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Over 500 Books For Idle Hours

A UNIQUE and highly practical feature of the University of Oregon library is the lending library of 500 volumes set aside for all living organizations. Figures show that last year this collection of books was used by 30 organizations on the campus, and that the books were given out over 1800 times.

In the past the library shelves of most living organizations have been largely graveyards for outworn textbooks, rows of dusty encyclopedia, and packing lots for notebooks, and frayed test papers. Occasionally such neglect is explainable. Until the advent of the dollar edition and before the debut of the rental and lending library, an attempt to keep abreast of the tide of literature that floods the country was quite futile. One might say that this was a healthy condition. But in the resultant general confusion many of the great modern books were ignored by people for whom they were often intended. The college student comes within this classification.

Now the organizations have every opportunity to keep an alive and timely collection of modern books, many of which are worthy of perusal.

Gone is the feeble excuse of the college person, who, although steeped in an atmosphere of learning, and with the avowed purpose of developing the personality believes that "Honey in the Horn" is a musical comedy and "Ulysses" is the name of a new automobile. There is every opportunity for an organization to build excellent reading habits within its personnel and thereby accomplish much that should characterize the college graduate of the University of Oregon.

Advancement of the Prep Fourth Estate

ON November 1 and 2 the University of Oregon will be host to delegates representing high school papers throughout the state in the High School Press conference. There will be approximately 100 delegates present at this conference, and will hold meetings for purposes of discussing finished journalism as practiced by "tops" in the profession.

This sort of practical education is both interesting to high school students and highly advantageous for the better preparation for advanced work in journalism. The contest for recognition among the papers serves to sharpen the critical attitudes of these high school students, and builds early the excellence of performance that distinguishes successful metropolitan dailies of today.

Since much of the current criticism of the press involves the alleged unethical practices of its members, this conference might well be used to place in the plastic mind of the young journalist an idealism and passion for truth that would do much to build public confidence in what is read in the newspaper.

Lindbergh's Genius Pierces New Fields

A FEW years ago, in May, 1927, to be exact, a name spanned the Atlantic ocean in a non-stop solo flight from New York to Paris. Millions of people, in all nooks of the world thrilled to the daring exploit of Charles A. Lindbergh. Today that name has been recorded in the annals of history—not only in the field of aviation, but more recently in science.

The world was at the feet of Lindbergh after his flight across the Atlantic. Movie magnates offered him huge sums of money to go in pictures; vaudeville sponsors redoubled these sums; advertising agencies were on hand with contracts in six figures. Lindbergh could have "cleaned up" on his air adventure, but instead the blond aviator retired to a quiet life. To many young men the sudden fame would have gone to the head, but "Slim" as his fellow aviators were wont to dub him, turned his head to scientific studies.

In June, 1935, the world was astounded to learn that Charles A. Lindbergh was responsible for an invention which even the greatest scientists had regarded with skepticism for years. He had designed an artificial heart and lungs in which whole organs, human, as well as animal, can be kept alive indefinitely after the individual's death. This invention is not only useful for study but for use to manufacture secretions for use by those whose bodies fail to supply them. Science heralds this discovery as phenom-

enal, since for the first time in human history it will be possible to watch human vital organs grow, function, degenerate and die, and studies can be made, under controlled conditions, how to arrest and counteract the processes of degeneration. The possibilities of this discovery are infinite—it may mean a longer span of life, the control of diseases, and a score of other strides in science.

Another invention perfected by Lindbergh, at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, is a new type of centrifuge for cleansing red blood cells from the blood plasma, also an invaluable discovery in the science of biology and medicine.

During the last four years of scientific experimentation, Lindbergh found time to make a 20,000 mile flight from the Arctic to the tropics. A new gadget on his plane, which the famed aviator humorously called a "skyhook," turned out to be an improved spore-catcher, which he had invented to ascertain for the department of agriculture what kind of vegetable life exists over the North Atlantic.

Lindbergh came back with hundreds of specimens, some so unique that they have not been identified yet.

