

Scholarly Professor Harold J. Noble, Returned from Year and Half Leave to Orient, Impresses Scribe with Views

By HOWARD KESSLER

It would have taken less than five seconds for the rankest correspondence school sleuth with a degree, false moustache and tin badge to state positively that Professor Harold J. Noble had but recently made a long ocean voyage. The scholarly historian came to his classes Thursday wearing a grey tweed suit that looked like a newspaper that had been mercilessly crumpled and then spread out again. Not less than a month's compression in a well-filled trunk could have placed so many creases where creases were never designed to be.

As a matter of fact, Harold Noble stepped off the liner President Coolidge in San Francisco a few days ago, after a fast trip from the Orient, where he has spent the past year-and-a-half studying on a Rockefeller language fellowship. It was the 19th crossing for the boyish-looking Noble since he first left his birthplace in Korea as a lad of 16 years, to attend Ohio Wesleyan university. In the subsequent two decades he sandwiched an M. A. at Ohio State, a year at Harvard, a Ph.D. at California and a few years at Oregon, between frequent visits to the old homestead, and three years of teaching and research there. His father, a retired Methodist missionary, now lives in California, but Noble has a married sister who still resides in the Orient.

We asked Professor Noble, as an authority on things Far Eastern, what would be the outcome of a tangle between Soviet Russia and Japan.

"I don't know," replied Dr. Noble, increasing our respect for his answer when it came. "I don't know," it seems, are the three words most often used by those who deserve to be called authorities. But if you ask us why that is, we don't know.

"Nobody knows," stated the professor, stepping up the pace a bit, and putting a match to the square bowl of his pipe. "Nobody knows... puff, puff... what Russia can do... puff, puff, puff... That is, we know Russia has a large fleet of planes... puff, puff... but... puff... the discipline... puff... the high command... the efficiency of the transportation... puff... these are yet to be proven."

Here Dr. Noble applied a fresh match to the smoldering embers and inhaled feverishly for a few seconds. When he had the furnace nicely stoked, he continued.

"Japan has been building up a strong feeling against the English since the fighting began in China. The Japanese accuse the English of instigating resistance among the Chinese. They sponsor mass meetings at which the generals orate about the English menace. Many Japanese servants have stopped working for English families. It is sometimes unpleasant for Englishmen on the streets. I was approached several times by Japanese who asked rather belligerently whether I were English or American. When I said American, they bowed courteously and withdrew. Americans are the white haired boys in Japan now."

Professor Noble paused to instill new life in his pipe, and then he resumed his quiet discourse.

"It has been estimated that Hong Kong could be taken with the loss of about two or three hundred thousand men, and Japan has its eyes on the Dutch Indies and Australia too. Certainly they would stand to gain more from Britain in the East than from Russia if they won.

"That being the case," continued Noble, "it is difficult to understand Chamberlain's tactics. He has snubbed Russia instead of seeking a strong alliance with the Soviet, the only power that can give him a measure of security in the Far East. If Russia stands strongly with England, even though Japan captured British possessions, the defeat of Japan by Russia would force restitution at the peace conference."

By this time the battle between Noble and the pipe was reaching a stalemate. In desperation the professor emptied the bowl and stuffed it full of fresh tobacco. That done, another flame was put to the weed.

"As for the present fight in China," he said, arising from his chair as the noon bell rang, "I think both sides can last at least two more years. The people of Japan are not enthusiastic about the war but they are loyal and will support the government. The talk about their going bankrupt at some early date is hardly warranted."

Dr. Noble knocked his stubborn pipe sharply on the desk, glared at it a second, then thrust it in his pocket and went out to breathe deeply of the wood-scented Oregon air. For a moment he stood, deep in thought, at the Thirteenth street curb. Then he spoke.

"So long," he said.

