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To a Distinguished Visitor

WE are happy to welcome you to the University of Oregon, Mr. Norman Thomas; a visit from a man of your stature is not less than flattering.

We remember what people said of you when you were a candidate for president. We recall that an angry, self-righteous citizenry did not not damn you for your political credo as they are wont to act toward radicals of the blood and thunder breed.

We admire you for your despite of dictatorship, your hatred of such individual authoritarians as Hitler and Mussolini, who, gloating in their power, look to perpetuate their systems, rather than settle their people for a return to the liberties which are the popular right. We appreciate the horror in which you hold the communistic belief in the advancement of humanity by fire and revolution.

Sometimes, Mr. Thomas—and somehow we vaguely feel it a treason against a patriotism for the government under our present constitution, a love that has insinuated itself into our hearts through innumerable thrusts from our parents and our childhood teachers, and from our old history books—sometimes we are compelled by the force of circumstances and disclosure to concur in your estimation that democracy under this capitalistic economy is a failure.

It may be hypocrisy, it may be chauvinism even; whatever it is, we think that we will stick it out a while longer. But, if capitalistic democracy should ever fail, human liberties and civilization will still have a champion in men like you.

The Trojan Jinx Fades

NO longer is Southern California, long the football citade lof the nation, spoken of in awe under bated breath. The sacred bubble which has surrounded the unapproachable Trojan has been burst.

First it was the Cougar from Washington State that mangled the Trojan warhorse; then the Pitt Panther sunk an avengeful tooth into the remains of the still proud Jonesmen. An underrated Oregon State Beaver held "old S. C." on even terms just before the war-painted Indians from Stanford stormed the gates to lay wanton waste inside the Trojan domain. Even the buffeted Bears from California rose from the depths to slap the once-touted Trojan warrior deeper into the dust.

This week it is Oregon's turn. For the first time in recent years the Webfoots hold the odds over the defenders of Troy. The defeatism which always before has undermined the team and supporting students is singularly absent this year. Instead of accepting defeat as the inevitable outcome even before the battle starts, a determined and fighting Duck machine, with only one game on the red-ink side of the ledger, has gone to Los Angeles teeming with the confidence that has been instilled by an appreciative and loyal student body.

The students have faith in Coach Prink Callison and his cohorts; the Webfoot gridders have the same faith in their own ability to shatter the patched Trojan warhorse. Against such a combination it bodes but ill for U.S.C. Saturday.

"All Passion Spent"

IT is gratifying to read that Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul, president of the University of California, after a careful investigation, found the charge that the students had used their official positions to destroy the university was groundless.

As a result four of the five U.C.L.A. student leaders find themselves exonorated of the accusations of Provost E. C. Moore, whose hasty judgment during the hysteria of the California gubernatorial contest ousted them from the university.

Dr. Moore's suspensions were technically upheld however on the blanket charge of insubordination. Obviously such an action was merely a courtesy on the part of Dr. Sproul to save the face of Dr. Moore.

The question which now arises is whether the reinstated students will be permitted to resume their official duties as members of the student council. Now that the threat of having a socialist as governor of California has been removed and the political pressure has receded, we venture the predication that Dr. Moore will see the subtle rebuff in Dr. Sproul's decision, and allow the students to continue in the offices to which they had been elected.

Rationality is a difficult thing to achieve in times of stress.

The Passing Show

Bring the Big Game Back!

AMONG the several things proved by Saturday's stirring contest between Oregon and Oregon State was the fact that this traditional encounter should be moved back to the home campuses at Eugene and Corvallis wher it belongs. In spite of all the ballyhoo about the big gate possible at Portland, the 20,000 attendance Saturday was ont any larger than might reasonably have been expected right here at home, what with the logical additional attractions of a campus "Homecoming."

There are several reasons why Portland is not the best place for this game. We do not start with the usual premise that Portland is a "poor foot-town." As things go, Portland is a pretty good football town, but it is getting a good deal more football than it can support "in style." For Portland, the annual Washington-Oregon contest is destined to be the "big game." With Oregon State now on the Washington and Washintgon State schedules, either one of these contests could be made the second big Portland attraction for the alternate years. Portland draws also many of the most important contests of the Northwest conference schedule and it turns out huge crowds for its own high school games. For Portland, the Oregon-Oregon State game is just one big event too many on a crowded schedule.

