

# Oregon Emerald

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## Out of the Fog

IN a world where "whirl is king" and values seem to us to be broken down much faster than they can be created there comes a man who has lived a long, respected life of creative idealism and, in full awareness of the social, political, and economic upheavals which have transpired during his three-quarters of a century, he continues to dream of an order and a beauty out of chaos.

The sculptor, Lorado Taft, who spent Monday on the campus, holds that art exists to be seen, and his ideal museum would not only present all the world's masterpieces in a profoundly systematic sequence but the museum itself would be an institution contributed to in active interest and incorporated into the lives of the people.

We have need right now for these dreamers, these men who have contributed vitally to America's cultural life during the past years. This is a time for dreamers—where there is no vision, the people perish. Reformations that have stripped life of the very colors that make it endurable in a wild effort to produce a civilization that can be read into stock-phrases are not worthy of their name.

There is vision in art, it is an attitude in the light of which petty feelings and petty dissensions fall away leaving order and balance relative judgement and, for the individual, a life full of design and vision—and the proof of this last we have in the person of Lorado Taft, a strong, calm, crusader for his cause who enjoys each minute of his own existence and whose clear, bright eyes look on life in its fullness even while aware of its impermanency.

## We Pay and Like It

WE'RE gullible, we Americans. This condition was never more conclusively illustrated than by the recently published findings of the federal trade commission after a six year investigation into the methods of propaganda used by the public utilities companies. The commission's report informs us that "no campaign approaching it in magnitude has ever been conducted except possibly in wartime."

High rates have made it possible for a utility to "perpetuate itself through the control of public opinion." The charges made by the commission find that the consumers' money has been used to "secure the good will of the press and the newspaper fraternity," which is the most powerful moulder of public attitude.

But not alone is the press subjected to the will of the utilities corporations. The consumers' money is used to sway legislators from passing laws that might be detrimental to the monopolies. Says the commission's report: "The record indicates very substantial results both in increased public good will and in a decrease in the number of legislative measures to which the utilities are opposed."

Greedy ambitious executives of utilities corporations are not content with influencing the press and those who make the laws but even carry their propaganda into the schools of the nation. Superintendents of public schools are inveigled into the idea of "educating school children into the workings of public utilities" by means of pamphlets prepared by the corporations. Propaganda is injected into text books, and in some states the books which contain some censure of the activities of the utilities are eliminated and replaced by others written either by professors subsidized by the corporations or by men employed by the utilities.

Here is an example of bleeding the people by a veiled method and devoting a portion of the spoils to an anesthesia which is designed to facilitate further dissection of the public purse.

And what did M. H. Aylesworth, director of the

National Electric Light association say? He said, "The public pays."

The public grants the monopoly; the public pays exorbitant rates; the public pays for the propaganda which in turn causes the public to pay the exorbitant rates. We Americans are gullible, and our gullibility has done much in making the nation safe for the public utilities.

## A Test for the League

AGAIN the world is about to witness the effectiveness of the League of Nations. That body has announced that it intends to do something about the Chaco war between Bolivia and Paraguay.

The move most generally expected is that the body will sever economic, financial, and diplomatic relations with the warring countries. Today they will hold a meeting at which, according to a League statement, they may merely view the situation and discuss it, and then again they may take these steps to reestablish peace in South America.

The theory of the severance of relations with the countries is absolutely sound. Neither could last long if all the countries of the world boycotted them. They would soon find themselves without the two main staples of a war, food and munitions.

But unfortunately not all of the nations, and most conspicuously the United States, belong to the League. Thus the boycott would not be complete nor effective. The trade of the United States alone contributes a large part to the continuance of this war.

However, in the League we have a beginning of the consciousness of the need for cooperation and peace between the nations of the world, and while the immediate efforts may be small they are nevertheless steps in the proper direction.

Complete world-wide cooperation and energetic statesmanship would add greatly to the present pallid complexion of the League.

"Mystery of Island Love Is Unsolved," says a headline in the Oregon Journal. We fail to see where island love is more mysterious than any other variety.

It would seem that Circe has a genuine rival in Baroness Elosia Bousque de Wagner, who is holding forth as the "queen of the Galapagos."

