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It May Be So But We Don't Know

THERE never was a seriously-advanced solution to world or national problems that did not take root in some accepted facts. Investigate the "share-the-wealth," "old age revolving pensions" and any other plans you will, and you will find basic truisms that started the ball rolling.

No exception is Alberta, Canada's social credit, the plan that staged the initial triumph of the spectacular theories arising out of the present depression. Behind the world's first social credit government, with its promise to pay \$25 monthly to all adults, is some sound reasoning, just as Dr. Townsend has produced some sound reasoning in support of his belief that \$200 a month may quite easily be paid to everyone over 60.

Using pencil and paper, Dynamic Leader Aberhart reasoned that, since Alberta has a total wealth of \$3,724 per capita, if he could make that capital wealth produce 8 per cent interest, each man, woman and child could receive \$25 a month, without decreasing the capital wealth. Then he turned to the books and saw that in 1933 Alberta had produced to the value of \$237,600,000, or nearly 10 per cent of the capital wealth. In his mind, that took care of the basic dividends, and he would have enough money left over to run the government.

He differentiated between real credit, financial credit, and social credit, defining real credit as the credit which arises from the power to deliver goods or services when they are required, financial credit as arising from the financier's valuation of our real credit, and social credit as the result of association of individuals.

In plain language, Aberhart planned to give Albertans the advantage of the increment of association, the increment, for instance, on a piece of land that rises rapidly in value when a town grows up nearby. It was estimated that Alberta has sufficient real credit to supply goods and services as, when and where they are required for 1000 years without more than scratching the surface of its potentialities.

As an illustration of social credit, the book-reading teacher noted that in 1930, the Canadian records showed that six billion dollars worth of business had been transacted with 350 million dollars of currency, that is, one dollar bought 17 dollars worth of services.

Aberhart's favorite anecdote concerns two Irishmen who had a barrel of beer worth \$15, that they decided to retail at 10 cents a glass. Pat had a tap, a glass, and a till at one side and Mike was similarly equipped at the other.

No business came. There was a depression. Then Mike discovered a 10 cent piece in his pocket and bought a glass of beer from Pat, who

used the money for the same purpose. This continued until the barrel of beer was consumed, and \$15 worth of business had been done with 10 cents.

And the voters swallowed the story.

Thirteenth St. Speedboys Menace to Campus

THE ear shattering blasts coming from student owned cars equipped with air horns loud enough for a streamline railroad train have almost disappeared. For this, we poor mortals who walk are duly grateful.

Fewer idiots are trying to scare other students by charging them with their cars, in the manner of a bull taking after an unfortunate matador. For this consideration, too, we are thankful.

But some students still persist in confusing 13th street with Sir Malcolm Campbell's track on the Utah salt flats. This time of year, 13th street is wet most of the time, and it is covered with wet, slippery leaves. Students continually walk back and forth across 13th, usually paying little attention to approaching traffic. The situation is made to order for tragedy.

And, as certain and unavoidable as death itself, tragedy will occur, unless the students who like to "show off" by racing their cars up and down 13th begin to use their heads for something besides the wrapper around a vacuum.

These witless menaces have nothing to gain by saving a few seconds. They are, really, in no hurry. They want just one thing—they want to show off like any other high school smart aleck. And their actions are certainly received with hostility.

If you happen to be one of those gibbering simps who thinks it's admirable to race around the campus in your automobile, you're due for a shock. Don't think for a minute that the students who are watching you are saying, "Golly, will you look at that buggy travel?" On the contrary, they are muttering, grimly, "Man, I'd like to get my hands on the neck of that brainless ass—I'll bet I could shake some sense into him."

And students have been known to do the things they threatened to do. Students at the University will not tolerate foolhardy driving on the campus.

The Safety Valve

Letters published in this column should not be construed as expressing the editorial opinion of the Emerald. Anonymous contributions will be disregarded. The names of contributors will, however, be regarded as confidential upon request. Contributors are asked to be brief, the editors reserving the right to condense all letters of over 300 words and to accept or reject letters upon the criteria of general editorial importance and interest to the campus.

THERE has been a certain amount of dissent and misunderstanding recently concerning the eligibility of varsity sport lettermen in corresponding or related intramural contests. Perhaps the most resentful attitude is towards intramural eligibility in water polo. Varsity swimming lettermen as well as numeral men have been allowed to compete in intramural water polo principally to help build it up, and because it is considered a distinct and separate sport from swimming. Without varsity swimmers the sport probably would have died, but after five years it has become an established intramural sport. Since water polo is not an inter-collegiate sport at present and no awards are given for it, it seems perfectly feasible and proper to allow varsity swimmers to compete in water polo games.

