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A Salute to Townspeople

MORE than 100 Eugene merchants have agreed to close their establishments during the Idaho-Oregon game this next Saturday. Again we salute Eugene townspeople.

One of the most encouraging signs of improving times at the University of Oregon this year has been the hearty support given the school by people in downtown Eugene. It was largely through their cooperation that enrollment at the University rocketed to a new four-year high. The merchants of Eugene, led by McMorran and Washburne, the First National Bank, the United States National Bank, the Heilig theater, the Safeway stores and Irish's Cash stores, contributed over \$500 to the fund of the Greater Oregon committee, which over the summer, carried on promotional work for the University. At Chamber of Commerce meetings members are repeatedly asked to cooperate with the University in furnishing jobs for students.

And now these town people vigorously support the associated student program for the year and promise continued help in the future.

The Emerald feels the need of acknowledging the favors of the downtown group and will publish the names of the concerns that have contributed to the financial aid of the Greater Oregon committee as well as those that have agreed to close their doors for the Saturday game. It would be fine indeed if the students in some way would express their appreciation to these concerns.

The Final Expense Of Imperialism

THE Philippine bugaboo has cropped up again. Preparations for inaugurating the commonwealth next month are well under way, this form of government to last ten years with independence as the ultimate goal. Already misgivings concerning the islands' fate have appeared.

The Filipinos have confidence to burn in their ability to govern themselves, but the rub comes when commercial relations are considered. Here the ever-popular Japanese scare enters into the picture. Some groups in Manila have even proposed a protectorate by the United States to take the place of the commonwealth set-up.

The McDuffie-Tydings bill of 1934 also brought closer realization of the difficulties in keeping up trade with the United States. Because of tariffs, this market may be lost, even now rapidly diminishing. The bogey of Japanese imperialism must also be considered here.

Such a protectorate has slim chances of being established. Our trade with the islands now amounts to about 125 million dollars yearly. Such a small volume, yielding only a slight profit, does not warrant spending money to support a colonial government. Naturally Manuel Quezon, president-elect of the commonwealth, opposes the project.

After all, we have had the privilege of enjoying whatever advantages that the control of the Philippines presented us. We paid to take over the islands and in all probability we may have to pay to get rid of them.

Europe Firsthand

By Howard Kessler

LET us say that you have hiked or cycled all day along the Rhine valley and the River Neckar, the hills on either side studded with ruined fortresses and towering castles, the plains between sheltering old-world villages and green-and-brown-striped fields running down to the broad river upon which sail-boats glide serenely like elegant swans. You round a hill-side and face an even more stunning prospect, fruit trees blooming white and softly hiding a village that balances atop the hill, its church spire silhouetted against tufts of clouds in a blue sky.

The hostel guide informs you that there will be shelter at Dilsberg, and since it is six o'clock and the sun is setting the tree-tops ablaze on the western hills you push your wheel up to this perfect jewel of a cobblestoned old town and are guided to the youth hostel, a modern stone house with dozens of bicycles ranged outside.

A neat little hausfrau greets you, looks at your card and shows you to a room, well-aided and containing four beds, Pullman style. The linen is spotless, the walls are white, and you sigh happily as the rucksack is discarded and you go to the sanitary washroom to remove the dust of the road. Other youths are about, greetings are exchanged, perhaps you meet an old acquaintance. There are as many girls as boys

in the hostel, as many men as boys. Men of forty mingle with boys of fourteen, laugh and talk and ask what luck.

Famished after a day in the open you cannot consult a bill of fare, which is for tourists and plutocrats. We cook our own meals from the hostel larder, and since the evening is fine, you take the steaming dish out to a long table under the trees and move in alongside a lad from Thuringia. Hunger is too keen to permit much talk until the food has disappeared. Then a low murmur of conversation arises and occasional bursts of laughter. Life is good, you feel, sitting in the cool of the evening with a breeze playing through the leaves overhead and an effervescent young lady relating her adventure of the day from across the table.

After supper, and as twilight casts shadows in the valley, you take a stroll around the village, stopping perhaps to chat with an old townsman feeding his chickens. There is a castle in Dilsberg, but more interesting that this decayed heap, a tunnel-like cave extending 100 feet into the side of the hill and carved out of solid rock. Then from the graveyard, where white wooden crosses keep peaceful, everlasting watch, there is a breath taking view of the River Neckar coasting slowly by far below.

When you return to the hostel it is almost dark and on the broad veranda two youths with guitars and one with an accordion are playing softly while the mixed and reclining crowd listen contentedly or sing in accompaniment.

Regulations prohibit smoking and drinking in the hostel. Ten o'clock is retiring time and the exercise of the day makes bed very appealing.