## The Passing Show

### Dead, Dormant or Unborn?

LIBERALISM, though it yet speaketh, is dead. A negative debating team from Oxford and Cambridge did its best to disprove that resolution last Monday night, but its best was not enough to keep an affirmative McGill University squad from gaining the decision.

Liberalism is dead and buried in both economic and political, national and international fields, McGill men declared. Amid a general complex of fear, political bureaucracy at home and economic nationalism are gripping the world.

Even in our own country and in the college field, liberals—those few who yet speak—look upon such events as the ousting of five U.C.L.A. students for communistic leanings "and attempting to destroy the university" and find it not good.

Better teams than Oxford-Cambridge would have a pretty hard time proving that liberalism has life today. The average man is more interested in economic security, and the state is seeking preparedness as a buffer against war. On many sides democratic institutions have given way to dictatorships.

Some might be inclined to think, however, that liberalism is more a thing of the future than of the past—that it has never really lived except in isolated cases.

When the present is gloomy the past always looks a lot rosier. If you can believe that no crisis has ever been as stark as the existing one, you may bask in the holy martyrdom of being able to take it like no one else ever could.

So it is that when gazing into the past we are apt to become a bit short-sighted and take liberalism speaking for liberalism actually living. Liberalism has spoken in almost all ages, but, practically, it has seldom found its way into being. In America today frequent speeches by "100 per cent Americans" are sufficient to keep a lot of persons under the illusion that they are living in a free country.

All this is based on the definition of liberalism which the debaters apparently agreed upon: that it involves freedom from bureaucratic control; or spiritual freedom, free individualism and the unfettered right of self-expression for all mankind. Did liberalism in that sense have its inception with the Reformation and the Renaissance and flourish for five centuries under the impetus of the bourgeoisie? McGill debaters believed that it did. Did such liberalism exist even in the halcyon days of ancient Greece?

Perhaps the debaters should have quit wrangling over the question as to whether liberalism was dead or dormant and drawn up a resolution something like this: "Liberalism, though it speaketh, is not yet born."—The Michigan Daily.

## Chimes and the Daily

EDITOR James G. Long of Columns yesterday insinuated in his editorial column that The Daily may have played a part in the painting of Chimes tower before the Oregon game.

At the start of this year Editor Long suggested that it might be well to revive former fights between The Daily and Columns, as it would increase the circulation of Columns.

However, yesterday Editor Long sold 3000 copies of the 24-page, little-pig covered November number, so it would seem his motive is not to increase Columns circulation, which is already circulating at a rapid rate.

Editor Long nevertheless was wrong in his contention. It is possible that no Oregon students painted those letters on the Chimes; it is possible that certain student leaders interested in rousing spirit for the Oregon game were out late that night, but The Daily played no part in the painting of the Chimes.

The Daily was able to carry the story because it received a full report of what happened just after it happened, which was before the deadline of The Daily.

The long editorial, which Editor Long indicated was suspiciously ready, was hastily revamped from a long rally editorial previously written. Only a few changes were necessary to convert it into an editorial on the Chimes.

Editor Long will try again in the December issue—Washington Daily.

## The Day's Parade

By PARKS HITCHCOCK

### Arms Registration

BY far the most sensible proposition offered at the recent disarmament conferences, and certainly the one which would probably occur to most intelligent observers, is the plan offered by the American Ambassador in Switzerland, Mr. Hugh R. Wilson. Mr. Wilson, representing his country in the present conference in Geneva, has submitted a plan for registration of all lethal machines, from pocket revolvers to the largest battleship with an international commission that would regulate the manufacture, sale and apportionment of these instruments of warfare.

Sarcasm Unveiled  
Appended to this plan (which will come up for action at international councils during the next few months) are remarks hardly calculated to impress foreign nations with anything other than an "holier-than-thou" attitude on Uncle Sam's part. The proposition states that America is ready and willing to allow the commission to investigate her munitions business if other nations will likewise open up their back rooms. The "if" clause here would be obvious enough in any part of this nature, and therefore in the United States' plan it comes as little more than aggravating sarcasm, a type of diplomatic innuendo for which world affairs would gain by the elimination.