On the other hand, this is the one game which can be built up into a sure fire affair for the home towns. For hundreds of alumni in the southern and central portions of the state, it is even more convenient to come to Eugene and Corvallis than to make the long trek to Portland. From all parts of the state the Homecoming features will attract anyhow. And in those occasional years when a Coast championship may be at stake in this game, the distance from Portland is not going to be a barrier to those fans who pay their money to see top notch football without partiality to either school.

The most important reason for restoring the game to the home fields is that the present scheduling "for revenue only" is the sort of thing that will kill college football. The free train rides to Portland do not take the place of campus football. Furthermore, parents and taxpayers look with considerable disfavor and distrust on this wholesale transportation of students for the jambouree because it is impossible to exercise the normal supervision and control. Football to BELONG on the campus of any educational institution must have its BIG GAME at home.

This is said without thought of "what's in it for Eugene" (or Corvallis). Some business goes out of town for these games but after all the amount is really pretty small. The week-end trading in these towns is not dependent on students or transient visitors of games. With games out of town, business goes on pretty much as usual. The restoration of the Oregon-Oregon State game to the home fields is required for the good of the sport as sport and for the good of the schools.—Eugene Register-Guard.

Industrial Union Gesture

LIBERALS who have hailed the new policy recently adopted by the American Federation of Labor toward industrial unions as a revolutionary step to the left are allowing their enthusiasm to overshadow their judgment. The Federation grudgingly yielded to the pressure of objective events without sacrificing any of its power and control or changing its basis of organization—the craft union.

Industrial unions will be sanctioned only in the mass productions industries and among what Matthew Woll has termed the "now unorganized and perhaps unorganizable workers." The new type of unionization will be carried out under the careful supervision of the enlarged executive council. Only two members of this group have been active advocates of the industrial set-up. Most of the powerful craft leaders are openly hostile to any movement which might rob them of their power.

The newly organized federal and industrial unions are none too assured about their futures. The council is even now considering whether or not the brewers' forty-year-old industrial union should relinquish the brewery wagon drivers to the Teamsters' Union. The federals feel that they will be encouraged and assisted at the moment, but they harbor the suspicion that they may eventually be used as recruiting agencies for the big craft unions, that once they are organized they will be subjected to the same kind of a raid as the brewery workers.

Thus the industrial union issue furnishes no real test of the militancy or left wing strength of the Federation. If they are to amount to anything more than a vague gesture to the left, the new unions must be assured of support. The Federation has actually conceded very little.—Minnesota Daily.

Thomas Talks

(*Continued from Page One*)

Graduate of Princeton

He was graduated from Princeton in 1905, and studied for the ministry receiving a D.D. at the Union Theological seminary in 1911. Two years ago he was awarded a Litt.D. from Princeton.

A varied list of subjects have been dealt with by Thomas: Why Freedom Matters, Is Human Nature Hopeless, Shaw's Book on Socialism, Social Forces Since the War, Wanted—A New Incentive, Social and Individual Freedom, Race, Religion and Fraternity.

Thomas is now executive director of the league for industrial democracy and contributing editor to Nation and World Tomorrow. He has lately carried on much work among the immigrants of the upper east side in New York City.

The Day's Parade

By PARKS HITCHCOCK

Church in Mexico
New Auto Code Plans

AMERICAN Catholics will organize a nationwide drive against the Mexican anti-religious measures when bishops of the church meet at Washington today. Mexico has got herself a rather serious black eye in religious centers for her attempt to emulate Nazi Germany by frowning on the church. Mexico's case, however, is rather more similar to that of Henry VIII of England when he broke away from the church of Rome.

Historical Parallel

The Mexican government, as did Henry, considers the church holds far too much temporal power, and, furthermore, far too much untaxable property. In the time of the second Tudor king this same situation gained such alarming ground that over one-third of the property in England was untaxable; thousands of good churchmen bequeathed their property to mother church upon their deaths. Much the same incremental accession of property has gone to the politically powerful church in Mexico.

A Safe Move?

However, if the suppression or divestment of the church in Mexico may seem a good political move to the government, it is on the other hand liable to be an highly dangerous measure to that same government's security. There is a very high degree of devotion to the church among the citizenry and serious disturbances are quite likely to ensue.

Daniels Recall Asked

As to just what steps American Catholics will take, the present annual conference in Washington will enlighten us. Already, however, there have been repeated demands for the recall of U. S. Ambassador Josephus Daniels for his failure to interfere and protect the rights of religious toleration.

