

# Oregon Emerald

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON  
 University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon

EDITORIAL OFFICES: Journalists building, Phone 3300—  
 Editor, Local 354; News Room and Managing Editor, 353.  
 BUSINESS OFFICE: McArthur Court, Phone 3300—Local 214.

MEMBER OF MAJOR COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS  
 Represented by A. J. Norris Hill Co., 155 E. 42nd St., New  
 York City; 123 W. Madison St., Chicago; 1004 End Ave.,  
 Seattle; 1031 S. Broadway, Los Angeles; Call Building, San  
 Francisco.

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The Oregon Daily Emerald, official student publication of  
 the University of Oregon, Eugene, published daily during the  
 college year, except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, examination  
 periods, all of December except the first seven days, all of  
 March except the first eight days. Entered as second-class matter  
 at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon, Subscription rates, \$2.50 a year.  
 All advertising matter is to be sent to the Emerald Business  
 office, McArthur Court.

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## Library Talking Is Out of Place

LIBRARIES at the University of Oregon were  
 apparently built to furnish the students with  
 adequate facilities for concentrated study. But  
 the worn out joke of a student who asks another  
 if he were going to the library this evening, and  
 receives the reply, "No, I have to study tonight,"  
 is only too true.

There is a certain amount of noise which is  
 unavoidable when a hundred people are gathered  
 into one room, and this scraping of chairs, rustling  
 of paper, coughing, and shuffling of feet is hard  
 enough on the concentration powers of the average  
 intellect, without the continual buzz of voices.  
 Just try reading Plato's "Republic" or Tausig's  
 economic theories while your neighbors carry on  
 a whispered conversation concerning the date  
 they had last Saturday night, whether they will  
 go home this weekend, what they thought of the  
 last football game, the terrible assignment they  
 have in music appreciation, and whether they  
 should spend the time to go to the Side and have  
 a coke.

Add to this hum of voices the intermediate  
 click of high heels, and the barking of an occa-  
 sional dog, and what have you? A D in Eng-  
 lish history. All that is needed at the present  
 time to make a perfect madhouse of the libraries  
 is a good sized buzz-saw and Sousa's band.

## The "Queen's Husband" Preens Himself

FRIDAY night the queen's husband will peer  
 cautiously out into the hallway, pull the cur-  
 tains across the windows, and call his butler in

## Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

Everybody is trying to help me  
 write this col. this evening. Pitying  
 my old age, probably.

And a fat lot of help they are,  
 too. Even Tex Thomason, S.A.E.'s  
 gangling prexie, is in here helping  
 (?) with profane jest and libelous  
 anecdote.

Pudgy Ed Hanson, Emerald cartoon-  
 ist, is putting in his dime's  
 worth of hollow guffaws. The room  
 reeks of stale gags, and I am get-  
 ting sadder and sadder by the  
 minute.

Nuts, that's what I am, nuts.  
 Today is the dreariest day of the  
 year, and it hasn't been a good  
 year, either. I went down four  
 spades doubled, and people have  
 been borrowing my cigarettes. My  
 shoes leak. I need a hair-cut. I am  
 emotionally bankrupt. I HATE  
 journalism. "feminine" women  
 cut-throat bridge, walking, choco-  
 late cokes, and success stories.

and furthermore, if you think  
 that I am going to punctuate this  
 col. for you, you flabby-faced gos-  
 sip scavengers, you are much much  
 mistaken.

you are the cause of all my  
 trouble. . . you literary buzzards

for a game of checkers. Playing in a role created  
 by Robert Sherwood for the whimsical and droll  
 Roland Young, John Casteel of the speech de-  
 partment will appear as King Eric in the Guild  
 hall production, "The Queen's Husband," Novem-  
 ber 15, 16, 22 and 23.

It is seldom that students in northwest  
 schools are given the opportunity to witness  
 legitimate stage productions. As a consequence  
 they go out into society blissfully ignorant of  
 that foremost topic of the winter tea tables in  
 eastern and middlewestern circles, the theater.

In an effort to counteract this evil the Uni-  
 versity drama department stages six or seven  
 full length and well known productions each  
 year. Under the able direction of Mrs. Ottilie  
 Seybolt and Horace W. Robinson, the students  
 and faculty have consistently brought forth plays  
 of a standard far above the average amateur  
 performance.

The settings have been the class of the north-  
 west amateur stages.

By attending these performances the students  
 will enjoy a worthwhile and extremely pleasant  
 evening's entertainment. They will also gain a  
 speaking acquaintance with about 40 of the best  
 plays, in four years at the University. This  
 knowledge is a part of a well rounded education.