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That Which Is Beyond Ourselves

SELF-SUFFICIENCY is a great thing. Nations strive for it. Individuals make a point of being proud of their ability to maintain it. College students are more or less endeavoring to attain it through an accumulation of knowledge that will enable them to understand the events of life with which they come in contact.

From another viewpoint, however, this goal does not seem quite as worthwhile. This attitude was brought up yesterday by Dr. J. Hudson Ballard at his evening talk in the music building when he defined an ideal as that which is beyond one, but which is not impossible of eventual achievement.

IN THE light of this definition—which seems a good one—the self-sufficient individual loses much of the superiority with which he is usually endowed. If he and his philosophy is studied further, one becomes convinced that there is a basic something missing.

The need for something beyond ourselves is not a new need. It is not unique to this generation, nor are modern collegians the only ones lacking it to a large extent. But it is true that students, especially in these times, are definitely lacking a good understanding of just what their ideals are.

In many cases they may be possessed of vague concepts which may move them to decisions; but for the most part they are, we believe, lacking in firm, well-organized concepts which would enable them to arrange their lives toward a finer set of "things beyond themselves."

WHILE THE University Mission is certainly not planned to provide everybody with a set of ideals overnight, it is designed to take students by the hand, as it were, and lead them up the first few steps on their way to this achievement.

October 7 when E. Stanley Jones, Howard Thurman, Grace Sloane Overton and others have left the Oregon campus to carry the word to other university students, we will not wake up suddenly to find a transformed student body. But in the minds of those who will have listened to even a little of their guiding explanations there will be beginnings or enlargings of that which is beyond ourselves.

Sunset, her nineteenth century home on the New England coast, left by her parents along with a comfortable monetary inheritance. But all isn't so well with her brother Arthur.

Arthur, it inconveniently happens, is one of that certain hounded species of men, the alimony-paying, twice-married husband. He is happy with Mary Lou, wife number two, and Junior, except that he has to dole out a grand every month, to his vixenish first wife, Juliette. In fact, he is barely surviving on what he has left, when this old flame appears out of the coastal fog and demands a final settlement, a mere hundred thousand.

Without a doubt, the ex-Mrs. Lloyd is the perfect character to be murdered, and promptly there is a fatal clubbing. Also, several disappearances, and a strangulation to quicken the pace. An unemphasized love plot between spinster Marcia and a young painter who lives in a trailer is interwoven.

Then, there are a number of rich society folk on Rock Island, who want to get rid of Juliette as badly, if not worse than Arthur does. A stock character of Mrs. Rinehart's, a sleep-walking old housekeeper, is included to add to the suspense and eeriness which surrounds Sunset. In the realm of arousing reader curiosity, the author doesn't fall behind her contemporaries. If she must be criticized, it is for the overdose of sentimentalizing Marcia's childhood reminiscences, which slightly retard the plot's progress. And her ultra femininity is a little stifling at times.

It's not literature, but "The Wall" should provide anybody with a couple of evenings of pleasant relaxation. A fifty-cent cigar to anyone who detects the murderer before the final installment.

SIDE SHOW....

By JIM BRINTON
Pushed into a position of insignificance last week, was a problem of probably greater importance to America's future: the railway employees' strike announced to begin October 1.

But, just as Herr Hitler's project announced to become operative the same day, the R.R. strike didn't occur. Instead, it was postponed for at least sixty days when President Roosevelt appointed a fact-finding commission to aid in mediation.

The Railroad Labor Act, passed last session, offers the services of a National Mediation Board. This board failed to bring peace, and the President's fact-finding board will carry on from where the mediation board left off.

The fight started last May when the R.R.'s announced a 1 per cent cut in wages. R.R.'s and employees, with a half century's battling experience behind their respective belts, settled down to a long war. The R.R.'s bought pages in leading magazines to show the public how entirely wrong the unions were in their demands. Both sides issue pamphlets for public consumption.

