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Dr. de Villiers Might Well Lead Campus Discussions

SEVERAL people on the campus have expressed the futility of attempting to stimulate in the students interest in world affairs. The quite general opinion is that college students are college students and that is all it amounts to.

The Emerald realizes that the student's time is well occupied with studies, and that a thorough understanding of what is taking place abroad and at home is hardly possible with the presence of diverting academic pursuits and activities.

However by way of help, the Emerald suggests a possible even though temporary "out" to this situation.

At present there is a large, amiable, and exceedingly interesting man on the campus—Dr. Cornelius de Villiers. He is visiting Oregon as a representative of the Carnegie Peace Foundation and he hails from far away South Africa where he is the faculty head of Stellenbosch university. He is witty, brilliant, and very well-informed on world affairs. His great size, booming voice, and rich personality, would be appreciated by any fraternity, sorority, or dormitory which would take time to listen. This man has something to say and says it with the incomparable charm of an English accent.

Dr. de Villiers will be on the campus for one month. If the Interfraternity council and the Pan Hellenic council and the Interdormitory council would express enough interest and attempt to work out a schedule with Dr. de Villiers, he would leave the students of this school with firm, clear-cut impressions and facts that would "stick" and add to a further understanding of a rather badly confused world.

Japan Utilizes Mussolini's Smoke Screen

IN examining the New York Times Index, it is found that last year (1934) the Times carried dispatches from the Orient in re annexation of Manchukuo, the condensed forms of which were:

January 10—"Tokyo says enthronement of Pu Yi will emphasize finality of separation from China. No link to China and annexation of north China planned."

January 14—"Pu Yi inspired by divine will to accept throne. Japanese defend theory."

January 16—"Japanese spokesman describes purpose; says sway will not be widened to Mongolia and north China."

This was January, 1934. It is now November, 1935.

While the League of Nations has been working toward a settlement of the Italian-Ethiopian dispute, far on the other side of the world a nation of little slant-eyed men has been cautiously but deftly dissecting the walloping dragon of China. It is but a matter of days until Japan sends 11 divisions of troops into the five provinces—Hopeh, Chahar, Shantung, Shansi and Suiuan.

These provinces have a combined population of 95,000,000 people. They represent an area of 437,326 square miles or about the same amount of land as represented by Montana, Washington, Oregon and California. Iron ore is abundant near the anthracite fields of Shansi, where it is asserted is the oldest iron industry in the world. Hopeh and Shantung are also rich in iron.

In the last two years Japan has acquired control over land equal to that of combined Oregon, Washington, California, Montana, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, and part of Idaho. Accompanying the land have been 120,000,000 people, and vast potential power represented by rich iron, coal, and other mineral deposits. Of China's 977,000,000 tons of ore a large part is to be found in the territory now eyed by the Japanese.

The territory now under "consideration" by

the Japanese is one and one fourth again as large as entire Ethiopia and is occupied by nine times as many people.

Italy is under the dictatorship of one man, Mussolini. Japan is under the dictatorship of one class, militarists. Italy is after land for expansion and wealth for exploitation. Japan is after the same thing. Italians are white men burning with nationalistic pride inculcated by the yelps of Mussolini. Japanese are orientals inspired by intense and deeply-rooted devotion to death while in service of their country as a sure way to heaven.

The eyes of the world and of the League of Nations are on the western hemisphere, while in the eastern hemisphere, Japan marches on. Perhaps they are right, perhaps they are wrong. Our children may have to decide that with sanctions, boycotts, and bullets.

But until then—oh well— January 1937—"Tokyo says that the enthronement of Blank Plunk as emperor of China will emphasize finality of separation from an inalienable right as free people. No link to Europe and annexation of (?) is planned."

Politics Should Not Determine Tariff Attitude

SEEKING economic arguments on the Canadian-United States trade treaty in the editorials of the past few days is like finding the proverbial needle in a haystack. They are so hidden under political issues that they are easily skipped over, leaving their meaning obscure and giving the impression that politics is of paramount importance in considering the question.

In recent editorials of three of Oregon's papers were found five economic theories as to the outcome of this agreement:

1. The unhampered flow of trade between the United States and Canada will result in increased business and will create new markets for the lumber of the Northwest and therefore no danger is to be feared.

2. There was no tariff before 1929 and it was during this period that the lumber industry grew and was prosperous.

3. The treaty is a great danger to the lumber industry because since 1929 United States production costs have gone up while Canadian costs have been held down.

4. The increased production of the Canadian mills during this six year period is also feared. British Columbia mills are at 130 per cent of pre-depression production while the Northwest mills are at 52 per cent.

