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The Day's Parade

By PARKS HITCHCOCK

Britain's Dole

Finnish Deportation

CRITICS who spend their time attacking America's relief program might do well to cast an eye across the Atlantic to the expenses which John Bull incurs in relief for the destitute. With but one-third of the population of the United States, what England has paid out by the Royal Exchequer alone, totals upwards of \$7,200,000,000 since 1920. This is merely the federal government's disbursements to which must be added another good sized sum from local relief agencies.

Slum Clearance Gains

Of this sum the housing slum clearance program got \$2,000,000,000, old age pensions another two billion, and health insurance \$500,000,000. To the dole has gone \$2,100,000,000 and the unemployment insurance snared another \$600,000,000.

No Complaints Offered

And in spite of this staggering total the British do not seem to complain, but on the other hand are now planning further and more extensive relief plans which will dwarf Uncle Sam's per capita expenditure.

Unemployment Insurance

Of course, the great boon to labor problems, and in ordinary times the arrangement that keeps the unemployment problem out of the headlines is the famous unemployment insurance. All regularly employed laborers make certain set payments per month to the government, then in case they are laid off they are supported from the general fund. For instance, persons who have made 30 payments during the last two years are entitled to draw benefits for 26 weeks out of the year. If insurance rights are exhausted before the policyholders return to work they are immediately transferred to a temporary status where they are supported by a government protectionary fund.

F. D. May Adopt This Plan

It is some such plan that Franklin Roosevelt has promised American labor. The chief objection to this program by the diehards is that it tends to a socialization of labor and gives the government too much control over the employer-employee situation. To our mind such a situation is highly to be desired.

THE U.S.S.R. has found an excellent method for solving the problem of unrest along the Finnish border. Longfellow's "Evangeline" is being re-enacted with Russians and Finns as protagonists in the little known districts of Northern Russia.

Evangeline in the North

As the British deported the citizens of Arcadia in the American poet's piece, so the Soviet is deporting all people of Finnish blood to a new settlement in Southern Siberia. Over 12,000 persons are estimated to have been moved in the last few months.

Baltic Disturbances Feared

Russia has always been a little worried about the danger of the fomentation of disorder and ill feeling between herself and the Baltic states and this is one of her moves to eliminate any such possibilities.

Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

THIS is sorta to serve notice that maybe once in a while we will write this thing. Perhaps on alternate Tuesday's (the maid's night off).

People have said to us, "Clark, why the hell don't you write that col. again?" and we have blushed prettily and said nothing. We were pleased, though that some of the Oldest Inhabitants still remembered us.

So here we are, batting merrily away at our bow-legged old Royal (plug). You see the depths to which vanity will drag a man, and what our mother is going to say about it all we don't know.

Anyway, we have had quite some fun around the office lately. Hitchcock had a brainstorm the other evening and went rushing around, clipping serevy headlines out of college papers, like "CHEST SUPPORT IS REQUESTED BY PRESIDENT OF UN."

Or, COLLEGE WOMAN MAY FIND GOOD OPPORTUNITY IN FIELD Parks industriously pasted all his

There's No Quack Here

By KELTNER

NOW LET ME SEE, WHAT SIZE DOSE TO ADMINISTER

For Tyro Statesmen

THE National Institute of Public Affairs is pioneering a new era for youth in governmental and political fields through the establishment of the internship plan. The plan offers selected college students and graduates practical training in the human elements of government and politics. The winners of appointments to the institution's laboratory at Washington, D. C. will be instructed by a staff of outstanding social science professors for a two-month period, and will each serve as an apprentice to a government official.

At first glance it may appear inconsequential that only four candidates will be selected from Oregon to only for appointments. On the other hand, it is a definite recognition of the ability of youth. It is a movement designed to train young men to competently face and solve the constantly changing governmental and political problems. It is a small, but progressive step toward the preparation of American youth for practical governmental administration.

The internships are opportunities which should not find closed doors at this University.

The Passing Show

Whither Do We Go?

SIXTY-SIX years from now, the world will be entering into its third thousand years of existence since the birth of our Lord. How many of us living today will still be living to welcome that epochal time? For it is epochal when we stop to consider what great and far-reaching changes have occurred during the past two thousand years. Who, two thousand years ago, would have thought that their descendants would be riding about in automobiles at unheard of, undreamt of speeds; would have been travelling around the world in less than a week; hearing people speak thousands of miles away from them with no medium but the atmosphere between them?

The world has gradually become accustomed to these marvels of science so that we scarce stop to think of even the greatest wonders. The only way a modern person could truly realize the innumerable benefits civilization has conferred upon him, would be if he were suddenly transported to some country where all the conditions of living approximated those of Europe, say in six or seven hundred A. D. Those were the dark ages—Roman culture had practically disappeared—the people led a hand to mouth existence, living in wretched hovels, half clothed in non-descript rags, and periodically ravaged by fearsome and devastating diseases. Gradually with the cessation of the barbarian invasions Europe began once more to become organized, the feudal system arose, forming a nucleus about which the elements of civilization and culture gathered. That march of progress which has culminated in our life today had definitely begun.