It is only after attending a legitimate per-  
 formance that a person can realize why the pic-  
 tures will never replace the theater entirely. The  
 three dimensional figures, the emotional and  
 sympathetic bond between the actors and the  
 audience over the footlights can never be created  
 on the screen.

## A Guinea-Pig For Dr. Townsend?

A GENTLE old doctor in California predicts  
 that all American citizens over 60 will re-  
 ceive \$200 a month; a vitriolic politician, now  
 deceased, promised \$5000 a year to every Ameri-  
 can family; but up in Alberta, Canada, a massive,  
 bald-headed old school teacher has pushed a  
 party into power with the promise of a measly  
 \$25 a month to every adult citizen of the  
 province.

Coming as it does a year before the presi-  
 dential election in this country, William Aber-  
 hart's government should be of interest to  
 Americans as a "guinea pig" for the theories of  
 Dr. Townsend and the late Huey P. Long. If the  
 pious Canadian orator successfully issues "social  
 dividends" to the 400,000 adults of his province,  
 the cause of the pious American doctor will be  
 strengthened; but if Leader Aberhart's fine plans  
 turn to dust in his hands, Leader Townsend may  
 lose his way in the dust storm that follows.

Since August 22, the day that saw the world's  
 first social credit government come into power  
 with 56 seats won out of a possible score of 63  
 in the provincial legislature, Bible Student Wil-  
 liam Aberhart has been busy cleaning up the  
 mess left by the out-going party, selecting his  
 cabinet and advisors, getting a \$2,500,000 tem-  
 porary loan from the Dominion government, fir-  
 ing old employees, and warning his disciples that  
 all this requires time. It will be at least a year,  
 he says, before the dividends begin to reach the  
 people.

No one is complaining—yet. Families with  
 several adult offspring are planning to move  
 from the backwoods to the city and retire, living  
 on the \$100 or more they may reap each month,  
 as their social due. They are heartened by re-  
 assurance that \$25 is an arbitrary sum; they  
 might receive \$75.

Opposition newspapers, which includes prac-  
 tically all of them, sit back and wait for the  
 crash. One liberal paper heads its editorial page,  
 "Wonder who's fired today?" a dig at Aberhart's  
 house cleaning.

On October 14, the Dominion election was  
 held, and resulted in a terrific majority for the  
 Liberal party, except in Alberta, where, out of  
 17 federal seats, 15 went to the Social Credit  
 party. The erstwhile premier, Richard Bedford  
 Bennett, retained his Alberta sitting only by the  
 grace of Supreme Potentate Aberhart, who,  
 thankful for the two-and-a-half million dollar  
 loan from the Dominion, urged his followers to  
 vote Bennett in.

If anything can be accomplished with the  
 Major Douglas social credit theory, Alberta will  
 accomplish it. The backing of the people is  
 assured.

what have you ever done for me  
 (question mark) you have given  
 me the howling jitters and the pip-  
 yah (exclamation mark)  
 were there a moon I would bay  
 at it.

tonight i feel like a chi psi's soul.  
 i am getting nowhere rapidly, no  
 i'm not either. i have just com-  
 posed an epigram . . . see below  
 quote . . . "sex is the skeleton  
 of love" . . . unquote.  
 that makes me happier. it means  
 something, my life has function  
 now.