5. The reduction of tariff will cripple the lumber industry, the basic industry of the Northwest, to such an extent that it will result in a decreased activity in every line of business and industry and in reduced employment and reduced payrolls.

It is only when the citizens of the Northwest take economic beliefs such as these and weigh carefully the validity of each that a soundly based opinion can be formed. When the political issues are intermixed among the economic effects, prejudices are aroused to such an extent that it is difficult to think constructively. Then when we have thoroughly considered the economic merits and demerits of the question, and only then, may we with justification attack or defend Franklin D. Roosevelt's policy.

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 reserve 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.

To the editor: A matter worthy of consideration by the students of the University of Oregon is the lack of a formalized preparation which would contribute a very important part to their social education.

There are many students attending the University who, because of the lack of knowledge in dancing, refrain from attending social functions. This should not be the case. Dancing is an art which has been handed down to us from the very beginning of civilization. It is essentially a form of relaxation. It develops poise, grace, and is a social asset.

It is expedient that a course in elementary ballroom dancing be offered in this school for both men and women. Such a course is offered by Oregon State college, and the University of Washington at the present time and is well attended at both schools.

If such a course were to be put into effect on this campus, living organizations would profit in as much as their pledges and members would be taught the Terpsichorean art.

If there is a sufficient number of interested students on the campus to make such a course worth while, Dean Bovard of the school of physical education, has given his assurance that this cause will have his full support.

Sincerely, Stuart Mockford Robert Wagner.

