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Meanwhile, America sits by and produces a few puny river boats and sets them out on the high seas to go puffing and lurching along in the wake of the foreign monsters. This is far from meeting competition. The American populace cannot be blamed for choosing foreign ships for their trip abroad when the choice lies between a speedy journey on a floating palace and a tedious trip on a bobbling cattle boat.
Let us put idle men and hoarded money to work building a merchant marine that will be worthy of a country with our many miles of coastline. Let us, too, build fine, great, seaworthy ships and carry our own passengers across the seas.—Southern California Daily Trojan.

Education and the Burning Question
THE question before the world today is socialism or individualism? Is it best for the economic and social good of mankind for the world to pursue a course in which the individual strives for personal achievement and gratification, leaving his fellow men to take care of themselves as best they may, or should mankind so arrange itself that the common good is the main objective. We wonder, as do many other students.
One important source of student information on the question comes from the faculty. The battle on this campus is waged energetically and brilliantly, but at the same time it adds to the confusion concerning the merits of the two isms. A student may go to his eight o'clock class and hear the Chicago Tribune lambasted, the individualistic system of profiting roundly berated, and the New Deal praised to the high heavens. Whereupon he repairs to his nine o'clock class wondering why anybody could be other than an advocate of socialism, only to hear his nine o'clock professor state that the New Deal is a miserable failure, and that it is attempting to erase the natural rights of man, and that he is happy and proud to be able to say that at least forty years of his life were spent in America as it should be. The student then stalks off past his ten o'clock class towards the Sweet Shop where noise and music will drown out the bewilderment within him.
We went through the process described above innumerable times and finally reached the conclusion that the question depends on whether acquisitiveness (individualism) is a basic human instinct, or a secondary urge. Up until a few years ago, psychologists said that it was a human urge, but of late they declare that there are only two instincts—sex and hunger. If it is then a secondary urge and not an instinct, it can be moulded by education.
Those who ascribe to socialism tell us that one of the outstanding merits of a socialistic system is that every individual will be able to obtain a station in life that will afford the most pleasure to him. There will be no more driving of people to work like beasts of burden. There will be a psychic income from working at a job that a persons enjoys doing, thereby reducing the desire for economic income. So far so good, but when we ask them who will perform certain undesirable tasks they tell us that by training, society can obtain persons who will even enjoy collecting refuse. They say that one's nose and the color of one's hair and eyes are definite inherited traits which cannot be changed, but that the choice of one's life work can be influenced.
The question, then, descends squarely on the shoulders of education. When will education become so universal that it will physically be able to train every individual and detect the particular capabilities of each and every person? How soon will the personnel of educational process decide that a society which strives to promote the common good is superior to a system that places individual gains before anything else? To the grade schools, high schools, colleges and universities of the United States falls a very large part of the responsibility in determining whether this country will, and when it will, adopt socialism.—Purdue Exponent.

at less than half the present regular price.
Among the top-notchers that have signed up with them are BING CROSBY, GUY LOMBARDO, TED LEWIS, MILLS BROS., BOB CROSBY, ARTHUR TRACY, the CASTILLIANS, and many other prominent artists. The policy of the Decca is to make the quality of the recording itself, sell the record, rather than the popularity of the tune, and also to try to select the songs that are not just a "flash in the pan," but those that they expect will prove of a more permanent nature—as well as those songs that are already so. For example, BING CROSBY'S first recordings for Decca are "I

The Day's Parade
By PARKS HITCHCOCK
Mr. Churchill Speaks
Local Liqueur
Paris Flings Accusations
The Saar Problem
A German Victory
Death Deletes the First Class
By FREDERIC S. DUNN
Survivors of the class a brother and sister-in-law, Judge Robert S. Bean having married Miss Ina Condon, sister of his classmate, Mrs. Ellen Condon-McCormack.
The next issue will contain "There Was an Old Miller."