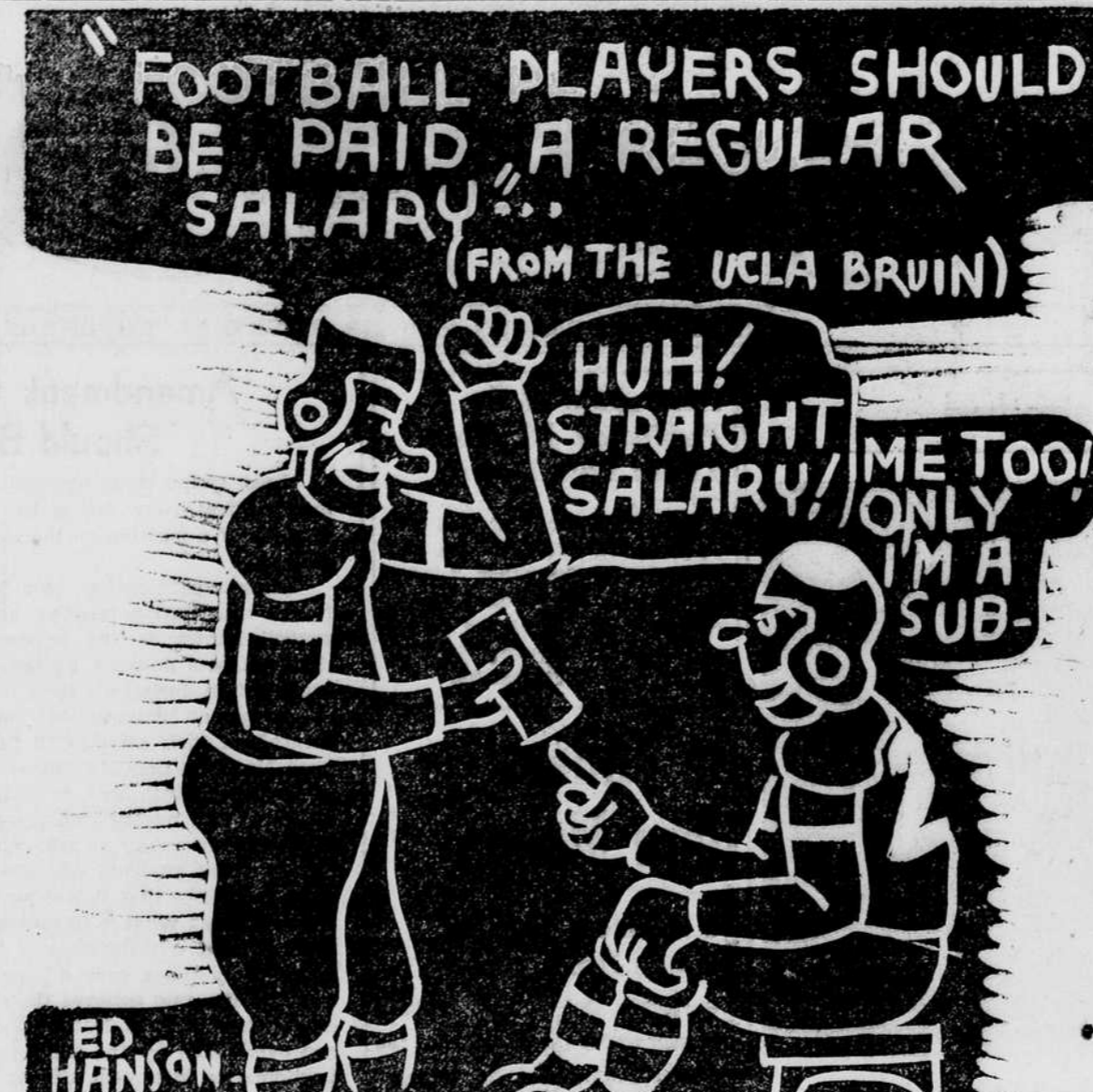
i am going away, far away,  
 where only man is vile and people  
 do not reek with righteousness. be  
 good sweet maid and let who will  
 be clever . . . and i'll take a hot  
 butter-scotch sundae on rye bread.  
 goodbye (exclamation mark)

## Harristers Try For Donut Run

Kappa Sigs to Enter Many as Possible

The annual Turkey day run com-  
 ing up on the 26th of this month  
 looms again on the sports horizon  
 and is attracting many enthusiasts  
 of the cross-country sport.

Current reports from the Kappa  
 Sigman domicile show that the  
 Kappa Sig men are planning to  
 enter a good portion of their house  
 in order to increase their chances  
 of taking the cup for the second  
 year in a row. Any house which



## The Marsh of Time

By Bill Marsh

Hello  
 Hello Barney. (You rat).

Just when we're almost con-  
 vinced that Lucas shows some  
 promise after all, he puts Clark  
 back on the editorial page. The  
 ability to pull a boner like that  
 proves that Luke is not destined  
 for greatness.

This tickles us. At its bi-weekly  
 set-to last night, the city council  
 discovered that the stove used to  
 heat the fire house is a fire menace  
 itself.

Maybe the city fathers figured  
 that with all those fire engines  
 handy, it wasn't necessary to have  
 a fireproof stove in the fire house.  
 But can you imagine a fire alarm  
 sent in from the fire house to the  
 fire house on account of a fire in  
 the fire house? Go ahead, you  
 imagine it. It makes us dizzy to  
 think about it.

Who does Clark think he is, a  
 combination of Shakespeare, Vol-  
 taire and Anita Loos?

Jello Again  
 News Note: Jack Benny earned  
 his first dollar delivering groceries  
 in Waukegan, Illinois. And Mary  
 Livingstone sold silk stockings in  
 a Los Angeles department store.