Many educated and cultured people today believe we have reached the pinnacle of our present era of civilization; that we are about to tumble headlong into chaos; to return to a period of life approximating the dark ages. Even Paris at the time of Louis XIV, the great French king, had no system of sanitation or drainage; everything was thrown out into the middle of the street and left to rot there until it disappeared. Just imagine walking along a street today, and hearing someone shout, "Ware below"; we would not know what to expect was coming, but, in former times they would promptly have ducked for shelter, because it meant that a bowl of slop was being dumped into the street. If the unwary pedestrian was not fast enough to move, he got it in the neck. And to think today, that the harassed pedestrian can sue for damages, the autoist who merely splashes him with a little dirty water! Such in graphic terms is the advance of civilization.

Is the coming thousand years going to see the world return to a period of civilization contemporary to that of a thousand years ago, or is the universe going on to a new era of progress and prosperity. That is the question thousands of people are asking today. Some say yes, others, no. Yet very few of them realize one very significant fact—that at no time in the world's history has every part of it been living in a manner akin to that of the dark ages—during the dark ages in Europe, there was a very decided degree of culture and learning in the Byzantine Empire centered at Constantinople. Simultaneously India and China were arriving at new peaks in their civilizations. Today the whole world knows what is going on next door to it—and it is most unlikely that one part will be civilized and the next in a state of barbarity. The world is advancing and will advance still further.—McGill Daily.

Ancient Alumni in Session

By FREDERIC S. DUNN

LIKE the full moon rising over Judkin's Point was the Alumni Association in ancient times, a sober, dignified order. There were no pajama parades to ruffle its serenity, no bonfires to evoke one's repressed paganism, no referendums to proffer their apples of Sodom. The First Faculty was still intact, the Alumni themselves a sparse number, the Student Body a few hebdomads only, and inter-collegiate contests unheard of. Technocracy had not wiggled into our Eden.

During the graduating of the University's second class, an Association was formed and a corps of officers elected, including those to participate in next year's program. So, Commencement of 1880 saw its schedule amplified to admit two new entrants in the name of the Alumni and the introduction of a scheme which continued for just one year short of a score. Wednesday afternoon was regularly dedicated to the 'Alumni Exercises', while Thursday evening, after the current class had been duly released, was given over to an 'Alumni Reunion' and banquet.

The so-called 'Exercises' followed a very formal procedure, opening with the welcoming address by the Association's President. As the other performers had been elected the previous year, the President was free from much other responsibility and therefore distinctly chosen from an honorary consideration. The University catalogs for many years carried

Roarin' Past

By FULTON H. TRAVIS

WOMEN'S sports 1933—In a fast exciting game marked by numerous fouls, the Independents eked out a close win from the Gamma Phis in an inter-house basketball game Wednesday afternoon. (Need we comment?)

1913—"Making love, poking a fire, and running a newspaper are the three things which every man thinks he can do better than the other fellow," said O. C. Lerter, city editor of the Oregonian, in a talk to the journalism class Monday afternoon.

It can be done. Tiftan, Georgia, (AP) A south Georgia boy entered Georgia state college this fall without ever having seen a football game.

Emden McCraine, of Willacooche, had heard a lot of the gridiron game and wanted to play. He went out in the freshman team and the first game he saw was in the opposing lineup.

McCraine was placed in the line at guard and made the first scrimmage touchdown of the game before the freshmen and the Fitzgerald high school.

(Somebody pu-leeze, page Ripley!)

Must've had rough ideas—a committee of the Michigan state senate (1913) has requested the students of the University to refrain from carrying pistols to celebrate victories. (Well, why not? The Indians celebrated by burning them at the stake or curing the scalps.

Football dots pay—some folks—

Oregon's Day

WITH the cutting of the string which for years has held the Trojan jinx over Oregon football eleven, Prink Callison and his determined Webfoot gridiron machine confidently await this afternoon's clash with Southern California.

No longer in the shadow of defeatism, the Ducks after turning in a great victory over Oregon State will meet the men of Troy on an even psychological basis. Today's fray should be decided—barring the breaks of the game, of course—upon the mastery of the art of football.

Oregon, with its enviable season's record, stands to break the touchdown drought long enforced by the henchmen of Howard Jones. Southern California, no longer the supermen of the gridiron, will be fighting harder than ever before to uphold the fast fading semblance of the prestige she once enjoyed.

It is Oregon's year. Team performances and comparative scores point conclusively to a glorious Webfoot victory. A loyal, united student body knows Oregon has the better football team, and expects Oregon to win.

If by some chance Oregon has an "off-day" or the Trojans play over their heads to come out with the larger score, Oregon still knows it has a great football outfit—a combination that is better than the best that U.S.C. can muster.

