weight until the morning meal, which most of the riders will eat in Portland. The pullmans, seven of them, are also in caliginous gloom. Only here and there does the faint glow of a lamp denote a restless sleeper or one engrossed in a book.

Then comes the observation. A brakeman stands on the back platform, torpedoes and signal-flags in hand. The train is gone now. The legend of the illuminated sign on the last car stands out like a beacon in the darkness, and the red and green safety lanterns twinkle like stars. The roar and clamor of the long train dies down in the night, until the clatter of the six-wheel trucks is as faint as the click of telegraph-keys.

You look up at the semaphore. It is changed now. The bar has come down and a red light gleams ominously where a soothing green lantern twinkled before. And you think. From whence did those people come? Where are they going—those 200 souls and more on that train?

Truly the passing of a train in the night is a wonderful sight—a sight that never grows old. It fascinates boys, and it fascinates those same boys generations later when they go down into the twilight of their lives. It is a symbol of power, of terror, of all that signifies modern advancement and progress in the field of machinery. It is a trade-mark of today, a trade-mark both terrific in its power and wonderful in its symmetry.

YOUTH COMES IN

IN England two admirals in the naval command retire "to make way for younger men in the British navy." They thought that their country needed younger blood so they carried out their idea and stepped out.

Perhaps it did. At any rate it showed a great deal of courage back of their convictions. They knew when they were too old to be of any great service. They stepped into a handsome retirement of course, but nevertheless they would never have the younger captains and commanders calling them "old fogies" who were barring the hope of progress.

In any system of such an order, where advancement lies chiefly along the lines of seniority it is always encouraging to see men who know when their days of fitness are over. The chief evils of such a system, and it is in use everywhere, are based on the fact that it fills the important offices with too many senile and inefficient old men.

It doesn't give the younger, more creative brains a chance. They are either stifled in the red tape of progression waiting for the man above them to die or else they are too old to be useful when at last they step into office.

Those two chaps in Britain knew when to quit, though. They were not only successful admirals, they were gentlemen.

A man, Professor Albert E. Meder, has been appointed acting dean of the New Jersey College for Women in the absence of Dean Mabel Smith Douglas, who is in ill health.

The many still must labor for one—Lord Byron.

Get Out the Cranberries!

By KEN FERGUSON



CAMPUS CARAVAN

By DAVE WILSON

REMEMBER the flare-up last month between Bill Bowerman and Bob Hall, president and vice-president of our beloved Associated Students? Bill claimed that he and other officers were being slighted by Hall in appointments to important posts. This view of a student body officer acage, and the postoffice department didn't approve.

Miss Liljeqvist, in passive resistance against a 3-cent postal rate, pinned an intimate note to an intimate wisp of chiffon and placed it in a home-going package of laundry. Next day the postoffice phoned and asked her to step down to 6th and Willamette to retrieve the note.

Pozzo has been getting a lot of publicity down at Southern California. But not "Oregon's own" Pozzo. It's his young brother, member of the frosh U. S. C. football team and fellow-sinner in Sigma Chi, who's been getting the space in our esteemed contemporary, "The Daily Trojan."

Columnist Ted Magee of the U. S. C. mouthpiece claims that the younger Pozzo's unabridged name is Luigi Pietro Ferante Ponce de Leon de la Casa de Pozzo.

After reading that we were disappointed to find the old brother listed in the directory as "Bud Leonard" Pozzo. But a once reliable source, the ex-editor of "Moonbeams," informs me that Bud's real name is Anselmo Leonardo y Ferante de Pozzo. That's better but it still doesn't measure up to the label on the kid brother.

Grade warning post-cards are more numerous than last year. Will somebody please call that item to the attention of the "Bright Spots in Business" editor?

And if there is any student who ever took a course from Dr. Barnett without receiving a mid-term warning card, will he please call at the office for an interview?

Washington Bystander

By KIRKE SIMPSON
 WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—(AP)—There is ample evidence that, confident as he was of victory, the actual size of the vote for him, both electoral and popular, fairly left Governor Roosevelt breathless.

No man ever has a long cherished dream come true in a more spectacular fashion. Mr. Roosevelt must have felt a desire to pinch himself sometimes, as the returns piled state after state in his column, just to see if he was awake or dreaming.

In the circumstances, a chance to catch his breath before he began actual preparation of a cabinet slate was in order. Yet so many political onlookers were certain of his election long before election day itself that Roosevelt cabinets by the dozen were put out speculatively.

