

# Oregon Emerald

An Independent University Daily

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## They're Off

A Webfoot team still "smarting" from its recent defeat at the hands of the Washington Husky, will leave this afternoon for Moscow to do battle with the Idaho Vandals, on Saturday.

Oregon gridsters this year have a determination and unity that has not been seen on this campus for several years. Let's further that determination and unity with genuine student support. Let's show those men that Oregon students are still behind them 100 per cent.

Idaho will not be an easy team to conquer. Calland's team made a better showing against the Gonzaga Bulldog than did the Washington State Cougar. The early losses suffered by the Vandals have only made them stronger.

When the Webfoots leave today, give them a send-off that will still be ringing in their ears when they line up opposite the Idaho eleven. Show them true Oregon spirit.

## Freedom—or Alms?

TWELVE hundred miners, desperate, burying themselves in the black depths of a mine shaft, there to be drowned, asphyxiated or starved, rather than slave at a wage that could buy only starvation. . . Twelve hundred humans who, rather than endure the creeping pangs of slow death from hunger, rather than endure the misery of seeing their wives and children daily grow more wasted and wretched, would have done with life. . . Twelve hundred men, who, though insane from a torture self-imposed, had such a mad determination that they would not pardon themselves to return to the suffering that was theirs in a world of sunshine and free air above. . . Families of the twelve hundred, who, not having been restrained would have thrown themselves after their men. . .

It is an apocalypse, a shocking, horrible vision that has stirred this too, too complacent world the last few days.

Psychologist! Call it enteric madness.  
Idealist! Throw around it one of your paper dreams.

Starvation is very real.  
People starve in our country. Do we need an European vision of starvation to arouse our humanity? . . . when we compositely receive the report that six million American children are "definitely undernourished," meaning starved. . . or when we have it reported to the Children's Welfare Federation of New York city that a child found eating out of a garbage can had died, that another child three months old, whose mother had been unable to feed it nothing but sugar and water, was near death.

People of comfortable means are as a group too complacent about human suffering. Only when misery is reduced to the terms of a hot news story, or when it comes in dripping gobs from the pen of a human-interest writer, is their attention caught. And then their concern is largely abstract, a kind of pitying curiosity.

We may feel that we have done a bit when we drop a dime to a beggar, but that isn't the kind of charity the world needs most. We must learn a kind of charity that isn't the stooping, patronizing way of almsgiving. The higher way is a sympathy with the broad depths of the wretched, a desire to improve their condition. Alms are only an apology, disgraceful to a land of free people.

As college students many of us will be graduated as leaders into the higher ranks of employment. We should carry away from here a sense of our responsibility, some way, to end the wretched state of labor in some of our industries, which no euphemism can conceal.

There must be some way. If we fail to find it, if

we continue groping in the dark, grasping only loose ends of reality, the day will arise when men who can exhibit such unflinching desperation as to seek death en masse will turn the force of their anger away from themselves upon a confused and helpless society.

## 'Galloping Ghost' Returns

LAST week-end Harold "Red" Grange, one of modern football's immortals, returned to the scene of his collegiate gridiron triumphs. Ten years have passed since the great Illinois halfback set the country agog with his phantom touchdown dashes through broken fields.

Since that time Grange has won more laurels for himself in the professional version of America's favorite college sport. At times his post-graduation exploits must have seemed a bit empty. No longer did he receive the thundering plaudits of his alma mater. His path was none too smooth for he was a pioneer, and the way of the pioneer is never easy.

When Grange left Illinois, professional football was in its infancy. He was censured for sacrificing his precious amateur status for the sake of a few paltry dollars. Even those who had gone to classes with him and cheered him on the field rather resented the decision of their idol.

The University of Illinois did, however, confer one distinction upon its elusive backfield ace. The numerals, 77, which he wore on his Illinois jersey, were never to be worn by any other player who was to attend that institution. Gratifying as that honor must have been, Grange undoubtedly felt rather keenly the barbs his admirers threw into him because he was convinced football offered him a good vocation.

Ten years have changed the scene. Professional football has come into the good graces of the American public. Grange throughout the years remained as one of the outstanding stars. His wounds have been entirely healed. Last week the huge homecoming celebration at Illinois was dedicated to "Red" Grange. He came back to his alma mater as the guest of honor.

What a different reaction Grange must have had on that occasion as he said, "I can't understand why this homecoming was dedicated to me. It is too big to be dedicated to one man. . ."

## Still There Is Hope

A year ago last summer Eric W. Allen, dean of the school of journalism combined enjoyment with educational interests and spent several weeks in the Orient. While there he wrote several articles for the Oregon Journal describing his experiences in the nations across the Pacific, one of which was Japan.

Yesterday he was reminded of these journalistic travels when he received through the mail a vulture of a recent book on "Japan's Advance" by James A. B. Scherer, in which appeared an extended quotation from one of his 1933 articles.

Dean Allen did not request a copy of the book. He did not even know of its existence. The gift was merely an appreciation, on the part of the Japanese consul in Portland, of the many understanding statements the dean had made concerning the orderliness of life in the Orient.