* * *

AUTOMOBILE manufacturers have joined to spread the trade equally over the full twelve months and to do away with the seasonal method of sale, injurious to both employees and producers. In line with this program, suggested by President Roosevelt, last week Alfred P. Sloan Jr., president of General Motors announced that GM and subsidiary companies would issue their new models in the late summer and fall.

New Date for Models

In the past it has been the practice of all manufacturers to bring out their new models at the beginning of the year. By this system there were often long lay-offs during the dull periods. Code authorities, who with leading automobile manufacturers, have arrived at several new plans of this nature, believe that their program for the automobile industry will materially benefit the trade. The plans for the extension of the code will be announced in full within the next month or so.

The President and Business

All such announcements cannot but be construed as more evidence that the President has effected a reconciliation with business. More and more financial leaders are being called into his councils and more and more men of note in the industrial world are expressing their sympathies for the renovated NRA.

CRITIQUE

By GEORGE ROOT

Today:

"John Browne's Body" by Stephen Vincent Benet, published by Doubleday Doran, reviewed by Eda Hult.

REALLY good books, books whose works extends beyond the more notice of publishers' "latest" or superficial evaluation as "best-sellers" do not need to be classified in any relationship of publication dates. Pater stated that there are books, just certain books, that have a habit of falling in one's way and ranking with one for much more than their general appeal. In very rare cases there is a sincere and lasting worth accompanying that general appeal, and BENET'S JOHN BROWNE'S BODY is an outstanding example. In spite of the seeming policy of Critique to note only the newest books, here, today, is a review, as fine in its respect as the book it evaluates, of an older book which demands a renewal of interest during this week which the nation sets aside to honor the most honorable of its tomes.

"RISE up, John Brown!" cries the poet, and even in this fourth decade of the twentieth century with its ominous world horizons and widespread turmoil such as the past has never known, John Brown, that gaunt fanatic of Harper's Ferry with his Bible and his sword and his burning bloodshot eyes, comes alive again in this truly great American epic. Stephen Vincent Benet is the first poet to do justice to the dramatic theme of a familiar but vaguely remembered part of the historical past, the American Civil war. Close enough to make the lives and struggles and ideals of these people a burning reality, and yet far enough away to see the thing as a whole and in perspective, the time was exactly ripe for such a book as "John Brown's Body" to be written.

It opens with a stirring invocation to the supposedly elusive American muse,

" . . . the running stag, the gull at wing,
The pure elixir, the American Thing" . . .

He paints hauntingly beautiful word pictures of her various aspects from bleak snow swept New England to the "deep and middle grainland" of the West; from "the black robed priests who broke their hearts in vain, to make you God and France of God and Spain" to the modern "immensity of wheel made up of wheels oiled with inhuman sweat and glittering with the heat of ladled steel."

And then he alopogizes for being so intensely nationalistic, for "art has no nations but the mortal sky lingers like gold in immortality," he says, and if anyone should complain his "words are just," etc. But Henry Seidel Canby in his preface to the educational edition of the poem exonerates him. He says, "We shall have passed beyond the need of national art when we shall have passed beyond nations, when possibilty of a culture vibrant with home and tradition shall have been exhausted.—Indeed it is the intense nationalism of 'John Brown's Body' that is perhaps responsible for its esthetic importance, which is not equalled, I should say, by any recent American book." And so Benet has with consummate skill striven

" . . . To build again that blue American roof
Over a half-forgotten battle-tune
And call unsurely from a haunted ground,
Armies of shadows and the shadow-sound."

Throughout the book continual use is made of signs and omens. In the prelude, the story of a 17th century Yankee slaver, the young and impressionable mate seems to see the black seeds planted on American soil taking root and growing into a "black-leaved tree whose trunk and roots were shadow. A tree shaped like a yoke, growing, growing" and seems to hear,

"Horses of anger trampling, horses of anger'
Trampling behind the sky in ominous cadence."

And Jack Ellyat in a Connecticut October hears "like the flutter of rising wind—winged stallions, distant and terrible, trampling beyond the sky." And the 'nigger' talks to his wife,

"I hears the chariot wheels and de Jordan River
Rollin' and rollin' and rollin' thu' my sleep,
And I wants to be free, I wants to see my chillun
Growin' up free, and all bust out of Egypt."