Still this young aviator-scientist seeks no personal fame and publicity; he shrinks from it! The world might well look upon him as an example of true greatness—a kind of a greatness that emerges only once in a century or so, in the course of human events.

The Idaho football manager that copped the victory bell from under the noses of the rally committee has one finely developed sense of humor. Perhaps next time he will take the south bleachers or some equally portable object. When a man "lifts" a 400 pound bell he almost earns it.

Howard Kessler's current articles have mentioned "bull fighters." We are tempted to draw a comparison to the Republicans.

An item in the campus calendar the other day announced the fact that "homecoming heads were to meet that afternoon." We don't see how any damage could have resulted.

Europe Firsthand

By Howard Kessler

TRUE, Africa is another continent. Scheduled to make a nonstop bus trip to Fez, French Morocco, we arose early one cold morning and left our Tangier hotel. Twenty miles outside this internationally-governed city we were stopped at the Spanish Morocco border, passports demanded by black officials. A few minutes later I was hauled into the little block-house at the intersection and by significant signs, ordered to return to Tangier for a Spanish Moroccan visa.

"Damnation!" yells R. L. "Don't you do it! They didn't tell us a visa was required." True enough, R. L., being a British subject, did not need his passport stamped, but the Americans are not so fortunate. Anyway, egged on by my companion, I strode back into the little office and, snatching my passport from the desk, turned and ran before the astonished police could recover. Then, from our seats in the bus we took turns swearing at the obdurate soldiers. "You're a pack of silly asses!" snarled R. L., but they shook their heads sullenly and grabbed my arm.

We returned to Tangier with a flock of chickens and sumptuously-fleshed Moslem ladies in a rickety truck, flayed by a cold wind that swept in through windowless windows.

The Australian insisted that it was all a deliberate plot on the part of the Spanish government to delay and inconvenience us. "I should take it to Roosevelt in Washington," he advised grimly. So, breathing fire and red-hot cinders, we headed for the bus offices. There, R. L. was venomous, the manager cringed, offered to pay half our fare on the morrow. For my visa we had a street photographer snap two pictures, and then for the edification of Spain, received a generous stamp at the consulate.

Next day we thumbed our noses at the officers.

Arabian green tea and delicious Moroccan cakes were served us on the balcony by a stolid, self-effacing native, while Lieutenant Goubard related interesting and informal bits of history to R. N. and me. The capital city of French Morocco lay below, reposing in a receptacle carved out by the hand of nature.