An attempt is now being made to build up cross-country as an intramural sport. In the past intramural competition on the campus and organizations would go to extreme limits to put a strong team over the hill and dale course. In those days varsity track men were allowed to compete and it was they who sparked and encouraged the popular sport to such a stage that Coach Hayward did not have to bother about securing material for his track teams.

Today varsity track lettermen are not eligible for intramural cross-country. In my estimation cross-country by nature is a sport distinct from track. Who ever saw a sprinter, a hurdler, a shot-putter, or a pole-vaulter running three or four miles over a cross-country course? The very essence of the two is distinctly different.

The varsity distance runners who are lettermen are the ones who can bolster and improve intramural cross-country as in the old days, and in the same way that varsity swimmers have built up water polo.

It is also a fact that for the two years cross-country has again become an intramural sport. There has been no inter-collegiate cross-country meet and no awards have been made to varsity men. In this respect cross-country is again similar to water polo.

In view of these facts and common sense is it not just and proper that cross-country be considered in the same light as water polo, and that in all fairness to varsity track lettermen they be allowed to compete in intramural cross-country for the same reason that varsity swimming lettermen are allowed to compete in water polo?

Sincerely, Sid Milligan.



The Marsh of Time

By Bill Marsh

We understand that there is going to be a mixed wrestling match out at the Old Mill tonight. Why doesn't the court of domestic relations take a tip from the management of the Old Mill, and put impending divorce suits in the ring and let them fight it out that way.

Notes Note to the graduating class by the late Will Rogers: "I think everybody ought to have a fine education, even if you can't make a living at it. It's good to know that you know more than the people you have to ask for jobs from."

Students Laugh

(Continued from Page One) illustrated the possible emotional effects procured by harmony, to wit: the difference between the wedding march and the funeral march—both utilizing the same melody pattern and the same rhythmic beat but minor notes in the latter to secure the effects of melancholy and mourning.

During the major part of his lecture, Dr. Spaeth gamboled lightly over his text and keyboard, inserting frequent jokes and facetious remarks that brought swells of laughter from the audience. Toward the close of his performance, however, he expressed the belief that the enjoyment of music should be fun rather than drudgery. He said that music should be taken seriously but not hard. "Some persons are inclined to place music on a pedestal where few can reach it rather than to attempt to discover for themselves those elements in it which are enjoyable," he said.

Stresses Permanent Beauty He emphasized the importance of trying to discover permanent beauty in some form. "Beauty is the goal and ideal of the artist," he said, "and if something sounds beautiful to you and is received in a like manner by a number of people over a number of years, it does have qualities of permanent beauty."

Dr. Spaeth will remain on the campus today and tomorrow, giving a concert at the music auditorium tonight.

As Wedding Date Of Howard Adams

Miss Kathryn Corey, of Salem, and Mr. Howard Adams, also of that city, will be married there Thursday, November 21. Their engagement was announced November 13.

Miss Corey is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Corey, of Mr. Adams the son of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Adams. Mr. Adams attended the University and is a member of Beta Theta Pi. The couple will reside in Salem.

A more encouraging note to the selected few: The world turns aside to let a man pass who knows exactly where he is going.

Come Hither

An amusing incident at the Sigmund Spaeth lecture. Mr. Spaeth illustrating on the keyboard and whistling two notes which he called the "cuckoo note," or the "come hither" call. "Come hither," he whistled. "Come hither." Whereupon a dog in the audience obediently got up and trotted down the aisle to the platform.

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WATCH FOR IT!

Send the Emerald to your friends.

DOLORES'S DEPENDABLE ADVICE FOR DISMAYED DAMSELS

Dear Dolores: I am a little girl who stutters occasionally. How can I make people realize I am really serious in my conversation? They mimic and laugh at me, and when I am reciting before a classroom they snicker at my strained remarks that I try so hard to make emphatic. Dolores, please give me a solution to squelch my unsympathetic friends. E. B.

Dear E. B.: I sympathize with you greatly and realize your problem is a sensitive one, touching on the tender heart strings. We can't reform the world so just ignore the slanders of your rude friends. Your professors are human enough to realize your earnest attempts and will in most cases keep from laughing too. Try not to let this misunderstanding of your friends break your friendship with them and I am sure that after everyone reads your frantic plea they will refrain from torturing your feelings any further. Dolores.