A Sculptor Speaks

SINCE, in these times of economic breakdown and monetary turmoil, there has come upon the people as a whole a growing distrust of the materialistic way of life, and an increasing drift toward the sounder foundations offered by the arts, greater interest than formerly will greet the lecture of Lorado Taft Monday night.

And Mr. Taft, who is one of the foremost sculptors of the day, will repay the attention of his listeners. He has the reputation of being an easy and fluent speaker, spicing his words with humor, and with the happy facility of converting the feeling he expresses in his sculpture into terms of the spoken word. It may easily be that his lecture will bring to more than a few of his listeners a deeper and truer appreciation of art, an appreciation that will broaden the scope of their enjoyments greatly and measurably enrich their lives.

It is an opportunity that is not to be passed by lightly, in the pursuit of more trivial entertainment. Don't miss it. Your student body card may be a passport into a new world of enjoyment, now unknown to you.

Henry Ford and Vagrant Genius

WHAT'S this, Mr. Henry Ford? Really now you should look into things before you let that mouth of yours tumble forth such witless Panglossian plaeboe.

Surely you knew that horrid man was going to publish those utterances, that folk the country over would cup eager ears when a man of your industrial star became oracular. You knew that Collier's weekly would give a big spread in its November 10 issue to your talk of the future, "This Is the Day of Opportunity."

You know you could have kept quiet rather than exclaim: "Why those homeless boys, those boys riding around in box cars. That's where we are going to get the new inventions. Why it's the best education in the world for those boys, that traveling around. They get more experience in a few months than they would in years at school."

I'll bet you kicked yourself, Mr. Ford, or were your statements premeditated? We won't broadcast it but we know that your contribution to society was the Model-T, and that you have been taking it easy ever since, putting your capital in the trust of younger hands. And we can believe that in the hours of leisure your wealth affords you've taken a scholarly immersion into the problem of vagrant

Senator Bluenose

they still call him Label because he sticks so closely to the bottle—is of the opinion that you would never have known a certain campus heartbreaker had his pin planted the way he was lighting up old flames on that dark rally train car coming home Sunday night.

That redhead, Signe Ramussen, who calls fraternities "frats" is surely going strong. Her latest attraction seems to be the Fulton (Floyd Gibbons) Travis. He's the race model who sometimes wears a black patch over his eye when he's out taking action pictures of a football game.

Who was that campus freshman who was seen leaving the Rex theater at three o'clock yesterday morning with an usher?

The managing editor must have at some time been greatly interested in horse races. Anyway, he certainly scratches a lot of this stuff.

"On the Bandwagon"

By DICK WATKINS

Praise be to Allah! Wonders will never cease. At last a new orchestra has been started up in this band barren campus, and bids fair to gain quick recognition judging from those jobs they already have lined up, which include playing for the Friday evening show at a local theater, both yesterday and tonight at Willamette Park and for the Rally dance to be held today at the "Iglou."

This news is the best that has hit this town in many a month, during which good dance music has been as scarce as hen's teeth and mostly of a minus quality, with only one band worthy of the name on the campus, and that being nothing to write home about.

This outfit, as yet nameless, will feature a 10-piece combine, sax, trio, two trumpets, a trom, piano, bass fiddle, guitar and drums, plus a darn sweet male trio, with the orchestrating being arranged by ART HOLMAN and FRED McKINNEY. At their Friday night theatre show, the far-famed AL-PHA PHI TRIO will also be with them, with that campus cowboy, JIM EMMETT, encompassed in the role of master of ceremonies.

A contest to name the band is under way with everyone on the campus eligible to try for the five dollar cash prize offered for the best name turned in, plus the honor of having that name used by the band as they cavort hither and you. Just phone 565 and leave it with ye above mentioned writer.

Emerald of the Air

By GEORGE Y. BIKMAN

Bob Kehres, up-and-coming player of piano music on the campus, will occupy the Emerald spotlight this afternoon at 4:45. Bob, not a newcomer on our broadcasts, is listed to play several original compositions, among which will be "You're the Only One Left in the World," "No Pretending," "My Love Is Yours," and his feature number, "I Only Ask Why." He'll sing a few of the choruses, too. Incidentally, Bob formerly played on KGW and KEX. He was known there as the "Radio Boy Friend."

Monday, Bob Garretson, a newcomer to the KORE audience, but not to lovers of good music well played, will make his debut. And if he is as good as we've been led to believe, it won't be his last appearance.

"The Piano Tuner," a new dramatic sketch with original Romberg music still in manuscript, will be presented over an NBC nationwide network this afternoon from 5:00 to 6:00. This program will be followed by the Radio City Party broadcast which tonight will

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TAP DANCING Watch Tuesday's paper for announcement of free tap dancing lessons. Call Jack Hammond—318—for information.



around without your head—

Neither would you look blindly for the pen you lost.

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