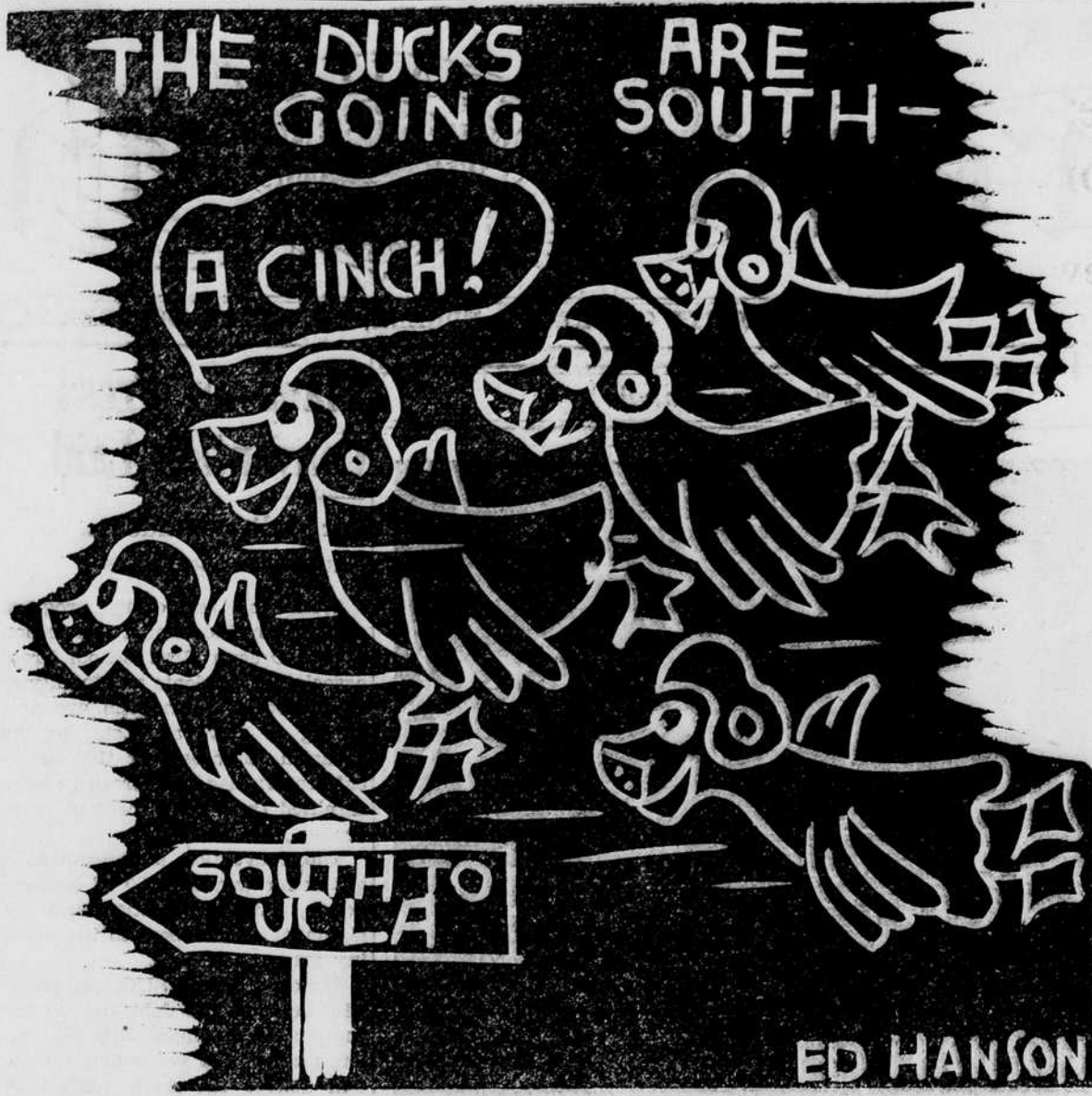
We were looking down from a side of this vessel on a strangely somnolent city entirely unmarred by the obliterating smoke of factories.

Fez was a thriving center of trade long before William of Normandy set foot in England. It is still a bustling city, but the original native site is gradually being overshadowed by a growing European town which as yet numbers a bare 7,000 to the 100,000 of the African quarter. You can wander for hours, probably days, through the maze of narrow streets without finding your way out of the walls that encircle native Fez for most of its 15-mile circumference, almost without coming into the sunlight, and the surest way to commit suicide is to stop in at one of the numerous mosques to ask for directions.

The Pasha owns all those thousands of tiny shops where you can buy anything from an electric light bulb to a burnoose, and in which the proprietor sits like a cross-legged Buddha. The Pasha gets a neat rent from them and the French government gets a neat rent from the Pasha who may not like it but what can he do.

The natives are left pretty much to themselves though. They run their own schools, and as you walk along the shadowed streets, pressing yourself against a wall now and again to let a tiny burro pass, loaded down with huge full baskets on either side and a giant black man on top the baskets, his feet touching the ground, you sometimes hear school children reciting the Koran in a singsong tone from within some gloomy little building.

(To be continued.)



In Review

By Stuart Portner

By STUART PORTNER

Films Today:

Heilig—"His Family Tree," today only.
McDonald—"Dr. Socrates," today only.
Mayflower—"It's a Small World," today only.
State—"We Live Again" and "When a Man Sees Red," through Saturday.