But all is not ominous, or grim and terrible. There is humor. There is continual change of meter, much that is almost prose. Realism and romanticism are convincingly interwoven. Benet has borrowed much from the modern realists. For instance he describes Jake Diefer, "the barrel chested Pennsylvanian" as a "slow, thought chewing Clydesdale horse of a man." This is as realistic a phrase as any by Dreiser. And Jake Diefer's wife when she "was busy with the first batch of pancakes, burnt one or two because she was staring at the SALT on the salt box for no particular reason." This would not have been written in a poem even a few years ago and been accepted.

There is a delicate lyric quality in the interwoven love stories which contrasts effectively with the strong sweeping rhythms of marching history. Benet has made us feel the powerful emotions of the time. We feel the obstinate idealism of New England, and the glamour and sentimentality of the old South. We see the old order changing, giving way irresistibly to the new as if drawn by an unseen destiny and though foredoomed to oblivion struggling heroically till the final gun. "Out of John Brown's strong sinews the tall skyscrapers grow."

If Stephen Vincent Benet, author of Young Adventure, Heavens and Earth, and Tiger Joy, had written nothing else, this work alone would assure him a place in the literary world for some time to come. —EDA HULT.

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McClure's Tragic Fall on Rainier

By FREDERIC S. DUNN

"EDGAR fell on Mt. Rainier. Funeral in Eugene, Saturday, nineteenth"—so read a telegram from John his younger brother and my classmate, to me at Newport, engaged in community summer school work in July of '97.

My great-hearted room-mate of Harvard days, a sacrifice to the god of the mountain! President Campbell, then of the Oregon State normal, and I, rode on into Eugene on a flat freight car, to attend the obsequies of our beloved friend.

It was such an unnecessary fatality, the sequence leading to it so trivial. That mistaken trail under fall of darkness,—the decision to camp over night until daybreak,—the yielding to the wail of an hysterical girl in the party—the heroic resolve of McClure to lead,—his cry in the night, as he slipped over the edge, 'Don't come this way',—and then, that gruesome watch with death until the gray dawn revealed his crumpled body on the rocks below!

I find myself unable to think of the young professor of chemistry, so recently invested with his imperium and duly installed with new equipment in the upper story of Deady hall, aglow with the enthusiasm of a new regime just established for him in his department, but, instead, of the boon companion and rare fellow who shared with Art Collier and Jess Miller and myself the unique privileges of New England experiences,—the rambles around old Concord and Middlesex Fells and Arlington Heights and Mt. Aurburn and the Arnold Arboretum.

I have snap-shots of him, peeling oranges in the old cemetery at Sleepy Hollow, or sitting on a cannon at Putnam's Redoubt, but, most prized of all, one in which he and John and I are seated in his library in the little old rambling home that used to stand on the corner of Eleventh and Patterson. That one seems best to breathe the depth of sentiment which I treasure for him, a closeness in fellowship which, to me so much younger, was a beautiful inspiration.

Professor McClure was amused at the way he was 'lionized', as he playfully expressed it, on his return from Harvard to assume professorial dignities. He wrote me of how he was invited to deliver the welcoming address at the Introductory Social, that fall of '94-'95, andd sent me the souvenir-folder used on the occasion. The right hand page was ruled with lines for conversational engagements, like the modern dance program, across which he had written 'This was fuller'n a goat'. From this he had scrawled an arrow to the left hand page whereon the name of Edgar S. McClure was printed against 'Address of Welcome,' and here was scribbled 'And so was this.'

McClure hall carries a happy lineage, but oh! that it had known the soul of the nobleman whose name it perpetuates.

(The next issue will contain LEAP YEAR DAY OF 1888).

"On the Bandwagon"

By DICK WATKINS

A bitter disappointment to many of us who have been following the footsteps of RAY NOBLE since his arrival in this country from England, was the edict handed down by the American Federation of Musicians, denying him the right to broadcast over here or do any kind of dance music work in a public place.

Considering NOBLE'S popularity over here, it seems darn unfair to bar him like this and not allow him the common courtesies due a great foreign artist. It seems all the more hard to understand when one realizes how many American bands have constantly invaded London and other European centers without being bothered, and have come back home staggering with gold.

* * *

RAY NOBLE has now signed a contract with Paramount, calling for him to do the orchestrating for BING CROSBY'S next picture, at a salary of $1,000 per week, so that should offer a few crumbs of consolation to him.

* * *

NOBLE'S contract with Paramount also calls for him to compose tunes, and conduct studio bands as well as orchestration work, but nothing is said about his broadcasting, so it looks as though we are all out of luck until he returns to England and takes part in some other trans-Atlantic broadcasts in this direction.