In the brisk early dawn the place is astir. Every member must leave things in good order, and after breakfast you are again on the road, perhaps in the company of some new-found friend, with your goal for the day any one of several youth hostels, depending on your whim.

Other Editors' Opinions

The Thinking Student

COLLEGE men and women aren't getting a fair break! For years we older people have been accusing them of wasting their time and their parents' money, rah-rahing and petting. Now that large groups of them are beginning to think seriously about such momentous subjects as war and peace, they are either slapped on the wrist by some college administrations or accused by publicists of indulging in "emotional sprees."

The college authorities who are cracking down on the anti-war strikers ought to come clean and admit that they are not conducting educational institutions but adjuncts to the army!

As people grow older they grow more cowardly. Too many are afraid to strike out into new paths. Let the oldsters keep their hands off the young people who are trying to make this a better and a safer world to live in! They prove that we aren't stuck fast tin yesterday.—Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, in the New York World-Telegram.

College students are thinking too much—for the welfare of those who have run the government. At least, college students are thinking. It has been a common habit to label everything new in governmental and economic thought as radical. The fact is that many college students are more conservative than their elders. However, they know why they are conservative. They are taking an interest in political things. This is what frightens the elders; they fail to consider what it really means.

The entrance of more and more college students into politics, the emphasis on training for political positions means a new era of political thought in the United States. It means that some day politics will be a dignified profession. It means that men will hold offices for which they have had some measure of training. It means that the voting public will be conscious of what is going on in government, and why. It means that the vote-buying illiterate gangster will be ousted from public office. It does not mean that red flags are being hoisted above the administration buildings of our colleges and that college students are being taught to be good little disciples of socialism.—The Coby Echo.

Courses in Humor

THIS idea, originating in Chicago, that the centenary of Mark Twain's birth should be commemorated by the establishment in colleges here and there of "chairs of humor," seems at first blush to imply a lamentable lack of humor in its sponsors. For, if you can teach humor in the colleges, so you can teach tragedy and piety; you can teach sympathy or the lack of it; you can teach compatibility of temper and cut down domestic strife by fifty per cent.

The gifts of the comic muse, like the gifts of the other eight, are bestowed upon mortals at birth. You could never teach a man to be humorous or to appreciate humor who, like the acquaintance described by Oliver Wendell Holmes, barbed all gaiety from his heart and all joyousness from his countenance, and "no doubt would cut his kitten's tail off if he caught her playing with it."

There is this, however, to be said for the idea: If the colleges could take young men who have humor in them and teach them how to use it wisely, they could rid the world of heaps of rubbish. . . . Even the gift of delicate humor must be handled with care. If a man gets the reputation of being a first-rate humorist nobody will listen to him when he wants to be serious. Worse yet, most of us use feel a little superior to the man who makes us laugh. We have a pleasant sense of patronizing him when we permit him to tickle our ribs. The born humorist, therefore, might profit by a course in college and be warned in time to avoid the pitfalls along his path of merrymaking. In this field the colleges might do a noble work.—The Boston Evening Transcript.



Again I See In Fancy

MEET STUDENT NO. 1

You should drive out to Creswell, only a jaunt of twelve miles from town, to meet Student No. 1. No decrepit old man here, as you might expect from the period he represents, but bright-eyed, active, busy, as if only near the half-century mile stone. He was chopping stove-sticks recently when he cleft forefinger and thumb from his hand and endured agony, not so much of pain, but of enforced idleness, until the stitches could heal. That story which he contributed to the Oregon Emerald last spring, was composed, memorized, and dictated while he was still unable to write with his wounded hand. He can pick 101 boxes of apples per day, while husky youths beside him can tally only half as many.

No one disputes "Billy" Scott's claim to have been issued the very first receipt for payment of tuition. He was there to matriculate on the very day the University opened its doors, there to hear Harry McGinn make his maiden speech from a settee when the President's back was turned, there to hear Mary Spiller ring that ponderous hotel bell to assemble her flock.

And he was there, because his father was Chairman of the local Executive Committee of the Board of Regents, and his grandfather was the first janitor. His two sisters, Dora and Rose, were there also to yield moral support to their brother as a beginner. But I hardly think, to judge from this octogenarian's eager face and ready wit, that Billy needed any assistance from any number of sisters.

His father, W. J. J. Scott, was a pioneer merchant in Eugene

City, one of those inextinguishable geniuses who secured the location for Oregon's capital three times and eventually, at least, its State University. The old store, whose discarded sign "Scott and Dunn" I have seen many times, was situated where the Del Rey Cafe now stands. The frame building was removed to make way for the brick walls of the present structure and stood for many years facing inward and westward upon the City Park Way, back of one of the many automobile establishments now lining High Street in that block.