At the McDonald Thursday

Having settled the conflict between the coal-mining proletariat and the representatives of the capitalist order to his satisfaction, Paul Muni becomes a medico who engages in drama of a more than casual nature in the screen version of W. R. Burnett's recent Collier's serial, "Dr. Socrates." The film is light entertainment and offers no theme as profound as the penetrating study of class war as depicted in "Black Fury." As the young doctor who is willing to engage in the illegal activity of physician to a gangster organization, Muni plays the lead in his usual comprehensive manner.

With this photoplay the gangster cycle appears to have attained its full demise and it would be well for the studio officials to offer this type of drama an adequate

burial. The Burnett medium is no longer the novelty of 1929 and the interest in the activities of those half-human, half-bestial characters who inhabit the demi-monde has vanished. When Burnett took it upon himself to present for the edification of the American populace a statement of the life of these characters he met with a definite and satisfactory response from the film audiences. "Little Caesar" was illustrative of the place of the cult of brutality in the cinema and "The Iron Man" and "Dark Hazard" were similar in development and setting to this earliest effort. Burnett continued his literary output in this most recent work but in the attempt failed to take cognizance of the changing tone of the public emotion. There has been a transition, and with the close of the post-bellum decade, with the termination of the great beer wars between rival gangs, with the seeming cessation of armed conflict between all-powerful hoodlum organizations, the twenties appear as remote, and indeed, as romantic as the crude and brawling days of the frontier. Burnett has become flat with age, and Dr. Socrates and his primordial cronies are no longer diversion for the patron of the cinema.

Air Y' Listen'

By James Morrison

Emerald of the Air

Yesterday Willie Frager sport-casted on the air and was assisted nobly by Chuck French, pianist.

Today Al Newton, former music critic for the Emerald, will play several classical numbers on the piano. Noel Benson will give a short talk about the sophomore informal Saturday night.

Local Bands

It won't be long until the local house dances start; in fact this Friday night the Alpha Chi and D.G.'s are throwing deals for their new pledges. Bucky McGowan and his orchestra are playing at the Alpha Chi house.

The fact that Art Holman is playing for the sophomore informal Saturday night promises the dance will be a success.

Radio Stars

Once again fate has swooped down upon Ruth Etting, formerly known as the "Sweetheart of Chicago," and forced her to alter plans for her long-awaited vacation and eventual retirement. The steamship company which had booked Miss Etting for a round-the-world tour sailing from Los Angeles on January 29 notified her that all globe-girdling tours have been cancelled because of the Italo-Ethiopian war.

Lum and Abner, who came out of the Ozarks four years ago to achieve national prominence in radio with their quaint rural serial,

Pin Planting On The Wane; Women Wail

Unprecedented inactivity in the field of pin-planting has led many to believe that Oregon students are abandoning the social side of life for the straight and narrow. Long faces proclaim the degeneration of the Campus Play-boy into a be-spectacled monster that takes college seriously. Feminine wails fill the air as rumors are spread about concerning the hibernation of Jim Reed and Jim Watts. All is lost! say they! The ship is sinking.

But be not so misled by such chit-chat. Puppy-love is still rampant. Don Reed and Marcia Steinhauer might have been seen dancing in their own private world at the Igloo Saturday night. Betty Lou Drake, (very blonde and gay and an Alpha Phi if there ever was one) was renewing an old acquaintance in the most up-to-date fashion. Once when earthquake tremors and dull roar disturbed the dancers, investigation revealed that Bill Sales, Gerry May, and their antiquated automobile, the cinematic personification of jo-college, had just passed on up the hill.

Turning the spotlight away from juvenile goings-on, there were those who noticed Jane Brewster flaunting a recently-acquired Phi Delt pin and Catherine Cummings, gazing starry-eyed at Sam Fort. Bernice Healy, roaming at large again, made herself conspicuous by the absence of Bert Tongue. The high light of the evening, however, was the sight of Mr. A. A. Patterson and his partner, Dorothy Rhinehart, taking advantage of their mutual friend's confinement to the infirmary. Dorothy seemed suddenly to be discovering the potentialities of the older generation.

A glider flight in the stratosphere is planned in Russia with a huge balloon carrying a motorless plane to an altitude of about twelve and a half miles before releasing it. Co-pilots will be enclosed in a hermetically sealed cabin.