Dear Dolores: I recently met a very handsome young man, and he has taken me out several times. Romance budded blissfully for a while, but then he developed a trait which I dislike. It started at the matinee at the Mayflower, when he put his arm around me. He kissed me on our next date, and since then he has constantly become bolder. How can I cure him of this new development, without offending him and losing him? Anxiously, P. N.

Dear P. N.: Our first consideration must be the determination of his motive in kissing you. This may be one or both of two things; he may have a very sentimental nature, or he may have been lured by your physical attractiveness. In any event, the best thing for you to do is to arrange a breakfast date with him. Seeing a co-ed at seven a. m. over the breakfast coffee cups is enough to kill any natural sentiment he may have. I should also advise you to make your kisses as unsatisfactory as possible. Try baring your teeth or growling deep in your throat when he tries to kiss you. After a few such experiences, I believe he will desist. In either event, however, you must be guided by your own good judgment. Don't over do it, or you may lose him forever. An unthinkable fate! Dolores.

PROMENADING with POLLY

POLLY got the Shopping bug in a big way this week—she simply couldn't resist the tempting displays all the shops are showing for the HOLIDAY SEASON—THANKSGIVING is next week—and that starts the festivity. We also have some helpful hints for the trip to SEATTLE this weekend!!!

At last we have found a pump that will actually fit even the most trying foot—Clever new gathering fitted at the instep to overcome that awkward gaping on the sides—You will surely be more than pleased—

POLLY is absolutely sold on MISS IRBY . . . Her nimble fingers and discriminating eyes . . . are worth "headlines" in anyone's paper—and we're saying—Visit her soon . . .

POLLY will be wearing a new dress on Thanksgiving and why don't you fall in line with the rest of the campus and get one of the smart Jean Carol "Bar Time" dresses at BARNHART'S. Polly's is bright red with a metal thread, shirred sleeves, and saucy lame bows.

Mother and Dad would be more than pleased to receive one of the attractive THANKSGIVING CARDS seen in the ORIENTAL ART SHOP — or you might surprise an old friend you haven't seen for a long time—send them a card!!!

SEATTLE BOUND? Oregon Coeds— POLLY found just the thing—shoes to contrast with your mum for OREGON COLORS at the game—GREEN suede with leather trim and smart new side tie with fringe . . . You will always find the latest in colorful footwear at BURCH'S SHOE STORE . . .

POLLY bought the perfect dress at GORDON'S for packing for the game and to wear afterwards too! It's a "Sunday Night Knit" Marinette agleam with metal threads in the hand-fashioned blouse. Added to its smartness and dash is the chic cording at the neckline. These are designed for college folk.

Please pardon us if we sort of rave about this new discovery . . . While snooping around a bit in the GIFT SHOP POLLY saw these darling white pottery bookends with CACTI growing in each side—they are practical as well as ornamental—Don't miss them . . .

You will want your hair to look to perfection for the weekend in Seattle and POLLY had hers smartly waved at LOVE'S BEAUTY SALON. Natural looking waves in a permanent and fingerwaves to your own tastes.

Every girl likes to have her friends come in her room often for the old GAB-FEST—BUT—they aren't going to come often if they have to sit on the floor—What you need is a HASSOCK—these big leather pillows which may be had in all the bright colors and assorted sizes—Take a look at them in the BROADWAY, INC.

Air Y' Listenin' By James Morrison

Emerald of the Air Miss Patsy Neal has arranged another Coed Quarter-Hour program for today's KORE broadcast. Violin solos will be played by Molly Bob Small, and her accompanist will offer a piano solo. The Air Angle News of the death of their sister, Margaret, reached the Mills Brothers last Friday in Chicago just as they were rehearsing for their performance on the Elgin Campus Revue. The three broth-

Stage of the World (Continued from Page One) even if it is painful to certain interests or sections of the country, rather than look at reduction of exports accompanied by stagnation within? Bargaining is the traditional method of exchange between nations. Reciprocal tariffs, such as this most recent one, are bargains made with the intention of reviving trade. Curtailment of production is fast going by the boards. As it goes must come markets to take our increased production. Let us look at these trade agreements in the light of benefit to the nation as a whole, putting aside our personal interests—at least until the harm does come.

NBC-CBS Programs Today 5:00 — Rudy Vallee's Variety hour. KPO, KGW. 6:00 — The Show Boat, starring Lanny Ross. KPO, KGW. 7:00 — Paul Whiteman's Music Hall. KFI, KGW. Horace Heidt's Brigadiers. KVI, KSL, KOIN. 7:30 — March of Time. CBS-KSL. 8:15 — Standard Symphony orchestra. KPO, KGW. 8:30 — The Camel Caravan. CBS, KSL.

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