That, being true, some authoritative word about the cabinet plans of the president-elect was to be welcomed. And it came, promptly, the day after election from a very high authority, a man

whose name figured on every speculative Roosevelt cabinet slate The Bystander saw.

"Big Jim" Farley, original Roosevelt boomer, field commander of that remarkable pre-convention Roosevelt campaign and of the final drive at Chicago that produced a fourth ballot nomination, to the dazed and pained astonishment of political veterans, obliged.

Since the large, plump, amiable, energetic New York up-stater also managed the election campaign itself and was one of the two men to whom Governor Roosevelt immediately paid grateful tribute election night, Farley ought to know.

And what says he?

"Perhaps the governor has canvassed a few names," said Farley. "If he has, he has never revealed those names to me."

So much for that. Mr. Roosevelt apparently still possessed that ability noted when he was a much younger man, smilingly to keep his own counsel when he so desired.

Throughout the whole period of the estrangement between Roosevelt and Smith which began after Roosevelt had taken office as governor and continued until little more than a month ago, not even his closest friends ever heard

the governor speak of that. That smiling Roosevelt reticence was always on guard.

Probably Louise Howe, Roosevelt's political alter ego since Roosevelt first went into politics, may have known the details. The Bystander is not sure of even that, however. As for Colonel Howe, he has reticences of his own.

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: During the spring term of last year, a few of the constructive students of the campus planned, created, and brought into being the Student Parliament of the University of Oregon. It was the purpose of this parliament to be the forum for those representative students who convened for deliberation on vital issues affecting student affairs. It was the design of the founders of the parliament that this body should be called into action at the beginning of the following term.

Is there no longer a need for a student parliament on our campus? Did the parliament fail to function successfully? Daily there are vital issues arising which deserve student attention and opinion. Matters of importance are continually presenting themselves and should be given proper attention before a body of student legislators such as we find in our parliament. Sponsors and critics of last year's parliament unite in agreeing that it fulfilled an urgent need and was one of the most constructive student moves of the year.

We feel that there is now a vital need for the student parliament to swing into action. At the present the students are without a means of fully expressing themselves, and for that reason we feel that parliament should convene in the immediate future.

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.

promenade

by carol hurlburt

"MODOM?" queries the pert young girl behind the counter. "Stockings," you answer. "Color?" "Rather dark, in between a grey and brown." "Size?" "About a nine, I think." You slip your hand through the shimmering folds. You note how the blue veins in your wrist show through the sheer silk, and the purchase is complete.

Thus the sacred ritual of purchasing a pair of hose.

This is wrong, all wrong, however. In the first place the shop-girl shouldn't have been pert, and in the second place the purchase of stockings should be a technical procedure... purely scientific.

When buying sheer hosiery, you should ask for a dull finish, 48 gauge, with three strands to the thread and twisted 16 turns to the inch (this does away with fuzz). Be sure you get a stocking made with a full needlebar, because it

will then fit your leg without stretching.

I have said that you should ask for three strands to the thread, but a four strand chiffon, although heavier, is better wearing. Service weight should be from seven strands up.

Decisive color is the rule in everything, you know, and one of the minute manifestations in this passion for riotous color is stockings the color of the inside of a ripe fig. The old shades look somewhat nil with colors such as cabbage-red and hyacinth blue.

The newest thing in the way of men's socks is camel's hair. Should be in solid colors. Camel's hair is cool yet warm (if we may be allowed such a contradiction), and it doesn't itch. Plain colored woolen socks with a clock up the sides are also de rigueur.

We Select for Promenade: Carmen Blaise, because she wears a distinctly individual afternoon frock of hyacinth blue, cut on the bias, with a high waist-line, a high braided neck-line and wide dolman sleeves.

BOOKS

LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE (Viking Press) 1932

This is a book which interested admirers of the life and work of the late D. H. Lawrence have eagerly awaited and demanded. And has only recently been placed on the seven-day shelf in the main library.

It is a large book, containing letters covering a period of 25 years of literary activity. And Lawrence was a voluminous correspondent.