Europe Firsthand

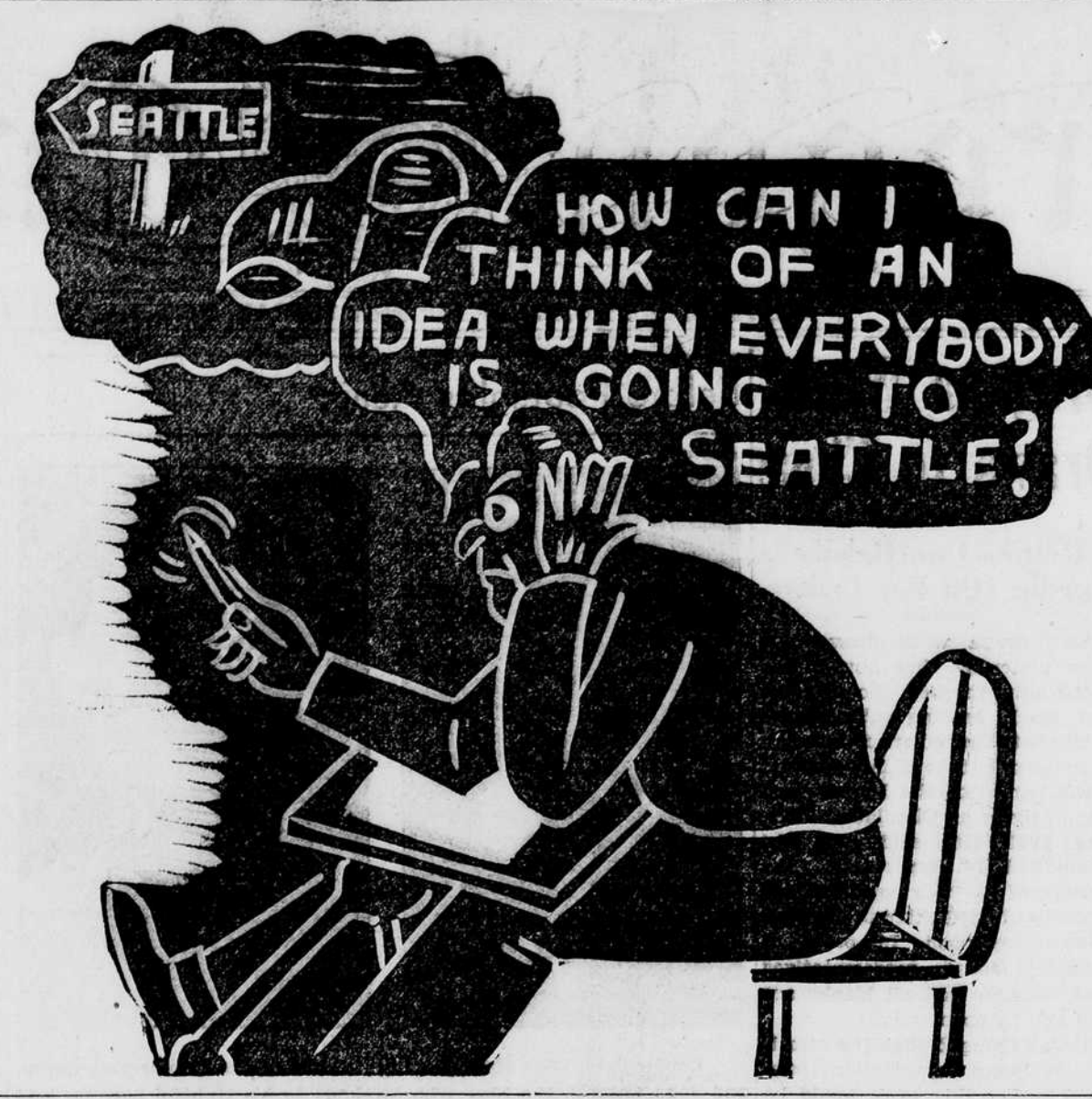
By Howard Kessler

EIGHTY dollars for 18 inches of plank!

But those 18 inches placed near St. Paul's cathedral on the day of the Jubilee procession, May 6, 1935, when the king and queen and all the royal family solemnly opened the year of rejoicing for their sturdy reign of 25 years.

Americans poured in by the thousands and many a western tang I heard abroad the London buses, as wide-eyed tourists asked directions from courteous cockney conductors.

Of course nothing else was written or talked of during those first few May days. Editorial panegyrics on the king's reign, Jubilee souvenirs in every form, special editions of stamps and coins, swarms of sight-seers milling about Buckingham palace each night for the stunning illumination of the great buildings. Although he lived in a residential district and did not have



The Marsh of Time

By Bill Marsh

... so I stood up and said, "Scram, you goof . . . she's my gal," and he said, "Who saw her first, you or me," and I didn't have any comeback for that one, so I socked him right on the kisser. Pretty soon I got up off the floor and socked him again, and that's how I happen to be here. A broken jaw and two broken ribs you say? Well, well, well.

Open the Window

Here is something in the nature of a pip on Fred Allen, well liked NBC comedian. It seems that brother Allen is simply cr-razy about gliders—motorless airplanes to you, Goodwin—and he makes paper models of the darn things all the time. He made a swell one last week, and then sailed it out of his hotel window. Cooing happily to himself he watched the paper plane spiral down, down into the traffic of the street. Then, and not until then, did he realize that the plane had been taken from the last page of hit "Town Hall Tonight" script over which he had been laboring for the past two hours.

Stop Look and Whistle

This is new. Seems a Pennsylvania freight train plowed into an automobile at a grade crossing. The locomotive left the track, dragging 19 cars behind it, and the engineer and fireman were killed. Trifle unusual with a passenger auto, all right. But if these big inter-city trucks get any bigger, the trains will be stopping at grade crossings to see if there is a truck coming before they cross the road.

Innocent Bystander is Threatening to Back into his Cave and Growl at us again. A call has been issued for volunteers to go in and bring him out alive.

Pacifists

The British steamship Farnham was delayed in sailing from Boston recently. The "Farnham" was carrying 5,000 tons of scrap iron

any sign before his door advertising rooms, my host turned away a half dozen visitors trying to find a place to sleep. Thousands spent the night before the procession on the benches along the Thames embankment or on the ground in Hyde park.

May 6 was a perfect spring day. My host and myself were up at six, legging it down Chancery lane. We cruised up Fleet street to St. Paul's, but finally came back to the Law Courts, where we found a place behind three rows of country folk, many of whom had spent the night on the curb, and were now shaving or making up, oblivious to the hundreds milling about them.

Every shop along the five-mile route had its windows filled with rows of benches, selling seats at from \$25 to \$80 each. The stands erected outside were sold and the proceeds went to charity, but many a storekeeper netted several hundreds of dollars for the half hour of the procession.

From seven o'clock until twelve we stood in one position, as the sun blazed down ever hotter. Two lines of bobbies and soldiers reinforced the curb, but there was never any need of them. The good nature of the mobbed watchers was astounding. They yelled ribald remarks at the embroidered dignitaries who passed before us on their way to St. Paul's and the ceremonies of the morning, but there was no irritation.

About ten o'clock the black-and-white uniformed hospital corps began to run back and forth along the line, giving aid to the fainting, who couldn't stand up to the fiery sun and the myriad breathes of the spectators crowding in upon them. An elderly lady nearby collapsed with a sigh. "Hospital men!" we all shouted, and our lady was carried away on a stretcher. A man beside me became ominously pale. "Are you sick, George?" his wife asked anxiously. George bit his lip and said no, he'd be all right. "Steady on old man," his friend encouraged, handing along the smelling salts. And the sun beat unmercifully down.