American Disdain  
The chief, and really only valid reason why such proposals cannot help but receive a suspicious eyeing from continental powers lies in Uncle Sam's past failure to show anything but a vague disdain toward international affairs and their solution. Broadminded American citizens cannot fail to sense the prodings of their national consciences when our famous policy of isolation is mentioned. Long a barrier to participation in world affairs, the federal government has gone blithely along its policy of independent nationalism. This policy, nevertheless, has never hindered Washington from sticking a finger in the foreign pie whenever she thought it profitable. Like the late situation with the Soviet, however, all these communications, suggestions, actions, are cloaked under a pseudo-official standing, which can be construed almost any way you wish.

Europe Looks Askance  
It is no wonder then, that Europe regards any plan proposed by the United States with suspicion; our president and last broad internationalist framed and organized the League of Nations, yet our nation stubbornly refused to enter the group, thereby practically emasculating that body. Continually our foreign policy has been to take all and give nothing; we have demanded security without responsibility, protection sans investment. It is up to the present government to decide whether we shall pursue the fatal course of fatal nationalism or whether we shall give a broader construal to our foreign policy and aid in the development of the rights of all men.

## Emerald of the Air

By GEORGE Y. BIKMAN

TO Bruce Martin, tenor, goes the honor of hitting the highest note to date on the Emerald program. No joshing, he went way up. And we liked it, Bruce. And zanks to Bob Thornton, who accompanied, making his first appearance on the present variety series.

Today, 4:45, the Poets Converse. Let's eavesdrop—what say?

Mrs. Herbert Clark Hoover, wife of the former president, and Mrs. August Belmont, prominent member of society and active participant in many national philanthropies, will talk briefly in behalf of the current campaign of the American Red Cross during the broadcast of "Melody Masterpieces" from 7:30 to 8:00 this evening over the Columbia network. Mary Eastman, soprano, and Evan Evans, baritone, head the program. The Chesterfield Variety program presents Nino Martini, Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra and the Variety singers at 6:00 over CBS.

One of the dramatic classics of the air, One Man's Family, will enter a new milestone in its sensationally successful career when it is broadcast over a national NBC network from San Francisco beginning tonight at 7:30. The first program will mark the beginning of a new book and story in the

## CRITIQUE

By GEORGE ROOT

Today: The jacket racket. New books at the library. "Now in November." "The House and the Sea."

LOOKING over the great stock of book-jackets taken off the shelves during the last week or so reminds one that there is a great deal of importance played into them by the publishers who realize that even he who reads-and-runs hesitates sometimes before deciding to read, and in a book store the interest of a book-in-the-hand must be created by that thin little dust-cover, the last whack at advance publicity. Some are almost works of art, pictures and type together, and some are plenty bad and often ruin any good impression the book itself might create on sight.

BOOKS just received at the lib: AUTOBIOGRAPHY by JOHN COWPER POWYS: THE AGE OF CONFIDENCE, life in Delaware in the '90's, by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY; MY NEXT BRIDE by KAYE BOYLE; WANDERER'S CIRCLE by CORNELIA PARKER; A WORLD IN BIRTH by ROMAIN ROLLAND; YELLOW-JACK, a play, by SIDNEY HOWARD; I WORK FOR THE SOVIET by COUNTESS ALEXAN-

## A Slight Cough

By ED HANSON



## Could Those Tri-Delts Climb Through Windows?

By FREDERIC S. DUNN

I DESIRE to inform this myopic sphere. It was not a sporadic case or two. They all did. If you require corroboration, Mozelle Hair, in the Extension Division, or Isolene Shaver-Gilbert will furnish affidavits.

When the lower floors were all painted and polished, the barricades taken down from the front porch, and the ladders to the second storey windows removed, the Delta Delta Deltas could once more enter their domicile in the approved fashion. And here the counsel for the prosecution rests its case, assured that the jury can have but one recourse. The Judge, however, will doubtless exonerate the accused of all guilt. But they did, just the same. When they all screamed in unison, how could one help rushing to see who was the last one murdered?