The views are diametrically opposite. The R.R.'s claim to be paying 917,000 employees an average of \$1785 annually; unions claim 1,750,000 employees receive an average wage of only \$1115. R.R.'s claim an average wage of 77.7 per hour; unions claim 72c. The R.R.'s say railroad revenue for the first 23 weeks of '38 will be 25 per cent under the same period for '37; unions say revenue will be greater in '38 than in '37. And on and on and on!

Both sides agree on one thing, however: that there is something wrong with the railroads and that something must be done.

Roosevelt chose men well-equipped for cat and dog fighting for his board. Chief Justice Walter Stacy, chairman, was an arbitrator ten years ago in a scrap between the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and some of the southeastern roads. Dr. Harry A. Mills, former head of the Econ. department at Chicago U., was on the National Labor Board in 1934-35, from 1919 to 1923 he served on a trade board for the Chicago Men's clothing industry. The third member, James M. Landis, besides being law clerk to Justice Brandeis after his graduation

from Harvard, served on the Federal Trade Commission in 1933 and on the SEC in 1934.

Judicial fact-finding will be nothing new to men like these. Whether or not they can make the participants see the light is a different story.

Startling facts are bound to come out, when and if the board's findings are made public. There will be facts concerning the railroad's finances. I.C.C.-set rates will be questioned. In short, the R.R.'s whole shaky structure will be shaken to find out what is making it shake.

Next congress will receive recommendations galore and new railroad legislation may result. An editorial feature in the New York Times during the summer suggested complete government refinancing or outright government ownership as the only two ways out.

It seems that the problem child that was so carefully nursed during the 1880's and 90's has turned out to be a No. 1 senile case in 1938.

Mystery to History

Although Mary Robert Rinehart is better known for a rather tepid brand of romantic fiction which she regularly contributes to the women's magazines, her new novel, "The Wall," should add to her stature as a mystery writer.

Since the days of "The Bat," which has been used by hundreds of murder tales and movies as a pattern, Mrs. Rinehart has been crafty in fashioning mystery plots. This may be because she practices no baldly evident deceptive devices and includes a peppering of romance along with good characterization. She uses the "I" medium in giving the feeling of vivid personal experience, heightening the general suspense of the piece by alternating homely sensuous detail and toned-down sinister details of the murder plot.

The "I" in this case is Marcia Lloyd, 29-year-old maid by choice. She is getting along at

CURB CRUISING

By A. R.
Casey's at the bat again—off to a cheering '38 start! Even to the unobservant eye, comes the antics of that Fiji playboy—now knocking home runs in the Theta house! Wonder how many innings this game will last—and whether Storkie will start Swearing at competitive elements within the tong?—(and they do exist)!

An ideal "collegiate" weekend was this last one! Descriptive words aid some on high-spots, such as: superior was Tex Oliver's "mike" voice; clever were the yell leaders' green and yellow shoes; almost breathtaking was the attention given the flag by the football team while the band played; grand was the baton exhibitionist from the Sigma Chi house! School spirit was strongly portrayed but competition between Cushing and the Associated announced existed. Everyone wanted to yell, but couldn't, and

also listen to the conference scores—so neither was given deserving interest.—And where was Joe E. Brown, Jr.?—(And why can't we yell for Oregon like we do for California)—And a lot more response from the girls' rooting section would be appreciated—try a little heavier clapping next time!

Difference in opinion when it comes to professors is always amusing, especially when one emphatically announces that it is childish to seat students alphabetically—and then comes the next class, and the honorable one takes out about forty-five minutes to seat all 80 of the herd.

SPOTS: Calls for the Piggers' Guide are getting more insistent! (You can wait a little longer for her number—then someone else will have it!)—One prof remarks about all the honey in his class, meaning one on the roll answering to "Darling," and another one to "Angell," who, incidentally, is a very smooth-looking Tri Delt pledge—Admirable comments are continually being made concerning Jay Graybeals pleasant smile.—Have you spotted that wow of a red fox fur chubby, owned by Helen Honovan, Alpha Gam?—Rhoda Armstrong, former flash, is working at Gor-

Wie geht's

By V. GATES
We understand the contemplated Humanities building on the campus will not have a room devoted to portraits of Hitler and Mussolini.