The original home of the Scotts in Eugene still stands, though in somewhat revised form, on the south side of Thirteenth Avenue, fourth door from Alder Street. The joists and beams for that house were hewn in Creswell not far from where Billy now has his domicile, and were brought to Eugene behind four-horse teams across the Camas Swail. He was living in this house, that winter of '76-'77, when late in December he was routed out after midnight to unlock the doors of the University and liberate those three Eutaxian girls from their unexpected incarceration.

And what that wide-awake pioneer boy can tell you of the old days! The low-down too on the First Faculty!—their peccadillos, their frailties, their dyspeptics, their pet peccanisms. Billy Scott remembers them all and suffers no hesitancy in recounting them.

Would you like to hear Student No. 1 relate the story of—, well, Ladies and Gentlemen, Associated Students of the University of Oregon of 1935 and 6, Faculty, Alumni, and Citizens of Eugene, I have

the honor to introduce your oldest brother, of the Student Body of 1876 and 7, Mr. William Scott. (Next in the series, "H-O-G SPELLS HAWG.")

Radio of the Air

By Woodrow Truax

The first co-ed broadcast is over and are the women who participated glad. The studio was a mad house just before they were to go on the air. Miss Patsy Neal, who is in charge of the co-ed quarter hour, can now boast of a few grey hairs, because responsibility of the broadcast rested with her.

The campus news was given by Miss Dorothy Elsensohn, who imitated the Richfield reporter by giving her portion of the program at double time. One of the outstanding performances on the co-ed program was the piano solo by Miss Helen Jones. Miss Jones played two numbers of her own composition. The concluding announcements were given by Woodrow Truax, because the co-ed announcer seemed afflicted with a bad case of St. Vitus dance.

The Duckling reporter will be on the air at 3:45 today with a sports cast of frosh and varsity sports from the University of Oregon campus. The sportscast is a feature presented every Wednesday.

Frosh Politics

(Continued from Page One)
to the ability to carry out the job successfully.

"2. The aforementioned appointments to be made, not by the president alone, but by a freshman executive committee composed of the class officers and advisors.

"3. A closer cooperation is to be formed with the sophomore class in the observance of the class traditions, such as the soph-frosh mix.

"4. More frosh activities.

"I have heard it said that every year the same political platform is given by each party. I am not presenting a platform. It is a constructive plan that will not only make for a more unified working class, but one that will make every freshman glad that he or she is a member of the class of 1939."

McAvoy Wants Equality

McAvoy released the following statement to the press last night: "It is only after consideration that I have decided upon a program or platform and it is quite brief but absolutely definite. I believe that the freshman class should be granted a greater proportion of activities in keeping with the increased enrollment. At the present we have only three major opportunities for our expression. This is not enough. We must have more activities for our class to sponsor. With the support of the class I will insist and demand that every member of the class will be given a chance to help the class in putting over its activities if they are willing to work."

In Review

By Stuart Portner

Films Today

Heilig—"King Solomon of Broadway." Ends today.
Mac—"Big Broadcast." Ends today.
Mayflower—"G-Men" and "Daring Young Man." Ends today.
Rex—"People Will Talk" and "Woman in Red." Ends today.
State—"The Mystery Man." Today only.

AT THE McDONALD THURSDAY

The American cinema group having failed to satisfy the desire of film audiences for the adventure picture, it developed upon the British to revive the successful melodrama. Ushering in a new espionage and detective mystery entitled "The Thirty-Nine Steps," an effort that bids fair to outdo their former achievement, "The Man Who Knew Too Much." British Gaumont studio has brought to the screen a powerful production that is even more sensational than the Peter Lorre film.

The picture, co-starring Robert Donat, of Monte Cristo fame, and Madeleine Carroll, who returned to England after an unsuccessful American career, was directed by Alfred Hitchcock, most astute director on the Gaumont lot. Hitch-

cock has utilized the full potentialities of both actors and has created a motion picture that is extraordinary in its breath-taking sequences.

In "The Thirty-nine Steps" we are presented with a detailed account of four or five days in the life of a young man who has been accused of a murder which he did not commit. Pursued throughout England by police who believe him guilty of the crime, the hero discovers that he is also being trailed by an organization of international spies who are desirous of murdering him because of the information which he has gained concerning their activities.

Given personalities whom he has been able to mould, and a story which is dramatic, Director Hitchcock has created a swift moving romance. The production is of such quality as to be a certain member of the select group of ten best pictures of the season.

On the same program at the McDonald will be the first of a series of Annapolis films to come to Eugene, "Annapolis Farewell."

Sir Guy Standing and Richard Cromwell play the father and son leads with power and intelligence. Tom Brown and Rosalind Keith, the latter a newcomer to the screen, are in the supporting cast.