Clark is a sissy anyway. We  
 poured a cubalibra cocktail down  
 his throat the other night, and his  
 face turned purple. (If any of  
 you've guys and gals would like to  
 know how to make a cubalibra  
 we'll tell ya'. It's simple. Take a  
 coke glass full of shaved ice. Fill  
 it half full of bottled coca cola.  
 Then pour in St. Croix clipper rum  
 until the whole thing begins to  
 steam. Serve. Wait for the explo-  
 sion.)

So Clark thinks our writing is  
 potty, eh?

Sympathy  
 Did you chance to read about  
 that woman back East who wants  
 a doctor to take her life? Seems  
 she was all bashed up in an auto  
 crash, and the pain she goes  
 through—and has been going  
 through for over two years—is al-  
 most unendurable. She can never  
 be cured—her injuries and her pain  
 are permanent. She has appealed

## Hoboes Bewail System Of Home Ec Coeds

By MARIE RASMUSSEN  
 Down in jungletown there is  
 great discouragement these days.  
 "If only," said hoboes murmur,  
 "if only the Oregon coeds would  
 feed their burnt offerings to some-  
 one else. Another mouthful of  
 these beans and we'll have to go to  
 work, just to escape charity."

While the transient bewails  
 against his beans, enthusiasm  
 burns high in the home economics  
 department of the University of  
 Oregon. Inspired coeds make mush  
 and more mush, burn beans and  
 more beans for the army of the  
 unemployed.

If the beans aren't burned they  
 are devoured by the girls (who  
 have probably been dining on  
 crackers and ceremony at their so-  
 rority houses). It is only when  
 the beans approach that luscious  
 leatherness of texture and begin  
 to give off odors of unequalled  
 strength that the great American  
 tramp plays his part, that of the  
 consumer.

"Consumer's Research" and simi-  
 lar organizations protect people  
 from the ordinary dangers of mar-  
 ket products, but what research is  
 brazen enough to inquire into the

supreme handiwork of the home  
 economics department?  
 Economy is most carefully prac-  
 ticed in the department and not  
 even a chicken has a chance once  
 he's captured by the scientists of  
 the home economics school. The  
 first day he's fried. The second  
 day his wings and back nestle in  
 the lettuce leaves of a salad. The  
 third day his gizzard and neck ap-  
 pear creamed on toast. The fourth  
 day he's scattered far between the  
 noodles in soup. As for the fifth  
 day, not even his mother would  
 know him then!

While soup and salads occupy  
 the coeds on the first floor of the  
 home economics building, 55 young  
 women scatter the scraps of their  
 sewing over the second floor.  
 Warm flannel pajamas, all loose  
 and baggy, are the pet projects of  
 these practical women, who per-  
 form miracles with material, pins,  
 and a sewing machine.  
 From sleeping porch flannels to  
 silk dresses, and finally to coats  
 the seamstresses stitch on, until  
 June has come. By this time the  
 flannels are no longer needed, the  
 silk dress is too dark; and the coat  
 is too warm.

## Letter

To the Editor:

Each year we reserve a week-  
 end for the alumni. They have but  
 this occasion to return to the place  
 where knowledge was shrewdly  
 garnered. Is it fair for students  
 to be cynical? Is it fair to rail at  
 these, our guests, our predecessors  
 in the quest for learning?

Every alumnus that returns has  
 a job somewhere. It is that which  
 makes it possible for him to be  
 here. These alumni, our guests,  
 should spur us on to study so that  
 we, too, can have a job some-  
 where—that we, too, can be suc-  
 cesses, some day.

Did they brood over vague ethi-  
 cal problems? Did they, lacking a  
 good course in mental hygiene,  
 brood over such morbid things as  
 death? No. They were practical,  
 and they planted their feet firmly,  
 rolled up their sleeves and went to  
 work. One can see them, driving  
 cars, married, sophisticated.  
 Let them be an inspiration to us.  
 Let us, too, plant our feet firmly,  
 roll up our sleeves and go to work.  
 Then when we return, the students  
 might see us, driving cars, mar-  
 ried, sophisticated. And now for  
 these cynical students who delve  
 into vague philosophies, let us an-  
 swer them. What possible truth  
 can there be in such an utterance  
 that the returning alumni are usu-  
 ally only older specimens of our  
 University's mob of superficial av-  
 erages?

Respectfully,  
 DICK MILLER.  
 Vague philosophies?—ED.