Something To Write Home About

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Also clever two-toned letter paper. Heavy butcher paper for person who writes with a big pen. To open the letters attractive carved wooden letter-openers.

ORIENTAL ART SHOP

122 East Broadway Annex of Miner Building.

PROMENADING with POLLY



DEPENDABLE ADVICE FOR DISMAYED DAMSELS

Debutante Dolores!

FLASH!!! DOLORES is here—In this column today she gives her first bit of advice to Oregon students—You will find it worthy of your sincere consideration—Don't forget!!! Dolores is here to help you—be downhearted, discouraged, disgusted no longer—Ask Dolores!!!

(Mail Your Problems to the Emerald Business Office)

Dolores was simply showered with letters this week but she only has room to print a few of them here—the rest will be answered by mail.

The first letter is from a perplexed maiden:

Dear Dolores:

I am a freshman thrust in the hub-bub of the college whirl and in my dazzlement I realize that I have accepted a date for the coming campus dance with a boy too short for me. When I look at these tall Apollos scurrying hither, thither and you oblivious of my yearning, what can I do?

Should I go with the short boy to be leered at, or go with my brother's friend, who is tall, gangly and fatherly?

Please help me out of this dilemma, I am so perplexed.

TN

Dear TN:

Don't worry over your ill-fate—go to the dance with the little man and be seen. You must be known but remember, look your best above all, though it is above his head. Be sweet to him but be "In a blue and expensive mood" and you won't need to worry with his dates again.

The campus heart-throbs will see you there and I know your prayers will be answered.

Let me know if you don't succeed. I have more answers tucked away for future reference.

Good luck and be brave, Dolores

Dear Dolores:

I am a poor Frosh. I have noticed many upperclassmen escorting girls across the street here on the campus. Is it proper that I take hold of my girl's arm or should I blunder across as J. B. does.

A. Mc.

Dear A. Mc:

Many younger boys have pondered with this same question so do not feel embarrassed. If your girl seems fragile and delicate you might very well protect her from the roaring traffic of 13th street; however, if she is the strong, domineering, independent type of woman, you'd better let her help you across the street.

Estimate your chivalry.

Use judgment and tact, Dolores

TOP HAT—

As this will be the theme of the Sophomore Informal this Saturday night POLLY watched for all the gay, sophisticated, and intriguing bits of news in shopping this week. . . She knew that since this is to be one of the very biggest social events of the year every coed will want the very newest and most daring attire for this gala occasion. . . Watch for the starkest fashion notes in this column. . .

First of all POLLY looked for just the right frock to attract the attention of all the fashion-wise socialites who will flock to the dance Saturday night. . . Her eye was immediately caught by a DELECTABLE number in MOIRE—yes—delectable—for the color is a new, warm red called GRAPE JUICE and is as potent to the eye as red wine to the tongue. . . This tasty number was spotted in the window of BEARD'S. . .

Scruffy sisters of course don't mean to misplace your books but it often very innocently happens—THE ORIENTAL ART SHOP has something which will end this trouble for good—They are gaily printed little BOOK-MARKS—and all of them gummed on the back side ready to paste into your book. . .

To complete your costume for the dance you must have a little evening bag—POLLY found the most adorable beaded purses with zippers to close them at BRIER'S for only \$9.5 to \$19.98—They are exact copies of more expensive bags—

One of the greatest difficulties in every girl's room is the lack of places for all the dropper-ins to sit down and join the bull-fest—THE BROADWAY, INC., has just the thing—COSSACK pillows which will dress your room up as well as provide an extra seat—You can't miss 'cause it's a brand new shipment. . .

POLLY attracted the eyes of her professors as well as her admirers yesterday when she wore one of GORDON'S flame red jersey sport dresses with its clever buttons and saucy bow tie.

These frigid mornings and cold nights call for BARNHART'S knit pajamas with matching coats. POLLY also found for morning classes a pair of Lam-ees, grandmother's version of red flannels gone modern!