Campus Exchanges

By Bill Marsh

Just a trifle over half of the students at Oregon State have purchased student body cards. Which reminds us. It might be a good idea if we were to do a little studying of our own. Student body activities are fine things especially when the card gets us in free. But they don't do anything about bolstering our sadly sagging grades.

The Bible says, "The meek shall inherit the earth." We'd like to be around for a little while after the inheritance taxes are paid and see how long it takes the un-meek to get it back.

A scurry of alarm ran through many fraternities when one of the strongest, Psi Upsilon, gave up its charter at Yale. There is no need for alarm. Psi U at New Haven was financially solvent and gave up their charter voluntarily. The fraternity system has had body slams directed at it for the last hundred years, principally because the fraternity system stands for something of an aristocracy to which every Tom, Dick and Harry is not eligible. Yet Greek-letter societies have lived and grown stronger. Jingoist antagonism has not and will not destroy the bonds between men who wish to be actively associated with each other.

From Rome: High dignitaries of the Italians state made what they thought was going to be a noble gesture the other day. A group of them appeared before Il Duce and very pompously volunteered for service in East Africa. They prob-

ably thought that Mussolini would pin a few medals on them and send them back to their banks. Instead that they got their bluff called! Mussolini gave them actual commissions in the Italian army. Come on now, Moose old boy, where's your sense of humor? Can't you see the boys were only kidding?

Although Zebulon Pike, in 1806, discovered the peak which bears his name, he was balked by snow, ice, and hunger, in his attempt to scale the mountain. Major S. H. Long made the first ascent in 1819.

Send the Emerald to your friends.

If they're not on the campus they're at the

3 TREES INN

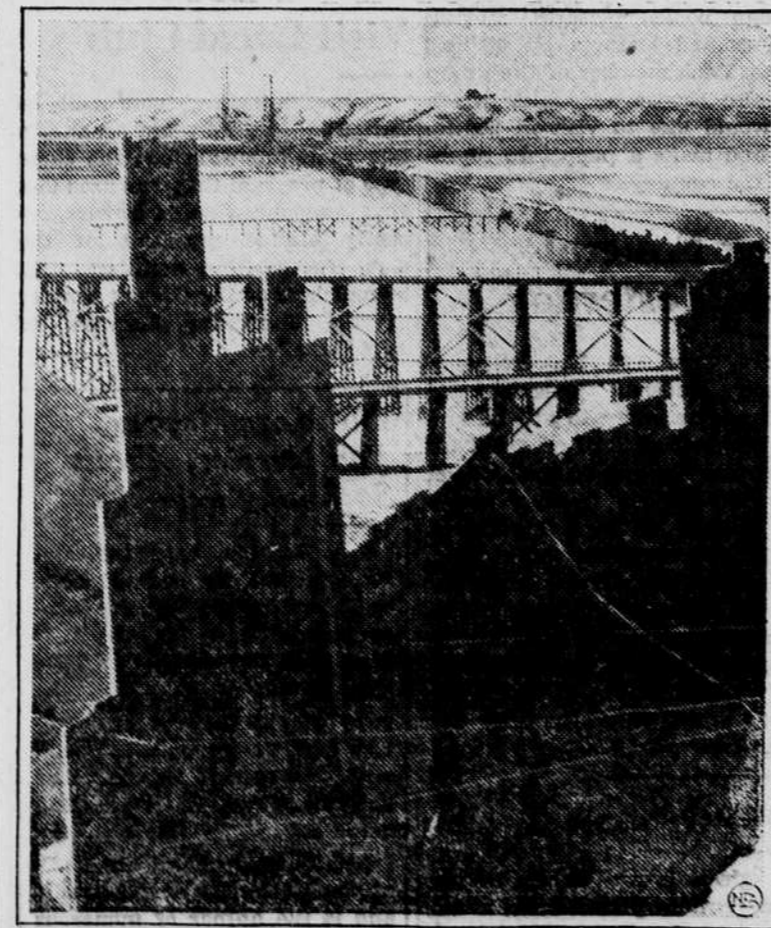
Whether it's in the A. M. or P. M. you'll always find a gang out here.

3

INN

Howard Ackerman, Prop.

Fort Peck Dam Gets Steel 'Core'



Driven 125 feet into the earth, thousands of tightly-interlocking steel girders, shown in foreground held in place by cables, are gradually forming a wall extending four miles across the base of the giant earth-fill dam at Fort Peck, Montana. Intended to help the dam resist the tremendous pressure created by an artificial lake 175 miles long, this steel "core" is an important feature of the \$100,000,000 flood control dam that will span the Missouri.

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