Poetry Society Will Organize

Ora Mae Holman Heads Local College Group

A local chapter of the College  
 Poetry society, national organiza-  
 tion of writers of verse in the ma-  
 jor universities of the United  
 States, is to be established on the  
 campus soon under the leadership  
 of Ora Mae Holman.

The national organization is  
 sponsored by such noted writers as  
 Edna St. Vincent Millay, Robert  
 Frost, Robinson Jeffers, and Carl  
 Sandburg.

A monthly magazine of poetry is  
 put out, to which members of the  
 local organization are eligible to  
 contribute, and if the poetry is ac-  
 cepted, it will be paid for as done  
 by the regular magazines.

Monthly meetings are now being  
 planned. At each meeting there  
 will be speeches by campus writ-  
 ers, and persons interested in the  
 writings of poetry.

Students who want to join are  
 asked to notify Ora Mae Holman  
 at the Tri-Delt house.

Student in California  
 Dorothea Finnsion is attending  
 the University of California, work-  
 ing for her master's degree. Miss  
 Finnsion received her B.A. from  
 Oregon last June.

Davis-Taylor Wedding  
 Evelyn Davis, ex-'36, and George  
 Howard Taylor, ex-'35, were mar-  
 ried at Independence, Oregon, on  
 August 26. Mrs. Taylor is affil-  
 iated with Alpha Chi Omega soror-  
 ity on the campus.

Send the Emerald to your friends.

## Air Y' Listenin'

By James Morrison

**Emerald of the Air**  
 Miss Patsy Neal again is in  
 charge of the Coed Quarter-Hour  
 program over KORE this after-  
 noon at 3:45.

**The Air Angle**  
 The dramatic finale of the Notre  
 Dame-Ohio State game had such  
 repercussions that it almost  
 wrecked the office of Walter  
 O'Keefe, who may be heard on  
 CBS with the Camel Caravan to-  
 night from KSL. Walter, a Notre  
 Dame alum, was listening to the  
 game via radio with Charles But-  
 terworth, noted comedian and for-  
 mer classmate of O'Keefe, and Bill  
 Counselman, scenario writer.  
 O'Keefe was rather glum until  
 that memorable last period. Then  
 when victory came for the Irish,  
 Walter tossed a beaker of ice wa-  
 ter in Butterworth's face, tossed  
 Counselman under a desk, and  
 emptied a bookcase in the middle  
 of the floor.

Lanny Ross will sing "I Found a  
 Dream," from "Red Heads on  
 Parade," "Love's Garden of Ros-  
 es" and "Where am I?" from  
 "Stars Over Broadway" on the

Maxwell House Show Boat tonight  
 at 6.  
 NBC-CBS Programs Today  
 3:00 p. m.—Woman's Magazine  
 of the Air. NBC-KFO network.  
 4:15 — Phil Regan sings. NBC  
 western network and East.  
 5:00 — Fleischman Variety hour.  
 Rudy Vallee. New York to KFO.  
 6:00 — Maxwell House Show  
 Boat. KGW, KPO.  
 7:00 — Paul Whiteman's Music  
 hall. KPO, KFI, KGW.  
 Horace Heidt's Brigadiers. CBS-  
 KSL, KFRC.  
 7:30 — March of Time. KOIN.  
 8:00 — Standard Sympho-ny  
 hour. NBC.  
 8:30 — The Camel Caravan:  
 Walter O'Keefe, Dean Janis, Glen  
 Gray's orchestra. KSL.

## Calendar

(Continued from Page One)

YWCA freshman discussion groups  
 are held every day at 4 o'clock,  
 Fridays excepted.

Freshman discussion group will  
 meet at the Y. W. bungalow at 4  
 o'clock.

There will be a very important  
 meeting of pledge trainers in 110  
 Johnson at 5 o'clock today. If you  
 cannot attend, send a substitute.

Activity chairmen of all wom-  
 en's living organizations will  
 meet today upstairs in the College  
 Side at 5 o'clock.

Amphibians will meet tonight in  
 the women's gym.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH  
 a representative of the  
 COLLEGE BOOK CO.,  
 Columbus, Ohio  
 will be at the  
 'CO-OP'  
 TO PAY CASH  
 FOR SECOND HAND  
 COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS  
 for which you have no further use  
 and  
 WHETHER USED IN YOUR  
 SCHOOL OR NOT

LEARN TO  
 DANCE  
 IN EIGHT LESSONS  
 The person who dances smooth-  
 ly and easily always gets by at  
 Oregon in a big way.

Here at Merrick's you really  
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