Is not such a token of international good will far more conducive to the advancement of a world peace than a sealed missive of rebuke from one jealous government to that of another? Should such a demonstration of accord be given precedence in public comment, if not in the news columns, over the insane schemings of international conspirators. It should. It is just such seemingly insignificant manifestations of all that is good in international relationships that must constitute the stepping stones to the new world harmony.

We suggest that Clair Johnson, Emerald sports editor, and creator of "Little Iguesso," prognosticator extraordinary of gridiron events, fire his brain child and give the superhuman assignment to Aubrey Fletcher. Fletcher has walked away with the score-predicting contest sponsored by Phillip Morris, Ltd., for three weeks in succession while "Little Iguesso" has been missing them with startling regularity.

What purports to be official word from Germany indicates that Chancellor Adolph Hitler will consider himself "Der Fuhrer" until death removes him from the helm of the German state. It would seem that this decision would leave but one course open to his political enemies.

A recent survey of the expenditures of co-eds on the campus of Iowa State college revealed that \$20,000 was spent on tobacco while only \$5,000 was used for the purchase of material for the good old fashioned game of sewing. It just goes to show.

## The Passing Show

### The Century of Destruction

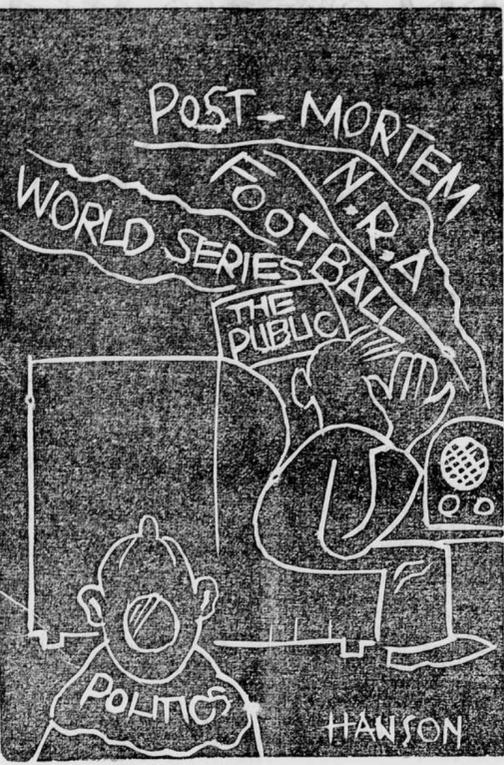
TWO summers, now, have been devoted to what is supposedly the pasword of our modern age—progress. The Century of Progress has been one of the most gigantic enterprises of its kind ever undertaken—and the doors will close this fall on an entirely successful and worthwhile project.

Surely there has been progress to merit all the display—and we are still advancing. But is the forward march as whole-hearted and untrammelled as we are led to believe? The popular idea is that everyone is working for the advance of science and the improvement of the machine—in short, for making life better, more livable for the masses. It is somewhat disillusioning to realize that progress is held back, daily, hourly, by selfish manufacturers who realize that new and improved products on the market would destroy their profits.

Not long ago there was placed on the market a small car, extremely efficient in every way, giving about 40 miles a gallon, selling for only \$250. Did anyone hear about it? No, a big company paid a "big price for the right to destroy it. Sale of such a car would have hurt business too much. This same thing has happened with all sorts of improved products. A new carburetor, saving fifty per cent on gas, was taken off the market because one of the powerful oil companies foresaw a loss. Who knows how many other helpful things we are deprived of by the greediness of the money-makers?"—Daily Kan-pan.

## QRM

By ED HANSON



## On the Bandwagon

By DICK WATKINS

engagement at the Grove that they have moved back in, this time, indefinitely. One can easily see he is playing safe and has eliminated much of the novelty trash from his programs, that he used to feature to the hit and which griped so many of his followers.

The Calliope

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:  
Your recent comments on the success of Edison Marshall, Oregon '17, in the literary world brought home to me the startling fact that the Emerald, although of great value in preparing students for a career in journalism, offers little opportunity for development of

With two of the youngest band leaders in the game now engaged in keen competition practically across the street from each other, the situation in Frisco is brightening up a bit. Tom Coakley who has been making a gold mine of the Palace hotel since he re-opened it last year in the Rose Bowl, has almost overnight become one of the premier bands in the country and has a style that is positively refreshing in its distinctiveness. Featuring four saxes, four fiddles, only one trumpet and trom, plus two pianos, he became a sensation right off the bat, and is now the only Victor recording outfit on the coast.