Undoubtedly it will prove invaluable for a complete understanding of the author's life. Only now, two years after his death, does there seem any possibility of clearing away the cobwebs of misunderstanding which have gathered in the minds of Lawrence readers. This book reveals his every thought, and action, over and over, from the time of his first published work until his death in 1930. And to further clarify the life of the man, Aldous Huxley has written a highly readable introduction in which he comes as close to a reverential tribute as he is capable of doing. Huxley, somewhat surprisingly, says that Lawrence was not just an ordinary man. He was not of our world or any world which we know. He was a man apart, and we felt only the greatest reverence and respect for him. Lawrence, says Huxley, was a man of great personal attraction and persuasiveness. He was continually envisioning a land of love and beauty, remote from the world of man. And Huxley admits that though he is considered a man of most practical nature, he found that when Lawrence asked if he would be one of his colony of chosen people that he was founding, he heard himself answering in the affirmative.

The book is especially fine, for in it one may trace the gradual development of the ideas which Lawrence was to maintain through life. The book is rich with quotable passages, but which must suffer of necessity when torn from the context. From his cheerful, idealistic youth to his somewhat disillusioned middle age, the letters bristle with characteristics of the many-sided artist.

He seemed to have known as he wrote a book that it was to be great—even though his reading public often failed to justify his claims by way of substantial financial remuneration. Concerning "Sons and Lovers" he writes to Edward Garnett early in 1912. "It is a great tragedy, and I tell you I have written a great book. It's the tragedy of thousands of young men in England—it may even be Bunny's tragedy (David Garnett). I think it was Ruskin's, and men like him..." He lived in poverty all his life. Another time he writes to Garnett: "God help us... I don't mind if Duckworth crosses out a hundred shady pages in "Sons and Lovers." It's got to sell. I've got to live."

Nothing could explain his much-disputed attitudes toward women and love more clearly than this

Emerald Of the Air

The Emerald-of-the-Air presents Wallace Campbell, graduate assistant in sociology and Rhodes' scholarship candidate of the flaming tresses. At 12:15 today Wally will touch upon the important aspects of microbes—and editorial writers. Special emphasis will be placed upon the general topic of Rhodes' scholar material.

passage. And nothing will help more to invalidate the trash that Middleton Murry and other recent biographers have peddled under the seal of Dr. Freud. To Ernest Collings Lawrence writes early in 1913: "Bocklin—or somebody like him—daren't sit in a cafe except with his back to the wall. I daren't sit in the world without a woman behind me... a woman that I love sort of keeps me in direct communication with the unknown, in which otherwise I am a bit lost... We can go wrong in our minds, but what our blood feels and believes and says, is always true... We are Hamlet's without the Prince of Denmark. We cannot "be." To be or not to be—it is the question with us now, by Jove. And nearly every Englishman says, "not to be." So he goes in for humanitarianism and such-like forms of not-being." And so with constant activity the man lived his life.

Before his death he wrote to Maria Huxley. "I am rather worse here. It's not a good place—shan't say long—I'm better in a house—I'm miserable... This place no good." A few days later he died.

Two Decades Ago

From Oregon Emerald November 16, 1912

Press Conference
 The meeting of the Western Oregon Editor's association in Eugene yesterday was the first official recognition by the press of the state the newly-created department of journalism.

The editor of the "Green Cap Weekly," new freshman paper, is edited by James A. Loundagin, 35-year-old freshman from Garfield, Washington.

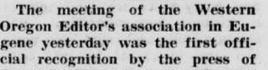
Twentieth Birthday
 Kappa Kappa Gamma has granted the petition of the local sorority Gamma Delta Gamma and will install Beta Omega chapter shortly after Christmas vacation.

The Emerald gets it going and coming. In the recent survey some said, "too tame," some "too sensational"; some "too much athletics"; others "not enough sports"; and so on—and on—and on.

Voting's Serious
 Fifteen women met on Thursday evening in Dr. Schafer's room to study sociological problems of interest to women before they exercise the privilege of voting.

Students in Scotland Seek Openings Here

The graduate school has received inquiries from two people in Scotland concerning possible openings for assistant or research fellowships at the University. Both have master's degrees. One is a woman who has graduated from the University of Aberdeen, and the other, a man, has received his degree at another Scottish university.



"SHE'S A LOUSY DANCER"

Perhaps they were saying that about you after the dance when the boys gather round the fireplace. You'll never know... Make sure that you really dance well. In three private lessons we correct your present faults quickly... then show you the newest collegiate dance steps, and teach you to follow easily and gracefully.

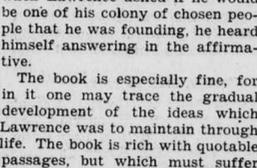
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SOPHOMORE INFORMAL

Calls for your Best Appearance



Across from Sigma Chi