As far as that is concerned, I myself once climbed through a Tri Delt window. I succeeded in finding one that was unlatched and groped my way to the front door in order to let in their House Mother. We had been detained cussing the organization of a Theater group. Mrs. Dunn was looking on, prayerfully, and so was a bunch of mixed Phi Deltas and Fijis. So that was as far as I got. I did not even dare look over my shoulder.

All this was when we lived on the corner of Fourteenth and Alder, and the Kloshe Tillacums were occupying the house that was built on a portion of our original estate, to the south. We had to remove our historic barn from the lot, and also to see an incipient orchard of my own planting demolished to make way for 'Edna Hall,' as its builder named the structure, in honor of a daughter who had been drowned at the head of the Mill Race. The name was long intact in the pavement of the approach to the House. A wag of a neighbor called it 'The House of Ten Gables.'

I can not aver that this house 'gabbled' any more than any ordinary household of healthy girls. But I do recall many a happy evening when groups of Tri Deltas would come in to chat by our fireplace. We even shared in their pre-initiation stunts, albeit clandestinely. Waffles, too, occasionally went the way of waffles, Tri Delta-wise.

But now there is probably not one in the new house, way out on South University, who knows the Jolly part we played in the early life of her organization. Do you Delta Delta Deltas keep a scrap album? Here then is a bit of your ancient history upon which to apply your paste pot.

The next issue will contain 'WHEN THE OLD MILL RACE WAS NOT SO OLD.'

the terrible realism of Bronte's "Wuthering Heights," NOW IN NOVEMBER by JOSEPHINE JOHNSON yet reminds one of the soothing monotony of Gladys Hastings Carroll's "As the Earth Turns."

"Now in November I can see our years as a whole," says Marget, who tells the story. Years of desperately hard farm work, drought and human suffering for Arnold and Willa Haldmarne and their three daughters, wild Kerrin, steady Merle and plain Marget.

Someone has said that if Emily Dickinson had written a novel it would have been such a one as this. The comment seems true in such beautiful passages as:

"And there was the double life, the two parts not within each other nor even parallel. The one made up of things done day after day with comfort and soberness, hard sometimes but solid—things you could lay your hands on and feel that they were there: the saucers and heavy dishes, the thick cups and the five beds to be made—things without any more mystery than the moon sun had. The open life and the one that was greater of the two, calm, prosaic . . . rational. And there was the inner walking on the edge of darkness, the peering into black doorways . . . the unrevealed answer which must be somewhere, and yet might not be even present or hidden in that darkness . . . this under-life which when traced or held to was not there, and yet kept

(Please turn to page 4)

## THE UNIVERSITY SHOE SHOP

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DRA TOLSTOY: BEST PLAYS OF 1933 and 1934, edited by BURNS MANTLE; ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM by STEFAN ZWEIF; GOLDSWORTH LOWES DICKINSON by E. M. FORSTER; and a "critical study" of EUGENE O'NEILL by SOPHUS KEITH WINTNER, graduate of U. of O. who now teaches in the University of Washington.

NOW IN NOVEMBER, by JOSEPHINE JOHNSON; published by Simon & Schuster, reviewed by A. L. R.—Harking back in parts almost to

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## PURE QUILL

By JIMMY MORRISON



WHAT D. G. was driving round in a Ford without anything on but a raincoat and a pair of shoes Saturday evening? She ran out of gas, had a gallon put in where she stalled, and then drove into a service station, and while the attendant washed her windshield he felt relieved for not going to the show he was forced to miss.



A couple of Chi Omegas have reported having seen a group of Chi Psi's down at the 15-cent store purchasing "Lovalon" hair rinse, which the babes maintain the boys insisted must be perfumed. We never dreamed.

Vi Olinger, Tri Delt pledge, will tell any or all interested basketball players what's wrong with their technique anytime. Anyhow, she reviewed several points on that subject the other night for the Tri Delt sisters. If you ask her in a pleasant way, perhaps she will divulge the reason for not wearing Ron Gemmel's pin, instead of keeping it in her pocket.

"57" Hines over at Hendricks will become a bit irked, we hear, if anyone mentions trains or Betas to her.

Everything is running smoothly for the Tri Deltas. They're having an extra-special dance Saturday night, but you can bet on one thing. The musicians will be there, and one of them will be sure to bring his sax to grind.

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