Three minutes before the king's coach a uniformed messenger pelted down the center of the otherwise deserted street, and the crowd howled with laughter. The clamor grows, beats about our ears, is flung back and forth between the buildings, a million voices shouting, "Long live the king!" "Present arms!" bellows the lieutenant of the territorials. The royal carriage at the trot. Hats off, streamers waving, all weariness forgotten. The queen looked marvelous in a fluffy white ensemble. The king was grave and composed. The uproar billows on, as the monarch passes on his way.

That was all! no pageantry, no attempt at a stupendous parade. But a mighty proof of the solidarity of the monarchy in England.

signed to appear each Sunday with the suave jester. He is the sixth vocalist to have the spotlight thrown on him by Jack Benny. His predecessors were Ethel Shutta (Mrs. George Olsen to you), Andrea Marsh, Jimmy Melton, Frank Parker, and Michael Bartlett. He is 23 years old and is unmarried.

Tops in the Tunes

It Never Dawned on Me Got a Feelin' You're Foolin' Here's to Romance On Treasure Island Cheek to Cheek Red Sails in the Sunset Truckin' 24 Hours a Day No Strings In the Dark

NBC-CBS Programs Today

2:00 — CBS — Happy Go Lucky hour. KHJ, KOIN. NBC — Al Pearce's Gang. KPO, KFI, KGW. 5:30 — CBS — Broadway Varieties. KSL, KOIN. NBC — College Prom. KPO and network. 6:00 — CBS — Hollywood Hotel. KHJ, KOIN. 7:30 — NBC — Campus Revue. KHQ, KGW. CBS — March of Time. KOIN, KFRC. 8:30 — NBC — Beauty Box Theatre. Radio adaptation of "Stars Over Broadway." KPO, KGW. 9:00 — CBS — Studebaker Champions. KGW, KOIN. 10:15 — NBC — Football forecasts. KPO, KGW.

Ducks Head

(Continued from Page One) Though "Jake" is not in serious straits, Prink Callison is. Jones will undoubtedly open in the place of the stricken griddler, but should Budd be bothered by his leg ailment only Leonard Holland, lanky transfer from Long Beach junior college, will be on hand to take over the important post. Team to Stop in Tacoma The Webfoots will be sent through a final signal drill this afternoon at Tacoma, where they will spend the night. The team will continue to Seattle early tomorrow morning. A light practice session here last night was devoted to dummy defensive scrimmage and a final brush-up on offensive tactics to be used in the Husky brawl.

Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

Q: Why is a mouse when it spins? A: The higher it flies, the purer.

If I ever get my hands on the man that put in the new drinking fountains there will be a loud squinting sound and he will very decidedly die. I don't mind having my face washed, but I don't like to be surprised into it. Besides, the fountain over in Johnson is all bubbles, and to get any water inside me, I have to make a violent inhaling sound, like a Phi Psi eating soup. People look around so!

Marjorie Will looks on life and finds it bitter. She is very fond of the ponies, though. So much so that she stated the other day that: "The more I see of men, the better I like horses!" She is an Alpha Chi and lives near the Phi Delta house.

The checkers of registration material were somewhat puzzled when they came across the card handed in by one freshman girl. In the space that was left for "Church Preference" she had boldly lettered in the words "Kappa Alpha Theta."

We knew that the girls were pretty proud of the house, but we didn't think they made a religion of it!

One of the Emerald's lighter-minded scribes was waltzing down at Jeff Beach the other eve with one of their easily-met young ladies. Thinking to inspire him with a feeling of fellowship, she breathed into his ear: "You know, I'm going to the University this year." "So," he queried. "What house do you belong to?" "Phi Delta," she returned, with great firmness and conviction! He was a little surprised.

TERSE VERSE "Polish the apple while you may; Final exams are on their way!"

Going to Seattle—? No—? Then Be Sure to See 'THE Queen's Husband' THE UNIVERSITY THEATRE Call Local 216 for Information or Reservations.

Fifty-Fifty Service 7c per lb. All flat work ironed. Wearing apparel tumbled in our fresh air dryers, drawing thousands of cubic feet of fresh air through the clothes every minute of the drying operation. Eugene Steam Laundry Corner W. 8th and Charnelton Phone 123

Call 85 For Lumber, Laths and Building Materials of All Kinds THE BOOTH-KELLY LUMBER COMPANY 507 Willamette Street Phone 85 Fifth Avenue at Willamette Street