Dick Jurgens, hearing the tinkling of coins from out of the Golden Gate, moved in bag and baggage into the Embassy room of the St. Francis, together with a complete floor show, an innovation for any hotel, let alone one as conservative as the dear old "Francis." This summer when Carol Lofner of the once far-famed combine of Lofner-Harris tried to make a comeback, in the face of Coakley's barrage of rhythm, the general strike came along and cooked his goose, so back to the "sticks" he went, while the St. Francis pulled down the shutters and took up organ recitals instead. Jurgens by the way, has been playing in Sacramento's Senator hotel and up at Lake Tahoe this summer. His band, largely recruited from ex-Sacto J. C. students made their first bid for fame last year when they filled in a three-week gap between the coming and going of Arnheim and Pio-Rito at the aforesaid St. Francis. His music so completely dominated Sacramento, that no Greek letter prom was ever held unless he could play it, and he frequently cut in on the best Cal. campus bands to play for jigs in Berkeley. Jurgens may be heard nightly over NBC from 11 to 11:30.

Other coast bands which may interest Oregon tuner-inners are Tom Gerun's revamped orchestra back in the Bal-Tabarin, and the Beal-Taylor boys who are handing out some real first class arrangements in the Fairmont's Terrace room, although they are taking things rather easy at this stage, being also fresh from college corridors and playing their first big job. At the Fairmont, one can go swimming as well as dancing, for the Venetian plunge is adjacent to the Terrace room with the tables spread all around the pool and under the palm trees. Jimmy Grier's orchestra is clicking now as it never has before, and his playing at the Biltmore Bowl in L. A. is fast making its presence felt at the nearby Coconut Grove, which has so completely dominated the dance music industry in the southland for so long. It will be well worth one's while to lay aside the books one of these nights, and hear him do "The Object of My Affection," sung and played as few good tunes have ever been played.

Ted Pio-Rito & Co. made such a smashing hit during their summer

student literature. The embryo poet, historian, and essayist must be content to struggle blindly without the constructive criticism or praise of his future public. A department of the Emerald devoted entirely to student literature would be a stimulus to creative writing, an avenue upon which the student might liberate his budding ideas and make room for greater development.

I would suggest as a title for this department: "The Mirror of Student Literature."

The word mirror is suggestive of reflection, a brief glance at the work of future authors as they pass on their path to fame through various stages of efficiency in writing. The response to the creation of such a department is certain to be favorable. It will be read with relish not only by the literature students but by the whole campus. Contributions to the department will be of sufficient number that a high standard of literary composition can be maintained at all times. The work of the department can be carried on by a student editor and assistants with the collaboration of an English professor.

I am convinced that there is a place and a need for such a department in the Emerald. Publication of my letter with a challenge to student comment will convince the Emerald staff that there is such a need.

Hoping to be of service in making the Emerald the finest collegiate publication in America,  
Very truly yours,  
T. DONNELLEY WOOD.

## Who Cares?

By BOB MOORE

### THE GOAT WOMAN

(2nd Installment)

Synopsis: Albert (our hero) hears the beckoning call of Water Lu. He hastens to her. The two of them mount camels and speed swiftly into the forest. Now go on with the story.

### Part 2

The two camels agile as panthers began their treacherous ascent of the craggy mountain side. Lu drew a bass fiddle from beneath her cloak and began to play lustily. "Quit fiddlin'," barked Albert, "let's get goin'."

Lu growled as she drew back the bow and let an arrow smite him. Soon they slid across a slimy river and slunk into a small settlement. A bunch of the boys were whooping (coughing) it up.

"Someone said we could procure milk from you cow," smirked Albert.

"That's a bum steer," gurgled

## Four Toed Eohippus

By FREDERIC S. DUNN

My childhood recollections of Dr. Thomas Condon are lovingly interwoven with butterflies and caterbury bells. Mother allowed me to accompany her on a visit, shortly after the Condons had moved to Eugene and were living in what was later known as 'the Hen Owen place.' To my delight, the professor, who had captured my heart from the very start, showed me 'the most 'nermous' butterflies he had stored in cigar boxes. And, later, he made a return call, but forgot to come into the house—he was lost in my mother's old fashioned flower garden, where she allowed him to wander at will. He wasn't as tall as some of her hollyhocks.

Years afterwards I sat in his class-rooms, both the one in Deady and the later one in Villard, and learned from him an 'open sesame' to a thousand Ali Baba's caves. How tenderly he would fondle the piece of cardboard to which were sewed the precious fragments of little four-toed Eohippus, and how proudly he would lift a gnarled old bone he himself had dug from the ground, a mastodon's tooth!

And he taught us to dream dreams, of the Aryans thronging through the Himalayas for grass of the time when all that Oregon could boast was Two Islands in a swirl of mud, of a civilization lost beneath the Atlantic but leaving its outflung tendrils on either side of the depths, of the Hittites battling for Old World supremacy and bequeathing but 'a few pieces of pottery,' of Pithecanthropus lost in the blizzards of the Ice Age.

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## The Day's Parade

(Continued From Page One)

whether his program turns out to be a success or not.

Martin or Not?

What kept Oregonians wondering as election day nears is whether the Democratic punch will be sufficient to carry General Martin to victory in the gubernatorial contest in a normally Republican state. Professional dopsters still make the doughy general a slight favorite in the three-way competition however.

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FILLING STATION

I'll B-C-N-U - - Thanks

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