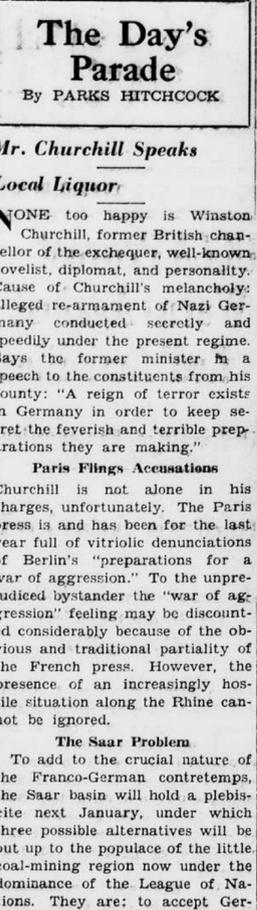
Death Deletes the First Class
By FREDERIC S. DUNN
WE knew we were getting along in years since our first graduation, yet nothing so convinced us of our increasing age as the complete deletion of 1878. Stars are by now pretty well sprinkled down the alumnal list, but all of the class of '78 now form a distinct constellation of their own.
Two of our Pleiades were very early dimmed and lost to us, having survived their graduation but ten years. Dr. John C. Whiteaker, son of Oregon's first state governor, following his course in the school of medicine in Salem and his service as interne in the hospitals of Portland, had been established but a short time in Cottage Grove when the collapse came which ended his life at the family home in Eugene.
George S. Washburne, eldest son of one of our greatest pioneer promoters, was lauded as Oregon's most brilliant product. It was expected of this flashing young attorney that he would be at the helm, whether gubernatorial or congressional, no matter which or what. His death in 1888 curtailed an ambitious career and was deeply lamented.
Matthew S. Wallis, or "Sneede" as every one knew him, was also a genius mentally, but permitted a disappointing indisposition to deprive him of initiative. He too would have climbed high, but died in relative obscurity. His was a most kindly, genial temperament, which made him highly appreciated fraternally.
The death of these three left as

CRITIQUE
By GEORGE ROOT
Today:
English Journey by J. B. Priestly (reviewed by Robert Lucas).
Rameses to Rockefeller by C. H. Whitaker (reviewed by W. R. B. Willcox).
Appointment in Samarra by John O'Hara.
THREE books today: Priestly's reflection about a particular wandering; a review of a "fresh and surprising interpretation of the history of architecture," submitted by Mr. Willcox; and another fall novel which is in its third printing at the present time.
ABOUT J. B. PRIESTLY'S head, there bursts, from time to time, bombshells of criticisms followed by equally sharp statements of refutation and praise.
His latest book ENGLISH JOURNEY, which was the third best seller in September, cleverly side-steps the rush of those who would criticize his novels. In Priestly's own words—"It is a rambling but truthful account of what one man saw and heard and felt and thought during a journey through England during the autumn of the year 1933."
The book oscillates between dullness and brilliance. The author's various reactions to such places as the Midlands and the

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HELLO FELLAHS!
By ED HANSON

Some of This Stuff Is
PURE QUILL
By JIMMY MORRISON
FIRST read Barney Clark's thrilling story of how Tom Tongue met his Waterloo.
Now go on with the story. Tom was attired in a delightful old fashioned nightshirt. One of the Gamma Phis put a flashy green bath robe on him, but he refused to wear it.
We would have given a pretty penny to have taken a flashlight picture of him as he streaked across the campus on his way home, nightshirt flying in the breeze.
Several similar incidents like that which make college "keen" occurred. The Phi Sigs took Tony Moore, mattress and all, to the A. D. Pi house and rang the bell. They took a couple of flashlight photos as the girls came on the scene, and the girls, apparently frightened, ran back upstairs, so the boys dumped Tony in the front hall and waited (outside) for something to happen.
Soon the girls came stealthily down stairs and were horrified to find a man in their house.
The man could scarcely wiggle a finger, however. He was addressed to Maxine Vogt, on whom he has planted his pin. They tossed him out on the porch.
"Don't drop him," said Max. The girls told the boys later by telephone that they were going to take Tony up on their sleeping porch. The Phi Sigs protested against this mental cruelty, so Max untied the lad and he went staggering home with his bed on his shoulders.
Dick Knight, Phi Sig freshman, was soon deposited in the same manner on the Alpha Chi front porch, but he squirmed out of the knots and fled for home. Marge Roberts and some of the girls were going to throw a scare into him by taking him into the house for a while, but he was gone when they went to the door. Two Phi Delt freshmen roaming the streets on a walkout are suspected of aiding in Dick's escape.
The Fijis were whooping it up as usual. They took some guy up (Please turn to page 4)

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