We're not sure what "Humanities" means in respect to naming a building, but suspect it won't be used to study humanity. The place for that is the College Side.

Wouldn't it be better to build "Humanity's Building"? The only difficulty we see is a great waste in space. To fit the subject of present day humanity it would have to be circular. With a merry-go-round in the middle.

And a callopie that plays: "Where do we go from here boys?"

Add simile: As nominal as the League of Nations. Despite the geographical paradox, Czechoslovakia is still left out in the cold. Seems they're too close to the Poles.

The amazingly dumb frosh who wondered whether a Web-foot could have athlete's foot now stops us and asks if Bruce Hamby's "Duck Dope" is the stuff football players drink at the games.

The "Oliver Twist" football style of the Webfeet was a chiropractor's work-out to the UCLANS.

don's—Feminine hair-do's are gradually falling down to their normal length—All houses ought to have two-party lines, the telephone situation is terrific!

(This is to inform Jack Gavin, Kappa Sig, that he is unknowingly being protected by an SAE pin, though, at first, he might look at it otherwise.)

LOST! THE DU CORD! Disappeared day before registration, pledge and cord. Finder please call 1128. (Had you missed it?)

Every year, freshies get cuter, so it seems, and the upper-class coeds find competition greater than ever—unless they're pinned down—but who wants to be pinned down—competition is the spice of life! Prizes from a few sororities are Jean Frink, Alpha Phi; Janet Morris, Theta; Betty McNiece, Sigma Kappa; Winnie Miller, Alpha Gam; and Charlotte Hill, Chi Omega.

Breezy Story
Once upon a time, a boy and a girl went to a big college dance. They dance a while to the music of the band, which was very good, and then he suggested that they go out on the balcony (where the cool breezes blew) and talk a while. So they went out on the balcony (where the cool breezes blew) and talked a while. Was she mad! (College Humor).

MUST ABSOLUTELY mention WE, otherwise known as Wotta Boy, and Wind Bag Brooks, my competitor. Says he won't outnoop this columnist, but I'm sure he won't be beaten—without a good try—so, all you readers, adopt some kind of a front in his presence—(not to mention mine)!

CAMPUS CALENDAR

Students interested in forming a Willis Mahoney for senator club are going to meet today at 4 o'clock in the College Side.

Master Dance will have its first meeting of the term Wednesday night at 7:30 in the dance room of Gerlinger. Important senior and junior members be present.

Fraternity house managers will meet tonight at 6 at the Delta Tau Delta house.

Order of the O meeting at Sigma Nu house Wednesday noon. All new and old lettermen requested to be present.

Amphibian, women's swimming organization at the University, will meet for the first time in the Gerlinger pool at 7:30 Wednesday evening.

Theta Sigma Phi, women's journalism honorary, will meet tonight at 7 o'clock in room 105, journal-

ism. All members and spring term pledges are requested to be there.

Oregana editorial staff meeting this evening, 7:30, room 101, McArthur court.

Luncheon at Westminster House at which Miss Grace Overton, one of the University Christian Mission group, will speak Call 2466 for reservations before 9:30 this morning.

Episcopal students are invited to attend the coffee hour at the home of Mary Lou Evans, 434 E. 13th, Friday at 4 p.m.

Episcopal students are urged to attend the 7 o'clock communion service to be held in the men's lounge of Gerlinger hall Wednesday morning.

At the beginning of the week the infirmary list has increased tremendously with the following patients listed: Vesta Lowman, Virginia Miller, Marj Crumbaker, Betty Hale, Mary Simmons, Robert Millsbaugh, Sam Peck, Jack Keever, Verne Terjeson, Sam Steverson, John Porcell, James Allan, Pearl Morris.

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