* * *

NOBLE'S equally illustrious compatriot, JACK HYLTON, also barred from broadcasting and playing in the U. S.) is now hard at work making pictures for Gaumont-British Films, in London which will be released over here in the near future, and will be on the musical comedy style, using American technique as much as possible.

* * *

Two of JACK HYLTON'S latest records (for Decca, the new record outfit), are in a class by themselves. "Ellingtonia," a fantasy based on DUKE ELLINGTON'S distinctive Harlem style of jazz, and "Dinah Concert," in which HYLTON imitates the style of various other prominent dance orchestras, such as GUY LOMBARDO, etc.

Emerald of the Air

By GEORGE Y. BIKMAN

MUCH fun during yesterday's poetry program when Philosophere Virginia Wappenstein got the chuck-chuckles right smack in the middle of her most serious contribution, and had to run helter-skelter out of the studio with one hand over her mouth and the other over her stomach. No, she wasn't sick, but the program director was. Too many campus sheiks in the studio, perhaps?

Today a new musical team broadcasts on the Emerald program at 4:45. Sugarman and Bromberg, with Bert Schatz as guest announcer, will hold the great KORE audience enthralled. Violin and piano music is scheduled. We don't know what else.

The Emerald players will present their weekly play this Friday evening at 8:30 over KORE. "Spiced Wine" is the title.

Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians broadcast from Washington, D. C., tonight at 6:30. Always a tuneful earful.

On NBC: Rudy Vallee's variety hour at 5:00, Show Boat at 6:00, Paul Whiteman's music hall at 7:00. A very swell line-up.

Edwin C. Hill claims the title of the busiest man in radio. He gives his "Human Side of the News" program thrice weekly over CBS. He conducts the "Forum of Liberty" program. He is a speaker in the newsreels. He writes a syndicated newspaper column daily. And to keep his hand in he writes for magazines and lectures a bit to boot.

Jane Pickens, lyric soprano and arranger for NBC's Pickens sisters, has blossomed forth as a song writer. She became ambitious one afternoon recently, and wrote two tunes. One is entitled "Crystal Gazing" and the other "In the Mirror of Your Eyes." She composed both the melody and the lyrics.

Oh you Purple Cow!

Send the Emerald to your friends. Subscription rates $2.50 a year.

Around and Around the Pullman Car Rhinesmith Chased the Beta!

* * *

With the Oregon-O.S.C. game over there's nothing left to look forward to unless it's another SAVORY SANDWICH at the COLLEGE SIDE INN

Some of this is

PURE QUILL

By JIMMY MORRISON

WELL, as it was being said, the kiddies from the U were having a rah-rah time on the train coming home from the city of roses. The game, you will recall, was "London Bridge," A little carpet was rolled down in the aisle for about three cars. It wasn't exactly what you would call plush, but if you did cal lit that, you'd certainly be warm.

There were a bunch of Fijis sitting around in the dark. They were pretty slow getting started in the fun. They sang a few songs just to get warmed up. But when they did get going they were a lot more potent than most of the revelers.

Bill Johnston, plenty good drummer from The Dalles, had a lot of fun dishing out the dope to all the pretty girls who chanced along. It was uncanny how he picked them in such a dark car. Janet Hall, they say, did all right. Bill McInturff was one of the boys on the car, but he pulled out when the party got a little rough.

On the last "rally" train Monday night the kids were so much that way that scarcely a person left his seat, except perhaps for an occasional drink—of water. Something seemed to be in the air when the train pulled out of the station that it was to be a rather uneventful trip. But—

After about five minutes the choo-choo stopped in a rather abrupt fashion and we—that is, the students, found themselves parked beside what they at first thought was the Oregon State rally train. But it turned out to be just a bunch of bawling livestock in a long line of cattle cars.

Then followed a long wait of about an hour. It seems the engineer was a bit hey-hey and rammed a truck loaded with onions; however, the Oregon State rally train's odor counterated that of the onions. It was a tragedy. Even the engineer and other officials were crying out in front by the wreck—the onions were smashed up quite a bit.

The Emerald's little circle has started many a romance. Right now the newest pair is Rex Cooper, SPE, and Gladys Battleson, A. C. Pi; Rex is chief night editor and Gladys a copyreader. They both keep rather late hours at the press, if you get what I mean.

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